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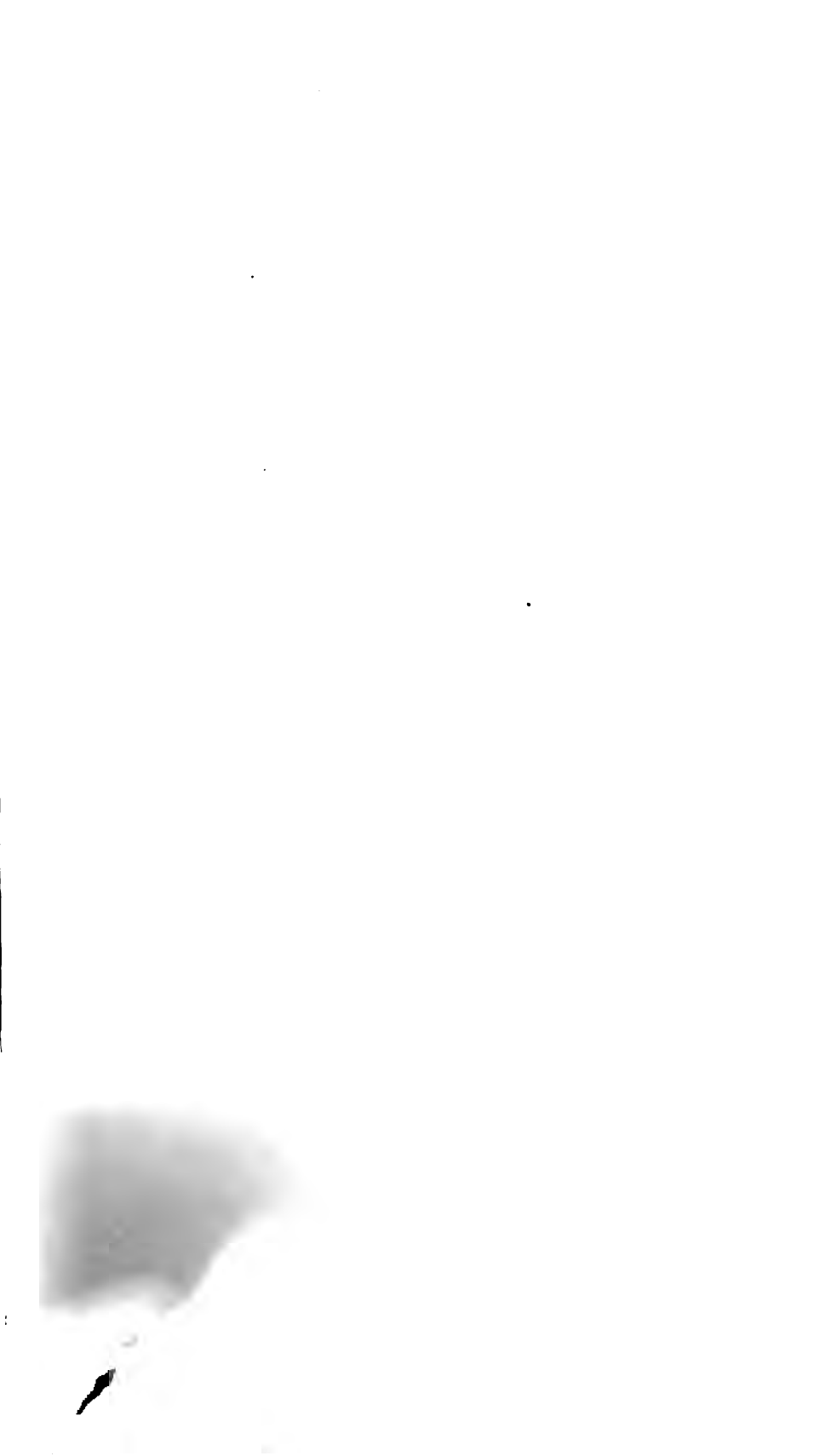
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THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE POLITICIAN, NO. VIII.

The real strength of the Ministers Considered.

—Probable divisions in the Cabinet.—Mr. Stanley's Faults and Merits.—A view of the position of the House of Lords, and the necessity of avoiding a collision between the two Assemblies.—The probable Tactics of the Tory Peers.

THE world need not be informed that the elections are now over—and an immense majority of what are termed the Whig party returned to the reformed House of Commons. Never had an English administration a stronger body of supporters in the Representative Assembly. Never, therefore, to the eye of the superficial did an English administration appear more powerful. But, examined a little closer, we shall find that what seems the cause of their strength is not unlikely to be the cause of their disunion. An overwhelming preponderance of members are returned, engaged to the most popular opinions, and the consideration of the most popular opinions is at once forced upon the government. The Ministers run every hazard of losing the majority they have obtained unless they consent to embrace the policy to which that majority are pledged. The consequence of this is an immediate discussion among the members of the Cabinet how far to resist the Movement, or how far to advance with it. Had the proportion of reforming members been less great, it is obvious that there might have been less disagreement among the ministers; for the more Liberal would have said to the more Conservative—"With this House of Commons we cannot carry popular measures to the extent we wish, and we are contented, therefore, with approaching to the boundary that you would appoint." The Conservative policy would have been embraced, and the very necessity of securing a *dubious* majority would have made the Cabinet unanimous. But the amazing strength of the liberal party, and the lengths to which they have carried their professions to their constituents, give

one part of the Cabinet the courage to advance, as it strikes into the other moiety of the Cabinet the fear of proceeding. One says—"We have now the power to forward the work of good government." The other says—"Things are gone too far, now is the time to resist continued innovation;" with one it is the very moment to advance—with the other to stand still. This, we have cause to believe, is the real state of feeling amongst the ministers, (although, perhaps, it is more easy to point out the conservative than the progressing portion,) and thus, as we commenced by saying, their seeming strength is the cause of their probable disunion. We will not take the question of the Ballot as an example; we fancy (despite of mere popular rumours) that we shall find *all* the ministers agreed to resist that measure. So far there is little fear of a schism; too much importance has been attached to some equivocal expressions of Lord John Russell, and of a few immediate partizans of the ministry. The threat—"If men are to be intimidated from giving their votes, *then*, much as we dislike it, we must have the ballot," ought to be regarded merely as an electioneering manœuvre. It simply means—"If *we* are not returned to parliament, we will punish you with a new infliction of popular rights;" and, being safely returned, the excuse for dispensing with the Ballot will be—"The bill has worked well. Let us wait." Or, in other words, "we are now in a majority, what signifies further alteration?" In truth, it is impossible to disguise from ourselves the fact, that when ministers have spoken of the Ballot, it has not been as a boon to the people, but as a punishment to the Tories. A man of ordinary discernment may perceive, therefore, that the "*animis celestibus ira*" are not likely to be kindled by any extraordinary fervour for securing the Ballot, and that the intimidation which has not prevented the return of my Lord John Russell for Devonshire, will not be considered sufficiently strong to warrant "so dangerous an innovation in our constitutional customs."

But there is a question that cannot be blinked or delayed,—the question of Church Reform; and the degree and nature of that reform can scarcely be a matter of easy arrangement with the ministers. From the line of conduct Mr. Stanley has adopted,—from the unbending haughtiness of his character,—and from engagements to the High-church Party, stronger perhaps than those of any other English member of the House of Commons, (save, it may be, Sir Robert Inglis,) it is difficult to imagine that he will readily subscribe to the pecuniary emancipation of dissenters and the diminished “dignity” of the hierarchical salaries. The most obvious and the most imperiously demanded of all the ecclesiastical reforms (the adjustment of tithes only excepted) is, that the treasures of the Established Church should only be supported by its members. No reform short of this will satisfy that vast and intrepid body of men, the Dissenters of England, who, by siding with the people on political, have won their confidence on ecclesiastical matters,—so that not to satisfy the Dissenters will, we suspect, be not to satisfy the people. But this species of Reform, however just and moderate, cannot possibly be agreed to by Mr. Stanley:—the man who is pledged to support the enormities of the Church of Ireland, cannot shrink from advocating the petty grievances of the Church Establishment of England. He who thinks that the Catholic majority should pay the Protestant few in one country may be forgiven for asserting that the dissenting minority should enrich the proponderating division of the Legitimate Establishment in the other. We can conceive no reform which Lord Brougham would propose from which it is not likely that Mr. Stanley would dissent.* The latter gentleman stands, indeed, in a peculiar position; he is equally dangerous as an enemy and a friend,—an admirable speaker, he is a bungling statesman; with great talents, he has no judgment; no man debates better or legislates worse; clear, shrewd and penetrating in the House of Commons, he is blinder than a mole in the Cabinet of St. James’s or the councils of the Castle at Dublin. He detects every fallacy in an adversary,—he embraces every blunder in a law,—nothing can be happier than his replies or more infelicitous than his motions,—he hastens to commence and never calculates how he is to proceed,—his Bills are brought into the House with a vast flourish of trumpets, they vanish in all the skulking obscurity of defeat,—he compromises the ministerial wisdom by rushing into a motion, and the ministerial

dignity by as suddenly forsaking it. Yet this perilous friend would be a terrible foe: he is the only man on the ministerial benches capable of replying to Peel. To take his counsels from the ministry would be an incalculable blessing,—to transfer his voice to the opposition would be an irreparable misfortune.

With this embarrassing ally, popular questions become doubly difficult to the government, and we are sure that there must arise many subjects for consideration on which the opinions of Mr. Stanley will be in the one scale and the expectations of the English people in the other,—the fear of the hostility of the one, the evils of disappointing the other!

And here a new view of the political field forces itself upon us. It may be recollected that, in opposition to the generality of our contemporaries, we insisted that the necessity of a creation of Peers, so far from being removed by the passing of the Reform Bill, would become doubly imperious by that event. We said, “If the Upper Chamber cannot agree with this present House of Commons, how can you hope that it will agree with the next? Are you afraid of a collision now?—be doubly afraid of a collision *then*; at present there is one only ground of dispute,—with your first Reformed Parliament there will be a hundred grounds. Take now, therefore, the opportunity when the apparent urgency of the case excuses all extraordinary measures;—pour into the Upper House that necessary infusion of popular principles which will bring it into sympathy with the Lower;—make your Peers apparently for the passing of one great national measure and the escape from a probable revolution; but in reality, also, not for the temporary occasion, but for permanent ends;—not for the punishment of the Lords because they have resisted the people, but for their real safety because they should harmonize with the people.”

Our reader will perceive that we were right; the necessity for a creation of Peers remains unaltered. Consider the Church Reform, the Taxes on Knowledge, the Abolition of Slavery, nay, the minor points of the opening the East India Monopoly, and repealing the Bank Charter. Is it likely that, on these questions, the Tory majority of the Peers will yield to the liberal majority of the Commons? It would be madness to expect that England should once more witness the extraordinary spectacle of a monarch beseeching the majority of his hereditary counselors,—to walk, amidst the hootings of a derivative people, out of their own legislative assembly, and the haughty successors (not, alas! descendants!) of the Norman dictators of the third Henry, preferring the prayer of their Royal Master to what they solemnly asserted they believed the dictates of their

* Yet the Tories have affected to consider the opinions of Lord Brougham as more congenial with the sentiments of Mr. Stanley than those of any other Member in the Cabinet. It is easy to see through their design in this representation.

conscience, the safety of the constitution, and the prosperity of the country;—that humiliating spectacle cannot again occur, the disgrace of it was too foul, and the ludibrium too galling. As vain would it be to expect that the Peers, aware of the danger of being triumphant, would silently submit to perpetual defeats, would relinquish their immense majority over the Ministers they hate with all the bitterness of a hostile party, and all the vengeance of an insulted order,—and that the prudence, which never yet controlled a powerful body, will make them vote against the bias of their opinions and against the urging of their passions. A corporate body is not like one man,—it is not equally open to the view of its own interest: the heat of party, the contagion of example, the force of numbers, will always stir it up, even in opposition to a prudent or a selfish policy. The “verbal fallacies” will decorate the cause it adopts,—it will be foolish out of “a sense of duty,” and fall, by the hands of the people, from “the noble resolution to combat for its rights.”

We are sure that the justice of these remarks will be commonly acknowledged; and if so, our policy was right,—and for the sake of the Peers themselves, the necessary creation of new Peers should have been made long since,—are absolutely required now. To the ministers themselves, the want of harmony between the two bodies must present difficulties almost insurmountable, and must be a new source of probable disunion in the Cabinet. For, on the one hand, is a House of Commons all but unanimous, pressing on for measures the most popular; on the other, a House of Lords, dark and lowering, and eager to inflict an instantaneous death, or, at least, a tyrannical mutilation, on the first popular bill that is ushered into their assembly. What a dilemma for a government!—the bill that pleases one body must offend the other. Every new motion will carry in itself the seeds of a fearful dissension—every popular benefit will contain the probability of a convulsive struggle with the privileged order. And this *must* occasion endless disputes among the members of the government;—there *must* be some among them who, in every new measure, will look to the Peers, and others who will consider rather the Commons. What different ends!—The poles themselves are not more asunder! The people, too, have cause to be apprehensive, because, with such a House of Lords, the policy of the less popular part of the Cabinet becomes of, perhaps, preponderating influence;—it may also appear, in the eyes of a ministry (who always must be more conservative than a people), the wiser policy to lean to. Thus, supposing the Peers remain at variance with the people, there will be a general suspicion that each popular bill introduced into the

House will be but a delusion; that, passing into the next stage of deliberation, it will be assuredly frittered from its efficiency; that the spring found will never descend to the mouths that are thirsting for the stream—but
—“their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action.”

And this suspicion itself is an evil of no inconsiderable magnitude. When the people distrust, even good becomes soured to them—benefits are derived from unworthy motives; the most necessary delays exasperate them, and every unavoidable obstacle seems to them to have been artfully arranged on purpose to thwart their reasonable desires. How, with such a House of Lords, can that state of popular suspicion and its consequent evils be avoided?

Thus, then, when we begin somewhat carefully to examine the real strength of the administration, we find that it is not so firm as it appears—and that we have proved what we have set out by saying, viz., that the very strength of its majority in the Commons may be the cause of its weakness in the Cabinet—it is probable that, ere long, some of the present component parts will be separated from each other, and, by the laws of political gravity, a few fly off to the natural affinities of Toryism, a few remain attached to the stronger attractions (suited to their several qualities) of office—of popularity—of party spirit—or of liberal and conscientious principle.

In the above remarks, which relate to views that the daily journals have of late entirely neglected, we have not the remotest wish either to call up new grounds of popular demand—of public disquietude, or to embarrass the Administration. But we have desired only, in recurring to the obvious necessity of harmonizing the two Legislative Assemblies at present so discordant, to anticipate, as is the duty of a prudent speculator on State-affairs, a most important question which must shortly be agitated, and which ought to be adjusted *previous* to a collision, and not *subsequent* to it;—in the former, it is an evil wisely remedied: in the latter, a blunder clumsily repaired. And it is also our wish, in speaking of those difficulties under which the ministry labour, and which, in the general intoxication of an election, so favourable to liberal principles, have been somewhat overlooked, to prepare the people for accidents it is for their interest to foresee; for by continuing to insist on the great reforms for which a Parliamentary reform was required, they will give strength to the more liberal part of the Cabinet, and, in case of a division, will retain their friends in office, and lose only the support of the lukewarm. The ministry must be supported by the people, because, if the people neglect them, it is to the aristocracy they will lean. The ministry must be supported,

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pold, and changing (after once adopting them) the Eighteen into the Twenty-four Articles. In respect to the first, there is no folly so great in politics as to seem to gain an advantage where no advantage is really obtained. Why did not we think of this before we set the statesmanlike Lord Ponsonby on intriguing to procure "our Great Pensioned" the throne of Belgium? In fixing upon the Sovereign of that country the title of *présfet* of Belgium, we forced upon him the necessity of becoming the servant of France. We nominally connected ourselves more closely with the cause of Belgium, by the very act which, in reality, tended to separate us from that cause. We placed our ourselves, and we placed Leopold himself, in a false position, of which we have already experienced some of the disadvantages, but not yet got through half the difficulties.

As for the change from the Eighteen to the Twenty-four Articles, it was wrong because it was a change; a change not sufficient to do much benefit to Belgium, if Belgium had before been seriously aggrieved, and yet sufficient to give Holland a kind of pretext for not acceding to it. Besides, though the difference between the Eighteen and the Twenty-four Articles is slight, the difference in consideration and moral power—that which should be the great power of all arbitrators—between those who abide by what they have once declared irrevocable, and those who swerve in the slightest degree from what they had pronounced immutable,—the difference between stability and instability, certitude and incertitude, in persons placed in the situation of the Conference, is beyond all calculation. The word "irrevocable," once abandoned, was from that moment impotent and ridiculous; and, as it always happens, an act of violence became necessary in order to maintain a feeble character.

But let us observe, that in neither of these cases which affix a reproach upon our conduct, is there to be found much excuse for that of the Dutch. The King of the Netherlands could hardly complain of our abandonment of his son, since he himself actually refused to consent to his nomination: while the Twenty-four Articles which he refused are so nearly similar to the Eighteen which he accepted, that the Belgian Government obtained the credit for conceding to, and the Cabinet of the Hague showed an inconsistency in resisting, them. The reader remembers the old-fashioned weather-glass, in which there were two little figures who alternately appeared and vanished,—from the construction of the machine they could not appear together. Such a machine has been the Conference; and such dignified little puppets have been the two puissant sovereigns of Holland and Belgium. One was sure to be all concession and complais-

ance, when the other was supposed resolved not to concede; then, again, as this advanced a little, that receded. It would seem as if the pigmy creatures felt proud of obtaining attention, and were resolved not to sink by good sense into insignificance. More especially that excellent King William—a waiter upon Providence—an expectant of some lucky chance—throughout the whole of this interminable affair, has been peculiar for the grace with which he has changed from civility to severity, when his neighbours have by chance shown a disposition to be reasonable. Thus it was curious enough to see the sudden start of the Dutch Cabinet, when, after the note of the 30th of June, it had seemed to invite a negotiation which it knew the then existing administration in Belgium would decline. It was singular enough to see the sudden start of the Dutch Cabinet—the change from the polite desire to do everything which was agreeable, to the stern resolution to insist upon the immediate execution of its precise wishes, when, by a change in the Belgian Government, those difficulties in the way of an arrangement were smoothed away which King William had so cordially expected to encounter. Poor Monsieur Van Zuylen!—all those pretty professions of good will and a desire to oblige, which had been so propitiously lisped forth, were to be at once abandoned for the haughty tones of dignified remonstrance and defiance. M. de Talleyrand smiled,—Lord Palmerston twitched his whiskers,—and this marvellous mystification was denounced in a new protocol; which, in a paraphrase of astonishment, declared that, just at the moment when it was least to be expected, a manifesto had been launched against the confiding Conference.—But the confiding Conference avenged itself in protocol 70;—only think, reader, of the miraculous industry by which seventy protocols have been achieved! Protocol 70 (which though, after the genius of such productions, tolerably lengthy, may be recited in a few words) contains the proposition of France and England; first, that Belgium should be free, from the 31st of January, 1832, of the arrearages of the debt; secondly, that if the Belgian territory be not evacuated by the 15th of October, Holland should be inflicted with a weekly penalty of a million of florins levied on the arrearages due from the 31st of January, 1832, and afterwards on the capital of the debt. The plenipotentiaries of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, consented to the first proposition, but declared they had no instructions (the ordinary diplomatic language) in respect to the second—although, if France and England should unite in any measures of force, to such measures they—the ministers of these states—were authorized to declare that their Government would not consent.

A gentle proposition too was at this time made to refer the ultimate decision of the course to be adopted to the court of Berlin. This courteous proposition was refused by France and England, and the measures which have since been carried into execution determined upon and announced.

No one can doubt that decided measures of some sort were become necessary, or that the seventy protocols were to be doomed to ridicule everlasting. Whether the measures adopted were the best, or whether measures of that kind need have been necessary, is another question, which involves not only the conduct of this administration, but of that which had preceded it. But the result of a decided step in affairs ought to be their decision; and the fault which we find with that now made is, that with the Citadel of Antwerp already taken, the subject in dispute is as far from being advanced as before Marshal Gerard crossed the frontier. The inept conduct of the Belgian chamber, which vindicated its character for insolent insignificance to the last, is another circumstance, which, in involving a great principle,—that of interference,—tends much to the embarrassment of affairs. But whatever may be our speculations as to the future in referring to the past—we should only be looking at half the question if we looked at the expedition against Antwerp as a matter by itself. It resulted not only from the state of Belgium, but from the state of France; and it did not happen to be simply a question with us, as to whether we should have recourse to hostile proceedings in conjunction with France, but whether we should do that or allow France to enter Belgium *without our concurrence*! The only condition on which the Duke de Broglie would accept the government was, that of the entry of the French troops into Belgium. We were called upon to assent to, or to oppose this entry. It was insisted upon by no military conqueror, by no warlike genius—but by a minister of peaceful habits—by a man anxious for peace. The long state of suspense and uncertainty in which France, by the agitation of this Belgian question, had been maintained, made it a matter of urgent necessity to a new administration to commence with something like an appearance of decision.

The administration of the Duke de Broglie was the best, if not the only guarantee for repose in France; and with repose in France must be more or less connected the tranquillity of this country. That we were favourable to such an administration, and anxious, if possible, to secure its accession and stability, was one of the causes, no doubt, of the policy our Government pursued, and a course which we are not willing to find fault with. Indeed, it is no marvellous or difficult thing to find fault; and though there is a

mystery and an awe in those red boxes, and those long and gloomy passages, and those at once smart and solemn clerks of the foreign-office which rather impose upon the uninitiated; yet there springs up a courage with criticism which enables us to say, though our present minister is able and clever—cleverer and abler than most of his predecessors—yet that the shades of Downing-street are not always classic, and that our foreign affairs have not been conducted with that high and master-hand which wielded the destinies of England in the days of a Cromwell and a Chatham. But if we compare the state in which we now are, with that in which, if an opposite party had been in power, and an opposite policy had been pursued, we should have been, the most querulous amongst us will see little reason to complain. What answer would a Tory government have given to the Duke de Broglie? Should we have been at peace if Sir R. Peel had been prime minister of this country? We should have been at war:—not in unity with France, but in hostility to France; not for the purpose of procuring a permanent peace by a short effort, but with almost the certainty of commencing a war—a war of incalculable duration—a war of opinion—in which we, the free people of England, would have been engaged against the freedom of France—against the freedom of Germany—against the freedom of Portugal—against the freedom of mankind. The cause of the King of Holland is not the cause of the King of Holland alone. He has connected himself with the oppressors, and we have taken the side of the oppressed: he has destroyed our ancient sympathies and our ancient recollections; and for the same reason that we leagued with his people formerly, we find ourselves opposed to them now. What feeling can there remain in favour of the vanquishers of Alba, when they are become the brethren of the Holy Alliance? What prestige remains to the name of William of Nassau, when it designates the friend of the destroyer of the Poles?

But the citadel of Antwerp is taken—and what now is likely to result? We have expressed, and we repeat, our regret—that affairs were not brought to such a point, that by one effort similar to that we have been making, they would have been decided. We regret that the taking of Antwerp is not more important in itself—but we see beyond its mere possession by the Belgians—a great moral advantage that has resulted from its capture. The union between France and England has been successful in carrying the object it had in view, and, whatever that object might be, its attainment—in the impression it will produce—is of no inconsiderable value.

France and England united, have obtain-

ed in three weeks by an act of energy and decision—what—during three years of friendly *conferencizing* and *conversationing* in Downing street, they were unable to obtain. Russia, so potent in her embassies, has slumbered on her arms—and Prussia, so loud in her protestations, has done nothing more than protest—an infinitude of minor questions are now starting up—but these, and such as these, always disappear before a policy that shows moderation in its ends, but determination in its means. The great, and the only important question—is—whether the absolute powers are determined upon a war of principle or not?—If they are—the union of France and England is necessary in 'order to obtain victory;—if they are not—that Union may be still necessary in order to maintain peace.

That the French should forsake their ancient ambition, and that we should retain our present alliance, is the best, and perhaps the only check upon a struggle, which, whatever way it terminate, would be a misery to mankind. A calm but bold tone, and a firm bearing—an inclination to avoid war, if it be possible, and to take as our firmest ally, if we must engage in it—*Public Opinion*—such is the policy, and such the thoughts, which should at this time be present to the minister for the foreign department of England, who will have to justify his conduct before a reformed House of Commons.

COUNT PECCHIO'S NOTIONS OF ENGLAND*.

"LET him who wishes to become acquainted with English politics, read M. de Pradt:—let him who reads for reading sake, read the following observations of Giuseppe Pecchio."

So says Giuseppe Pecchio. Giuseppe is obliging. The Quarterly Review, which, being the great Church journal, invariably acts upon a Christian principle, for it raises the poor work and abases the lofty one; the Quarterly Review, which makes poets of butlers and butlers of poets—which in political statistics extols Mr. Sadler, and in literature calls Croker's edition of Boswell the "book that next to Homer the world could least easily lose;—the Quarterly Review assures us, that "the little volume" of Giuseppe Pecchio "contains both descriptions and remarks of considerable merit." The reader, if he has lately studied the Quarterly Review, will therefore understand, that Count Pecchio has written "a little volume" of insufferable trash. It is true that he is fond of quoting eminent men: Montesquieu and Helvetius are household words with

him. It is ordinarily a bad sign of a man's respectability when you find him always talking of great people; the respectability of Count Pecchio as an author is no exception to the rule. True that he philosophizes,—nay, the anonymous editor of the work informs us, "that it cannot, at any rate, be denied that he thinks for himself." Happy if, thus "thinking for himself," he had reserved solely for his own use the monopoly of the manufacture! Yes, he philosophizes, and thus he accounts for the philosophy of the English: "Who would not become a philosopher if he were shut up in a house for so many hours by the inclemencies of the weather, with a cheerful fire, quiet and obedient servants, a good-humoured wife, and silence within doors and without?" It is, we suspect, on such grounds, and on such grounds alone, that Count Giuseppe Pecchio himself has become a philosopher. The experiment has not succeeded. It has often been remarked that the English do not gesticulate so much as their continental neighbours. Giuseppe Pecchio, inspired by his cheerful fire and obedient servants, traces the effect to its causes.—"Why is it," saith he, "that the English gesticulate so little, and have their arms almost always glued to their sides?—*Because*," he ingeniously adds, "*the rooms are so small that it is impossible to wave one's arm without breaking something or inconveniencing somebody*." Yet, assuredly, there are times when even a "good-humoured wife" ceases to nail the philosopher to the fire-side, and he indulges in a walk!—Does he then gesticulate in Regent street, or wave his arms in Hyde Park?—or doth the philosophizing Count suppose that even in those places there would not be room for him to indulge in the mountebank antics which are common to the Continent? Giuseppe also assures us, that the reason we don't dance well is because *we don't practice on account of the thinness of the houses*;—if we cut a caper in the third story, we should go like a "bombshell" into the kitchen! This is one of the remarks, we conclude, which, in the eyes of the Quarterly, have "considerable merit." We were not aware, by the way, that it was in houses that the peasants of France practised dancing. But here perhaps, Count Giuseppe is only in jest—no unlikely supposition; for

"Gentle dulness ever loves a joke."

Count Pecchio, however, soon grows undeniably grave. He proceeds to inform us that in England, "Over-elegance has not yet spoiled that taste for nature which is the prevailing characteristic of the nation;—dress and *manner*, compliments and salutes—all, even to the conclusion of letters, is redolent of simplicity."

Alas—and seriously—would that this were true! We are the most artificial of

*Smi-serious observations of an Italian Exile. Effingham Wilson, 1833.

nations. Look at our fashions—our Almack's—our watering-places, and then talk of "simplicity." But what can you think of a man's talent for observation, who assures you of our taste for nature? We can only say with the Editor—"Count Pecchio thinks for himself." The Count then wanders through some remarks on the Parliamentary Opposition, without which, he says, we should have no literature,—and an eulogium on turnpike-roads, which is really the best part of the book; and he then at length finds his way—to Market! Here one commodity surprises him—it surprises us no less.—"In their markets," quoth he, "a commodity is to be met with, which is very rarely found in the markets of the Continent—book!—How often have I seen two or three hundred volumes exposed for sale on a stall, and disappear in a couple of hours! Scarcely have I been able to make my way to the bench, such a crowd of farmers has been standing over the books, reading, selecting, purchasing. What a favourable idea must not the traveller form of the enlightenment of a people who read and buy books!—and what books?—Not interpretations of dreams, legends, and such nonsense, but Bibles, the works of Addison, Milton—Milton, "the English Homer!"

The poor dear Count!—He was evidently taken in;—they were ballads the good people were buying!—and Giuseppe took Nancy Dawson for the Bible, and "Gallop-ping dreary dun" for "the English Homer!" The Count clenches the paragraph by adding, that, "Education has become so common in England, that by way of economy, ladies are now employed to make the calculations for the Nautical Almanack." The words "so common in England" mean—if they mean anything—that the ladies of England are commonly employed in making calculations for the Nautical Almanack. This is probably one of those profound truths which, as the reviewer in the Quarterly expresses it, "present a pleasing contrast to the spleen, insolence, and self-conceit of Prince Puckler Muskau!" We allow the fact—the two travellers are not alike.

The Count having once given lessons in Italian,—(and, by the way, he states this fact in a manner that does him honour; and we are ready, while condemning him as an author, to respect him therefore as a man;—he will not thank us for the antithesis)—becomes acquainted with a Reverend——, who keeps a footman, who wears "white cotton stockings, not clocked however." We are informed of this reverend gentleman, that "His coat, made in the fashion of the English riding-coat, was of velvet!—a stuff which excites in all, from king to muleteer, more respect than any other!! Except this, there was not the most remote indication of his profession about him!" "Except this!"

—"Profession!"—Why, does the man really think that our persons walk about in velvet coats?—No; they are bad enough, it is true, but they are not quite capable of that yet.

The Count afterwards informs us that, if his readers wish to know the manners of the higher classes, they may consult truer and better painters, viz. "Pope's Rape of the Lock—Lord Byron in Don Juan," and ABOVE ALL, the Novel published last year under the title of *Almack's*!!! This is excellent! Fancy the Continent judging of our manners by the very worst of all the fashionable novels,—a work written with the pen of a housemaid, and conceived with the soul of a cook. The Count, who, as we are all agreed, thinks for himself,—thinks differently,—and ends his chapter by declaring, that the author of Almack's "is an angel,—who writes like an angel." So much for the Count's knowledge of English fashion, and his taste for English literature. Still more singularly does he edify us afterwards,—for he tells us, that "if you be a bachelor and young, (but not licentious—at least openly,) and fall ill,—you will have the visits of ALL the married and marriageable ladies of your acquaintance." Oh, the unconscionable Giuseppe, to set the mouths of his Italian compatriots watering at this intelligence! "All our pretty ones—did he say all?" We then have a very charming sentimental episode, in a platonic friendship formed by the Count with a young lady,—who, "knowing that his linen was neglected," "with gentle violence took upon herself to set every thing to rights!"—mended up (the Count's) lacerated equipments, and marked his name on his handkerchief and shirts!" Tender sensibility!—Giuseppe—worthy of the name he bears—afterwards thinks it necessary to declare, that "he never had the slightest unbecoming thought of that young lady,—on the word of a man of honour!" If Count Pecchio is not enamoured of the young ladies who pay him visits and "set everything to rights,"—he makes up for his coldness to them, by falling in love with our children. He informs us, that "they are washed two or three times a day; and every day they change their clothes, at least once." All we can say to this is,—that these are not the children that go to school. He also says, they are made "serene in countenance and healthful in body," by the "invariable mildness and placability of their parents!" and the total absence of unpleasant objects." Perhaps the good Giuseppe does not think a birch rod an unpleasant object,—but if he does so think—we beg civilly to inform him, that it is a spectacle presented more frequently to English children, than to those of any other nation under the sun. This must be a difficult truth for the Count to swallow; for, according to him,—"long lamentations and fits of crying"—

are never to be heard "in genteel houses." Did it ever occur to him, that in a *genteel* house, perhaps the nursery is removed as far as possible out of hearing?

A new trait of paternal virtue now strikes the admiring Count. "Here!" he exclaims with enthusiasm, "the father does not interfere at all in the education of his sons: he is absorbed in business, and abandons them, therefore, to the care of the mother!"—Amiable and faithful discharge of fatherly duties,—were it true!—but, alas! the Count is under a delusion—*juvat ire sub umbrâ*—the little masters are "abandoned" to the tender mercies of academical Thwackums. Seriously, on so important a subject as education, a subject on which a judicious foreigner might have given us so many useful hints—might have exposed so many national errors—it is even more melancholy than ludicrous to find this gentleman, so bepraised in the Quarterly, uttering the most wondrous platitudes, and falling into the most lamentable blunders. In one page he says, gravely, and without the least qualification,—"*all* the boys in the island can ride, because they are accustomed to it from the tenderest age." In another page he tells us,—"*that* there are (indeed) two things in the present system of education, that he cannot approve." Will it be believed, that the first of these is the "*excess of reading*?" Did this gentleman ever converse with one boy educated at a public school? Did he ever attend a wine party at the Universities? The ordinary course of English education is comprised within six volumes—four of them Latin, and two Greek. For what else we know, we teach ourselves when our education is over. But perhaps to Count Pecchio, six volumes may be an excess of reading,—were they like his own they certainly might be! His second objection is to "*the stays worn by the ladies*." Profound Count Pecchio!—in male education he sees nothing but too much learning; and in female—only a superabundance of whalebone.

It is impossible to follow this critic of the customs, manners, and institutions of a great nation, through all the disconnected and guideless ramblings into which he wanders, from "*plumb puddings*" to the "*integrity of judges*," from the page in which he informs us that Unitarians do not believe in the Trinity—to that in which he hears Mr. Buxton promise justice to some dancing savages.

From these fatiguing excursions, he makes, at length, a long and complacent pause in—our Lunatic Asylums. There ends his book,—and there we will leave himself. Enough has been said to show how crude are Count Pecchio's remarks—how confused and erring his information upon the most ordinary topics on which it has pleased him to treat. It only remains for us to add—that

these faults are not counterbalanced by any beauties of composition. His style—in whatever language it be read—will be found flippant without humour—and feeble without simplicity. No new facts bear out the extraordinary poverty of the remarks. From the Dan of the first page, to the Beersheba of the last, "*all is barren*." If we be asked why we have singled out this book for exposure, we answer—less for the sake of proving the faults of Count Pecchio, than for that of displaying the grounds upon which the Reviewers of the Quarterly commend. Those critics who perceived no merit in Prince Pückler Muskau, despite his errors—(which we ourselves did not spare)—may well recommend the rapid balderdash of Count Giuseppe Pecchio. The public will now judge for themselves how far reliance is to be placed in the Archimandrites of that journal who, in literature always praise a foolish thing, and in politics never write a wise one.

SOME RESULTS OF THE HIGH-TAX PLAN.

THE annual income of Great Britain has been estimated at three hundred millions; the *net* annual taxation is at present forty-six millions and a half, or nearly *one-sixth* of each individual's revenue. Considering, however, that about one-third of the national income arises from inert capital or property *emphaticæ*, and that the bulk of taxation virtually presses upon profits, or is raised upon articles which form the staple consumption of the poor and middling classes, but are trivial items in the expenditure of the rich, it is probable that, on the average, *one-fourth* of every *producer's* income is taken from him by taxation. Great as this amount unquestionably is, the pressure is in many cases aggravated by the favour shown to peculiar interests, by the complex mode and by the absurdly heavy rate of our taxation, as well as by the expenses which are rendered necessary in consequence of the high-tax and chandler-shop systems. Amongst the mischievous effects of the former plan are the checks which it imposes upon trade, the unnecessary burdens it throws upon the consumer, the extensive smuggling it induces, and the expense which is incurred in the vain attempt to put it down. The present article will be confined to the effects of the system as connected with the two latter points. Its object will be to show that an useless expenditure is now kept up, and that, virtually, a considerable remission of taxation may be effected with comparatively slender means.

The total amount of the expenses incurred in the endeavour to prevent smuggling cannot well be ascertained. Like many other branches of Government expenditure, the

payments are charged upon various funds: part is paid by the Customs, part by the Excise, part by the navy; and the expenses of prosecutions, &c. are blended with other legal charges, or mixed up with "heads of expenditure" where no mortal would dream of their concealment. The exciseman is as much engaged in preventing smuggling as in "bringing articles to charge," and is at once a "revenue" and a "preventive" officer. It is probable, too, that many of the "coast blockade" have been pensioned amongst other seamen, and are increasing the heavy dead weight of the "Navy non-effective service." The subjoined table exhibits pretty accurately the *direct* expenses, as far as the means of ascertaining them exist. It is compiled from the *Finance Accounts*, excepting the cost of the coast blockade, which is set down at the round amount stated by Government. It should be observed that this branch has been transferred from the Navy to the Customs during the present year, and that a considerable saving is contemplated from the alteration. The items for legal charges, as they stand below, must be taken *cum grano* on both sides.

PAID BY CUSTOMS.	Ireland.	Gt. Britain.	Total.
Cruisers	£13,345	£90,556	£104,001
Harbour vessels	232	4,560	4,592
Preventive Water-Guard	111,265	184,906	296,171
Land-Guard		17,502	17,502
Payments on account of the Coast Blockade		2,706	2,706
Compensation to Naval Officers employed in the Coast-Guard Service for loss of half-pay	2,342	10,866	13,208
PAID BY EXCISE.			
Day-Pay to Weighers, Watchmen, Tide Waiters, Watermen, Setters, and Boatmen		2,184	2,184
Cruisers		5,948	5,948
Pensions to Officers and Seamen of Cruisers		570	570
	£127,184	£319,698	£446,882
PAID BY NAVY.			
Expenses of Coast Blockade			160,000
			£606,882
PAID BY CUSTOMS.—Law charges*		4,802	4,802
PAID BY EXCISE.—Law charges	5,706	7,551	11,257
	£132,890	£332,151	£465,041

The foreign commodities in which smuggling is chiefly carried on are brandy, geneva, and tobacco (for the mode of smuggling silk goods is distinct from that of running spirits, &c., and those duties are at present under consideration). The net produce of these articles, in 1831, is shown by the following table:—

	Ireland.	Gt. Britain.	Total.
Brandy	£9,923	£1,378,243	£1,388,166
Geneva	1,561	25,331	26,892
Tobacco and Snuff	626,484	2,333,840	2,960,324
	£637,968	£3,737,414	£4,375,382

From which it appears, that, independent of all charges of collection, the sum of (at least) 610,000*l.* is annually paid to secure 4,375,000*l.*, being a cost of more than 14 per cent., which, added to the expense of collecting, would carry the total to upwards of 18 per cent. Upon a superficial view, such a system appears unsound, and this unsoundness is more manifest on examination; the high rate of duty not only induces smuggling, but (in the two first articles, at least) it most probably causes an actual diminution of the revenue. From 1796 to 1806, the duty on Hollands varied from 7*s.* 6*d.* to 14*s.* a gallon, and the annual average consumption was upwards of 700,000 gallons: the duty is now 22*s.* 6*d.* a gallon, and the annual consumption of duty paid is 30,000 gallons. With a tax of from 250 to 450 per cent., the average revenue was at least 350,000*l.*; under a duty of 700 per cent., it is 26,000*l.* The population of the country has increased nearly one-half, the Custom duties three-fourths; but the Custom duty on this particular article has fallen 1300 per cent., or from 350 to 26. As regards brandy, the results are similar in kind, though not in degree. In 1814, the duty was raised from 14*s.* to 18*s.* 10*d.* a gallon (wine measure);† the consumption decreased from 1,820,000 to 720,000 gallons, and the revenue fell from 1,370,000*l.* to 825,000*l.*, though it has since recovered in the amount received, but not in the quantity consumed. In 1689, the annual consumption, in England, at a duty of about 100 per cent. on the prime cost, was 1,969,165 gallons. Since that period, the population (including Scotland) has nearly quadrupled; the national income has increased seven-fold,

* It is singular that no charge for law expenses appears to have been incurred by the "Customs" in Ireland, above all other places. The only inference is, that they are charged upon some other fund. In Great Britain, too, this is probably the case to a considerable extent.

† The present duty of 22*s.* 6*d.* arises from the substitution of the imperial for the wine gallon, not from the imposition of an additional duty. A portion of geneva was included in the amounts in the text, but the quantity was small, and, of course, does not affect the comparative amount. We have no means of ascertaining the respective proportions.

the Custom duties eighteen-fold; but the nominal consumption of brandy is less than it was 140 years ago. If the principle of finance,—that a moderate duty on a staple article of consumption will yield more than an enormous one,—were altogether unknown, these facts would seem to prove that a reduction of the duty to as near rum (9s. a gallon) as would be equivalent to the difference of expense between the carriage from the West Indies or Bordeaux, would not diminish the revenue on brandy. About holidays there can be no question, nor if there were, would it be of any moment in a fiscal point of view: the sum of 26,000*l.* is of no great importance in a revenue of 47,000,000*l.*

The question of tobacco is nearly as clear, notwithstanding the disproportionate rate of the tax. The prime cost of the commodity varies from 3*d.* to 6*d.* per lb.; the duty is 3*s.* per lb., or from 600 to 1200 per cent. The tax upon cigars is, proportionately, much lower. In effecting a reduction with a view to put a stop to illicit trading, the duty must, of course, be considerably decreased: the exact degree it is difficult to fix upon; it might better, perhaps, be determined by a Parliamentary or Government inquiry, when the practicability of an *ad valorem* duty might be also ascertained. Sir Henry Parnell suggests a shilling as an experiment. When the facts connected with the article are examined, it would appear that even 9*d.* a pound might not eventually cause a greater reduction in the revenue than the saving in the reduction of the *fiscal forces* would make up. About 1711, under a duty which Davenant even then complained of as being too high, the annual consumption in England alone was 11,260,659*lbs.* In 1829, the nominal quantity of tobacco consumed in Great Britain was only 14,760,618*lbs.*, notwithstanding the increase in wealth, in people, and in the supply of the commodity. In 1798, the quantity of tobacco consumed in Ireland, at a duty of 8*d.* per lb., was eight million pounds a year; in 1829, under the high duty, it was only four million pounds, though the population has doubled.

We need not, however, confine ourselves to these articles alone; reasoning from analogies, the results are the same. In 1827, the duty on English spirits (gin) was reduced nearly one-half; in 1829, the quantity brought to charge had more than doubled, and the produce of the duty was increased by about 9 per cent. In 1823, the duty on Irish spirits was reduced from 5*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* a gallon: the legal consumption immediately trebled, with a gain of one-fifth to the revenue. In six years the quantity had more than quadrupled—the revenue nearly doubled. A similar alteration of duty took place in Scotland: the quantity rose from 2 to 5, the revenue from 691 to 809. In 1808, the duty on coffee was reduced from 2*s.* to 6*d.*

per lb.; the next year the consumption increased nine-fold. The same results take place at earlier periods. In 1745, the duty on tea was reduced more than one-half—the revenue almost doubled. In 1751, the duties on English spirits were raised from 7*d.* to 1*s.* per gallon; the returns of the excise-officers fell from 10½ to 7. In Scotland, no increase of duty, and no variation in quantity, took place till 1760, when, upon an increase of the tax, the quantity sank from 400,000, and sometimes 500,000 gallons to 50,000 gallons. In the same year, an additional duty of 1*s.* 3*d.* per barrel was imposed upon Scotch twopenny: “Instead of 3, 4, or 500,000 barrels, the officers’ books seldom exceeded 100,000 barrels.”

Results of a similar kind, though not quite so striking in degree, might be produced from almost every article subject to taxation. The aggregate presents the same effects. Had the revenue (reports the last Finance Committee) fallen off in proportion to the amount remitted, it would have sunk nine millions instead of three. If the Custom receipts (says Davenant) had risen in proportion to the duties, they would have increased four-fold, or to about four millions: instead of that, in twenty years they had merely risen half a million.

In speaking of the increased consumption of an article consequent upon the reduction of a tax, it must not be supposed to arise solely from the reduced price. Much of what was formerly supplied by the smuggler falls into the hands of the regular dealer, and part—in some cases, perhaps, nearly the whole—of the apparent increase is only a transfer. To what extent smuggling is now carried on it is impossible to say; nor would the most searching investigation lead to any positive knowledge. Sir H. Parnell assumes—though, perhaps, somewhat loosely—that twelve million pounds of tobacco are annually smuggled into Ireland. The Committee of Inquiry in 1783, which especially directed its attention to this point, say—“It is computed, from the best examinations, that upwards of thirteen million gallons of brandy had been smuggled into the kingdom during the last three years,” which gives an average of more than 4,300,000 gallons a year, being nearly treble the present duty-paid consumption. Since that time we all know that smuggling has increased. If the first fact be correct, and the same ratio be extended to Great Britain, the duty on tobacco might be lowered from 3*s.* to 9*d.* without loss. If the statement of the Committee be true, and no increase of smuggling has taken place during fifty years, the duty on brandy might be lowered three-fourths, and the produce, without any increased consumption taking place, would be as large as it is now.

Let us recapitulate. Upon overtaxed ar-

ticles in general use, especially when capable of being smuggled, an extensive reduction of duty increases the duty-paid consumption double, treble, quadruple, and sometimes even more. A small addition of the duty diminishes it in a much greater ratio than the amount of the tax; a large one sometimes all but prohibits the legal use of the article. A similar result may be observed in the aggregate, whilst the consumption of the smuggled commodity very considerably exceeds that of the *duty-paid*. If, however, it be alleged that these are general facts, which, though true in the main, may, from a change in taste, or from other circumstances, fail in the particular instance, there seems a test which, perhaps, offers a tolerably safe guide as to the lowest amount a reduction will realize. It may be assumed, that, on commodities used by the bulk of the people, and which, whether necessities or no, in a philosophic sense men feel it a privation to be without,—

“*Queis humana sibi doleat natura negatis*,”—

the same sum of money will generally continue to be expended, especially if the articles have been largely smuggled. Applying this theory to brandy, the first cost (we say nothing of adulteration) may be taken at 1,600,000*l.*, of which sum about *one-sixth* is paid for the liquor, and *five sixths* for the tax. If the duty were reduced one-half, and the same sum expended in the proportion of *one-fourth* for the article and *three-fourths* for the customs, the revenue would still produce 1,200,000*l.*, being a loss of somewhat less than 200,000*l.* In tobacco, the proportions, on the average, are *one-tenth* for the producer and importer, *nine-tenths* for the fostering care of the state. If the duty were reduced to two-thirds, and one third left for the commodity, it would still yield a revenue of 2,100,000*l.*, being a loss of about 860,000*l.*: in other words, the income received from the lower rate would be 3,200,000*l.*, which would involve a total loss of about *one million*. To balance this there would be the duty on Hollands, and the savings on the *fiscal force*. If we rate the two together at 500,000*l.*, by risking the loss of half a million of revenue, the actual pressure of taxation might be relieved to the extent of nearly three millions, and the cost of a necessary to the poor diminished by three-fourths, and of a second necessary to the middling classes by one half.

This opinion as to the total loss by the repeal of these duties differs materially from that of Sir Henry Parnell, who estimates it (though without giving the *data* of his calculations) at three millions, allowing a loss of one million and a half on “spirits,” and one million and a half on tobacco. From the facts we have adduced, it would seem that the last estimate is somewhat overrated, es-

pecially if 1*s.* per lb. be, as he appears to consider it, a sufficient reduction. In the case of spirits, Sir Henry seems to be proposing a rate of duty, not merely to put an end to external smuggling, but to equalize the taxes on *all* spirits, both foreign, colonial, English, Irish, and Scotch. This consummation is perhaps desirable in a complete financial reform, but is far from indispensable as an immediate relief to the consumer, or as a prevention of coast-smuggling. It is not even necessary to *equalize* the duties on gin and whisky, in order to stop the illicit trade between Scotland and England; for the large profits which the expenses of smuggling require are sufficient to overbalance a difference of duties. This is more especially the case in foreign smuggling, where the profits of the smuggler must be enormous. He must insure his cargo, (or, what is the same thing, become his own insurer,) and not only his cargo, but his vessel. His expenses are out of all comparison with those of the fair trader: he imports his spirits or tobacco, not in hogsheads, but in kegs;—his vessel must be built stronger, better, with more care in construction, and, in short, to come to the point, at much greater cost;—his crew must be more numerous (unhappily), better equipped, perhaps more skilful, and, it would seem, better paid, to secure their fidelity;—his voyage is longer and more circuitous; sometimes he must virtually make two or three before he is able to *run* in. When this is accomplished, the landing itself is expensive: instead of raising his *cuts*, or *hogsheads* by machinery, he lands his *lbs.* or *gallons* by hand-labour. His work-people, too, are very numerous, especially in proportion to the work to be done; they have been idly looking out for hours, perhaps for nights. When the landing is effected, compare the cost in forming the “store” of the illicit dealer and that of the fair trader: the latter pays a slight dock rent, or sends the commodity to a warehouse built at little comparative expense, and capable of containing large quantities; the strong hold of the former has been formed at very considerable cost for a comparatively small quantity. But when the smuggled commodities are housed, the business is but half done. They have to be distributed in an expensive manner about the country, running the gauntlet through a host of excisemen; not capable, without difficulty and risk, of being introduced into the stock of a regular dealer, and exposed to the chance of detection from a faithless servant or a very conscientious buyer; not to mention that, unless the saving is considerable, many will not purchase a smuggled article, from a fear of fraud, if not from a better motive. Were the whole of the coast and customs blockading force dismissed tomorrow, the difficulties of the internal distribution would remain

the same. But we do not suggest their total abolition. As long as duties are collected, it is probable that the most advantageous posts for smuggling should be occasionally watched: whether 200,000*l.* (more than the sum which suffices to maintain a "surveyor" and a tax-gatherer for every village in Great Britain) may be necessary for this purpose, or whether it might not be effectually performed by the smaller vessels in the navy at a less cost, is a matter for *practical* consideration. If any doubt should be entertained as to how far a duty of 11*s.* or 11*s.* 6*d.* a gallon on brandy would suffice to prevent smuggling, that point might also be investigated. If it were not, any further decrease should perhaps be followed by a corresponding one on colonial and home-made spirits, which might certainly cause a greater loss of revenue than has been contemplated. Rum is, however, subject to a duty of 9*s.* a gallon, and is not smuggled, although its value, in proportion to the tax, is perhaps higher than brandy would be under the proposed duty. The selling price of smuggled Cognac affords a tolerable safe criterion as to what the price of *duty-paid* ought to be. Under the rate suggested, an article of average quality would sell at from 15*s.* to 16*s.* a gallon. We believe in London the price of indifferent smuggled brandy is about 14*s.* a gallon. If the smuggler were deprived of tobacco, he might perhaps be obliged to require a higher price than this.

But to return. The virtual reduction of taxation, the relief afforded to the consumer, and the diminution of an odious expenditure, are not the only benefits to be expected. The measure would considerably enlarge the foreign, and, by consequence, the home trade, and give rise to a more extended employment of shipping: the increased demand would stimulate the production of commodities abroad; the necessity of an equivalent would increase manufactures at home; and an opportunity would be given for increased employment of capital and labour in the transport and distribution of both classes of production; whilst the destruction of that virtual monopoly which high duties create would throw the trade more open; the measure, too, might pave the way for a relaxation of the commercial restrictions with France, if the modifications were judiciously made. But its fiscal and commercial results would, perhaps, be of less importance than its moral effects. At present, a great part of the peasantry on our coasts, and, perhaps, nearly the "entire" of the "seven millions," are more or less diverted from regular industry, and engaged in a systematical violation of the law. In this act, no moral crime is, perhaps, abstractedly committed, though, practically, a fraud is perpetrated against the fair dealer, and on all other classes who contribute their quota to the public burthens;

but experience shows that men cannot long be engaged in a practice of this kind without becoming irregular and lawless in their habits. Merging all notions of *right* in those of *might*, they get to look upon every law as a mere conventional enactment, devoid of any moral sanction, and become ready for perpetrating any act of violence, and too frequently indifferent to shedding blood. This is a state of things which a government is bound to put an end to, if it be possible, not only from a regard to the individuals themselves, but for the interest of society and its own security; for in the illicit trader will too frequently be found the germs of the robber, the murderer, and, if circumstances should aid him, the incendiary and the rebel. But the only mode of putting down the smuggler is to render his trade no longer profitable. All penal enactments,—all additional precautions,—all increase of the already overgrown *fiscal forces*,—will be of no avail against the *auri sacra fames*. A reduction of duty is the only effectual mode of proceeding: then, and then only, the capital which is now employed in illicit trading (and frequently destroyed altogether) will be diverted to more legitimate employments; whilst the skill—the enterprise—the *labour*—which it now stimulates to lawless violence, and not unfrequently to bloodshed, will be engaged in more peaceful and more beneficial occupations.

Generally beneficial, however, as this measure would be, it will not pass without a struggle. The landlords, the distillers, and the colonial interests will steadily oppose all effectual means for relieving the people and putting down smuggling, on account of the probable injury they might suffer from the increased consumption of brandy. If questions of this kind were settled for the common benefit of all, there would be no hesitation: every gallon of brandy which displaced a gallon of another spirit would, on the average, *pro tanto* double the revenue. If they depended upon *right*, the reduction upon this article would have been made before; for whilst the duty upon home-made spirits has been reduced one-half, the tax on foreign spirits has remained unaltered. It is questionable, however, whether any injury worth speaking of would take place; for, as we have intimated already, in cases of reduced duties, the increased amount "brought to charge" arises principally through the business being transferred from the illicit to the fair trader; nor, unless brandy was consumed to a far greater degree than has been contemplated, would the use of home-made or colonial spirits materially diminish. The principal consumers of brandy are the middling classes, and (in the words of Lord Sandon, speaking of another overtaxed commodity) "that class, so numerous in this country—so far more numerous

than in any other,—that middle, or rather that lower division of the middle class, which, though not rich, and therefore obliged to consider closely the prices of all they consume, is yet enabled to command the enjoyment of a vast variety of little superfluities from every quarter of the globe, the contributions of our extended commerce." By this class, and by the classes immediately above it, brandy is used more as a medicine or a cordial than as an absolute article of luxury; and the present enormous tax has no other effect than to stint their comforts, or to drive them, however unwillingly, to encourage violations of the law. If the duty were repealed, the great consumers of other liquors would still continue their present consumption, partly from habitual taste, and partly from greater cheapness; for, it must be remembered, the proposed duty would be a protective one of about 50 per cent. on gin, and about 20 per cent. on rum,—the tax, in the first case, exceeding the retail price of the "cream of the valley," and in the second, the prime cost of the article. Even if the effects were different from what we have supposed, it may be questioned (putting an increased revenue altogether out of the question) how far the substitution of a dearer for a cheaper spirit—of a finer *quality* for a smaller *quantity*—may not be desirable? The Church, the Temperance Societies, the Unions,—those who disagree upon every other subject,—agree to denounce gin. A portion of the community, with the bench of Bishops at its head, would put down its use *per fas et nefas*; and the Chancellor himself has declared from the woolstack that he would *prohibit* the very making, were it not for the invasion of the freedom of trade—(and, *perhaps*, the five millions of revenue?) But, in sober seriousness, the case is reducible to this. Is a large and wasteful expenditure to be kept up,—is the public to be restricted in its tastes and comforts,—are the commerce and manufactures of the country to be crippled, and the peasantry to be systematically trained to deeds of lawlessness, violence, and murder,—to prevent a *remotely possible* injury to peculiar interests?

A word or two as regards Ireland. It has been seen that the revenue yielded by these articles in the Emerald Isle amounts altogether to 637,000*l.*, of which 11,000*l.* is for brandy and hollands; 626,000*l.* for tobacco; whilst the cost of the army of observation is 124,000*l.*, or one-fifth of the total amount produced. We are as averse as any one to favour the sister kingdom by exceptions from taxation, or by different rates of duty; yet when it is considered, as we have shown already, that, in 1793, with *half the population*, the quantity of tobacco consumed, at a duty of 8*d.* per lb., was *double* what it now is, we should earnestly recommend the

immediate trial, in that country, of a return to nearly the former rate of duty, and of a reduction of the tax on foreign spirits. If the consumption increased, as the facts would warrant us in supposing, the "loss would be a gain;" if it merely returned to the same amount as it was thirty years ago, the revenue would not really be lowered more than 200,000*l.* If the Reformed Parliament can effect *any* retrenchment, the chance of losing such a sum as this can be risked. It is difficult to say how such an amount could be so well disposed of. It would relieve the Irish peasant, (perhaps in the only possible way a remission of taxation can relieve him,) by reducing threefold the price of one of his necessities: it would facilitate the collection of our revenue; put an end to an unnecessary expenditure, and a constant source of heart-burning violence and bloodshed; and enable the responsible financier,—who, with limited means at his disposal, might be fearful of acting upon principles and general facts, however conclusive,—to risk the probable results of its extension to Great Britain, and of the lowest sum for which the operation might be effected.

THE MODERN PLATONIST.

NO. I.

By the Author of 'Devereux,' 'Eugene Aram,' &c.

[PREFATORY REMARKS.]

ON looking this morning over our ancient models in Periodical Literature—those Spectators and Guardians—whose meagre sentences and frigid Gallicisms are placed before our youthful emulation as the true sources for acquiring the mastery of our mother tongue—I was struck by one feature common to them all—and which, to my mind, gives to the more celebrated of our Essayists their only legitimate claims to that excellence to which they pretend. The characteristic I allude to is this—a benevolent and a moral purpose!—they teach more than their successors have done;—the virtues and the dispositions are their favourite care;—they moralize though in ruffles;—and are equally given to "the nice conduct" as "to the clouded cane." The "Tatler" often belies his name—the "Rambler" seems always walking into church—and the "Idler" carries on his shoulders all the business of the schools. Doubtless, amidst these tendencies to sermonize, there is much reverend twaddle, and much false morality, but the general principle is pure, and the general end is wholesome. Our virtuous dispositions require frequent renewal. We must constantly warm them or they fall asleep. It is, therefore, not superfluous

to repeat, from time to time, those sentiments that have been the heirloom of the earth's morality. And in *Virtue* there is a loveliness not easily worn away by custom. Her *census* defies satiety. Many of those maxims which all homilies contain, such as the beauty of goodness—the shortness of life—the vanity of human desires—may be heard not only without fatigue, but, amidst the selfish vices of our common careers, they refresh us with a return to the feelings that were, to the musings and sorrows of our youth, as the first silver notes of Philosophy, the first maternal comfortings of Religion;—the text is old, but the contemplations it awakens are ever new. Like those buildings by Pericles, which Plutarch describes, there are thoughts which, however ancient, carry throughout all time the flush and bloom of a perennial youth—they are hallowed by the ages they have existed, and the great hearts they have inspired. We feel this in the instance of Proverbs—that popular stock of wisdom in all nations;—there is something mysterious in their antiquity, and solemn in their familiar sameness. The *Stagyrite* considered them the wrecks of some mighty lore that had perished from the earth, leaving only those relics as the germ of all the philosophies which our sages have since laboured into systems. A bold and grand idea, investing with an ideal majesty the most common images and the most homely truths.

May I deem myself right, then, in considering there are certain preachments and moral admonitions which, however hacknied, lose not their freshness, or their power of appealing to the human heart? Our sorrows, in all ages, have common sources; and, while we mock, we yield to, the common consolations. Thus he who has mourned will turn with no disdainful heeding to the ordinary comfort which the Preacher and the Poet describe. The uncertainty of life—its necessary disappointments—are no wearisome subject to him;—he has grown in love with Melancholy, and its language never palls upon his ear;—he is consoled by repeating the very truisms that in lighter moments he despised;—and the words that charm away the bitterness of his grief, are not the less potent for the millions on whom the spell has operated before. In sorrow, then, and also in prosperity, it is well at times to moralize even upon old themes. In the first, nothing is too trite that comforts;—in the last, nothing too familiar that warms our tendencies to the springs of good. The sermon is not dull, for it appeals to deep sympathies; nor does the universality of the moral fatigue, when the thoughts it awakens are peculiar—isolated—to each of us his own.

It is with this persuasion that I propose, from time to time, probably in the alternate

months, to address my readers upon a few of the graver subjects of human contemplation—a species it may be of Lay Sermon, in which, as in the “*Rambler*,” or its earlier rivals, scriptural allusions are omitted, as being too sacred for works so varied and miscellaneous;—in which Philosophy—Poetry—the softer Letters—may appear with no profane graces;—in which Morality assumes the unpretending tone of the Friend—the Sympathizer, not the Warner or the Prophet;—and whispers something of persuasion without affecting to command. As among the Schools of the Antique Wisdom, that of Plato always seemed to me the noblest and the best adapted to the Religion and the higher notions of that morality acknowledged by our later times, so I have ventured, though not without a long and patient examination of the writings of the Master, to assume the rank of his disciple. I propose, ultimately (should the Public not entirely unheed them), to recollect such papers as I may thus put forth, and perhaps to publish them in one work, with “*The Conversations with an Ambitious Student*,” which appeared some time since in this Periodical, and to which, in their style and object, they will assimilate. I shall endeavour to make these *Essays*, however serious in themselves, harmonize with the most general sources of our thoughts and our emotions—seeking, perhaps, rather the useful than the new. Half the affectations that disfigure, and are rapidly destroying, the literature of the day, have sprang from the desire to say something new without a regard to its truth. Genius is often eccentric—but to be eccentric is not to be a genius;—and in the old Greek proverb, many may carry the thyrsus, but few are inspired by the god.

ON ILL HEALTH, AND ITS CONSOLATIONS.

We do not enough consider our physical state as the cause of much of our moral—we do not reflect enough upon our outward selves:—What changes have been produced in our minds by some external cause—an accident—an illness! For instance, a general state of physical debility—ILL HEALTH—in the ordinary phrase, is perhaps among the most interesting subjects whereon to moralize. It is not—like most topics that are dedicated to philosophy—refining and abstruse—it is not a closet thesis—it does not touch *one* man, and avoid the circle which surrounds him—it relates to us all—for ill health is a part of Death;—it is its grand commencement. Sooner or later, for a longer period or a shorter, it is our common doom. Some, indeed, are stricken suddenly, and disease does not herald the Dread Comer;—but such exceptions are not to be classed against the rule; and in this artificial existence—afflicted by the vices of custom—the unknown infirmities of our sires—the

various ills that beset all men who think or toil—the straining nerve—the heated air—the overwrought or the stagnant life—the cares of poverty—the luxuries of wealth—the gnawings of our several passions—the string cracks somewhere, and few of us pass even the first golden gates of Life ere we receive the admonitions of Decay.

As the beautiful mind of Tully taught itself to regard the evils of Old Age, by fairly facing its approach, and weighing its sufferings against its consolations, so, with respect to habitual infirmities, we may the better bear them by recollecting that they are not without their solace. Every one of us must have observed that during a lengthened illness the mind acquires the habit of making to itself a thousand sources of interest—"a thousand images of one that was"—out of that quiet monotony which seems so unvaried to ordinary eyes. We grow usually far more susceptible to commonplace impressions:—As one whose eyes are touched by a fairy spell, a new world opens to us out of the surface of the tritest things. Every day we discover new objects, and grow delighted with our progress. I remember a friend of mine—a man of lively and impetuous imagination—who, being afflicted with a disease which demanded the most perfect composure,—not being allowed to read, write, and very rarely to converse,—found an inexhaustible mine of diversion in an old marble chimney-piece, in which the veins, irregularly streaked, furnished forth quaint and broken likenesses to men, animals, trees, &c.—He declared that, by degrees, he awoke every morning with an object before him, and his imagination betook itself instantly to its new realm of discovery. This instance of the strange power of the mind, to create to itself an interest in the narrowest circles to which it may be confined, may be ludicrous, but is not exaggerated. How many of us have watched for hours with half-shut eyes the embers of the restless fire?—nay, counted the flowers upon the curtains of the sick-bed, and found an interest in the task! The mind has no native soil; its affections are not confined to one spot,—its dispositions fasten themselves everywhere,—they live, they thrive, they produce, in whatever region Chance may cast them, however remote from their accustomed realm. God made the human heart weak, but elastic;—it hath a strange power of turning poison into nutriment. Banish us the air of Heaven—cripple the step—binds us to the sick couch—cut us off from the cheerful face of men—make us keep house with Danger and with Darkness—we can yet play with our own fancies, and, after the first bitterness of the physical thralldom, feel that despite of it we are free. "The Earth,"—said Milton, in one of those lofty passages in which his very poetry is eclipsed by his prose,—*"The Earth*

is a point, not only in respect of the Heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us. That mass of flesh that circumscribes me limits not my mind; that surface that tells the Heavens they have an end, cannot persuade me I have any. I take my circle to be above three hundred and sixty. Though the number of the arc do measure my body, it comprehendeth not my mind. While I study to find out how I am a microcosm, or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity to us, something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the Sun. *Nature* tells me that I am the image of God, as well as Scripture. He that understands not thus much, hath not his introduction or first lesson, and hath yet to begin the alphabet of man."

To these words we can add nothing!—Their egotism is the expression of the universal hearts of men. And somewhat of the pride which belongs to them, animates us even on the couch of our bodily infirmity. It is a source of exaltation that we are not conquered, and that the fortress sapped by the Dark Enemy is our prison-house, not our home.

It has been my lot to endure frequent visitations of ill-health, although my muscular frame is strong, and I am capable of bearing great privation and almost any exertion of mere bodily fatigue. The reason is that I reside principally in London, and it is only of late that I have been able to inure myself to the close air and the want of exercise that belong to the life of cities. However, languishing in the confinement of a metropolis, the moment I left the dull walls, and heard the fresh waving of the trees, I revived,—the nerves grew firm—pain fled me—I asked myself in wonder for my ailments! My bodily state was, then, voluntary and self-incurred, for nothing bound or binds me to cities: I follow no calling, I am independent of men, affluent in means, and, from my youth upward, I have learnt myself the power to live alone. Why not then consult health as the greatest of earthly goods? But is health the greatest of earthly goods? Is the body to be our main care? Are we to be the minions of self? Are we to make any corporeal advantage the chief end—

"Et propter vivendum vivere perdere causas."

I confess that I see not how men can arrogate to themselves the Catholic boast of Immortal Hopes—how they can utter the old truths of the nothingness of life—of the superiority of mental over physical delights—of the paramount influence of the soul and the soul's objects—and yet speak of health as our greatest blessing, and the workman's charge of filling up the crannies of this fast mouldering clay as the most ne-

cessary of human objects. Assuredly health is a great blessing, and its care is not to be despised; but there are duties far more sacred,—obligations before which the body is as nought. For it is not necessary to live, but it is necessary to live nobly. And of this truth we are not without the support of high examples. Who can read that great poet whom I have just cited, and forget that his acts walked level with the lofty eminence of his genius—that he paid “no homage to the sun,” that even the blessing of light itself was a luxury,—was willingly to be abandoned—but the defence of the great rights of earth, the fulfilment of the solemn trust of nations, the vindication of ages yet to come, was a necessity, and not to be avoided—was paramount—was indispensable—and wherefore? because it was a duty! Are there not duties too to us—though upon a narrower scale—which require no less generous a devotion? Are there not objects which are more important than the ease and welfare of the body? Is our first great charge that of being a nurse to ourselves? No: every one of us who writes, toils, or actively serves the state, forms to himself, if he knoweth anything of public virtue, interests which are not to be renounced for the purchase of a calmer pulse, and a few years added to the feeble extreme of life. Many of us have neither fortune, nor power, nor extrinsic offerings to sacrifice to mankind; but all of us—the proud, the humble, the rich, the poor—have one possession at our command;—We may sacrifice ourselves! It is from these reasons that, at the time I refer to, I put aside the hope of health;—a good earnestly indeed to be coveted, but which, if obtained only by a life remote from man, inactive, useless, self-revolving, may be too dearly bought; and gazing on the evil which I imagined I could not cure, I endeavored to reconcile myself to its necessity.

And first, it seems to me that when the nerves are somewhat weakened the senses of sympathy are more keen—we are less negligent of our kind—that impetuous and reckless buoyancy of spirit which mostly accompanies a hardy and iron frame, is not made to enter into the emotions of others. How can it sympathize with what it has never known? We seldom find men of great animal health and power possessed of much delicacy of mind; their humanity and kindness proceed from an overflow of spirits—their more genial virtues are often but skin deep, and the result of good humour. The susceptible frame of Women causes each more kindly and generous feeling to vibrate more powerfully on their hearts, and thus also that which in our harsher sex relaxes the nerve, often softens the affection. And this is really the cause of that increased tendency to pity, to charity, to friendship,

which comes on with the decline of life, and which Bolingbroke has so touchingly alluded to. There is an excitement in the consciousness of the glorious possession of unshaken health and matured strength which hurries us on the road of that selfish enjoyment, which we are proud of our privilege to command. The passions of the soul are often winged by our capacities, and are fed from the same sources that keep the beating of the heart strong, and the step haughty upon the earth. Thus when the frame grows slack, and the race of the strong can be run no more, the mind falls gently back upon itself—it releases its garments from the grasp of the Passions which have lost their charm—intellectual objects become more precious, and, no longer sufficing to be a world to ourselves, we contract the soft habit of leaning our affection upon others; the ties round our heart are felt with a more close endearment, and every little tenderness we receive from the love of those about us, teaches us the value of love. And this is therefore among the consolations of ill-health, that we are more susceptible to all the kindlier emotions, and that we drink a deeper and a sweeter pleasure from the attachment of our friends. If, too, we become, as the body progressively declines from the desire of external pursuits, more devoted to intellectual objects, new sources of delight are thus bestowed upon us. Books become more eloquent of language, and their aspect grows welcome as the face of some dear consoler. Perhaps no epicure of the world’s coarse allurements knows that degree of deep and serene enjoyment with which, shut up in our tranquil chambers, we surround ourselves with the Wisdom, the Poetry, the Romance of past ages, and are made free, by the Sybil of the world’s knowledge, to the Elysium of departed souls. The pain, or the fever, that from time to time reminds us of our clay, brings not perhaps more frequent and embarrassing interruptions, than the restlessness and eager passion which belong to the flush of health. Contented to repose—the repose becomes more prodigal of dreams.

And there is another circumstance usually attendant on ill-health. We live less for the world—we do not extend the circle of friendship into the wide and distracting orbit of common acquaintance—we are thus less subject to ungenial interruptions—to vulgar humiliations—to the wear and tear of mind—the harassment and the vanity,—that torture those who seek after the “gallery of painted pictures,” and “the talk where no love is.” The gaud and the ostentation shrink into their true colours before the eye which has been taught to look within. And the pulses that have been calmed by pain, keep, without much effort, to the even tenor of philosophy. Thus ill-

health may save us from many disquietudes and errors—from frequent mortification—and “*the walking after the vain shadow.*” Plato retired to his cave to be wise; sickness is often the moral cave, with its quiet, its darkness, and its solitude, to the soul.

I may add also, that he who has been taught the precariousness of life, acquires a knowledge of its value. He teaches himself to regard Death with a quiet eye, and habit* gifts him with a fortitude mightier than the stoicism of the Porch. As the lamb is shorn so the wind is tempered. Nor is the calm without moments of mere animal extacy unknown to the rude health, which having never waned from its vigour, is unconscious of the treasure it inherits. What rapture in the first steps to recovery—in the buoyant intervals of release! When the wise simplicity of Hesiod would express the overpowering joy of a bridegroom, in the flush of conquest hastening to the first embraces of his bride, he can compare him only to one escaped from some painful disease, or from the chains of a dungeon.† The release of pain is the excess of transport. With what gratitude we feel the first return of health—the first budding forth of the new spring that has dawned within us! Or, if our disease admit not that blessed regeneration, still it has its intervals and reprieves: moments, when the mind springs up as the lark to heaven, singing and rejoicing as it bathes its plumage in the intoxicating air. So that our state may be of habitual tranquillity, and yet not dumb to raptures which have no parallel in the monotony of more envied lives. But I hold that the great counterbalancing gift which the infirmity of the body, if rightly moralized upon, hath the privilege to confer, is, that the mind left free to contemplation, naturally prefers the high and the immortal to the sensual and the low. As Astronomy took its rise among the Chaldean shepherds, whose constant leisure upon their vast and level plains enabled them to elevate their attention undivided to the heavenly bodies,—so the time left to us for contemplation in our hours of sickness, and our necessary disengagement from the things of earth, tend to direct our thoughts to the Stars, and impregnate us half unconsciously with the Science of Heaven.

Thus while as I have said our affections become more gentle, our souls also become more noble, and our desires more pure. We learn to think, with the most august of our moralists, that “earth is an hospital, not an inn—a place to die, not to live in.” Our existence becomes a great preparation for death, and the monitor within us is constant, but with a sweet and a cheering voice.

* *Exilia, tormenta, bella, morbos, naufragia, meditare, ut nullo sis malo, Tyro. Senec. Epist.*

† *Hes. Scut. Herc. Hne 42.*

Such are the thoughts with which in the hour of sickness I taught myself to regard what with the vulgar is the greatest of human calamities! It may be some consolation to those who have suffered more bitterly than I have done, to feel that, by calling in the powers of the mind, there may be good ends and cheerful hopes wrought out from the wasting of the body; and that it is only the darkness—unconsidered and unexplored—which shapes the spectre, and appals us with the fear.

THE LOVE OF FAME.

By Mrs. Norton.

Go, dear one, go! my grief shall sleep
Till thou, the cause, art far away;
Since I *might* make thee pause and weep,
But have no power to bid thee stay.
Go! win the Fame whose visions bright
Have tempted that young heart to roam,
And learn how ill its meteor light
Can match the sunshine of thy home.

Ah! then, when all is won, which now
Bright in the distance tempts thy soul;
When triumph crowns thy laurelled brow,
And hails thee foremost at the goal,—
Then shall the secret pang be known,
While shouts th’ applauding echoes fill,
To turn thee from them with a groan,
And feel thy heart is empty still.

Then, midst the restless strife, to keep
What restless striving hath obtained,
Wild doubts across thy soul shall sweep,
And tell how little thou hast gained;—
The sleepless nights—the heavy days—
The carelessness of all to come—
Disgust and weariness of praise;—
Are these—oh! are they worth thy home?

Oft shalt thou turn, and inly sigh
For simple joys, despised before;
The quiet peace of years gone by,
The hope, the happiness of yore.
Oft shalt thou pine for words whose breath
Scarcely stirred the sunnier tides of youth;
And yearn to barter glory’s wreath
For one heart’s long-forgotten truth!

Unsatisfied thy soul shall rove,
And warm with fancy’s sickle glow;
Now soar ambitiously above—
Now, passion-fettered, sink below.
And thou shalt waste thy life in sighs,
Unfit to serve or to command,
With hopes that wither as they rise,
Like verdure on the desert sand!

FRAGMENT OF A ROMANCE.

By William Godwin.

[The following is the commencement of the production alluded to in these words in the preface to “Mandeville”—]

"Eleven years ago I began a novel. The thought I adopted as the germ of my work, was taken from the story of the 'Seven Sleepers,' in the records of the first centuries of Christianity, or rather from the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood, in Perrault's Tales of *Ma Mère l'Oie* (Mother Goose). I supposed a hero who should have this faculty, or this infirmity, of falling asleep unexpectedly, and should sleep twenty, thirty, or an hundred years at a time, at the pleasure of myself, his creator. I knew that such a canvass would naturally admit a vast variety of figures, actions, and surprises.

"But the nearer I looked at it, the more was I frightened at the task. Such a work must be made up of a variety of successive tales, having, for their main point of connexion, the impression which the events brought forward should produce upon my sleeping-waking principal personage. I should therefore have had at least a dozen times to set myself to the task of invention, as it were, *de novo*."

I was born about the middle of the twelfth century from the birth of Christ, in an old and well-fortified castle in Spain, not far from the city of Talavera. My grandfather had served many a hard campaign under the Cid Diaz de Bivas, the thunderbolt of Spain; and the earliest lessons of my infancy were the songs, or *romances*, in which the exploits of this hero were celebrated with the blended enthusiasm of a *cancionero*, a warrior, and a Christian. My father, whose breeding had been in the tented field, delighted to tell that he had seen the Cid,—that he remembered the time when the aged warrior had held him in his arms, had seated him on his knee as the infant representative of his fellow-soldier, had stroked down the silken locks of his hair, and bade him fight bravely when he grew to man's estate, for the honour of Castille, and the glory of the Holy Cross.

Spain, at the time of my birth, was divided into two great portions, one of which was possessed by the Christians, and the other by the Moors. The Christians were masters of the northern and the middle provinces, under the respective sceptres of the King of Castille, the King of Arragon, the King of Portugal, and the Count of Barcelona. The fertile plains of Andalusia and Granada, together with Valentia and Estremadura, still continued in the hands of the Mahometans. The splendid reign of the Abdalrahmans, caliphs of Cordova, who for several centuries had rendered the Peninsula one of the eyes of the world, was passed away; and the petty princes, who ruled in the scattered fragments of their empire, had sunk under the gallant achievements and the hardihood of the Christian chivalry.

Another and a ruder power had succeeded to that of the Abdalrahmans, and had arrested, though with fitful and uncertain efforts, the fate of the Moorish empire in Spain. This was that of the Mira-mamolins of Africa. Two races of men, known by this title, successively seized the empire of the Mahometans in this quarter of the world; and pretending to be immediately descended from the loins of the Great Prophet, challenged the submission of all true believers, as much for the sanctity of their lives, and their celestial destination to power, as the conquests of their sword. Their title imports this—which is correctly written—Emir-al-Mumenir Commander, of the Faithful; an appellation never applied but in the sense of religious supremacy. The metropolis of their empire was Morocco, a city which owes its foundation to their sway. The two families are known by the appellations of the Almoravides and the Almohades.

The sceptre of Castille had fallen, by the decease of Alfonso the Eighth, calling himself Emperor of Spain, into the hands of Sancho, his son, a prince only twenty-two years of age, when Abou Said, the second prince of the race of the Almohades, entered Spain with a numerous army. Taking advantage of the unsettled state of the kingdom, he captured several considerable towns, while the Moorish governments, hereditary in Spain, scarcely ventured to make a show of resistance against him. Partly converted by his pretensions to a divine commission and title, and partly perhaps awed by the success of his arms, the kings of Granada and Merida made a voluntary surrender of their crowns; while the citizens of Cordova and Seville, whose princes had shown themselves less docile to the representative of Alla, threw open their gates to the Mira-molin, and treated him as their deliverer.

Of the states here mentioned, the kingdom of Merida bordered most nearly on the place of my birth. The reigning sovereign, a prince considerably past the vigour of his years, was ordered by the Almohades into Africa, to pass the remainder of his days in a Mahometan monastery near the city of Fez. His two sons, Abenalhax and Omar, entered themselves among the troops of the victorious prince, and were soon numbered among the most gallant leaders of the Mahometan army.

Such was the state of my country. The prosperous reign of the Emperor Alfonso had given a degree of security to the hearts of the Spaniards, so that we scarcely felt that the soil of the Peninsula was divided between us and the enemies of our religion and our race. Christian and Moor sat down together with a temporary sentiment of harmony and peace. The temper of the two nations towards each other, in several essen-

tial respects, may easily be collected from one or two memorable incidents. Alfonso,—that Alfonso who seventy years before had wrested from the Mahometans the city of Toledo,—took to his bed the daughter of Benabad, the Moorish King of Cordova. Sancho the First, one of his predecessors, had for a time fixed his abode in the Moorish capital, and confided his person to the superior skill of Mahometan physicians, that he might be cured of a critical disease. The respective merits of the two people seemed to be adjusted; and it was admitted on all hands, that the Spaniards surpassed the Moors in military achievements and the warlike character, while the Moors left us at no less distance behind them in all the arts of elegance and refinement, in manners, in music, in poetry, and in philosophy.

My father, who was no longer young, reposed himself after the various toils of a military life, in his hereditary castle. My mother, who was of the illustrious family of Ponce de Leon, dedicated much of her care to the cultivation of my infancy, and was consummately well qualified for the task she had undertaken. My early years were passed in serenity and peace. I had heard of war: its thunders rolled at a distance, and I perceived their hoarse murmurs as if from the other side of the mountains; but it was a tale only, the report of which had been conveyed to my ears, while its realities had never offered themselves to the witness of my eyes.

Though I was very young at the time of the first great revolution in my existence, yet I remember somewhat of the scenes which preceded it, and I remember them the more perfectly from this very circumstance, which enables me to assign them an exact place in my history. I remember well the way in which the scenery around me first affected my thoughts. The country was mountainous, and the mountains were rugged and barren. It had very little to boast on the score of cultivation: my father and his dependents principally subsisted on the produce of their flocks. The castle in which we dwelt, was built for defence and retreat, and not for luxury. The light of heaven entered it only through narrow loopholes and perforations, piercing its massy and substantial walls. Most of the apartments were small, and the ascent to them by narrow and winding staircases; the hall only, the kitchen, and the stables, were spacious; in the former of which were daily spread two immense tables, where my father constantly sat down at the hour of noon with one hundred and fifty of his followers. The floor of this hall was spread with rushes, and the walls were hung round with shields, and spears, and swords, and all the various apparatus of war.

These things spoke to my childish soul a

sufficiently intelligible language; and the tongue of my mother served further in the office of a chorus, explaining and enforcing their precepts and their eloquence. Christianity and war came united from her lips. The glory of the cross, the honours of Christian chivalry, the burning shame that was inflicted on knighthood and Spain by the multitude of mosques, and faquirs, and imams, that still overspread the land, was the daily burden of her thoughts. And deeply was she skilled in the art of adapting these topics to my comprehension, and bringing them into unison with my feelings. There was nothing dry, general, and vague in the discourses of my mother: it was all story and variety of adventure; it consisted of achievements glorious beyond the conception of a frigid and unanimated spirit; of the delivery of damsels from raviishment and slavery; of the undaunted assertion of justice and divine truth to the very teeth of the misbelievers; of everything that in the relation could thrill through my infant heart. The eye of my mother so glistened, too, when she spoke of the sacred triumph of the better cause; and her smile spoke volumes. That smile lives at this moment at the bottom of my soul; I retire into my inmost self, and I see it still: it was the smile of a mother, full of love, condescension, and hope. When she had fed her thoughts with the sentiments of a Christian and a Spaniard, the elevation melted down into a beam of unspeakable softness, that bended itself wholly and undividedly upon her son. I sprang to meet it; and the story and the lesson were sealed up with a kiss.

There was nothing in this period of my life to seduce my mind from the sole object of its attention. There was no luxury—or at least nothing that appeared to my recollection to be such—amidst the scenes of a very different character that were shortly afterwards presented to me. Whatever my father possessed, of costly materials, or exquisite workmanship, consisted of the spoils he had taken in different incursions against the Moors. I recollect, in particular, the chair of state in which my father sat on certain solemn days, when he gave law and regulation to his vassals. The substance of the chair was ivory, very curiously carved, and it was covered with carpets of rich and brilliant colours. Behind him, as he sat, was suspended a certain of cloth of gold. But our possessions of this sort were scanty; they were barely sufficient to maintain a certain feeling of pomp and majesty, and were entirely void of that variety and profusion which might tend to relax the soul, and weaken the energies of its fortitude. All was grave, and solemn, and sedate. Whatever I saw, that addressed itself to my feelings of wonder and admiration, had a sort of military march in it. Peals of light and thoughtless laughter never met my ears,

nor agitated my muscles. Infected by the character of everything around me, the very smiles of my infancy had a tincture of pride in them; and, like the smiles of my mother, were pervaded with sentiment and conscious elevation. The scenes of nature I beheld were in harmony with this temper. They were admirable,—for they were lofty and bold; and he that looked at them heard, as it were, the genius of the place bidding him awake and be a man. But we saw no laughing fields, no rich fertility, no copious exuberance of a wealthy soil, bidding the mind bask in the sunshine of prosperity, and be drunk with jollity and ease.

An incident occurred during this period which made a deep impression on my memory. My mother had a brother, ten years younger than herself, Signor Rodrigo Ponce de Leon. This youth had spent the greater part of his early years in the family of Don Sancho de Ximenes, which was reported to be the most perfect school in all Castille for the accomplishments demanded in a true knight. He however came more than once to spend a few weeks at a time in the castle of Torralva. My father was a soldier of high character, and worthy of his imitation; and the exemplary and heroic dispositions of my mother were such, that her stripling brother could not fail to drink in just and elevated sentiments from her lips. I am talking of very early times, concerning which I can scarcely trust the reports of my memory; but, to my recollection, Signor Rodrigo stands forth the very model of gallantry, ingenuousness, and good nature. Wise he was in my eyes, for I never saw anything in him but what was the emanation of purity; and whatever he said contributed to enlighten and enrich my infant mind. But what charmed me most in my squire uncle, as I called him, was the full and unsuppressed condescension with which he would often make himself my equal and my playfellow. There were no liberties I did not take with his person; and when I passed over in review the stories my mother told me, he would freely assist me to represent in action the defiances, encounters, and deliverances from bonds and oppression they recounted, and cheerfully join me in “playing at knights.” A stick served us for a horse, and a thorn-bush for a castle to be beleaguered or surprised.

In one of Signor Rodrigo's latest visits, at the time when he had just attained the age of twenty-one years, his errand was to obtain the society of my father, together with that of his other relations, to do him grace to the court of King Sancho, to which he was summoned, with about twenty other young men of rank, to take upon him the character of a knight. My mother and myself, with the female part of the household, were for several days left alone in the castle, attended by

no further guard than was judged necessary to defend us from surprise. After an absence of a few days my father and Signor Rodrigo returned, the whole party having agreed to partake of a social banquet at our table, as they were now on their journey from Toledo to the borders of Old Castille. The preparations were considerable. At a certain hour the centinel on the barbican gave notice of the approach of the knights, and the gates of the tilt-yard were thrown open to receive them. Previously to their entrance, Signor Rodrigo alighted from his palfry, and put on a complete suit of armour; he then walked in solemn state, between my father and his father, followed by the whole troop of knights and squires, to the platform where my mother was seated, and where I, being now seven years of age, stood beside her. He no sooner reached her footstool, than he humbled himself on one knee before her. My mother rose, and threw a scarf she had in readiness over his shoulder. She then raised him with one hand, and fell on his neck, and wept. This ceremony had no sooner passed, than a war-horse was brought to Signor Rodrigo, on which he vaulted lightly with his armour on, and turning him about, wheeled round the court at full speed, and performed a variety of feats of horsemanship with an admirable grace. He then received a spear, which he brandished with great agility, and riding at the target, struck it full in the midst. After this, he tossed the spear to an attendant, and drew his sword, which he flourished over his head, and which was of so admirable a temper, that as the beams of the sun played upon it, it glistened with a brilliancy hardly inferior to lightning. The ceremony concluded with the whole company proceeding in full march to the oratory of the castle, where a priest of considerable distinction delivered a short, but emphatical and impressive discourse upon the duties of a Christian knight, concluding with an exhortation to Signor Rodrigo to demean himself in a way worthy of his ancestry and his calling. The whole scene was calculated to make an indelible impression on my infant mind. One thing however did not fail to be afflicting to me. This was the being informed by my mother's favourite female attendant, that my squire uncle existed no longer,—that he had now entered into a very different order of persons, and that the sacredness of his present engagements would be dishonoured by his ever associating with me, and joining in my youthful sports as he had been wont to do.

The little all of my life hitherto had been peace. Every day was for the most part like the day before: my father was surrounded by his vassals; but as the countenances were generally the same, and the garments the same in fashion, and almost the same in colour, the impression made

upon me was uniform. By repetition, the objects had hardly the effect of living things to me; they stirred up no semblance of tempest on the surface of my mind; the scene was to me "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." But oh, how far was this from tediousness and lethargy! It was the luxury of sensation. It was the joy of a quiet and a satisfied spirit! a joy infinitely superior to that which is commonly to be found in turmoil and agitation. It was like breathing the purest and most health-giving element on the top of the highest mountains. The mind rested upon its centre, as Adam reposed in Paradise, when the Lord God descended, and by insensible degrees caused a deep sleep to fall upon him,—a sleep that we may conceive to have been full of visions, in which he saw the things that were, even as if they were not. I sometimes viewed the pictures around me, leisurely survey everything as it presented itself, and suffering each thing to make its own impression, while the mind remained sweetly and joyfully passive; and at other times, shut up in the rarities and fancies of my own spirit, I saw nothing of what was passing, but busily pictured to myself the scenes of an imaginary future, which, because they were childish, did not on that account fail to be interesting to me. I know not whether this will appear to others an exaggerated relation of the experience of six or seven years of age; I only know that it is the faithful history of my own childhood.

I dwell the more on these things on account of the sudden and dreadful stroke, by means of which they all vanished in an instant. Oh, scenes of my youth, how dearly once beloved, now fearfully vanishing for ever! In the subsequent narrative of my life, I shall sometimes have to tell of pleasures, more subtle, elevated, and refined, than those I have just attempted to paint; but there is a memorable difference dividing the one from the other. These were in one sense my truest pleasures. My mind was innocent; my heart was new. I had never known a pain but what was momentary, or sustained a blow that, so to speak, raised so much as the skin of my soul. But, oh, what fearful gashes, what deep intrenchant scars, succeeded to this! Never did my heart recover the same pure and unviolated tranquillity. The pillars of my consciousness were shaken to their basis. The best of my after-life was like that of a man the bones of whose limbs have been broken, and though tolerably set and put together again, yet in the seat of each fracture there remains an unseen knot or protuberance, sufficiently marking to him that will be at the pains to visit it, where the injury had fallen. In my childhood the world to me was innocent; I saw in every form I met an image of myself; and did not doubt that every one was

bland, and kind, and good, and void of harm and malice, as I was myself. But the injuries I am going to relate came from the hand of man; and, without pretending exactly to analyse the shades of error and guilt, I was compelled at a very premature period no longer to contemplate man, as such, with the same simplicity. I was driven to entertain sentiments of suspicion, jealousy, and dislike,—to consider human creatures as beings from whom in some cases no less injury was to be apprehended, than from a thunderbolt, a hurricane, or a conflagration. Nor was this speculation, or a tale made at pleasure, or related for amusement. It was brought home in the bitterest way to my feelings. The colour of my mind was tarnished; it was burned up and embrowned by the tropical sun of calamity. What I should have been, if the days of my youth had been protracted to the ordinary period, I cannot decide. But surely my having been forced in a certain sense to become a man, before I had well ceased to be a child, must have made me a very different being, from other men who have not passed through the same state of early suffering.

The visit of my knight uncle as I was now bid to call him, was short. It was principally designed for my mother's gratification, who had an inextinguishable desire to behold this brother of hers in the new character which his king had conferred upon him. This passed, he hastened to place himself under the banners of Don Sancho Ximenes. The king, Don Sancho, had summoned all his peers and his chivalry to march against the Mira-mamolin. Abou Said advanced with a numerous army, and crossed the Guadalquivir between Baeza and Andujar. The Christian monarch was not less diligent in his preparations. Signor Rodrigo was to make his first campaign under the standard of Don Sancho, beneath whose roof he had received the education, and accomplished himself in all the exercises, which at that day were required for the military profession. My father was to lead forth his gallant followers in a band of his own. The campaign was looked forward to with much earnestness and enthusiasm. The Emperor Alfonso had sustained the Christian character in deeds of arms, in an uninterrupted career of glory, which far outshone the tracks of all his predecessors. Sancho, his son and successor, was just twenty-two years of age: and, though the invasion of the Mira-mamolin was naturally a subject of alarm, yet the superior prowess of the Spaniards to that of the Moors,—a fact sufficiently established,—and more than all, the elasticity and spring of a new reign, and the confidence entertained of the good fortune of a young prince of great hopes, and in the flower of his age, made every

bosom beat with the expectation of a splendid and decisive success.

With what beautiful manifestations of affection did my mother take leave of her brother and her husband! She was a heroine of the genuine Castilian temper, and needed not have blushed for her sentiments, if she had been placed beneath the eye of a dame of Sparta or ancient Rome. Yet her heart overflowed with all the best and tenderest feelings of a woman. When she bade adieu to the partner of her fortune and her life, and to the beautiful youth who had now just entered upon the epoch of manhood, she knew that they were going to seek for honour in the ranks of danger and death, and that she might never again see them in the reciprocations of kindness and the erectness of life. But she knew that they were born for this. She was persuaded that every human creature, according to the place in which his lot was cast, had duties to perform; and that, without the discharge and the love of these duties, life was not worth the name of life. Every sentiment that could give grace to a human spirit concurred, in my mother, to sustain her, and throw a glory around her in this hour of her trial: the love of her husband's and her brother's honour, the recollection of an illustrious ancestry, the splendid feelings which chivalry nourishes beyond any other institution that man ever conceived, the zeal of Castille and of Spain, and the reverence and the pride attached to the standard of the Holy Cross.

She bade them adieu with the firmness of a resolved spirit. The priest pronounced his benediction upon them in the oratory of the castle; but though that was done in a seemly and impressive manner, and in a way that showed that the holy man was possessed with the spirit of his profession, yet that was nothing to the fervour with which my mother blessed them. When they rode forth from the gates, I went up with the marchioness to the tower of the barbican. Having proceeded to a certain distance on the plain, my father and uncle turned round their steeds. My mother put forth her veil from the lattice, and waved it in their sight. The two champions bowed their heads, and after drew their swords and brandished them; having done which, they turned their steeds again, and went forward.

The departure of my father and my uncle took place in the first week of August, in the year 1158. My mother and I were left, as before, with a scanty guard; but that was a source of no uneasiness, particularly as, though there was war between the Christians and the infidels, the seat of contention, as I have already said, was removed from us, and every eye was turned on the side of the Sierra Morena, and the waters of the Guadalquivir.

We rather seemed to be left at a distance in this busy scene, and to be called upon, while every nerve was strung for the arduous contention, to possess our souls in patience, and wait quietly for the result. The marchioness in the secret chamber of her soul was doubtless full of expectation and disquietude; but this had a singular effect on her outward behaviour. I never saw her so playful and so condescending: she appeared for the occasion to have laid aside the usual elevation of her soul, and to become an ordinary matron of lowly life or of quiet times. She told me stories; and the tales I now listened to, were not of heroism, but of fancy merely. She talked of fairies and enchantments,—of everything that soothed the imagination, and stole away the senses in a pleasing dream,—of all the wild inventions of the east, aided in its creations by a luxuriant climate, and by all the wealth and magnificence of Damascus or of Delhi. My pleasure was new; I had never found my mother so condescending, or condescending in this key. Lovely she always was; everything she said or did, at least so far as I was concerned, won upon the affections. But, at other times, the love I felt was mingled with admiration and awe. Now it was wonder, but wonder of a different family and class. I gazed on her as she spoke: my eyes glistened; but the ecstasy I felt seemed to draw me into her soul; I was filled almost to bursting with what I heard, but I was not afraid. Oh, moments of peace and joy! Far from war, or the idea that a man could exist that would shed the blood of man; full on the contrary of the feelings of pastoral life, and of the innocence and happiness of the golden age.

Tranquil was the slumber which followed close on a day like this. I committed myself to the arms of sleep, as to those of an assured friend; the period of my repose seemed like that reserved for the commemoration of some great religious event, upon which nothing ordinary and profane was to be feared to intrude.

The impressions of my mind were not those of a true augury. A few hours after midnight, when the silence and darkness of that period were yet at their full, I was startled from my sleep by the sound of the alarm-bell of the castle. In our deep and secure retreat, the night bore a very different character from that which it wears in a populous town. In cities the busy or the wayward mind of man in some individual or other is always awake; from time to time a solitary vehicle is heard rumbling along the streets; the oxen and the sheep with their lowing or their bleatings complain of their inexorable driver; the colloquy is heard of those that lie down late, or rise up early; or the careless song of the reveller rouses him who is vexed with sorrow or disease

from his imperfect slumbers. But in a solitary, rural abode, nothing can be heard at certain hours that indicates the existence of man; nature herself seems to partake in the repose of her favourite son; and the few incidental sounds that occur from time to time are unconnected with each other, indicate nothing and lead to nothing, and appear, like the audible breathings of him who sleeps, to answer no other purpose, than to make the universal quiet a more distinct object of perception. The sound of the alarm-bell in the castle of Torralva was therefore doubly rousing.

I listened in silence; I never remembered to have heard the sound before; my thoughts were confounded. It was a loud and a deafening sound. It was not like the solemn and measured pace of the funeral knell; it expressed horror, and disorder, and affright—the eagerness to do something, with an uncertainty what was to be done. It was succeeded by the sound of steps, hurrying down the stairs of the castle.

I slept in a closet adjoining to the bed-chamber of my mother. By a certain rustling, and the sound of her voice, I perceived she was in motion. I crept quietly from my bed, and put on my clothes. As I opened the door of the closet, I perceived the marchioness passing out by the opposite door of the chamber, and I followed her in silence. She descended the stairs, and came down into the quadrangle. I then took hold of her hand. She had not perceived me before; but she did not repel my overture to join her. She cast upon me a look of encouragement.

Several of the attendants of the castle flitted about the quadrangle with lighted torches; and my mother, crossing the area, proceeded to the barbacan and mounted the watch-tower. From thence we were presented with a dreadful spectacle; a town in flames. It was Oropesa, distant scarcely more than a mile from our walls. It had not long before been a flourishing seat of Moorish industry; but since it had been recovered by the Christians, it had fallen into decay. The castle of Torralva was erected for its defence.

The successive volumes of smoke that ascended, the flames, and the flakes of lighter combustible substance carried up with the smoke, were to me a terrible spectacle, and for some minutes fixed my attention. I then looked down into the plain between; which presented a still more intelligible and fearful scene of distress. The inhabitants of the town were seen flying in all directions, and in all directions were pursued, and goaded along and crossed by Moorish horsemen. Men, women, and children fled this way and that, and lifted up their hands, as they ran, with agony and despair. I gazed with earnestness and astonish-

ment. How I hated a Moor! None but a Moor, thought I to myself, would drive the sons of quiet from their homes, would set fire to their houses, hunt, wound, and destroy them, and trample them under their horses' feet. These wretches have nothing human about them but their form; they are more ferocious than the wild beasts of the desert.

In the distance, and nearest to the flames, the Mahomedans and the Christians were mixed together in the wildest confusion; nearer to the castle we could see none but our friends, and persons that had a claim upon us for protection. It was true that the fortress itself had nothing to fear from a vagrant and accidental incursion. But Oropesa was my father's domain; its inhabitants was his clients and dependants. Every drop of blood that fell from them, and that it was in our power to have saved, was a violation of the great compact of society, by which the higher and the lower orders in Spain were bound together; every drop of blood that fell from them would be regarded by the marchioness as her own.

I looked at my mother; I saw a creature I had never seen before,—not different—not unlike her former self—it was the same character, exalted by the great realities, the terrible calamities and miseries, that beset the path of human life. It was an angel now, employed in an angel's office; before she seemed to have concealed what she was, and to have put forth but half her strength; now a ray from heaven played upon her features, and to my eye, a circle of glory, such as I had observed in the paintings of divine personages, surrounded her head. She issued a peremptory order, that the draw-bridge should be let down, the gates thrown open, and the fugitives admitted; with this precaution, over which from the tower she undertook herself to preside, that so many should come in, as could be received without danger that their pursuers should enter along with them, and that then the gates should be shut.

No sooner were the directions of the marchioness obeyed, than to her utter astonishment, a troop of Moors immediately rushed into the quadrangle.* * * * *

ON THE RECENT ATTEMPTS TO REVOLUTIONIZE GERMANY.*

By the translator of the 'Tour of a German Prince.'

[Although in the following article are many opinions and views from which we differ, the information it contains, the philosophy of its tone, and the high estimation in which we are informed the original paper is held by Germans themselves, make us willingly submit it to the attention of our readers.]

* Extracted from the Bibliothek der Neuesten Weltkunde. Aarau. 1832—a periodical work edited by H. Malten.

THE responsive echo which the French Revolution of 1830 awakened in Germany is not yet hushed. In Italy, in Spain, in Poland, its voice has been stifled; in Belgium and in England it has led to mighty results. What, let us now inquire, will be its effects on Germany?

Her deep, suppressed, but ever-increasing agitation gives fore-notice of some vast design. The design is this: to accomplish, by every possible lawful means, the amelioration of her political condition. For half a century, it has been imagined that Germany had no other thought—no other project—than that of following blindly in the footsteps of France; while she was, in fact, busied in preparing a philosophical reform, which may hereafter put in requisition all her neighbour's activity.

Somewhat similar is the case now. If people represent to themselves Germany such as Madame de Stael describes it, they are widely mistaken. It is no longer the land of dreams and extasies, of metaphysical groping, of endless theories, of solid piety, of patriarchal manners;—without central point, without connecting bond, without public spirit, without true national strength. Something of all this yet remains. The state of things is, however, fundamentally altered.

As the French Revolution originated in the prevalent theories of the eighteenth century, so do the Germanic nations now advance with rapid strides towards the realization of those abstract principles which have taken root among them for the last fifty years. It would be a great error to confound these principles with those which brought about the French restoration. The philosophical speculations of Germany had by no means a retrograde tendency. They were far rather calculated to advance, than to retard, the progress of the human intellect; to point out to it a wider field in which to acquire added perspicuity and comprehensiveness.

The universal re-action which now manifests itself in Germany *against* philosophy does not spring from hatred of the principles it promulgates, but from the eagerness for observation and for action. Questions of a practical tendency, especially those the aim of which is the amelioration of the state of society, are now agitated in such variety and number that they overwhelm all others.

The recollections of the campaign of 1813-14, the promises of princes, and the enthusiastic rising of the people, have *not* been forgotten; they have produced a taste for political life, for a participation in public affairs; the greatness of recent events has excited a kind of impatience to take an active share in them.

The religious disputes, which, but a few years ago, still agitated the country, are

drowned by the voice of contemporary interests: the enthusiasm which was awakened at the beginning of the present century, so often deceived, baffled, crushed, has turned into bitterness; and Germany has once more found the sarcastic spirit of her Luther, only to mock at her own dreams, and her trusting, long-suffering good-nature.

These remarks, which are applicable to the whole of Germany, are peculiarly true of Prussia. There, first, have the impartiality of temper, the political cosmopolitanism, which were formerly the distinctive characteristics of Germans, been succeeded by an irritable nationality; there, too, has the admiration excited by the French revolution of July first subsided.

Demagogical influence* has never been very powerful, nor very widely diffused, in Prussia; it has never had any deep root in the minds or the interests of the people.

Prussia is, in and through herself, tranquil in her present condition. To maintain that she will for ever remain so, were to venture too far: thus much, however, is *certain*,—that she is, of all the German States, the most eager after activity, after practical life, after distinct and peculiar national glory. In Prussia, people and prince are still one,—one as they were in the day of peril; and who can deny that this unanimity is the main, if not the sole, cause of the internal tranquillity she enjoys?

At the first glance it may appear extraordinary that the only *really* popular government in Germany is, in form, an unlimited monarchy; but it must be remembered that this apparent despotism is, in fact, extremely limited:—first, by the rigid conscientiousness and justice of the king; secondly, by wise laws; and lastly, by the universal instruction and light which the government itself has taken care to diffuse among the people.†

* That which in France has been called Jacobinism, and in England, Radicalism, has, in Germany, received the name of "*Demagogie*," which I accordingly retain.—*Translator*.

† To these three causes of national security and consequent content, the author might have added a fourth,—the high character of the functionaries of government and administration, from the highest to the lowest, and the universal confidence they inspire. As there are no oligarchical interests to consult, men are appointed to offices for which they have given evidence of fitness; and that vigilance with which Frederic the Great looked out for capable and trustworthy servants, has imposed upon his successors a necessity of, in some degree, following his example. The language which is continually employed in this country, not only by the vulgar, but by people who ought to look beyond names, concerning Prussia, "the military despotism," "the great camp," &c., is a lamentable proof of the efficacy of mere words. A government which has provided with religious care that every one of its subjects not only *may*, but *shall* and *must*, be instructed; and which, after thus training their minds to examine, trains their bodies to resist (if need be) the acts of bad rulers;

To this may be added, that since the year 1806, and still more since 1813, there has existed a community of interest and of will between prince and people, which is perhaps without example in the history of nations. An enlightened people reposes with perfect confidence on the wisdom of its government. It acquiesces unconditionally in the postponement of those constitutional forms which had been voluntary promised it, but which recent events might, perhaps, have rendered rather unfavourable than advantageous to the peace and stability of the country.

In the hereditary states of Austria, the mutual relation between people and prince rests on a different basis. There, the nation asks for nothing; and the government has no inclination to volunteer what nobody requires at its hands. The people enjoy a certain kind and degree of happiness under a paternal sway. It may be a question whether it would do well to risk the good it possesses in experiments, or whether it would be certain to obtain compensation for what it would lose by change.

Austria is contented in her actual position: by remaining Catholic at the Reformation, she greatly loosened the strictness of the bond which united her to the rest of the German States. She has formed to herself a different career, and a different destiny; and has sought her aggrandisement at a distance. To the general agitation of opinions which has animated the north of Germany, she has, once more, remained an utter stranger.

Prussia cannot found her hopes of national prosperity on any distant enterprises. She must endeavor to strengthen herself within herself: she must seek to secure her own welfare, as well as that of the neigh-

a government which puts into the hands of every man first books and then arms, is surely no subject for the self-gratulating contempt of a country which has no national education, either for high or low; a large standing army, and a considerable portion of its subjects in a state continually bordering on revolt. We are pleased with what we call our checks. What check has an oligarchy, and another assemblage of persons, its representative, offered, which can compare to a whole people educated, trained, and armed? It is deeply to be regretted that the Prussian government continues to prohibit that publicity in its proceedings which it might safely and wisely invite; and that it does not establish organs for the expression of popular opinion, which would only prove how strongly that opinion is in its favour.

As a proof how things go from hand to hand without the least examination, it is worth noting, that Prussia, which is, perhaps, the only country in Europe possessing no standing army, in which even the King's guard form a part of that flux body called the army, a third of which returns into the mass of the people every year, and which is raised by a conscription the most equal that may be conceived, is universally spoken of as the country, *par excellence*, of standing armies.—*Translator.*

bouring States, by an intimate union of interests.

The absolute governments of Austria and Prussia hedge in, on the north and south, the constitutional States of Germany. For some years past these latter have exhibited one of the strangest phenomena of the civilized world.

The principle of modern civilization was conquered in France by the Restoration. Who would not have anticipated that the victors would have found means entirely to crush it? They intended it, indeed they attempted it; enthusiasm lent its aid, nor was genius wanting. But a strange inability to reap those fruits of victory which had been confidently expected, soon manifested itself. For fifteen years, the place which France had held in Europe since her first revolution remained wholly unoccupied: none of the German States ventured to take possession of it, and to place itself at the head of civilization. A void was felt in the political world, but no one attempted to fill it:

During the whole period of the restoration in France, Germany appeared to have utterly renounced all her political hopes. The promised constitutions were deferred, and the people seemed to attach no such importance to them as very pressingly to warn the princes to grant them. On the other hand, the regular mechanism of constitutional government was not sufficiently attractive to the over-heated imaginations of demagogues to make its general introduction an object of any very vehement desire to them. Even now, as the latest occurrences seem to prove, it is far from answering to their extravagant wishes. They dream the impracticable chimera of a German republic, and, by their political excesses and absurdities, injure the cause of their country, while they imagine they are serving it, more than it is possible to explain here.

We will accuse nobody—we will judge nobody. Every man has his own judge within; but we cannot approve what, as it appears to us, on every view of the subject we can take, may, nay must, compromise the interests of the great German community. The governments will indeed, we doubt not, be able to distinguish the solid quiet kernel from the empty crackling shell. But every true friend of his country ought to avoid what may shock the opinions and feelings either of his fellow-citizens or of foreign nations. Considered under this point of view, the meeting at Hambach, which we shall hereafter examine more minutely, was a very deplorable event.

When the revolution of July broke out in France, nowhere did it create a greater sensation than in Baden, Wurtemberg, Bavaria, and Hessen, where the half-Catholic, half-Protestant population, among whom the Reformation had been but half effected, hoped

to obtain that by political institutions, which their religious constitution had left imperfect.

The people of all these different States clearly perceived that a great social principle had been agitated in France. At the first excitement, they resolved to adopt it, without sufficiently examining either how the contest had arisen, or whether the principle was applicable to themselves. Their rivalry with Prussia found a long-desired opportunity of manifesting itself, and had the new government of France been less engrossed by its own affairs and interests, it might easily have exercised a powerful influence over the States in question.

Had the German people felt sufficient confidence in the new spirit which had arisen among them—had they known how to turn it to practical account—it is not to be doubted that their zeal for the new order of things in France would have displayed itself much more warmly and efficiently.

The object which the oppositions in the constitutional States of Germany have in view, and which they are straining every nerve to attain, is more remote, and may lead farther than they at present intend.—While the oppositions in Bavaria, Nassau, Hessen, &c., are severally struggling against ministerial oppression, they are laying the groundwork of a grand combination between those countries, whose governments are indirectly forcing them into a closer union.

That constitutional liberty has not made greater progress in Germany during the last fifteen years, is to be ascribed entirely to the fact that it has never been felt as a *want* among the people. Those local liberties, grouped and hedged in here and there between the marches of some ducal sovereignty, have but a feeble and narrow influence.—They can exist and thrive only under the condition that something else is the companion of their growth; this something, is neither more nor less than the *grand unity of Germany*.

Not alone by speculative and reflecting men, but by the common sense of the whole people, is this grand unity recognized as a *necessity*; it is the predominant thought, the irrevocable determination of Germany, which nothing can shake; which no force, no illusion, no stratagem can destroy. Religion, law, commerce, freedom, nay despotism itself, are all pressing forward, with restless course, to this end.

In the fifteenth century, Germany bought the Reformation at the price of its unity. This heretofore uniform State, this empire of the middle ages, which afforded in its indivisible form the archetype of a Catholic State, was splintered into fragments, together with the faith in the national creed.

Each province, from that time, was occupied only with its own political personal-ity. The integrity of the great Germanic

body fell into that regular, fructifying anarchy, by which civilization and science have been so greatly advanced.

Since the mantle of the empire was thus torn and divided, two things have brought its parts into nearer conjunction again, and have restored to it a certain consciousness of existence as a whole.

The first is, the philosophical and literary activity of Germany. On the one side, this activity was so great,—men strove with such pertinacity to withdraw themselves from all foreign influences; they confined themselves so completely within the limits of the peculiar character of their country; they were so determined to be, and to remain, native and unmixed German, that there never was a literature, which, at one point of time, was better calculated to exhibit, we might almost say, to recall, the whole foregone life of a people—of a race. It was a retrospective literature.

On the other side, the complete want of stable institutions was supplied by letters. There were a few eternally memorable years for Art, during which she was, what she had been among the Greeks,—a social form—a political bond—a power in the state.

Germans had neither the same laws nor the same fatherland. They were subject to princes and to passions of various kinds. In public life, they met only on the battlefield, often on hostile sides; but *all* were one and indivisible in a poem of Goethe's, in a drama of Schiller's, in an essay of Fichte's.

This dictature of Art intervened in all political differences as a mediator and peacemaker. For half a century it was the real bond of union between the States; and it is a glory peculiar to Germany, in modern times, that in the absence of all organic laws, (and, in that respect, at least two hundred years behind all the surrounding countries,) she maintained her equality with them by the might of her intellect alone.

After literature, Napoleon was the power that contributed most to the approximation and union of the German people. The band which poetry and philosophy had woven for the inmost souls of men, he knitted closely by blood, and community of action. That extraordinary development, that unshaken firmness of the national spirit, amid calamity and grief and foreign oppression, are without a parallel in history. To this period is to be traced that character of vehement excitement, of patriotic enthusiasm, and of poetical elevation which Germany alone can exhibit.

Let us picture her to ourselves as she was when the modern Attila burst upon her, and overwhelmed her with his hordes— young and credulous, revelling in wild inspirations, living rather in an ideal than a real world, suddenly awakened out of her dreams by the thunder's of the conqueror's voice.

What an awaking, and out of what visions! Meanwhile the general excitement and enthusiasm were too strong to be destroyed even by the torrents of hostile troops which covered the land. The national genius, smitten in its very blossom and pride, withered not, died not, but grew with silent and vigorous growth under the tramp of six hundred thousand soldiers.

Imagine the populations of these various States, severed for centuries, and now reunited by common misfortune; the habits, the passions of so many different places; the kingdoms, the principalities, the duchies; the various dialects, the local rivalries, bound together once more with a strict tie, once more to be dissevered at a stroke.

Then imagine again all this,—these passions, these dialects, these scattered principalities, suddenly heaving with a deep and heavy motion, rolling down into one stream, uniting in one thought, A COMMON FATHERLAND; and you will have some notion of the complication of the march, of the development, of the intellectual affairs of Germany.

Instead of arriving, as most nations have done, at that living feeling which constitutes nationality, by means of some one great man sprung from its bosom and standing as the representative of the dearest and the strongest of its peculiar feelings, Germany attained to it solely through the spirit of resistance to the system of the foreign invader.

It is melancholy, but true: Germany, with her supineness—with her gentle, infirm, I might almost say useless, virtues—with her aimless, overflowing genius—with her vague cosmopolitanism—with her divided forms of religion, and her fruitless metaphysical speculations—wanted the hand of Napoleon to clench it, to draw its severed parts together, to circumscribe it geometrically within the limits of its own individuality as a nation, to teach it, to its cost, how it might, *for once*, acquire an organic, living nationality.

Undivided and poetical, ever wandering as chance might guide, within an enchanted circle, Germany only knew herself; she only waked out of her dreaming slumbers to look abroad into the actual world, since she fought and conquered the Colossus of France.

From that time she has felt her own inward worth, as well as her own strength; and as it was to the bloody conflict with Napoleon alone that she owes the discovery of what *she really is*, she now exalts her enemy when dead, as much as she depreciated him while living. She thanks him for the great lesson he taught her, and is firmly resolved to profit by it, as time and opportunity will permit. The revolution of 1830, from the course it took, gave to the

cause of the unity of Germany the last prop of which it stood in need.

Cramped, as they are, by the forms within which arbitrary ministers, and over-managing princes, have confined them, the constitutional States of Germany are still labouring steadily and unweariedly at the great work of an universal nationality.

Their ceaseless toils are indeed little obvious amid the noise of the mighty events which agitate the great States of Europe. But let them go on with their work quietly, thoughtfully, as it is their custom and their character to do; let them not be goaded by external exhortations or taunts, which, though they do not shake their constant determination, might yet, in some degree, disturb their calm, temperate, deliberate will and conduct.

Little fitted for revolutionary practices, or for secret conspiracies, which are at utter variance with his heart and character; on the other hand, brave, bold, and steadfast in open action, the German wants *time* to ponder maturely over his project; he wants *time* to execute it with the sedateness and dignity of a man.

Whenever the most enlightened men of every country, without tumult, without violence, without bloodshed, shall have succeeded in instructing the masses as to their true interests—when all the little monarchies and duodecimo princedoms shall, according to their rank, be truly respected by their inhabitants, both in their internal and external relations—then, also, will the day appear in which all these ephemeral sovereignties will voluntarily, and without injury to any individual, melt into one constitutional and national mass.

The monarchical principle, which is apparently still so strong, so impregnable, in Germany, is probably nowhere more infirm and tottering. Divided, parcelled out, as the country has been ever since the sixteenth century, each succeeding shock has overthrown some prop; and what still remains of the genuine monarchical structure is nothing more than a torn canopy resting on worm-eaten pillars. Absolute monarchy, in the sense in which it is generally understood, has long ceased to exist in Germany.

When the German empire was dismembered, one of the princes got possession of the mantle, another of the sword, a third of the crown. The imperial majesty has been plundered on every side, since Luther gave the death-stroke to its influence. Luther has freed his country in more senses than one; her obligations to him are manifold. He has delivered her from the necessity of having her Mirabeau, her Convention, her guillotine, and her Robespierre. Pernicious privileges and powers—monarchy and aristocracy—he shook them all—he struck them

all to the heart. Nothing is now wanting but the peaceful labour of some States to bury their dead. We are told of a king who was found, after a lapse of two hundred years, undecayed in his grave. Nothing could be more venerable—more astonishing. Unfortunately the breath of a child sufficed to reduce him to dust. The whole system of Germany is like this buried king. The slightest shock will make it crumble to atoms; and this shock is sooner or later, inevitable.

The oppositions of the constitutional States are also struggling, with all their might, to establish an uniformity of institutions in them. Judging from external appearances, it might be imagined that they look to France for support; but, even if France were disposed to give it, it is no longer in her power to chain them to her chariot-wheels, while this unanimity of feeling, which subsists among the oppositions of the several States, includes a thousand pregnant thoughts, among which the forming a really national union is ever the first. Irritable because it feels itself humbled; gagged, borne down with taxes, vexed with intolerable custom-house regulations, in these States, the peculiar spirit of Germany, so naturally inclined to large cosmopolitan views, is pent up within narrow limits, which it is incessantly struggling to overpass. We may seek long before me find a more lamentable condition.

The contradiction between the greatness of which the German nation is susceptible, and the littleness of the States within which it is attempted to be circumscribed, is now become too glaring to be much longer endured. The political ambition awakened in 1814, finds no sufficient room for its exercise in Duchies and Grand Duchies of a few hundred thousand souls. The noblest and most powerful spirits feel that earth fails them beneath their feet; they fret themselves away against the frontier-stone of some miserable principality, because space to expand in was denied them. Now that local liberties have formed citizens, they want a country—a great fatherland—in which, and for which, they may live free and independent. It is not difficult to foresee the day (a day which accurate calculators may predict with nicety) in which the illusory form of the German Diet, assailed on contrary sides by princes and people, will quietly vanish, and the Phoenix of National Unity arise from the constitutional blending of all separate and local sovereignties. The moment will arrive in which this reform will be as inevitable as that of the Parliament of England, as that of the Peerage of France; for it is not only a political necessity for Germany, it is the immutable law of Protestantism—that political is the invariable consequence of religious reform. In most of the German States the

followers of the confessions of Augsburg and Zurich are re-united, after a separation of three centuries. Yet more;—Protestantism, to infuse new life into its torn and severed heart, now forms to itself local constitutions: it is openly striving to unite its scattered members into one synod; and the impending refont of the political structure of Germany is, in fact, but another manifestation of the genius of the Reformation, and is perfectly analogous to her recent religious change.

Let us now pass from spiritual to temporal interests,—those interests which appear to lead the world, if we view it superficially; we shall find the same results, only more impatiently, more violently displayed.

What was the cry of deliverance of the people of Baden—of the two Hesses—of Saxony—of Hanover, &c. during the agitation which prevailed in them about a year ago? What is the living thought which now prevails through every town and village,—the thought which formerly awakened fervid enthusiasm, now, well nigh turned to desperate determination?

This thought is, the national unity of the collective people of the great German family;—this cry of deliverance is, the annihilation of the artificial boundaries—the arbitrary marches—within which the various states live, as it were, in ban; without interchange, without bond, without any possible field for industry; each compelled to suffice for itself, and to live in a corner, alone with its misery, as after the Thirty Years' war.

Truly a man must be blind who marks not the awful, lowering gloom of the German people. It does not, indeed, manifest itself, as in France, by tumultuous cries; its aspect is grave, stern, quiet in its fearful intensity. No more reverential petitions; no more popular songs; no more domestic festivals; no risings of the people, as in France; no mobs, as in England; no political addresses; no papers circulated to embitter the minds of the people, or rouse them to revolt. The German wants no such stimulants: *he is silent*; but in this silence lies deepest thought and feeling,—it is the heavy calm that precedes the storm. The Governments ought at length to learn to know the people they govern as they are, and not as they imagine them.

Never, in any land, did there prevail a more strongly characterized, a more universal, a more threatening gloom, than that which at present pervades Germany. The political meetings, which know the condition of the various oppressed states, appear to us already perfectly to understand this mute language; for all are labouring with one accord at the annihilation of the Custom-House barriers. This is the first step to national unity. The rest will follow in time.

MEN AND BOOKS.

Him was lever han at his beddes hed
 A twenty bokes, clothed in black or red,
 Of Aristotle and his philosophie,
 Than robes rich, or fidel, or sautrie.

Chaucer's Scholar—Thomas Warton—Aldrich—Prior—Parr—Porson—What reading is—Habits of an incessant reader—His beau ideal of existence—Book-poets—Dr. Johnson—More Boswells desired—Heroes and valets-de-chambre—Johnson and Boswell in a new light—A guess at a mystery in Madame d'Arblay's Memoirs of her Father—Disgusting treatment of her by Queen Charlotte—A startling bequest.

So, in the above verses, said Chaucer of his Oxford scholar, and I doubt not, of himself; for he also in all probability had been at college, and he was unquestionably a great book-worm. The bed, depend upon it, was his own, and the books ranged at the back of it just in that manner; so that he had them above his head, like a blessing, when he went to sleep. In the morning, he had nothing to do but to put up his hand and to take one, when he awoke; and so fall a reading. I fancy him thus occupied in "Canterbury College," when the first beams of the sun were in his window, and the sparrows twittering. His collection of books was not confined to "Aristotle and his philosophie." That was the scholar's, whom he was more immediately describing. Aristotle was not omitted, for Chaucer was learned in all the scholarship of his time; but his bookshelves doubtless comprised "Dan Ovid," and "Boccase his werkes," and "Frauncis Petrarch Laureate," and "Dan Austin," and the *Piers Plowman* of his fellow-collegian Longland; and *Sir Guy*, and other "romances of price," and the *Lays* of "Marie." It was a moot point when he put up his finger over head, whether he would *hitch* down a Doctor of the Church, or a classic, or a "filosofre," or a poet of Lorraine. I cannot but add, as a matter interesting to us book-men, who love the bodies as well as souls of our books, and like to see how they are dressed, that "black and red" appear to have been the popular scholastic bindings of those days:—

A twenty bokes, clothed in black or red.

They are harmonious colours, and would suit a scholar's old shelves. I suppose the black was for the philosophy, and the red for love.

As I propose, under this head of *Chat upon Men and Books*, to dilate or otherwise upon any subject that comes across me in the course of my reading, provided I think it will be interesting to the intelligent, I shall make no apology for dwelling a little longer on Chaucer's character of his scholar, and quoting the whole of it. It is not only

short and full of matter, but will lead me to show what sort of book-worm I am myself, and what pretensions I have to speak on such matters.

A clerk ther was of Oxenforde also,
 That unto logike hadde long ago:
 As lene was his horse as is a rake.

A hack evidently, and cheated like his master, by the "hostellers" on the road:—

And he was not right fat, I undertake—

Both, in short, as far as horse and rider go, were prototypes of Don Quixote and Rozinante; out of the same excess of enthusiasm and temperance in the man, forgetting that the same internal raptures and intellectual absorption did not sustain the beast:—

But looked hollow and thereto soberly:
 Ful thredbare, was his overest courtesie.

His upper short cloak—

For he had gotten him yet no benefice—

Nor was very likely to do it, as we may see by the next line:—

Ne was nought worldly to have an office:
 For him was lever (*liefer*, rather) han at his beddes hed

A twenty bokes, clothed in black or red,
 Of Aristotle and his philosophie,
 Than robes rich, or fidel, or sautrie—

Sautrie is psaltry, a kind of harp or dulcimer to sing psalms to:—

But all be that he was a philosophe,
 Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre—

"Yet" is a pleasant assumption; as if anything else was expected of philosophy! or perhaps it is a banter upon such as laboured after the philosopher's stone:—

But all that he might of his friendes hente,
 On bokes and on learning he it spente.
 And busily gen for the soules praeie
 Of hem, that gave him wherwith to scolaie.
 Of studie toke he most cure and hede;
 Not a word spake he more than was nede;

What a delicious Oxford scholar!

And that was said in forme and reverence,
 And short and quick, and ful of high sentence:

That is, he had not much animal spirit, but great faith in whatever he uttered. The closing couplet is beautiful:—

Sounding in moral virtue was his speche,
 And gladly would he learne, and gladly teche.

That is to say, whatever he talked about had a purpose in it, for the good of mankind; and he was as willing to be taught to that end, as to teach others. Nay, there is an ulterior and exquisite delicacy of sentiment in the way in which this last line is put; for we are not to take the "gladly teach," thus coming after the "gladly learn," as a climax of self-satisfaction. It means, that he was as glad, in all honourable simplicity, to give others the benefit of what he knew, as to know it for his own sake. He would spare himself no trouble to that end—he was not

merely wrapt up in his books. Books had made him of "conscience and tender heart," and shown him that good was to be distributed.

I will venture to say, that in this and other respects I am a bit of an Oxford scholar myself, though my school-days were long ago, and by Oxford I mean Chaucer's Oxford, or whatever remnants there may be of it in some ingenious corners, and not the university of Toryism and Church-preference. I recognize, however, real scholars of all classes, provided their honesty is greater than their worldliness, and they have been brought up in profitable opinions, not converted to them.

Thomas Warton was a Tory; yet the love of poetry and letters was in him superior to his Toryism, and he became an enthusiastic commentator on Milton. The greatest pleasure I used to have in walking in the grounds of Trinity College, Oxford, was in thinking of Warton,—no great poet nor great man,—but a good, honest, lettered one, worthy to be the friend of poets, and of importance enough in certain walks of literature to be associated in one's memory with a collegiate life, and avenues of cathedral trees. I claim kindred with him as a brother book-worm, and a hearty lover of genius and good-fellowship. I go much with the smokers and college wits of those days, and have missed them, in my time, both at Oxford and Cambridge. There were no such "*magnanimi heroes*," when I was at either of the Trinities; (for in some sort, reader, I have been at both universities—nothing disreputably—and did make a certain rapid progress in the humanities there, by dint of being more in the universities than of them). There was more magnanimity and heroism in Tom Warton's edition of Milton,—aye, and in the pipe he smoked of an evening, under certain circumstances of *suburbanity*, than in all the daring and large-minded comments upon *Phi* and *Tau* made by the interchangers of that felicitous designation.

Dr. Aldrich, with his pipe, his architecture, and his catches, I hold to have been a right magnanimous hero, worthy to have "smoked" all the others through their disguises, as old Chapman says Minerva did Ulysses. Dr. King, though a Jacobite, was another; he could despise the meanness of his own princes. Prior was not a right college man, in the full sense of the word, at once social and sequestered. Almost the only time he speaks of his fellowship, is when he writes to somebody that he had been "spouting verses in his gown and cap to Lady Harriett;" to wit, the daughter of the minister Harley. Prior was as much a man of the world, as a poet well can be; and yet his *Alma* has a redolence of the fellows' room in it. Gray would have made an admirable collegian, had his fellows been all as good and scholarly as himself, and as refin-

ed—perhaps I should say, superfine. He had a great deal of humanity under a mask of fastidiousness; yet I doubt whether he could have sat long within the universality of Tom Warton's pipe. Parr was the man for that; only being a dignified clergyman, and the bishop of the Whigs, he thought it necessary to sit in a higher chair than that at "Sheppard's:"—and Parr had none of the poetry of Warton; he could less condescend, because he had less internal refinement. His familiarities never lost something of the magisterial—he was a parson Adams sophisticated—he was the frog of Dr. Johnson's ox, though too comfortable with himself to be in danger of bursting. Upon the whole, Parr was a good scholar, and a proper smoker.—*Ultimus Big-wiggorum.*

To Porson I never could take kindly, wag though he was, and Grecian too; and able to "think in Greek." I wish he would have thought a little more in the Greek of Plato, instead of the Cynics. He was too sordid—I do not mean in point of money,—but he had a scurf on him of want of moral grace and decent companionship. Your later "*magnanimous heroes*" were too much given up, either to an orthodox worldliness, or formality, or buffoonery. All their poetry was in the books they edited:—they had no real share of it themselves—they had none of the right faith of the Wartons and such men, who loved a tree, a verse, a companion, or a cathedral-window, as much as the poets who talked about them, and loved the poets truly for that reason. The generation that have been lately quitting the university, have left some behind who may revive the right stock, and even improve it,—thanks to an age of greater poetry and philosophy than existed then. Yet they will hardly have the *smugness* of the old times. Narrownesses of all sorts, even of the better kind, are breaking up. The world is demanding the assistance of all her children. We must be content to have old things in old books; luckily, they will remain there for ever, so that we need lose nothing as we advance. We may be as public as we please for the public good, and retreat for refreshment into all the nests of literature. Furthermore, we can create new ones.

I confess that though I am an ardent reformer, because the good of the many requires it, I am so content to be one of the few in certain respects, that with the exception of living by myself, and of having no books but philosophy, I could lead just such a life as Chaucer's Oxford scholar. I am no more a man for "an office" than he was:—I shall certainly get no benefice. I am willing to learn, and to chat upon what I learn; I could spend all my money upon books, and I could have shelves of them at my bed's head. I do put them over my fire-place; and if they are not all bound in "black or

red," some are not bound at all, and some looks as if they had been bound in Chaucer's time. If this is to be one of the *few*, it will be acknowledged that *few* of the *few* will be disposed to envy me. Nor do I envy them:—there are reasons why I would fain possess some of the advantages, which they know not how to enjoy; but as to exchanging my old books, and my humble fire-side, and the rich imaginativeness of my poverty, for their chariots, their ennui, and their gaping about for a sensation,—by heavens! I would as soon be a blank sheet of paper in preference to a page of Theocritus!

Consider what I enjoy. These people think that reading is nothing but reading; whereas it is love, pleasure, delight, laughter, delightful tears, glowing sympathies. It is art and nature,—it is landscape,—it is home,—it is foreign countries,—it is fairy land,—it is past times and present;—it is the company of Homer and Virgil, of Sophocles and Horace, of Ovid and Anacreon, of Montaigne, of Molière, of Le Sage, of Cervantes, of Petrarch, of Boccaccio, of Shakspeare, of Spenser, of Milton, of Chaucer, of the old Dramatists, of the Wits, of the Novelists, of Tristram Shandy, of Boswell, and Pope, and Swift, and the French Memoirs, and the Ana, and Sir Walter Scott, and all the men that ever ravished the ears of the world. Furthermore, it is *not* the Duke of—; and catch me who can at great dinners, and in huge, bookless, heartless, headless, *making-as-if* rooms. Catch me who can among companies who can muster up among them but one idea, and that one the most tiresome in the world,—namely, that they are met together. *Di boni!*—to think of the stuff that I have been compelled to sit and hear from Lords and Commoners and fashionable people, when I could have been at home reading Gil Blas!

Pope said he preferred reading to any conversation. I cannot say that, because I have been personally conversant with the writers of admirable books, and have found their conversation as admirable, with the additional interest of manners and the men. But Pope was always turning some literary project in his head, which his books assisted. He saw from the page before him a reflection of his fame. I grant, with a late author, that real genuine conversation among men of letters spoils your taste for any other; but then if you can get it when you do converse, and books when you do not, you may surely dispense with all other. I except the society of good-humoured, unpretending people, not without intelligence, especially that of women, who are the only persons to compete with one's books. It is they that have inspired some of the finest things in them. Even "Bayle's Dictionary," book-worm and bachelor as he was, would have wanted a good deal of its vivacity, if Bayle had never thought of the sex.

But I do not enjoy my books only when at home. They accompany me in the streets; I mean not merely in my pocket, where I always have one as a security against a dull line of houses, or a dead wall; but besides giving me a better relish of whatever pleasure I feel in looking at the shops, they dress the street for me, whenever I please, in the most gorgeous or joyous visions. It is an old story to tell how Pope was born in Lombard-Street, and Gray in Cornhill, and Milton in Bread-street, and how Sterne lived in Bond-street, and Handel in Brook-street: but, it is perhaps not quite so old, though equally true, to say, that in passing down Bread-street I enjoy the great visions of "Paradise Lost" or the "Penseroso;" that in the twinkling of an eye, instead of looking at a broker's shop, or an apple-woman, I am walking—

On summer's eve by haunted stream,
or enjoying the "verdurous wall of Paradise" by Cheapside; or am "wafted by angels" through Grovesnor Square on the wings of Handel's music. The other day I was taken unwillingly from my books to attend a matter of business in Cornhill; so when I came there, I turned Cornhill into a *Prospect of Eton College*, dined with Dr. Johnson at Jack Ellis's at the back of the Royal Exchange; and finished by taking tea with Belinda and Lord Petre in Lombard-street,—Lombard-street being Hampton Court, and the scene of the *Rape of the Lock*.

By-and-bye, I must return to that matter, and show what brilliant walks I have taken in bad weather between Puddle-dock and Elysium.

I read incessantly when I am not writing, or when I have no companion. I read at breakfast, I read in my walks, I read at dinner, after dinner, after tea, after supper. I stick my book up against the loaf, or a salad-bowl, by my plate. I am armed with a book in my pocket against all emergencies. If I come to a dull street, or a dreary piece of road, I take it out, and instead of the street or road, I walk through the Vale of Tempe. There is the long dead wall at Kew Gardens, which in November weather has horrible advantage over ordinary pedestrians. I remember how pleasantly I passed it once, partly with reading, partly with thinking of Thomson who lived in the neighbourhood, and who had passed it a hundred times. Besides, there is Pyramus and Thisbe, and the great wall of China, and the walls of Paris and Albracca in the romances, and the walls of Thebes and of Babylon, and the wall of walls of the great Gog and Magog, whom Iskander shut up in the mountains of Caucasus. The word *wall* alone furnishes me with abundance of entertainment. Apollo, as he did the walls of Megara, has touched it with his lyre, and made the hard substance return me a sweet sound.—

—Saxo sonus ejus inhaerit.

Ovid. Metam. Lib. viii., v. 10.

I have a homely study looking upon a country road, with a small but snug fire-place, the fender of which is not too good to tread upon; and over my fire-place is a shelf, upon which I put some of my best-beloved books, including those which I have loved from childhood. Now and then I add a volume from the book-stalls; for in nothing do I resemble Chaucer's scholar more, than in confining my personal expenditure to that kind of luxury. The picture-shops are above my pocket; and I pass the pastry-cooks' and the fruiterer's with all the philosophy of a stomach long accustomed to do without them. But a *new old* book, on a stall, is a luxury I find it hard to resist. My *beau idéal* of life is somebody to love, some good to have done, some poem to be writing, some book to be reading, a tree at my window, a fire in my grate, and a pocket never destitute of shillings to lay out upon the book-stalls.

One of the reasons why I mention these little circumstances of a "poem to be writing," and "a tree at my window," is that they help to persuade me that I like nature herself in preference to my very shelves; and as long as there is a tree and a sweet face in the world, this would certainly be the case; but so passionately attached am I to everything connected with reading, that next to the authors who would have been poets under any circumstances, and to the best romancers and novelists, I like those who are poets only because the others were,—or at all events, principally so,—poets by the grace of books. I think them a delightful race, and prefer them before any prose-writers, though I may not always give them so great a share of my admiration. Certainly the greatest poets have reason to love them, as being the readers that do them the most honour. I cannot but consider Horace as one of those poet-inspired poets, and Virgil too; perhaps all the Latin writers. They are manifestly full of those that went before them. I should sometimes feel hardly sure that Milton was not one of them, but for such strokes of imagination as are clearly no borrowed lightning. The Alexandrian writers, who had grand things in them, were of this class, with the exception of Theocritus, who would have piped in Sicily, had Pan never been heard before him. Dante and Petrarch are originals; and it would be difficult to think that the delightful spirits of Ariosto would not have made him another under any circumstances. It is nevertheless hard to pronounce who would or would not have been poets, but for poets before them, or how far genuine poets may not have been injured by an excess of sympathy with their predecessors. Might not Virgil and Horace have been Homer and Alcæus, had they

been born, instead of them, in Greece; and Homer and Alcæus themselves have become secondary people and imitators, under the more effeminate or bookish dispensation of the age of Augustus? It is difficult to think that Ovid's exuberant spirits would not have taken a poetical turn in any age. The question, however, is not to my present purpose. Suffice for me, that ever since books existed, the greatest poets have been among their greatest friends. Shakspeare manifestly swallowed every history and story-book that came in his way: Spenser was a learned reader; Chaucer a devoted one. He says he used to sit over his books till he looked bewildered.

Next to the book-poets, give me (for love, though not always for knowledge) the book prose-men. I mean such as write books *about* books, or upon authors, or out of them, or are made up of scholarship and anecdotes, or who in any way, great or small, provided it be delightful, would not have been authors, but for authors before them. Of this description are Menage, and other writers of *Ana*,—Bayle, Boswell (very different men!) and I cannot help thinking Johnson himself. What was original in him, in a high sense of the word, was little if anything; and his perceptions, sound as they were of their kind, stopped short of the greatest originality in others. He was not willing to discuss the claims of a higher order of genius than that of wit and scholarship; and when he did, his judgments have been found wanting. He was the god of conventional good sense; an exquisite talker *ex cathedra*, and gave rise to an exquisite gossip.

The natural wish that Shakspeare and others had had their Boswells, has been thought absurd, upon the assumption, that the conversation in old times, was of too abstract or poetical a description. A strange notion surely! as if observers did not talk of the same things in all ages; that is to say, of men as well as books, and of what is going forward in the world, or among their acquaintances. Shakspeare could not have talked like Johnson, inasmuch as he did not live in the reign of George III., and was not the same kind of man. He would not have talked of Pope, and Dryden, and Tom Harvey, and Mrs. Thrale, because there had been no such people; but he would have talked of Chaucer and Spenser, and Marlowe, and Ben Jonson, and of the Tom Harveys and Mrs. Thrales of those days; and there was the play-house, and the Earl of Leicester, and the maids of honour, and their friend Sir Walter Raleigh, to talk of; and we might have had his opinion of Babington's conspiracy, and Mary queen of Scots, and the Ruthven business, and that of Lord Essex, and Lady Nottingham and the ring, besides a host of things and people that we know

nothing about, for want of the chat of those days. It has been supposed, because Beaumont, Fuller, and others speak of "wit-combats," that there was nothing but a contest of small sayings going forward in the coteries of the Raleighs and Fletchers. Doubtless the modes of the time influence all people more or less, and the greatest men are likely to give into the most playful exercises of the fancy; but to think that such men passed the main part of their time in this way, is to undo all that we know of them, and of human nature. How could Raleigh have done, or Fletcher have written, what he did, unless their observation had been constantly at work, and they had, in their intercourse with one another,—

—relied all sharply,

Pampered as we?

One of the reasons why Henry IV. is so interesting a character to posterity, is, that by means of Sully, d'Aubigné and others, we live with him, and know what he said, add how he passed his leisure, and dined, and went to bed. The more we knew of other celebrated men in the same way, the more interesting we should find them. It is said that no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre; which is not true, for Johnson was a hero to Boswell; and Louis XIV. was a hero to all his valet-de-chambres. I grant that in Louis's instance, it may have been because he was a sort of valet-de-chambre himself, a hero of dress and etiquette. But we, who are no valets-de-chambre, should be glad to have as many biographical records as possible, and to make our own conclusions. If the man is really great, we might only like him the better for what disconcerted the footman. Molière's old woman, out of an instinct of her nothingness, may have thought meanly of her master for reading his plays to her; but we who know why he did it think the better of him, and even advance the old woman in our estimation, at the hazard of her not deserving it.

It has often been suspected, that Boswell, after all, out of some valet-de-chambre misgiving, did not tell us as much as he might have told of Johnson. Nay, everybody has felt certain of it; and a late publication corroborates the suspicion. I will venture to affirm, that Boszy made a regular footman's mistake in this matter, and that we should have thought higher of his Doctor, for the undoctoral and even vanquished figure he occasionally cut. We should have sympathized more entirely with him, and, depend upon it, not admired what was strong in him the less, for showing himself liable to our mischances. In the second volume of *Madame D'Arblay's Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, there is an account of Johnson's overweening attempt to fetch out Miss Burney in company, and of his absolutely mimicking the voice and behaviour of the young peo-

ple in *Evelina*! Boswell gives no such anecdote as this, though he must have had hundreds. He thought them beneath his hero's dignity, too much like himself:—

"I wish you had been with us last night, Dr. Burney," (said Mrs. Thrale,) "for thinking of what would happen to-day, we could talk of nothing in the world but a certain sweet book (*Evelina*;) and Dr. Johnson was so full of it, that he quite astonished us. He has got those incomparable Brangtons quite by heart, and he recited scene after scene of their squabbles, and selfishness, and forwardness, till he quite shook his sides with laughter. But his greatest favourite is the Holbourn Beau, as he calls Mr. Smith. Such a fine varnish, he says, of low politeness! Such struggles to appear the fine gentleman! such a determination to be genteel! and, above all, such profound devotion to the ladies,—while openly declaring his distaste to matrimony! All this, Mr. Johnson pointed out with so much comicality of sport, that, at last, he got into such high spirits, that he set about personating Mr. Smith himself. We all thought we must have died no other death than that of suffocation, in seeing Dr. Johnson handing about anything he could catch, or snatch at, and making smirking bows, saying he was all for the ladies—everything that was agreeable to the ladies, &c. &c. &c., 'except,' says he, 'going to church with them! and, as to that, though marriage, to be sure, is all in all to the ladies, marriage to a man—is the devil!'"—p. 155.

The following passage is from one of Miss Burney's delightful letters to Mr. Crisp. She is giving an account of a dinner-party at Mr. Thrale's, where she met the Doctor. Johnson, speaking of some shabby conduct of Sir John Hawkins, said,—

"This reminds me of a gentleman and lady with whom I once travelled. I suppose I must call them gentleman and lady, according to form, because they travelled in their own coach and horses. But, at the first inn where we stopped to water the cattle, the lady called to a waiter—for a pint of ale! And when it came, she would not taste it, till she had wrangled with the man for not bringing her fuller measure! Now, Madame Duval could not have done a grosser thing!"

"A sympathetic simper ran from mouth to mouth, save mine, and that of Dr. Johnson; who gravely pretended to pass off what he had said, as if it were a merely accidental reminiscence of some vulgar old acquaintance of his own. And this, as undoubtedly, and most kindly, he projected, to prevent any sort of answer that might leave the book a subject of general discourse. And presently afterwards he started some other topic, which he addressed chiefly to Mr. Thrale. But if you expect me to tell you what it was, you think far more grandly of my powers of attention without, when all within is in a whirl, than I deserve.

"Be it, however, what it might, the next time there was a pause, we all observed a sudden play of the muscles in the countenance of the doctor, that showed him to be secretly enjoying some ludicrous idea; and accordingly, a minute or two after he pursed up his mouth, and, in an assumed, pert, yet feminine accent, while he tossed up his head to express wonder, he affectedly minced out, 'La, Polly! only think! Miss has danced with a Lord!'

"This was resistless to the whole set, and a general, though a gentle laugh, became now infectious; in which I must needs own to you, I could not, with all my embarrassment, and all my shame, and all my unwillingness to demonstrate my consciousness, help being caught, so indescri-

bably ludicrous and unexpected was a mimicry of Miss Biddy Brangton from Dr. Johnson!"—Vol. ii. p. 165.

Evidences of playful behaviour like these are new to the readers of Boswell. His hero laughs, to be sure, and banters, but not in this self-committing way. Johnson, in the pages of Boswell, is never subjected to misconception, or to the suspicion that he ever, in any respect, undervalued himself, except in church-time, or in comparison with Lords and Bishops! Now take the following touching anecdote out of Madame D'Arblay, and see how it tells in his favour:—

"'I love Burney!' cried Dr. Johnson, emphatically, 'my heart, as I told him, goes out to meet Burney!'"

"'He is not ungrateful, Sir,' cried the Doctor's bairn, 'for heartily, indeed, does he love you!'"

"'Does he, Madam?' said the Doctor, looking at her earnestly, 'I am surprised at that!'"

"'And why, Sir? Why should you have doubted it?'"

"'Because, Madam,' answered he, gravely, 'Dr. Burney is a man for everybody to love. It is but natural to love him!'"—Vol. ii. p. 175.

Boswell himself is new in this book. He has told us a number of strange things of himself, but he has omitted what Madame D'Arblay tells us, that he was a regular pedantic imitation of Johnson in pomposity of speech, restlessness of manner, and laxity of coat!

"He spoke the Scotch accent strongly (says Madame D'Arblay) though by no means so as to affect even slightly his intelligibility to an English ear. He had an odd mock solemnity of tone and manner, that he had acquired imperceptibly from constantly thinking of and imitating Dr. Johnson; whose own solemnity, nevertheless, far from mock, was the result of pensive rumination. There was also something slouching in the gait and dress of Mr. Boswell, that wore an air, ridiculously enough, of purporting to personify the same model. His cloths were always too large for him; his hair, or wig, was constantly in a state of negligence! and he never for a moment sat still or upright upon a chair. Every look or movement displayed either intentional or involuntary imitation. Yet certainly it was not meant as caricature; for his heart, almost even to idolatry, was in his reverence of Dr. Johnson.

"Dr. Burney was often surprised that this kind of farcical similitude escaped the notice of the Doctor; but attributed his missing it to a high superiority over any such suspicion, as much as to his nearsightedness; for fully was Dr. Burney persuaded that had any detection of such imitation taken place, Dr. Johnson, who generally treated Mr. Boswell as a school-boy, whom without the smallest ceremony he pardoned or rebuked alternately, would so indignantly have been provoked, as to have instantaneously inflicted upon him some mark of his displeasure. And equally he was persuaded, that Mr. Boswell, however shocked and inflamed in receiving it, would soon, from his deep veneration, have thought it justly incurred; and after a day or two of pouting and sullenness, would have compromised the matter by one of his customary simple apologies, of 'Pray, Sir, forgive me!'"—Vol. ii. p. 191.

Dr. Burney, it seems to me, was mistaken in thinking that Johnson would have been provoked at his follower's imitation of him. I have seen instances of the kind in society,

and never observed that they were resented. On the contrary, the imitators were the favourites. It is one thing to provoke a man by behaving unlike him, as Boswell did when he was foolish and officious, and another surely to pay him the very highest compliment, by attempting to resemble him, even in his defects. I have no doubt that Johnson's eyes were quite open to the fact, and that he "witnessed it, Sir, with complacency." His nearsightedness was no hindrance to his perception of character and manners. No man, confessedly, saw them more. In fact, he saw whatever he chose to see. The nearer the sight, the closer he looked. That is the only difference between a near-sighted observer, and a far sighted.

There are many other curious evidences of character in this delightful book, that of the fair Memorialist among them. When young, she was painfully bashful, and must have disconcerted those who attempted to bring her out. Perhaps she was not so handsome as her sisters, and had been kept comparatively in the background, and not petted so much. It is remarkable, that while all her sisters were regularly educated, she had no instruction whatsoever, not even from her father. She was literally self-taught. The excess of reserve and diffidence with which she kept her first work secret from her father,—the bantering and undervaluing tone in which he seems to have been accustomed to speak of her during her childhood,—his astonishment when he saw the novel,—his exclamation of "My God!" at the dedicatory sonnet,—with the tears that came into his eyes, and a variety of other little circumstances, warrant, I think, a suspicion to that effect. Thus bashful and hanging back, with a secret stock of fun and glee, and the sharpest powers of looking out of her corner and studying others, Fanny Burney must herself have been a character as fit for a novel as almost any she drew. Her reserve, amounting perhaps to stubbornness, seems never to have left her. At least, she could exercise it manfully when she chose. She would not talk upon any subject, of the discussion of which she had not thoroughly digested the proprieties. Witness her inflexibility to all the attempts of Johnson to make her speak of Mrs. Thrale. She would not do it for him, even when he was dying. She nevertheless was highly affectionate,—loved her friends,—had a profound admiration for Johnson,—and idolized her father to an extent for which we are hardly furnished with warrant. Why do I say "idolized?" She idolizes him *now*, like a proper, pertinacious, thoroughgoing daughter; and closes her Memoirs with a lapidary inscription to his memory, of the most enthusiastic order, in which she records him as the "unrivalled chief," as well as "historian," of his "tune-

ful art." "Historian," however, is put by itself in great capitals. The Doctor was manifestly a very pleasing, accomplished, and social man; and he had the power of making his daughter, the author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*, think him one of the most extraordinary of human beings; which, with all due allowance to a little filial egotism, is a credit to both parties.

On one account it is to be regretted that Madame D'Arblay became acquainted with Johnson. It spoilt her style.* It has spoilt it up to this moment! Compare the "first sprightly runnings" of her mind in *Evelina*, and in the charming letters to Mr. Crisp, published in these volumes, with the stilted tone of *Cecilia*, and the hard words and obscure phrases she is still fond of; and lament that Fanny Burney was not left to her corner, to be sly, and laughing, and natural forever. She is a comic genius, who ought to have had nothing to do with tragedy and tragic tones, except by way of the mock heroic, or in the absurd person of "Mr. Delville, senior." Her Toryism itself is an involuntary burlesque; though there is a pretty redemption of pedantry and good natured habit in her bringing it out to the world, after the world has done with it; and talking in reverend terms of George III. and Queen Charlotte, and the Duke of Portland. George III. had, indeed, calamities which were reverend; but out of the pale of those he was as common-place a man, of the stubborn and homely order, as can be conceived; and nobody now thinks the better of his stubbornness for his eating mutton and looking like a farmer. As to the Queen, we cannot help thinking there is a bit of the mischief of Fanny Burney in the accounts of her.

The Queen, who was a selfish woman, and thought herself perfect because she studied the decorums, pounced upon our authoress, poor Fanny, for a Mistress of the Robes; that is to say, for an attendant who was to provide her with daily amusement, by reading, and furnishing her with ideas. Now readers have heavy work of it at court, especially if (as we suppose Miss Burney did) they stand all the while they read, out

* Our esteemed correspondent is lenient on this score. "Style spoilt,"—God wot, is that all! The whole of the book, save only the letters written before Madame D'Arblay's marriage, may perhaps be taken as a specimen of the worst English composition that the age has produced. Nothing but a strong sense of gratitude for the delight we experienced ten years since in reading "Camilla," could possibly counterbalance our desire to give, to the marvel of our readers, a few examples of Madame D'Arblay's English. But the lot of genius would indeed be hard if it did not excite a reverence that forbears somewhat with its faults. Our accomplished correspondent in the text, being himself a man of genius, carries the reverence still farther, and in Madame D'Arblay's book seems not only to forbear the faults, but to love His praise makes our caveat necessary. E.D.

of "respect." And so poor Fanny Burney, cut off for years from decent society, and from beloved friends and relations, falls into a terrible illness, and gives manifest signs of consumption. She begged to be released from her office; all her friends said she ought to be; but the Queen would not let her go. The attendant grew worse and worse, fairly wasted away before the Queen's eyes, and at length was suffered reluctantly to depart. This she did upon half-pay; and it is not clear that she would have had that, if the better-natured King had not suggested that she would have earned as much by her pen.

This conduct on the part of Queen Charlotte will not surprise those who remember her. But people really pleasant and virtuous, sometimes startle us with betrayals of weakness on the wrong side of human infirmity. In Madame D'Arblay's first volume, she had been making the reader in love with the character of her mother, the doctor's first wife. I thought her an angel upon earth, and perhaps she was so. But she dies; and just as she is going to heaven, and giving us the last proof of her amiableness, by recommending her husband to marry again, she gives us a most uncelestial dash in the imagination, by choosing for him the ugliest of his acquaintance!

"Her husband," says Madame D'Arblay, with much simplicity, "sacred as he held the opinions and wishes of his Esther, was too ardent an admirer of beauty, to dispense, in *totality* with that attractive embellishment of the female frame. He honoured and esteemed, with a brother's affection, the excellent Dorothy Young; but those charms which awaken softer sensations, were utterly and unhappily denied to that estimable woman, through her peculiarly unfortunate personal defects."—Vol. i. p. 193.

Miss Young, we are told in another part of the work, was not only denied beauty, both in face and person, but "in the first she had *various* unhappy defects, and in the second she was *extremely deformed*."

The Doctor's second wife was a friend of Miss Young's, and the greatest beauty in Lynn Regis.

A SHADOW.

By the Author of "Corn-Law Rhymes."

A rook, affrighted Worm,
Where sky and mountain meet,
I stood before the Storm,
And heard his strong heart beat.

He drew his black brows down,
My knees each other smote;
The mountains felt his frown—
His dark, unuttered thought.

The Mountains, at his scowl,
Prayed mutely to the Skies:
He spake, and shook my soul;
He scorched me with his eyes.

Alone, beneath the sky,
I stood, the Storm before:
No!—God, the Storm, and I,
We trod the desert floor.

High on the mountain-sod,
The whirlwind's dwelling-place,
The Worm, the Storm, and God
Were present, face to face.

From earth a Shadow brake,
E'en where my feet had trod;
The Shadow laughed, and spake,
And shook its hand at God!

Then up it reared its head
Beneath the lightning's blaze;
"Omnipotent!" it said,
"Bring back my yesterdays!"

God smiled the gloom away,
Wide earth and heaven were bright;
In light my shadow lay—
I stood with God in light.

With Him who wings the storm
Or bids the storm be still,
The shadow of a worm
Held converse on the hill.

ASMODEUS AT LARGE.

NO. IX.

The non-necessity of a termination to these Papers—The Expediency of writing one's own Life—A Dinner at a Wit's—The Character of a Man à-la-mode—The Nine-pin Parliament—Gully and Cobbett—Electioneering Anecdotes—Don Telesforo de Trueba's new Comedy—Incivility progresses with Civilization—Monck Mason—Plutarch's Musical Instruments—Story of the Three Bailiffs—Walk through London at night—An Adventure—Love and its Disadvantages.

SHALL I ever finish these papers? I intended to conclude them with the new year; but wherefore?—they suit one month as well as another—their subjects always vary—nothing can be more dissimilar than two several numbers of the series,—touching on all subjects, exhausting none. These papers fulfil for the "New Monthly" the same object as the "Noctes" fulfil for "Blackwood's;" and like the "Noctes," therefore, may be continued while the world continues to furnish matter for criticism and comment.

How many adventures are yet left for me! Thank heaven, I am always getting into some scrape or another; and even when I do seize an interval of leisure, and become orderly, I am only engaged in writing a history of the pranks I have played. Recent biographies have taught me the necessity of one thing—I shall write my own biography, myself! I do not intend to be made into

four volumes, price 2l. 2s., with "about this time we may suppose," and "at this event let us pause to imagine his emotions." No! I shall tell my own plain story in my own best plain way. And never, I will venture to say, has any literary man had a more strange and various life than I have! Happily, too, it is not over yet; the best part is, I hope, to come. Patience, and shuffle the cards.

A dinner at Greville's! that is really a treat. There I shall learn all the gossip of the day. Asmodeus—

"At your service."

"Ah, my dear Devil, it is an age since I saw you! What have you been about?"

"Playing the devil at elections."

"Excellent! Have you been standing yourself, or merely exerting your vocation as an agent?"

"Why, as I like making mischief, I went down to a large town in my proper character."

"What! as a devil?"

"No! as a Conservative. It is to the interest of the Infernals to keep things in this world exactly as they are. We could not be better off. Accordingly they have made a subscription to get as many of us in as possible; and I received three thousand pounds from our Committee in Charles Street, in order to contest the borough of ———."

"Well, and——"

"No sooner did I appear at the balcony than they began to stone me. I leave that fate for your martyrs (stones don't agree with us), and I retired into the dining-room to harangue my committee. Meanwhile the riot thickened—windows crashed—bones smashed—beer flowed, and I sent out half-a-dozen agents to bribe the waverers. In a word, I kept the town for three days in a most diabolical state, and retired handsomely on the day of nomination, with some dozen or two of drunken souls booked for out voters in the general election below. I served myself better than I did my employers of Charles Street. But where are you going? I see you are dressed—for conquest?"

"Oh, I am going to dine with Greville, a man whom, in all probability, you will know better one of these days. Suppose you accompany me incog.?—his parties are agreeable enough."

The Devil consented, and I drove him to Greville's in my cabriolet. He made himself invisible during dinner, and he performed the same charm with a couple of bottles of champagne—the imp loves his glass.

Greville is one of those men who make it a point to live in May Fair. He is so very much the *ton*, that he is a little *mauvais ton*. His horses are *too* handsome—his liveries *too* plain—and his cook *too* good. His imagination is above the level of that mediocre faculty—*Taste*; and he always wishes to

play the *ideal* of the fine gentleman, rather than the reality. He is witty—learned—versatile—and luxurious. He was made for a Frenchman, and has lived half his life in Paris—his age is thirty-five—his eyes dark—his voice soft—and his linen and teeth the whitest things in the world.

We sat down to dinner to the number of four; all, except myself, fresh from electioneering; all once more M. P.'d into the prospective dignity of franking.

1st Diner out. "Famous Parliament!—the last blow to the Tories, and the first to the Destructives!—all Whigs."

2d Diner out. "Yes, the Nine-pin Parliament—an immense *juste milieu*, and two little extremes."

Greville. "My friend Gully returned! L— says with a mock gravity that he will be a very dangerous reasoner—for his arguments will be so *fat-ical*!"

Myself, alias A—. "To such an extreme, I fear, as to be given absolutely to fibbing."

2d Diner out. "I hear he is quite an Utilitarian, and much addicted to *Mill*."

A—. "Then he must have ratted; for in his earlier life he was famous for his propensity to *Peel*!"

2d Diner out. "There is Cobbett, too, training himself

'To tread with sturdy steps the mountain's brow.'

How the deuce—(Greville, some wine—Chablis, if you please)—how the deuce is he to bear our hours? The old fellow swears in his Register that he goes to bed at eight, and that is the reason he's so hearty; faith, we shall kill him by the end of the first week—the *stroke* of twelve will be his death-blow."

Greville. "His maiden motion is to be, 'That Burdett's property be confiscated to the payment of the National Debt.'"

1st Diner out. "He will be insatiably long—he thinks nothing of three hours—and he is especially anxious to eclipse Brougham's celebrated prolixity on Law Reforms."

Greville. "Jealousy and vanity are his two great characteristics; he will wish to outshine O'Connell, and he'll die of rage at his failure."

1st Diner out. "But the best of all is my friend —. I met him on the road to his borough, with a travelling equipage of two bull-dogs, two boxers, a military friend, and a brace of pistols. 'I like to be prepared,' said —, twirling his *mustachios*, 'in case people behave unhandsonely?'"

All. "Ha, ha—so like—"

A—. "What sort of a thing is Trueba's comedy?"

Greville. "Very good, on the whole; sharp—smart—Spanish,—with a true enough perception of the comic, and a dash of philosophy about it. He's a clever fellow that Trueba, if he would not write so much."

A—. "His fecundity reminds me of

what Hazlitt says of Lope de Vega. 'What impertinence to boast of writing a comedy before breakfast—he had plenty of time to do it after!'"

1st Diner out. "Very good! Who said that? Haz—Haz—"

A—. "Hazlitt."

1st Diner out. "Who? Hazlitt—I never heard of him! Is he in society?"

A—. "Not in your set, I fancy."

2d Diner out. "Oh, one of your authors—eh!"

1st Diner out. "Authors! nay, I know all the best of them—by title at least."

A—. "Do you? lets hear them—count away."

1st Diner out (on his fingers). "Byron—Scott—Southey—Moore,—and—and—ay—Campbell; that's all."

Greville (humming a tune).

"Who is wise—is wise—is wise, Studies books in reading men."

"Take some hock, A—, and don't puzzle my friend here, who, I can assure you, is so fond of the belles lettres, that when we were at Eton together he inscribed his gun with the old motto—

'Delightful task

To teach the young idea how to shoot!'"

A—. "Yes; and he wrote 'Styx' on his sword-cane—meaning to express, in one word, that it was letiferous.

1st Diner out (evidently pleased). "Psha! let me recommend this *Matelotte*.—How is William Brougham?"

Greville. "Recovering fast, to the despair of six unsuccessful candidates, who, at the report of his death, all started for London, in the hope of Southwark. I am heartily glad of it; for he is a capital fellow—very amiable, and very clever."

A—. "You recollect K—? Well, he sent a courier on to the borough of —, saying, he understood there were two gentlemen standing for it unwilling to pledge themselves. He begged to announce that a gentleman was coming, in his carriage and four, willing to pledge himself to anything."

Greville. "Ha! ha!—that's excellent.—Apropos of pledges. Young — calls them *infernal things*."

1st Diner out. "Why, I thought he was a desperate Radical."

Greville. "Yes; but he says that even the staunchest Radical must think pledges—*damn-a-tory*!"

1st Diner out. "So Lord Abercorn has taken Chesterfield House. What a succession of pretty faces!—Lady Abertorn after Lady Chesterfield. How the great Lord—Philip Dormer—would bow and smile, if he were alive!"

Greville. "What's the reason, A—, since you're a philosopher, that the more civilized we grow, the more uncivil we become? Witness France and England: in

both, the 'Old School' signifies 'everything polished, and the 'New School' everything rude."

A—. "I suppose because Courts form manners—and as we grow wiser, Courts grow out of fashion. Thus, by degrees, Kings themselves unconsciously follow, instead of setting, the popular mode; and Louis Philippe and William the Fourth value themselves on their bourgeois simplicity, because bourgeois simplicity is a means to be popular. So much for Reason,—now for Song. Who's to have the Opera this year? Now Monck Mason is gone, I intend to afford myself a box."

Greville. "Ah, the poor Monck!—he is now going to make a Monastery of the Pantheon. Certainly, Monck was a good type of a musical instrument,—devilish hollow—and formed to make a noise."

A—. "Like all musicians in that respect, who are usually the most inane of God's creatures! Our friend there, who knows all the authors by heart, will tell you that Plutarch said the best instruments in his time were made out of the jaw-bones of asses."

Greville. "Ha! ha!—not bad, that!"

A—. "Plutarch is obliged to you."

1st Diner out. "So G— has gone on the Continent. He says there are no waters like those of Aix-la-Chapelle to rid him of his hereditary complaint."

Greville. "What's that?"

1st Diner out. "Duns!"

A—. "Ha! ha! Yes it is very true,—it is hereditary; his father was more afflicted than himself. Apropos of that; did you ever hear how Old G— served the three bailiffs?"

Greville. "No;—let's have it."

A—. "Well; G— had retired to a quiet watering-place, after innumerable and most narrow escapes,—where he proposed to enjoy himself under a feigned name—and a red wig. Unhappily, however, he was tracked—trapped—and arrested by three sturdy fellows in his own house. The fertile genius of G— was not dismayed. With his habitual politeness, he begged the bailiffs to be seated, placed a large round of beef and two or three bottles of wine before them, and entreated permission to write to a friend a few miles off, and await the answer, previous to his departure for the 'Debtor's side.' The bailiffs, pleased with the beef and wine, consented. G— wrote a note to a captain of a vessel, who only waited a favorable wind to set sail, and who had found much difficulty in pressing sufficient seamen. At that time impressment was carried on with the most vigorous severity.

"As soon as the Captain arrived,—which he did with half a score of tall fellows at his heels,—G—, pointing to the bailiffs, who

were still making merry, exclaims—'Ah, my dear friend, these are the three persons I mentioned in my note,—just the thing for your vessel. Observe how strong they are;—did you ever see men more stoutly built? Take them, my good friend; nay, no thanks—I make you a present of them.' The captain, *enchante de son cadeau*, ordered his escort instantly to seize the astonished bailiffs; and, despite their struggles and protestations, they were hurried away, and shipped off next day to the East Indies."

Greville. "Ha! ha! ha!—A New Way, indeed, to pay Old Debts!"

"Oh! Asmodeus," said I, as I walked forth from Greville's arm-and-arm with the Devil, "what a beautiful night! Who shall say that a great city hath not as much poetry as the solitudes of fields and streams? The silence of these mighty marts of industry and pleasure—the mystery that hangs over every house, thus still and impenetrable—a record, and often a romance, in each—the muffled shapes stealing across from time to time; and if, wandering from these statelier quarters, you touch near upon the more squalid abodes of men—the stir—the hubbub—the wild mirth of desperate hearts—the dark and dread interest that belongs to crime. Then, anon, in some high chamber, you see a solitary light—waning not, nor blinking, through the gloom. How often have I paused to gaze on such a light, and busy myself with conjecture! Does it shine over the deep delight of study—the open volume and the worn brow—the young ambition of Knowledge—that false friend which nurseth in her bosom disease and early death? Does it wake beside the vigil of some woman heart, beating for the approach of a guilty leman—or waiting, in chillness and in dread, the slow and heavy step of one returning from the reeking haunts of the gamester—her wedded mate, perhaps her early love? Is there not more poetry in this than in wastes, pregnant only with the dull animal life? What have the woods and waters equal to the romance of the human heart? And here, too, Asmodeus, what scope for enterprise—that life of life! What variety—what incident! Verily, the knight-errant of old knew not half the adventures that may befall a man, young, bold, and gallant, in a great city. Is it not so, Asmodeus? You are the demon of intrigue—I appeal to you!"

"Why, I must own you speak truth. But if so fond of adventure, why not seek it? Do you observe that door ajar—there yonder, in that street opening to our right; and do you not note something of a white drapery, just visible at the aperture? There is an adventure for you!"

"Thanks. I obey the hint. Wait here my return."

Warmed with wine, and my spirits heightened by the bracing air of the night, I was indeed ripe for any adventure: so gliding rapidly into the street which Asmodeus indicated, I arrived at the half-open door. It was one of those moderately-sized houses which characterize the smaller streets of Mayfair. The lamp burnt opposite, bright and steady: the apparition of the white drapery was gone. Trusting to my lucky stars, I stole lightly up the steps, and entered the passage. All was gloom and shadow.

"Is that you?" murmured a voice in the dark.

"It is myself, and no other," said I, in a breathless whisper.

"Follow me, then," answered the voice; and the door was softly shut.

"I am in for it," thought I: "so much the better." My hand was gently seized by fingers so soft and delicate that I felt a very strange sensation tingling up to my shoulder-bone—perhaps it did not stop there. I followed my conductor, who glided on with a light step, and we soon began to ascend the stairs. We passed the first landing-place. "I hope to heaven," thought I, "the lady is not a housemaid. I have a horror of the servile. But her hand—no! this hand is not made for mops!" We halted at the second floor. My conductress opened a door, and, and—shall I break off here?—I have a great mind—no! I'll go on. Well then, reader, I found myself in a room—not alone—ah! not alone with my guide—but with three other damsels, all sitting round a table, and all under twenty. A pair of wax candles illumed the apartment, which was a well-furnished, but not gaudy, dressing-room. I looked round, and bowed with a most courtly gravity. The ladies uttered a little scream.

"Anne! Anne! who have you brought here?"

Anne stood thunderstruck—gazing at me as if I was the red man in "*Der Freischütz*." I, in my turn, gazed at her. She was apparently about five and twenty—quietly, but well dressed—of a small and delicate shape, with a face slightly marked with the small-pox. But such a pair of black eyes!—and those eyes very soon began to dart fire!

"Who are you, Sir?—How dare you?"

"Nay, nay—pray no scolding. Is it my fault, fair Anne, that I am here? You see I can do you no mischief. There are four of you; and what is one odd fish among so many?"

"Sir!"

"Sir!"

"This is too bad!"

"I'll raise the house!"

"Get out!"

"Go along with you!"

"What do take us for?"

"Pardon me, that is exactly the question

I was going to ask you!—What did you take me for?"

"Did Mr. Gabriel tell you——" began my guide, who on looking at me twice, and seeing I was under thirty, and not dressed like a house-breaker (for it is only your swindlers who are great dandies, and go by the name of Ferdinand Augustus) began a little to relent from her first rage;—

"Gabriel, Gabriel,—oh, my guardian angel!" thought I—for, as by intuition, I suddenly guessed at the origin of the whole proceeding. "Yes," said I aloud, "Mr. Gabriel did tell me that you wished to have your fortunes told, and being engaged himself, he sent me as the ablest of his pupils to supply his place. Oh, Mr. Gabriel is a great man: ladies, pray be seated—a pen and ink if you please—what hour were you born, ma'am?—allow me to take this chair."

Now the reader probably knows that Gabriel is a celebrated fortune-teller, in great request at the west end of the town; he has been consulted at all times and by all persons—I myself have had my fortune told by him—and he gave me seven children, for which I thank him, as I ought! In fact he is a friend of mine, and of yours too, dear reader—if you pay him his fees.

Now the damsels looked at each other, a smile broke over the face of Anne; it spread like contagion—nay, it broke out into a giggle—in a few minutes we became excellent friends. Luckily I knew a little of the mysteries of soothsaying—chiromancy is one of my strong points, and as to nativities, what did Gabriel promise me seven children for if I was not to know something about casting a birth?

We became excellent friends—the girls were young, merry, innocent, and, there being four of them, fearless. I counted the lines in their hands—made all sorts of odd figures out of Euclid, and by the help of the Asses' Bridge, I foretold Anne a Lord's elder son. They produced a bottle of sherry and some cakes; oh, how happy we were, how talkative—how gay! I blessed my stars and Asmodeus, and stayed there till one o'clock. I found that three of the young ladies were the daughters of the Oikodespotes, the master of the house, and after some sifting I learnt his name; I recognized it (for one can't live in London without knowing a little about every one) as that of a man of respectable parentage, who had married an actress early in life, and become involved in difficulties; he could not work or beg, but he could live upon his wits—he gambled—won—entered as a dormant partner in a celebrated gaming-house, and made a decent competency without much public disgrace. His wife had been long dead. She had left him three daughters; I had often heard of their personal attractions, but he had kept them tolerably well immured from temptation. I now saw

them; yes, as I said before, they were gay, but as yet innocent: the imperfect education they had received, the want of all maternal care, and the example of no very decorous parentage, made them eager for amusement and adventure; just the persons to make an appointment with old Gabriel, and to forgive the error which introduced a young astrologer in his stead. But, the fourth maiden! now, now, I come to her. Fancy, then, a girl of about seventeen, with a face younger, a form maturer, than her years; her hair dark, soft, silky, and arranged like a Christian's, viz. not in those irredeemable ringlets which trail down like a banyan tree, but parted, with two slight curls on either temple—her forehead white and transparent, straight eyebrows, long lashes, with eyes of a real blue,—not that cold grey which passes off for blue with the undiscerning, but rich, radiant, deep as Raphael himself, in his purest dream of colour, would have made them—an indifferent nose (I for my own part am contented with a secondary order of nose in a woman—the best are too severe)—piquant, and well set—a mouth, so fresh and young, that you might fancy it like that of hers in the fairy tale, from which dropped flowers in their tenderest bloom—teeth small, white; and slightly parted each from the other—a peculiarity not against my taste, though the physiognomists call it deceitful—beautiful hands—a satin skin—a dimple—and a laugh like silver. Such is the picture of Julia L., and I am over head and ears in love with her. She talked little, and when she did speak looked away shyly, and laughed prettily, colouring all the while. This was very intoxicating—I blessed the Devil for the good thing he had put me up to, and when Anne conducted me down stairs, as the clock struck one, and they promised to admit me when I called the next day, I thought my first youth had returned to me, and I was once more eighteen. Ah! happy age! What hopes then were mine, and what a heart! Can I love another again? Certainly not. Very well. Then I can see Julia with perfect safety.

Asmodeus was with me at breakfast the next morning; I shook him cordially by the hand;—nay, I all but embraced him. He grinned his most withering grin at my transports.

"Moderate yourself, my dear friend," said the Demon, "what are you about to do—are you going to plunge into this *amour* or not?"

"*Amour*!—plunge!—bah!—I am going to see Julia."

"I wash my hand of the consequences," said Asmodeus.

"Do you foresee them, then?"

"That is a question I may not answer;—but does not every creature, with a grain of common sense, see how such follies invari-

bly end?—Well, well—recollect the old fable of the pot of clay and the pot of gold going down the stream—the pot of clay is so proud of its friend, and the first moment the tide brings them fairly together, it is broken to pieces!"

"What rhodomontade is this, Asmodeus?—what have pots of gold and clay to do with me and Julia?"

"All women in love resemble the pots of clay—*voilà tout*."

The warning tone of the Demon made some impression on me, but it soon wore off. I repaired to the house—was admitted—and saw Julia once more; she is even lovelier by day than at night, her complexion is so fresh and pure;—youth clings round her like a garment of light, and its robe is yet all sparkling with the dews of childhood. I wish she would talk more—her silence oppressed me with the weight of my own emotions; yet her eyes are less prudent than her lips, and we converse very agreeably by their help. So, then, I am in love—fairly in love. I have long had a presentiment that that pleasant accident was about to happen; nay, I told the Devil so, and he would not believe me. I think, upon the whole, I bear the event with becoming fortitude; and, after all, it has its evils; all other enjoyments become trite beside it;—play ceases to intoxicate—wine hath lost its sparkle—companionship wearies—one grows very dull at one's club. Love need well have its charms to recompense us for all the pleasures it spoils; and I have not yet got to the most delicious part of the history—correspondence! When one begins to receive letters, a new existence fills one—there is an ether in one's veins. What sweet triumph to extort those expressions from the pen, which afterwards *must* be ratified with the lip, however bashful it be; with what new objects the day is filled; what a new excitement attaches itself to time!—"In two hours hence I shall hear from her!"—with what expectation—what hope—what fear—what palpitating nerves—one lives till then! But, alas! how do all these extasies end?—in woe, if the suit be not successful—in satiety, if it is. No doubt this extreme love is a false calculation. I agree with Mr. Mill, "we ought to be brought up differently." But as, unhappily, I was educated in the old system, I fear I cannot mend myself, so I must be very careful with my children. They shall be trained up to a proper economy of the passions, and shall never get in love, without knowing exactly what it will cost them! Meanwhile I shall take these geraniums to Julia. Reader, farewell, and long for next month, that you may know more.

(To be continued.)

THE FAULTS OF RECENT POETS.

POEMS BY ALFRED TENNYSON*.

MR. TENNYSON'S Poems have shared the fate of much poetry in the present day—they have been too lavishly praised by the reviewers: (critics we were about to say—but there is scarcely a critic in the language)—and too contemptuously by the public. By the help of the reviewers, a man may now make a high reputation, and be called the celebrated Mr. So and So—and yet only print an edition of fifty copies:—even then, to get rid of them, it may be necessary to give them all away. When reviewers praise, and the public slights, it is a proof of the little consequence the public attaches to reviews. The best of the joke is, that the reviewers, finding themselves so impotent, have taken to a theory, that good poetry must be unpopular. Fortifying themselves with the almost solitary exceptions of Wordsworth and Shelley, they have lately been dealing forth a vast heap of most wretched metaphysics and worse criticism, to prove the sure sign of a great poet is, that it requires all the patience of Job to read him! Thus they excuse their own want of power to cry up a mediocre poet, and leave to the public the vulgar consolation of being able at least to admire Shakspeare and Homer. Admirable poet!—cry some of these gentry to Mr. Tennyson—so gentle, so tender, so subtle, so sublime!—you are so great, that the public will never appreciate you!—Mr. Tennyson is a clever man and a thinker;—as he grows older, he will see that if he follow the precept conveyed in such praise, his muse will be wasted in affectations, and his heart sickened with disappointment.

When poetry cannot touch the common springs of emotion—cannot strike upon the Universal Heart,—there is a fault somewhere. Shelley would have been not a less, but a greater poet, if he had studied simplicity more; and Wordsworth would have been among the most generally admired poets of his language, if he had shunned as a pestilence his prevalent fault, and studied simplicity less. It is not philosophy to utter in grand words the rhapsodies of insanity—nor a grace to babble forth, in Nursery rhymes, the prattle of childhood. The world is right, and the reviewers are wrong. Nothing was ever more true or profound, than the remark of Aristotle:—"The people at large," said he, "however contemptible they may appear when taken individually, are not, when collectively considered, unworthy of sovereignty: they are the best judges of music and of poetry; the general taste is better not only than that of the few, but even than that of one man, how skilful soever he may be!"

The besetting sin of most of the recent poets has been that of affectation!—in vain have they pretended to originality—they have been among the most servile, and the most infelicitous of imitators—they have not it is true, imitated Pope and Dryden—but they have copied, with most unfortunate assiduity, the worse conceits of the poets of the time of Charles II., and the most coxcombical euphuisms of the contemporaries of Elizabeth—the latter, for the most part, imitators from the Italian. This recurrence to the spirit of a former day had its charm at first—nay, even its wisdom—but now the gloss of it is over—and the repeaters of the same tone have become *fade* and sickly—the echoes of an echo:—the newer aspirants to Parnassus have united with these models, models even more dangerous, and draw their inspiration now from Keats, and now from Herrick, or copy one line from the Sonnets of Shakspeare, in order to pillage the next from the Fragments of Shelley. The genius of Keats and Shelley scarcely redeemed their own faults; and it is more than doubtful whether the former will ever rank with posterity among the classic names of the age. Judge, then, how inexcusable must be their imitators, who, in copying their faults, have not even originality to plead for them!—they get, by half poisoning their muse, the paleness of their master, but no cummin juice can give them his genius.

Mr. Tennyson has much in him worthier of a better fate than, if he minds the pens of reviewers, he will attain to: he is full of faults; and his faults have been so bepraised, that he runs the natural danger of thinking them beauties. He has filled half his pages with the most glaring imitations, and the imitations have been lauded for their originality. He will be angry with us for attempting to undeceive him; but if the prime of his life be consumed in the pursuit of fame—of which a few sickly peculiarities he may now easily eschew is able to deprive him,—he may hereafter confess we did not act an unfriendly, though an unpleasing part by him, in assuring his young muse, that to resemble an old poet is not to be original—that Keats and Shelley are abominable models—that the public are better judges of literary merit than reviewers,—and that the applause of the latter (the most jealous of all traders) is the surest proof of the neglect of the first—his legitimate—tribunal!

We appeal now to all impartial readers—not drunk with Wordsworthian pap—whether there be any just cause or reason, besides the rhyme, why the two following specimens of Mr. Tennyson's genius should be called *poetry*:—

O DARLING ROOM.

I.

O darling room, my heart's delight,
Dear room, the apple of my sight,

* Moxon, 64, New Bond-street.

Die, then, Dread Power, and have no other child!
For it is written, that thy second-born,—

If second-born thou have,—shall thunder-strike
Temple and tower, of strength and splendour
shorn

By hands with famine lean; and, Sampson-like,
Shaking the pillars of the gold-roof'd state,

Whelm high and low alike in one remorseless
fate.

A LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW
RHYMES" ON THE STATE OF FEELING AND
OPINION IN A MANUFACTURING TOWN.

To the Editors of the *New Monthly Magazine*.

Gentlemen,—There is war in the city of
soot. The hand of the workmen is lifted
against his master, and not in vain, if his
intention be to close the butcher's shop.
Yet, alas! if the master defeat the workman,
the same result is probable; for, while they
are injuring each other, a third party, resist-
ed by neither of them, is devouring the
substance of both.

"As I am undersold by foreigners," says
the employer to the employed, "instead of
raising your wages, you should lower them,
or you will give my trade to the Germans."
"I can but starve, then," replies the work-
man: "the question is not whether you will
lose your trade, for that catastrophe is cer-
tain, if we are to pay sevenpence per pound
for beef, while our rivals pay only two-
pence-halfpenny. If I would work for
nothing, and give you all my wages, you
would tamely suffer the money to be taken
from you by the basest of mankind, and be
poor still. The real question at issue be-
tween us two seems to be, whether I shall
starve *after* you lose your trade, or *before*?
Yet why should I starve even then? If
your trade go to Germany, I will follow it
thither; and in the meantime, no matter by
what means, I will get as high wages as I
can, that I may be able to pay for my pas-
sage over the herring-pool."

"The Germans," continues the master,
"can undersell me forty per cent., and yet
obtain twice my profits." "Then they can
give twice your wages," answers the work-
man; "and the sooner you remove your
capital to Germany, and I my skill and
labour, the better for us both. It is plain,
from your own showing, that if the German
workmen are not better paid than I am, the
fault rests with themselves; for their mas-
ters can at least afford to give higher wages;
but if there is any truth in your assertions, you
will soon be unable to pay any wages at all."

"If you will not work for reasonable
wages," resumes the master, "my work shall
be done by apprentices." "But," replies
the workman, "I will not suffer you to take
another apprentice; no, not one." "Then
you are a tyrant," exclaims the master.
"The world is full of them," retorts the

servant: "it is not the fault of our masters
if we have not been brought down to
potatoes. How long is it since you sent me
to York Castle, merely because I did my
best to obtain the fair price for my labour?
And do you now blame me for following
your example? Curses always come home
to roost." "Yes," says the master, "you
will find it so."

Now there is no misrepresentation in the
statements of the master manufacturer.
Every word is true.

The silver-platers of the Continent under-
sell us twenty per cent. in price, and fifty in
pattern. Still the blind *will* not see.

In another year, perhaps, the merchants
of Sheffield will import cutlery from Ger-
many, the German scissors being already
fifty per cent. cheaper than ours; for the
cutlers of Modlin pay only fifteenpence per
stone for bread, while we pay three shil-
lings. Still the blind *will* not see.

The cutlers of Belgium make and sell for
twenty pence a complete set of steel knives
and forks, consisting of twenty-four pieces;
and the saw-makers of Belgium make and
sell, for one shilling and sixpence each,
saws equal to ours at nearly twice the price.
But then the Belgian artisans and capitalists
are not impoverished by act of parliament.
Still the blind *will* not see.

The Russians, in the market of New York,
undersell John Barber's razors thirty per
cent., Joseph Rodgers and Son's cutlery
forty per cent., and cast cutlery, in general,
fifty per cent.; for the Russian workmen,
when they buy two pecks of corn, do not
lose, or throw away, the price of one peck;
in other words, they are not compelled by
law to give a shilling for eightpence. Still
the blind *will* not see.

"Oh, but we shall soon have our bread as
cheap as our neighbours." Yes, when our
manufactures have left the kingdom,—when
we have neither edgetools, nor saws, nor
knives, nor scissors, nor money, to give in
exchange for bread, we shall have it as
cheap as our neighbours have it; for capital
will not stay here, for potato-profits, if it can
get roast-beef profits elsewhere. *But the
blind will then see.* Instead of obtaining,
permanently, as they might have done, the
fair average price of Europe for their wheat,
say forty shillings per quarter, at their doors,
they must then be satisfied with two-thirds
of that price, say about twenty-four shillings
per quarter, at Hamburg or Amsterdam.
Hey, then—but not for a miracle!—let the
blind see when it is too late; if they are to
be a fate unto themselves; and it is written
that they shall break stones on the high
roads for subsistence! But how horrifying
to our souls, to our bones in the grave, will
be the music of their grundle, when, after
receiving eightpence for twelve hours' hard
labour, they visit the paradise of the market,

and there, with their miserable earnings, buy bread—not at thirty-six pence per stone, as their victims do, but at fifteen! “Good bye, fine fellow!” “Who is that vagabond?” “Lord, Sir, he was once a great gentleman, who kept a parson of his own.” Well, if the enemy thank God for crime and carnage, may not we thank him, if he make themselves his instruments in ridding us of a nuisance—these suicides of their own prosperity, who toil not, neither do they spin? Have they not wickedly and foolishly destroyed more capital, in the memory of one generation, than all the lands of England would sell for at the bread-tax price; and in less than twenty years produced more crime and misery than all other causes in a hundred? This is a subject on which the press has basely, and almost universally, shrunk from the performance of its duty, to the infinite injury of the people, and the now probably inevitable and hopeless ruin of their oppressors, who seem doomed to open their eyes on the edge of a precipice, over which they must plunge headlong. But of all the treason against all, in this matter, that of the Philosophers of Useful Knowledge has the most brass in it. They calmly ask, what the workmen would say if a conspiracy existed to raise the price of beef, butter, bread, and ale? As if that conspiracy were not the cause of all our heart-burnings, our agonies, and our despair!

It is frightfully amusing, dismally instructive, to observe the deep hatred, the blasting scorn, with which the working classes of this town, and their betters, as they are called, regard each other. They are all deplorably ignorant on the subjects which most nearly concern them all; but the workmen, I think, are less ignorant than their employers, in spite of the pains which have been and are taken, by the ultra-pious and intellectual, to keep them in ignorance. Will your readers believe, that the “Westminster Review”—the book most likely to teach our workmen what they most need to know—has been, and is excluded, by an express law, from our Mechanics’ Library? Such, however, is the fact; the wisest and the best have had their own way, and we are now reaping the consequences. But if our first merchants themselves have yet to learn the alphabet of political economy, can we wonder that rich and poor alike are quarrelling about effects when they ought to be removing causes?

Nor is it less horribly amusing and instructive to observe, how completely the aristocratic leaven has leavened the whole mass of society here. Even our beggary has its castes. All try to seem rich, that they may not be thought poor, and all, but the tax-fed, are in danger of poverty. Perhaps the most frightful symptom of our social disease is exhibited by the masters who have

been workmen, and who exceed in arrogance and insolence, by many degrees, the cab-driving sons of the sons of the dunghill sprung. Next to them, in their virtuperation of the poor, are the insolvent—and their name is Legion. There must be some reason why Calamity, like an old woman, lives for ever. Hanging by a hair over the grave dug for Hope, do they vilify the all-plundered poor to conciliate the rich? If so, the flattered and the flatterer are worthy of each other.

“Well Mister What’s-your-name, I hear you still think we must have a free trade, or a revolution.” “Yes, I do.” “But if we have a free trade, what will become of the landlords?” “They never ask what will become of you, if we are not to have a free trade. Why care for people who care for nobody but themselves? Your wheel-barrow is not a coach-and-four; it is the grapery that is in danger, not your grand epergne, plated with sham silver.” “Well, but Mr. What’s-your-name, how is your trade now?” “Very bad.” “Pshaw, we never prospered more than at present. Look at that new street! what an income is rising there!” “That income is not rising, but sinking. More than one half of the capital expended there, is already lost for ever, in taxes on wood, bricks, and bread.” “Bread! come, that is a droll joke! what has bread to do with building?” The money, however, must have come from somewhere.” “True; but do you know that the poor-rates of England and Wales last year increased eight per cent. on the average? There is not one county upon which to hang a quibble; not one was stationary, in not one was there a decrease; and the increase was greatest in those counties, on which depends the prosperity of all the rest. In Warwickshire, the increase was sixteen per cent.—in Lancashire, twenty-two. Does this look like prosperity? A little more such prosperity will close the manufactories from one end of the kingdom to the other; and then your favourite, Wetherell, will see the difference between a mob that chooses to do evil, and one that cannot avoid doing it.” “Well, but Mister What’s-your-name, you should not be ungrateful. You see, God has sent his scourge, the cholera, among us.” A few months since, a very big man, in a certain great house, blamed his Majesty’s Ministers for the precautions they took against that disease. Shortly afterwards it arrived at his own door, but it passed on, and entered not; how, then, can it be of God? Are famine and bad government your gods?” “Well, you are a queer fellow, Mr. What’s-your-name. But what do you think of your Radicals now? The men are masters.” “Yes, Sir; but, instead of trying to establish low wages, which signify low profits, had you not better try to raise profits by joining with your men, heart and hand, to effect the removal of the great

cause of contention?" "What, submit to the beggars? I would starve first." "Now, Mr. Sneak-for-nought, if you were weighed, are you worth three-halfpence? First, let it be possible for you to become rich in England, and then, perhaps, you may despise the poor without being ridiculous.

"But our magnificoes are magnificoes indeed. We have, at least, half-a-dozen ancients of yesterday, who, rather than suffer the Reform Bill to pass, and see the rabble, as the saying is, rise in intellect and respectability, would welcome the Russian despot and his Cossacks. They openly declare they would." "Well, Mr. What's-your-name, what do you want with me?" "I have been writing another book, and wish you to subscribe." "Why don't you write a book which a gentleman could read?" "I am not a gentleman, Sir." "If you are, you are a queer one. Put me down for a copy, however: I suppose I must patronize your vanity, or whatever else you call it. But what do you think of things now? Our ministers are not fit to make tailors of." "Very true, Sir." "Would you not rather live under the Emperor Nicholas than under a government like ours?" "I have more than once thought I should." "Well, we shall soon have him here, and better him than the rabble. We want a vigorous government." Now these magnificoes care not one straw whether their king be called William or Nicholas; but when they talk of a 'vigorous government, they intend that the slave-whip shall be wielded by themselves; they never imagine, for a moment, that a barbarian, as unlettered as his horse, might possibly knout the holy cross on their respectable backs, from huckster to huckster and from buttock to buttock? I know not whether they had the pleasure and the honour to inform Lord Wharncliffe that nobody likes the Reform Bill; but, I hope, neither he nor they will wait for wisdom, until the long-maned charger of the Scythian shout over his hay in their drawing-rooms, 'Aha! where are they? There is no occasion for the assistance of the Moscovite to complete our destruction; England can ruin herself. Our great merchants and manufacturers acknowledge that their business is profitless, but they cannot see that there is a cause in operation which will deprive us of our trade, even if the master wholly resign his profits, and the artisan his wages. It is vain to reason with the least unreasoning of our magnificoes; not one of them can be made to believe that he has lost the ten thousand pounds which he never possessed. It is quite impossible, they all say, to lose what does not exist. The assertion is absurd, but seems unanswerable; and so Calamity, like an old woman, lives for ever."

There is one subject on which the great vulgar of this town are nearly unanimous in

opinion—I mean the necessity of an issue of small notes. They know nothing about the laws of currency; on the contrary, if put to their choice, they would, I verily believe, choose Pitt's inconvertible ones. We have, however, a few reasoning maniacs, who pretend to know something of the matter, and who presume to doubt whether Pitt's Bill or Peel's Bill has done most mischief. They audaciously enquire, how it happened that a ministry, advocating the principles of free-trade, interfered with the natural laws of currency, and consequently with the freedom of trade in money? They actually impugn the wisdom of encouraging a huge and mischievous banking establishment, to the injury of all the useful banks in the nation. They stupidly imagine that there is no difference, in principle, between a one-pound note and a five-pound note; and they wonder, with the simplicity of idiocy, why we are compelled to have the note which we do not want, and prevented from having the note which we do want. They innocently ask, why bankers should not be allowed to issue one-pound notes, payable in gold at the counter, and with no other restraint than the mutual watchfulness and jealousy of the respective issuers! When told that if one-pound notes reappear, the gold coins will disappear, they reply, that if so, very few gold coins can be wanted; and that, by an issue of small notes, controlled by no law but the natural law of the case, "one pound might indeed be made to do the work of five." When reminded of the crisis of 1825, they ridiculously assert, that the law alone was the cause of the crisis—that law which sagaciously made one over-grown bank liable to furnish specie for the whole realm, and furnish it in greatest abundance, when directly interested in furnishing none at all. For, they say, if the thousand banks of the empire had each been liable to provide gold (not bank paper) for the payment of its own notes, all the gold wanted would have been found; and no inconvenience whatever would have been sustained by them or the community. When told that theory is but theory, they sneeringly answer, that Watt's steam-engine was theory fifty years ago. These fellows, I have little doubt, would rather give a shilling for a peck of good foreign wheat, than thrice that sum for the same quantity and quality grown in their own country. If I were in authority, I would hang every man of them to-morrow. I know, Gentlemen, you do not agree with me on the Currency Question—and perhaps not altogether upon other points—but you will be glad, perhaps, to give insertion to these opinions of the inhabitant of a great manufacturing town. The people, to be governed well, must be known well.

I have the honour to be, your most obedient Servant,
EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

SHARP AND EASY.

A DIALOGUE.

From a forthcoming Comedy called "London Tradesmen."

Easy. The fact is, Mr. Sharp, bad debts is the ruin of trade. Talk of Reform and all that 'ere!—I says that bad debts is the ruin of men like you and me, Sharp, what is in business, and expects to live by business.

Sharp. Bad debts, Mr. Easy! why I has none or scarcely any, so to speak—I never lets them 'ere fellows what can't pay get my goods.

E. But how, Mr. Sharp! if a gentleman, what is a gentleman, comes to my shop, how is I, what wants custom, to refuse his custom, and he perhaps such a cunnexion?

S. Oh, to be sure, sarve any gentleman what pays,—but that 'ere's the query. Says I, when a gentleman, what looks like a gentleman, comes to my shop, says I, I think I can sarve you, says I, looking at him, as well as any man what's in my line, says I; but, Sir, you'll excuse me, I'm frank spoken, ready money's the word wi' me! so says he, if so be as he is a true gentleman, "Well I have no objection to pay ready money, provided I don't pay credit price." Oh! then I knows where the land lies—discount, says I, 25 per cent. "Then it is perfectly understood," says he: Sir, says I, I am your humble sarvant.

E. But Mr. Sharp, that is so unpleasant to my feelings, that mentioning ready money.

S. Why so, Mr. Easy?

E. Why you see, Mr. Sharp, it is not every gentleman what wants goods has the cash, and yet he may be a gemman what has great expectations!

S. Yes, Easy, but how long is a tradesman to wait for a gentleman's great expectations? For my part I never asks him what his expectations is, for then I should 'spect he'd tell me a lie; so I says, in a way you know, what is it, good Sir, that ye hev in your pocket; for, says I, here's my goods, where's your money?

E. Oh! I never waits long. I gives 'em tether for a time, and then when I sees they won't pay, I asks 'em; then I gets a bill with interest and charges, and then I laws 'em; and if then they wants time, I takes another bill; and if then they don't come to the scratch, I laws 'em in right earnest: that is, if they an't no friends, and don't set off to Boulcigne. It's a shame, I say, for an honest tradesman to have sich a many bad debts in his books.

S. What, Easy! you laws your customers! and, I dare say, gaols 'em when all's come to?

E. Yes—they what won't pay.

S. Why, you, Easy, what seems so pleasant in your back shop, are you so hard when you bestride a six-and-eightpenny lawyer?

E. Oh, it be'n't that! I can't abide to ask a gentleman for money when he walks into my shop, and I meets him, bowing; and he comes forward so pleasant, and then looks back at his cab, and says, so agreeable-like, "John," says he, "you may wait." But then if he don't pay, then, you knows, I knows it's all a take in: so, though I hates to higgler or to dun, I just steps to the 'orney, and he's my wife's first cousin, and so I says—"Here's a bit that 'ill make the pot boil." So he and his man works 'em for a week; for there's none of 'em likes going to gaol, though some must.

S. Why, really, Easy, you takes a vast deal of trouble. I saves it at once. I gives the discount, and you only gets it after all, and perhaps not; for who pays money in gaol? Besides, having a 'orney for your relation, that an't creditable for a tradesman; and spending all your Sundays in altering your books, according as circumstances alters.

E. Oh! I don't mind all that; but I can't abide asking a gentleman for money. I'd rather have any trouble than that.

S. Why, then, your bad debts are all your own fault. I don't think, in fifteen years, I have fifty pounds of bad debts. Cause why?—I've always said to any gemman what 'plied to me, says I, with me, says I, it's the best goods in London; but it's dust down. Oh, but, says the gemman, I will pay the credit price, and expect the credit time. Very good, says I, but I don't do the business in that 'ere way; for if, says I, you should be disappointed, where should I be? and I hates to send a gentleman, what should be at home wi' his family, to prison, among a set o' blackguards; so, says I, Sir, I am sorry it be'n't in my power to sarve you.

E. That accounts, Sharp, for your having so little custom.

S. Very true, friend Easy, I an't much. I lives over my shop; an't no great family, so to speak, and, altogether, gets on but so so like, yet never wants. But you—you keeps your country-house; your gig; and people does say, you be going to start a yellow body.

E. And why should I not? I, Sharp, lives as well as hundreds what are in my debt. If I were to show my books, I'd shame half London; for if I didn't catch a real gentleman, I'd have his nevey or his cousin; or, what's the same thing, one of the same name, and see how he'd stand that i' the morning papers!

S. But you were complaining just now of your bad debts.

E. Oh yes; that's what I calls my "Rascals' Book."

S. I suppose, then, your "Rascals' Book" is what you swears by.

E. He! he! you say right; I swears by it and at it; for, to tell you the truth, Sharp, and that's what I wanted to tell you, I'm in an awkward quandary.

S. Oh! Mr. Easy, I'm sorry to hear it. What's the matter?

E. The fact is, a very heavy bill of mine comes due to-morrow; and I've had a very heavy bill, a nobleman's, I'm sorry to say, Mr. Sharp, dishonoured to-day; and my bankers' book is deuced low; and I thought that perhaps you might be of use, doing business in your ready-money way.

S. Oh! that's it, is it, Mr. Easy? Why, you see, I has got a trifle at my banker's, and I has got another trifle in the funds; and I has lately bought a little estate, what my father was born upon; but I an't got nothing I can lend to you, for you sees I sends nobody to gaol; and so you sees, if so be as I were to make you bankrupt i' the three months, I should, perhaps, get but a small dividend. But how much do you want?

E. Ah, that's a good fellow, now you talk reason. Say four or four hundred and fifty would serve my turn.

S. Four hundred and fifty!—why I'm sure o' this, that all that 'ere stock you've got at Tottenham Farm, your willa, and all that 'ere bootiful furniter, and all those hosses, and that gig, and your son John's cab, and that 'ere young woman's poney-chaise what he keeps, and all that, must be worth much more than that 'ere trifling sum!

E. Oh, Mr. Sharp, I have often heard you was a hard man, but now I knows it.

S. Hard, Mr. Easy! what d'ye mean? I never shuts anybody up. I never takes bills for double what's due; nobody rots in gaol for me. I keeps no 'torney by my writs—not I. I lives on my own, giving no man credit for what he an't, and only gives what I've got for what he's got. Don't talk to me of being hard, Mr. Easy!—you are not hard at first, no, no such thing, as soft as a bog; but when a poor devil once sinks into you, ancle deep, I'll be—bankrupt, if he ever twists himself out!

E. Oh, nonsense, nonsense, Mr. Sharp!—never heard such language in my life. You quite shocks me, Mr. Sharp; good morning, good morning. I hopes no offence. Good neighbours still, I hopes. I was only joking. You has your mode of doing business, and I has mine.

[Exit Mr. Easy.]

Stat Sharp on his steps at his shop-door; his braces down, his knee breeches untied, his hands in his pocket, a sniggle on his face, sans hat, sans neckcloth, slippers on his feet, whistling "the devil among the tail-ors."

LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF

"THE QUARTERLY REVIEW."

SIR,—There is that in your style which usually betrays you! Your writings are impressed with a stamp of smallness peculiarly their own—and I do not flatter you when I assert that I know no man living who possesses the same power of incorporating the narrowest sentiments in the meanest language. Thus, whether you are attacking a Ministry or eulogizing a job, you are equally yourself! The same man who was indecent in Adam Blair, and illiterate in Valerius—the same man who, in "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," praised the regularity of his own features, and decorated his pages with the caricatures of his friends. It is impossible for you to veil yourself—your step betrays you—all other intellectual impressions seem gigantic beside the print of your mind! Nor is this your only peculiarity:—You are remarkable for your disdain of grammar; and, being at the head of a Critical Journal, you kindly bestow upon us, by your own example, a knowledge of all the infinite varieties of bad writing. In opening the present Number of the "Quarterly Review," (p. 391,) at the commencement of the Review of "Zohrab the Hostage," I fancy, Sir, that I detect you in the following phraseology, equally noble and correct:—"This is the best novel that has appeared for several years past; indeed, *out of sight (!) superior* to all the rest of the recent brood." In this sentence, by omitting the words, "it is," before the elegant expression, "out of sight," you have benevolently shown us the beauty of good English by no equivocal example of bad. What "*out of sight superior*" may mean, is not easily understood! the grace of the expression, perhaps, atones for its being a little unintelligible.

I shall proceed, Sir, to quote a few more of those felicities of language which so aptly illustrate your claims to the dignity of a censor of other men's works.

Correct metaphor:—

"Flimsy tissues *swarming*."

Pure English:—

"Side by side, with a sentimental gypsey, deeply learned in the minor poets of the Elizabethan age, figures the late Mr. Henry Fauntleroy, scene over the Debtors' Door at Newgate—and *all the rest of him!*"

Him! Whom? Mr. Henry Fauntleroy! the rest of Mr. Henry Fauntleroy, or of the debtor's-door at Newgate? Sir, I may compliment you on having imitated the language of the showman; but I cannot congratulate you on the success of the buffoonery. An awkward merry-andrew is the most pitiable of spectacles.

Again—

"Eternal rhapsodies about the personal feelings, opinions, circumstances, and prospects of such a

man as Lord Byron might be borne with even in such a piece as Don Juan; but things LIKE THIS make one sorry for authors of less distinguished rank."

"Things like *this*!—things like what?—like Don Juan?—that is the only grammatical construction of your sentence!—but no!—you allude to "eternal rhapsodies;" and you—the editor of the *Quarterly Review*—identify the plural "rhapsodies" with the singular "*this*."

Again—

"The neighbourhood of a remote encampment, the description of which is among Mr. Morier's happiest passages of *that class*."

What class?—here you leave us without any clue whatsoever; for you have not in the preceding paragraphs been referring to any class of writing, and we can scarcely suppose that you mean to speak of the "*class of a remote encampment*," the only visible construction to be put upon your words.

Yet again—

"How few are the novels of this class, laying their scene in the writer's native country, that can stand such a test; and yet which of them, that is not prepared to encounter it, asks our acceptance—(acceptance of what?—except on the presumption of our gross ignorance; or can expect if we are informed—(informed of what?)—a better verdict than incredulous *odi*!"

I think you may really defy the ingenuity of the most accomplished penny-a-line man to write a worse piece of composition than that which you here display to our admiration.

Polished phraseology—

"Walking about, *for a little*, without attendance."

"For a little!" Suffer me respectfully to ask in what new school did you learn that expression? Was it in your desire for simplicity that you thus transplanted the language of the chambermaid to the pages of a Critical Journal? or do you think that by resorting to the authorities of the nursery you recur to the first principles of your language? The notion is probable,—for it is worthy, Sir, of yourself.

Accuracy in metaphors—

"These incidents, which follow each other with breathless rapidity of effect, bring every interest that has been stirred—to a point (!)—and then every knot is cut at once by the assassination of Aga Mohamed," &c.

In this sentence, Sir, your researches into philosophy appear with that "same breathless rapidity of effect" which you have deservedly praised in Mr. Morier; and we learn with a startling celerity, that things which are *stirred* come to a *point*, and that having been thus "*stirred*" and thus converted to "a point," they are suddenly conjured into *knots*! So miraculous a power of transformation,—so excellent a trick of verbal necromancy,—is more honourable to your ingenuity than your judgment, and is scarcely perhaps consistent with the grave office which incorporates with the protector

of our constitution the guardian also of our language!

Amidst these more decided evidences of your graceful pen I may readily, Sir, omit the lesser characteristics, which also serve to betray it. It is only you who "take this opportunity of *marking* one remarkable exception!" who "give *consecutiveness of influence* to an *element of character*!" and conclude an essay which enlarges on the necessity of care and skill in composition with the following smooth, noble, and elaborate peroration:—"We are persuaded that if its author were to write a novel of English manners of his own day, he could *hardly* miss to produce (miss to produce—what grandeur of phrase!) a decided reaction in the public taste. Even on Eastern ground we think it *hardly* possible that the compactness and life of his fable, and the grace of his language should fail of contributing largely to that desirable *issue*." Having thus established your right to approve or to condemn the works of your cotemporaries, I have the satisfaction of returning you my sincere thanks for an honour you have afforded to myself. Seeing the praises you have heaped upon the poetry of Miss Collings, and the prose of Mr. Lister—upon the biographical accuracy of the late edition of Boswell, and the dramatic excellence of Francis the First,—I did, Sir, I confess, knowing also my own demerits, form some apprehension that one day or other you might extend the same degrading approbation to myself! I felt my faults, and I trembled at the scourge of your applause. In the vigorous desperation of alarm, I resolved to prevent the possibility of such a misfortune; and for the last twelve months I have sought, by constantly indicating your blunders* and expatiating on your absurdities, to free myself from all chance of the ignominy of your kindness, and entail upon the works, which, not to myself indeed, but through many channels and in no lukewarm words, Goethe and Scott have sanctioned with their esteem, the additional honour of a sarcasm from the author of Reginald Dalton. It is a triumph to think that I have not toiled in vain, and I cannot express to you the exultation that filled my mind, when I found a writer of your pretensions straining his upward features into a sneer, and talking superciliously of the "class I belonged to." You recommend me "Zohrab" as a model; I examined the style of the adviser, and think that a passing

* See the article on "The Quarterly Review" in the February Number of this Magazine, "The Wilful Misstatements of the Quarterly Review" in the number for April, &c. I the more particularly allude to former expositions of the errors of "The Quarterly," in order to prove, first, that they are of no uncommon occurrence, and secondly, that it was long before that venerable journal favoured me with its sneer, that I provoked its hostility by revealing its demerits.

exercise might be the most useful model for himself. You say that in historical composition I have outraged "*the last barrier of propriety*;"—I look at the grammatical composition of my rebuker, and I find, to my consolation, that he has outraged *the first*. In one of the islands in the South Sea, when a chief is to be reproved for any fault, it is said, by some traveller, that they select a fool to admonish him. In that island, Sir, your admonitions might possibly be of greater effect than in this—yet not so, for here the custom is only reversed, and the degradation is accomplished not by the censure but the eulogium of the fool.

Sir, it gives me pleasure, not to reply to you, but to display you. I am not defending myself. I am about to expose the system on which you attack others, and when I have finished (the task will not be long), I trust that if you have any natural sentiments of compunction, you will lavish your compassion (the only atonement in your power) on your victim, Mr. Morier,—that amiable man and respectable writer, left to shiver under your encouragement, and to writhe beneath your praise. I would fain put myself out of the question in any remarks I may address to you; but it is for the public that I consent to be egotistical. My cause in this instance is their own. If the author be misrepresented, the public are deluded; and the public will therefore forgive me even for replying, Sir, to you—for the public, who care nothing about authors, care a great deal about themselves. Not indeed that I can pretend to be without a natural vanity in my task; for you will observe that the degree of honour you have done me in your criticism is exactly in proportion to your incapacities to criticise.

First, Sir, you advance the following assertion:—

"One of the cleverest writers of the class, for example, the author of '*Pelham*,' distinctly avows that in his opinion the canon which had hitherto been held the most imperative of all (namely that which forbids devoting any considerable portion of a work of this sort to persons or incidents nowise bearing on the development of the fable) is useless and absurd."

Now, Sir, the public does not care, as I have intimated before, a straw whether I said this or not; but it has a right to care whether a writer in a public journal that was once esteemed an authority in literature is careful or careless of the truth. Will it then be believed that the author of "*Pelham*" never said any such thing at all? He never said that such a canon was useless and absurd; but that in his opinion it was open to controversy, and, in referring the reader to "*Anastasius*," "*Amelia*," and "*Gil Blas*," he gave examples that scenes and characters might be introduced in a novel, unnecessary to the development of a catastrophe, and yet agreeable to the resemblance of nature

and life. You say that "*this is to lose sight altogether of the principles of art*," and to suppose that imitation simply *quod* imitation, (in your own classic phraseology) "*will do*!" I leave you in possession of a sentiment which, in condemning my opinion, condemns the examples of Hope, of Fielding, and Le Sage. You proceed as follows:—

"These gentlemen, since they permit themselves such more than epic use of materials rejected by the drama, might be expected to abstain from those features of dramatic composition which are peculiarly and especially incompatible with the epic form; yet here again they are perpetually delinquents. They avail themselves, in diffuse narrative, at every turn, of expedients which are only allowed in the drama, because of its exclusive characteristic—namely, as the species that brings (?) personages and events directly before the spectator himself, without the palpable intervention of any third party. But this absurdity reaches its climax in the autobiographical novel—the very essence of which is, to present things as they occur to the writer. With these artists nothing is more common than to have an autobiographical hero describing a scene with his own father or brother,—known from the beginning, as it afterwards appears, by him to be such,—and yet leaving us in ignorance that the personage was his father or his brother, until the discovery of that fact to us comes to be a matter of convenience to him in the unravelling of his third volume. This is blinking all the peculiar difficulties of the form of composition, depriving it of all its counterbalancing peculiar advantages, and introducing into its main structure the very trickeries which it was meant expressly to avoid."

In order that the above passage may not be misinterpreted, you refer expressly to the author to whom you allude in the following note:—"See the '*Disowned*,' by the author of '*Pelham*.'" Now, mark, and hug yourselves in your candour, the '*Disowned*,' to which you refer as an autobiographical novel, is not in any way whatsoever autobiographical. It is strictly a novel told in the third person; the hero never, except in dialogue, speaks for himself: its principal fault is, that it shuns too much even the semblance of autobiography, and does not possess a single one of the qualities you have erroneously attributed to it. The hero never "describes a scene with his own father or brother; and you, therefore, either ignorantly misrepresent, or wilfully pervert, the work that you analyse.* I leave you, Sir, to make your choice of the alternative—it is one honourable to a critic;—for my own part I would fain be generous, and attribute to you only the lesser fault—that of ignorance. And to read books without knowing the contents, must be a trifling error to one who has

* Nay, to so great an extent was the avoidance of the autobiographical novel carried in "*The Disowned*," that it is expressly stated in the Introduction to the second edition of that work, that its design "*was not to detail a mere series of events in the history of one individual or another, but to personify certain dispositions influential upon conduct*." Can anything be so remote from the plan of an autobiographical novel?

written books without knowing the language.

You are pleased, Sir, to think it highly absurd to represent "Devereux," † (a *petit maître*, according to your interpretation of his character (as living on an intimate footing with the principal writers and men of genius belonging to his age. I should have thought, Sir, that your own experience, limited as I allow that to be, might have taught you that men, with even inferior pretensions to that imaginary *petit maître*, might still, by very ordinary circumstances, be thrown into the society of their superiors, partake in their plots, and affect their friendship.

You may know possibly of some man—let us imagine an obscure Adventurer from the wilds of Scotland—in whom the corruption of a bad Lawyer has been the generation of a worse Author,—yet who, nevertheless, through a fortunate connexion, through a servility in politics, through a variety of causes idle to enumerate, may associate occasionally with the leading men of his opinions; may prattle about the Scott, and lecture to the Peel, of his age, and bequeath to a "Quarterly" Reviewer yet unborn, the task of wondering how the fly became embedded in the amber, and the stick swam down the stream with the apples.

From the proofs I have now given of your power of doing me honour by your disapproval, you may judge how much gratitude I owe you. I have thought it right to address these lines to you, not because the critic of the "Quarterly" was worthy of an answer, but because the merits of the "Quarterly" are worthy an exposure. The public are rarely interested even in the quarrels of great writers; they are never interested in any retort of censure, or defence that can possibly take place between such as you, Sir, and myself: but the public are always amused at the detection of a pretender, and it cannot but delight my readers to find

† Here occurs another instance of the want of honesty in the Reviewer:—

"The hero, an impudent wonder of nineteen, is gravely represented as living on the footing of intimate friendship and confidential intercourse with Bolingbroke, Pope, Swift, the Regent Orleans, Count Anthony Hamilton, Admiral Apraxin, Czar Peter I., and his consort." Now, Reader, mark—The hero is, at no time of his life represented as being on the footing of "intimate friendship" with Pope, Swift, Admiral Apraxin, or Count Anthony Hamilton;—they are only introduced as persons whom he meets in the ordinary acquaintanceship and intercourse of society. Swift appears but once,—and the only conversation detailed between Devereux and Pope occurs—not when the former is nineteen, but when he is four or five and thirty.' If in so trifling a matter, and so slight a work—the system of misrepresentation be thus adopted by the Quarterly Reviewers—how much more would it be adopted in matters less easy of detection, and works that afford a greater temptation for political malignity to pervert!

that he who gravely admonishes others in the highest branches of letters, would scarcely be competent to teach English to a preparatory school; and that it would be difficult to forgive the want of literary honesty with which he distorts the meaning of another's compositions did he not, with a generous impartiality, confound all sense and dislocate all language in his own.*

Sir, I have done with you for the present. I leave your reputation as a public Journalist to the chaste and friendly pages of certain of the Sunday newspapers;—those pages may afford yourself a dignified opportunity for an anonymous reply;—or, should you entrust to others the charge of retaliation, (more easy than that of defence), I doubt not that the charge will be readily undertaken by those respectable associates of your youthful career, who will complete by their panegyrics on your literary character the very object I have attempted in these remarks.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,
THE AUTHOR OF "PELHAM."

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Subterranean Professions—The new Champion for Pontefract—An Affair of Honour; or, the Pennsylvania Mystery—A new kind of Parliamentary Pledge—Fire-side Valour—A nice Question in Bigamy—Cookery—Pear's Chemical Durable Ink.

SUTERRANEAN PROFESSIONS.—In a late comment upon the unseen sources of subsistence in a great metropolis, we omitted a

* One word by the way on the puffing system. There never was any system more detrimental to literature; the critic of the "Quarterly" has attacked it very justly; but why, when attacking the system of other booksellers, not attack also the system pursued by Mr. Murray? Was not Fanny Kemble's feeble Tragedy puffed by every species of bellows—heralded by the 'Quarterly' itself several days before the publication of the work? Mr. Murray thought something, we suppose, of the author whom the reviewer condemns, when he affixed, by way of puff, to the advertisements of "Contarini Fleming," an eulogium that extraordinary work justly deserved, indeed, but which was *anonymously* given, and to which he added, not very fairly, and certainly only through guess, "From an article by the author of Pelham." What are Mr. Murray's back-parlour and his corneries but puffing machines? Hath he not practised the worst of all sorts of puffery—the coalition of a gang? What is the 'Quarterly Review' itself but a quarterly puff on the genius of its own contributors, or the quartos of its own publisher? Nay, worse than this—for few puffers ever attack their rivals—they are contented with lauding their own wares—but the Review of Mr. Murray is not only complaisant to Mr. Murray's productions, it is severe upon Mr. Murray's competitors in trade! So much for the Quarterly Review, and its indignation against the craft of the booksellers! But, perhaps, in the pithy proverb, the 'Quarterly Review' considers "own dirt no dirt."

class of which we have since been reminded by an advertisement. One of the snuggest professions going may be recognized under the name of an hotel-decoy.

In the advertisement alluded to, an hotel keeper makes known, under the strictest seal of secrecy, that he is willing to maintain any gentleman of fashionable connexions who will take the trouble to induce his friends to consider his home their home, during any brief sojourn they may intend to make in London during the season.

Beware, then, most worshipful fashionables, of the pressing intentions of some best fellow in the world, who will not rest until he has fixed you in the most comfortable, and the most moderate hotel in London. Your friend will be put down in the bill, rely upon it; he is a person of no small price. He lives between two hotels; one in town, the other in a fashionable watering-place; except for a month or two, when he retires to his family seat—some cottage in Norfolk, or some lodging in Leicestershire. This ingenious person also pays his tailor in kind,—that is to say, in victims; just as the Minotaur was fed, save that his tribute are not virgins. He lives in the old way, by barter. The only thing such a man was ever known to give money for is his spurs; for these he takes care to buy where it is not seen he never bestrides a horse. Most hotels have their dashing-looking *habitué* who is acquainted with every body, and though inconstant in all other tastes, is never known to change either his abode or his tailor. He lives upon the best, and the artist who clothes him ought to know his fit, and is sure to do him justice, for is he not his lay-figure—his model—his example? The stupid “builders” of the Strand and Fleet-Street thrust forward their red-faced goggle-eyed little boys of wax, with countenances implying that their jackets throttle them. But the genuine artist takes a flight far above this vulgar plan; he clothes some well-made member of a fashionable club, and in lieu of sticking him at his shop-door, thrusts him forth into the world. This model does not, like the little boys, hold his bill in his hand. No,—that he crams into his pocket; but he can talk, and say, Look you, do you see this coat—God! what a cut. My tailor lives in such a street.

What a refined style of living upon one's friends is this; they never know it, and you never feel it. It is a sort of imperceptible discount paid for ready wit. It is an example of what is said of tithes, if the parson did not get them the landlord would; so here, if you had gone to any other hotel, or employed any other tailor, your bill would have been just the same; your friend would not have got his per centage, but the landlord or the tradesman would have stuck to his regular charges,

A great city is not the multiple of a village; it is a much more curious fabrique; the knowledge is a study that perhaps requires as much attention as the Principia of Natural Philosophy. The calculus is extremely subtle; for instance, such a being as we have been alluding to here is no compound of ordinary men; he is formed by a peculiar process, and in the second or third stage of it: he is a fluxion of a fluxion.

THE NEW CHAMPION FOR PONTEFRACT.

—The sort of commentation that has been made on the election of Gully for Pontefract is worth notice. It shows how completely we are ruled by names. Had Gully been originally a linen-draper's porter, a footboy, or other humble occupation, and had afterwards become an attorney or a stockbroker, he might have been chosen a member of Parliament half-a-dozen times over and we should not have heard anything about it. But the occupation of a pugilist, and next that of a better on horse-races are held discreditable. Where is the source of this discredit? It is not in the qualities necessary for success in either pursuit. The pugilist must be brave, sober, temperate, calm; he never gives way to passion, for that throws him into a disadvantage: he is generally amiable, for the consciousness of power is always supposed inconsistent with fretfulness and irritability: he must be honest, steadfast, true: for fortunes—at least large sums of money—depend upon the fidelity with which he keeps his engagements. Whence, then, all this discredit? Humanity revolts from the mutual bruising of the bodies that takes place in a contest with the natural weapon. The parties disregard this: it is a trial of endurance, strength, activity, skill. Are not the moral effects good enough to balance the perhaps false sympathies excited by the sight or the reflection upon very transient wounds? A duellist is a monster in comparison; but that practice would never be made an objection to a member of Parliament. Much may be said for boxing, and much more for the man who was first in his art, but who, though young, resisted all the temptations consequent upon success, and the patronage of rank and the facilities of vice. The worst that can be said of such a man as Gully is, that he was thrown among disreputable persons of both the highest and lowest ranks, and remained unstained, intact. The mischief of pugilism is, that it brings together a great many vicious characters: but what cause of crowd does not? And many are not bad, because they wear rough coats and drive but sorry steeds. Pugilism is, or was, the vulgar pleasure; the popular sport: we are not sure that the commonality will be any the better for its abolition. If the lovers of it were sometimes disreputable

persons—this is not the fault of the art; the blackguards of low life do not hide their vice either in grand buildings or fashionable attire; they are ugly without as well as within. The betting-trade is neither more nor less than stock-jobbing; using horses instead of the funds to decide the event, with these advantages, that it cultivates the breed of a noble animal, encourages a public and most delightful amusement, and is carried on in the open air, on the green turf, or amidst the beauty and fashion of a country, instead of a dark alley and a stifling hole in the closest corner of a crowded city. Here again the better are liable to encounter bad characters, sharpers, and men of broken fortunes: if, therefore, in spite of such contact, in spite of all the inducements to take unfair advantages, an individual becomes notorious for his upright and honourable conduct, and this, too, after the second ordeal, we say that man must have some good stuff in him. And the very prejudices against the two pursuits of his life should be turned into arguments in his favour.

We are not saying that Mr. Gully has any acquirements that fit him for a legislator: he may or may not: quickness, habits of business, and a nice sense of justice and fair play, he is of necessity distinguished by; further we cannot say. Of this, however, be sure—he will not be quite a stranger in the Honourable House, and will there stand surrounded by many with whom he has dealt all his life. Some may turn up their noses, but we have no notion of men who act with you in one grand business of their lives, hesitating to join you in another; but this has always been a privilege of the aristocracy to hail a man with perfect familiarity on one spot, and then not to know you in another. It may be, that day is about to pass.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR; OR THE PENYALINIAN MYSTERY.—A transaction to which this title is ordinarily given took place in the course of the month, which as it terminated in a wound of that part of the frame which is called the seat of honour, is perhaps rightly so named:—but inasmuch as it arose in a place of shame commonly denominated a “hell,” it might very justly be written an affair of dishonour. This, however, does not regard us; but the manner in which it reached the public ear regards those who form a part of the public. The day after the transaction, an elaborate report of the circumstances of the quarrel, and the names of all the parties concerned appeared in one of the leading morning papers. It detailed a scene of infamy, a gallant interference, a furious dispute, an “honourable” termination, and a description of the parties. This account was read by every body in London, that day: the next,

in the country, and is on its way, or is arrived in almost every corner of Europe. This report was, however, a circumstantial lie, a concoction which meant no more than that the writer wanted a few shillings, and got them by this method. Letters and reclamations came in from all parts, and before the story had been twelve hours in print, those who had given it wings were aware that it was wrong in every particular, save that a duel had taken place, and that one of the individuals named, or rather misnamed, was wounded,—no matter where.

The next day there appeared in this journal, by the way, the most careful and particular in this point, of all daily papers, no apology, but this notice:—

“*.* The account was inserted from one of those circular reports which are sent to all the morning papers. The party who furnished it will not be employed by us again.”

That is—the Editor’s authority was a penny-a-line man: the account was inserted without inquiry:—the reparation is, that no more lies will be bought of the same lie-merchant.

In the present case probably not much mischief will be done, but it is right that the world should know by what means it is supplied with intelligence of this description in London. There are a number of men prowling about the hotels and the police offices, who are in connexion with tavern-waiters, noblemen’s porters, and policemen. These men are greedy of a rumour—it is meat and drink to them: they are poor, generally broken men, perhaps some of indifferent character: it may be, that the family dinner depends upon the savouriness of the morning’s wallet. As soon as one of these emissaries of fame pounces upon a “fact,” he retires with his sheet of transparent paper and his diamond pencil to a neighbouring coffee-room, and under the inspiration of a pot of porter, or a glass of brandy, according to the value of the information, and which is probably shared by his veracious informant, unfolds the mysteries of his “fact.” Being paid by the line, an additional circumstance is an additional sixpence, which will account for the fullness of the information supplied to the public. By means of his folds of transparent paper and his pencil, as many copies are produced at once as he requires. Behold, then, the public intelligencer now on his rounds. One copy of his novellette is left at each of the newspaper offices, and is placed before the editor of the department in which it falls;—if he likes the story, it is inserted: if not, it is swept among the things doomed to oblivion. The writer, or rather author, is only paid in case of insertion, and then only for the part inserted, and per line according to length. Hence this class of men are called penny-a-line men.

Nothing can be clearer than that they

must necessarily be the disgrace of the press, and the nuisance of the public. Persons earning a subsistence in this certainly not credible manner, are confounded with the true Journalist; and their inventions are, in fact, served up in the same dish, and no way distinguishable except in internal value. This of course tends to degrade the profession, and has the effect often of keeping out of it men who might do it honour. Besides the perpetual instances of falsehood, the constant contradictions and reclamations that appear before the world, diminish the authority of the press, and altogether destroy it in many quarters.

Then, again, is it to be tolerated that the name and reputation of every man in the metropolis is to be placed at the mercy of these modern highwaymen? The merest accident, the paltriest difficulty, or any perhaps in itself merely unpleasant circumstance, such as may commonly occur in any family whatever, is enough; give these men but a hint,—a fulcrum for their pencil, and they will move the world. The unsuspecting, and perhaps injured party, rises next morning a public character; and just as the porter or the brandy has inspired, the hero, or the devil of a romance.

A person so afflicted has the benefit of the law of libel; but alas! misfortune or injustice must have driven the party mad before he seeks such redress. He then truly falls among thieves. To say nothing of the expense of the transaction, he becomes first the fair game of an ingenious and reckless barrister or two, who will dress him up in more hideous guise than boys do Guy Faux on the 5th of November; and then when he is ready for the fire, there stands his own old friends, the reporters and the editors, ready to terminate the ceremony with a glorious *auto-da-fé* in honour of the immaculate purity of the paper. In short, a man in these circumstances is first libelled in the department of fashionable news, and the same dish is served up as with additional suace, under the head of legal intelligence. No; for the honour of the press, and the advantages of the people, steps ought to be taken to guard against the commission of the offence.

The case above alluded to, everybody will know is that of a Mr. O'Connell and a Mr. Kearney; but twenty others occur in the month, which would equally serve our purpose. Whoever reads in the newspapers the report of any transaction in which he is concerned, will be astonished at its utter want of verisimilitude. In the case of Mr. Kearney, he was accused of pigeoning a young gentleman at a gaming-house—of being, in fact, a regular leg, and keeping a table for play. Not one word of which was true.—“N'importe! Quid novi? Vive le mensonge.”

A NEW KIND OF PARLIAMENTARY PLEDGE.—Mr. Martin Stappylton,—whose exertions to engage the attention and secure the suffrages of the North Riding of Yorkshire are of the most curiously energetic description,—puts forth, in one of his numerous addresses circulars and self-recommendations, a very singular claim to confidence. Reporting his progresses with a most amusing vanity, among other things he says,

“At Pickering I was equally enthusiastically received. The same at Malton, where I spoke on Saturday night, on the sill of a window, for I knew not fear in addressing a people who were so unanimously generous towards me. Mr. Rider, a friend of mine of twenty years' standing, told me in the public news-room at Malton, that no other man in England would have ventured to speak from such a dangerous situation. But braver than me are those lordly men who persist in forcing their candidates against the plainly-expressed choice of the whole population of the North-Riding.”

Here is a footing on which to get into the House. No elevation could turn the head of a man who could stand and speak a county-speech on the sill of a window. Such a legislator may be relied upon as not subject to giddiness. Vain, loquacious he may be, and on the application of a little flattery, he might let fall the morsel from his beak, but he would never tumble down himself. Next, we shall have Herr Cline standing on his head for a couple of hours, by way of winning his way to the top of some county-poll. Suffrages have been won before now by inverting the order of things,—She loved me for the dangers I had run; so it is with Martin Stappylton, wooing the county of York. He puts forward, by way of irresistible charm, his venture “i'th imminent deadly breach!” the window-sill of Malton inn.

FIRE-SIDE VALOUR.*—People are everywhere heard to complain of the slowness of the siege of Antwerp, and the newspapers profess themselves tired of repeating each day that there is nothing remarkable to record. It is curious to see how fond peaceable folk are of brisk military movements; there is nothing a quiet, timid sort of man loves at breakfast so much, as a good hot dispatch; a bayonet charge sends him to his toast with a double relish, and he swallows his last cup of tea with great satisfaction over a pretty cruel return of killed and wounded. “What are these French about?” cries the quidnunc; “nothing done—only a hundred and forty killed in the trenches. What are they about—why don't they push on? It was reckoned that five hundred would be killed a day, and here you see there are not above ten?” This, perhaps, is a creature that would not hurt a fly; and if a shell was rumoured to have burst in the next street, would go into fits. The

* Written before the taking of the Citadel.

snugger a man is over his fire, the more he wants hot work: he is bodily so disposed to quiet and comfort, that if he had not something to shake his sympathies a little, he would fall asleep. It is when a man wants a stimulus,—when he has his person softly laid up in an easy chair, his legs on a stool, and the draughts closed up, and servants moving in and out gently with appliances for the restoration of the animal man, that he begins to chafe over the indolence of the army. "What are they doing,—why all this shilly-shallying,—why don't they fight? Talk of sickness, weather, and want of provisions, stuff! I say they ought to have fought and driven the enemy out of the country. And as for the fortress you speak of, why did not the General storm it: I say with such a battering-train, and troops like ours, Sir, he ought to have stormed it, and taken it, and put the garrison to the sword, Sir, by way of example. That would have been something!" Talk of this kind gives a zest to the supper-tray; and makes up for the deficiency of appetite arising from too copious a dinner.

A NICE QUESTION IN BIGAMY.—"At Maidstone Assizes, John Penson was indicted for feloniously marrying Eliza Brown, by the name of Eliza Thicke, his first wife, Anne Wooton, being then alive.

"The two marriages were proved, the one at Deptford, and the other at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, in London. It appeared, that after marriage with Anne Wooton some disagreement arose between the prisoner and her, and an agreement of separation was drawn up. After this he paid his addresses to Eliza Brown. He showed the agreement of separation, and she, confiding in his statement that he was quite free from his wife, married him. They were married by bans, which were published in the name of "Eliza Thicke."

"Mr. Espinasse, on the part of the prisoner, submitted, that as the second marriage would be void by the Marriage Act, in consequence of the bans having been published in the wrong name of the woman, the prisoner could not be convicted on this indictment.

"Mr. Baron Gurney said that the objection could not be of any avail, as it only affected the second marriage. That marriage was void, however solemnized, as the first was a good one. There was a marriage, in fact, between the prisoner and Eliza Brown, and whether all the forms necessary to constitute a valid marriage, if no previous marriage existed, were not adopted, was of no consequence. If such an objection were allowed to prevail, nothing would be easier than for persons disposed to commit such offences as the present to leave some defect in the forms required by the Marriage Act, and thus escape from the punishment due to their offence.

"The Jury found the prisoner guilty.

"Sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment and hard labour."

This judge-made law is sometimes as droll as "crown's quest law." This man is to be punished for a second marriage, never in fact duly solemnized. Had this marriage been the sole marriage, the parties could never have derived any legal advantage from it; why then should the man be

saddled with the disadvantages of it?—Suppose the marriage had been only half solemnized, and that ELIZA THICKE had fainted, or the clergyman had dropped down in an apoplectic fit in the middle of the ceremony,—it would have been no legal marriage, and the man would not have been liable to punishment. It is now as little a legal marriage as if the above accidents had occurred. Besides, in this case, the change of name is voluntary on the part of the female—she is not deceived: all the circumstances had been explained to her:—she went to church, knowing the existence of another wife, and wishing that, at any rate, under the circumstances, the arrangement should take place with as much decency as possible. In fact, the second marriage was no marriage; and yet the man is punished precisely as if it were, and he had been guilty of involving a female in all the consequences of such an engagement. The *gravamen* of bigamy is the injury of the woman, and here the woman vitiates the marriage knowingly.

COOKERY.—There is a very general idea abroad, that the French are peculiarly artificial in their preparation of meats for the palate, and that the English taste is distinguished by its simplicity. In this, as in so many other things, we apprehend that the superficialities alone is looked at. True, the Englishman prides himself on his joint, and pretends, when he sits before his mountain of flesh, that he is approaching to a state of nature. But with how many condiments is he not prepared to savour his viands? has he not vinegars and sauces innumerable, mustard, pepper, salt, horseradish, and other flavoured pungencies, which, when joined to gravy rich and hot, altogether make up a *plat*, worthy of any continental epicure! This is called plain living, simply because the cookery goes on in the dining-room instead of the kitchen. A Frenchman takes his dish as it pleases the *chef de cuisine* to send it, and he would as soon think of tampering with his coat as his meat,—both tailor and cook are *artists*, and each considered equal to his business. In England a gentleman relies upon his servant, a mere subordinate, for nothing but precise roasting and boiling, and is himself in reality his own meat-preparer. England expects every man to be his own cook. All that is trusted to the kitchen is the application of heat. The composition of flavours is supposed not only an art above the Leonora of the realms below, but to require the test of each individual's palate. Thus it would seem that a general system of cookery serves France, while the individuality in this country demands that each man should interfere in the composition of his own dish. What is called *seasoning* is carried to an Oriental pitch at all English tables; while in France, we are struck by the extreme insipidity of their most elabo-

rate *chef d'œuvres*. What is called French cookery in this country, is in fact, truly English: it is the table composition manufactured over the kitchen stoves, and owns no original in France, where they strive after variety of flavours, but to the utter contempt of what an Alderman would esteem in the way of richness. Vegetable heat is absent from every French work of culinary art. There is a story of a French cook leaving his English master because he added salt to one of his preparations on its appearing at table: deeming himself an *artiste* probably of the first class, he was as much offended as a painter would be with an amateur purchaser, who newly-tinted his skies. No English cook would be offended to hear that her master had emptied all Lazenby's shop on her choicest dish. This is but a trivial discussion, but illustrates a favourite position of ours,—that national differences consist more in words than things, and that any apparent difference in the forms of things, arises from some material difference in the resources of the country. Thus, continuing the same train of illustration, in London fish is boiled because we have it fresh; in Paris it is stewed, in all forms, because the distance from the coast presents it in a putrid shape to the Paris market, and makes it unfit to be cooked in any other fashion. For the same reason, animal food of all kinds is stewed down in that country, because, from a deficiency in the breed of cattle and the art of grazing, it is neither sufficiently tender nor juicy to be offered to the masticators, without having previously undergone one of the stages of digestion.

The respect entertained for French cookery in England is the respect felt for regular art above empiricism. In England every man quacks his plate: in France the artist proceeds on a well-understood system. The profession thus comes to be acknowledged, and the art acquires a technology which gives it importance, and, to those who glory in hard words, affords an opportunity for a vain display. Though an individual epicure may succeed on his own plate, by means of a variety of condiments, in fabricating a delicious compound, he can neither offer it to another nor give it a name: the French artist, on the contrary, when he has studied forth a new variety of palatable flavours, can offer it to a whole table, and sanctions and canonizes the dish for ever by the imposition of a title. Here are the elements of the apparent superiority of French cookery over English!

"PEARS'S CHEMICAL DURABLE INK.—For writing on silk, linen, cotton, &c., with a common pen, without any previous preparation. If children's clothes were generally marked with this invaluable article, it would lead to a discovery, in many instances, where they may be stolen from their relatives and friends;—a custom so very prevalent in the present day, that every possible precaution ought to be taken to prevent the repetition of such an odious and criminal transaction.—Price 1s. 6d. per bottle."

If one of Mr. Pears's puffs should survive the wreck of nations, and be unrolled like a Herculean MS. for the benefit of a future age, what will the antiquaries of that day think of England, in which the prevalent custom of child-stealing made durable ink so indispensable for the marking of infant petticoats? Would not the learned dispute whether the document related to Old England or New Zealand? Would not they confound the Antipodes together, and say here they stole and here they ate children, and *vice versa*, until it was not quite clear whether London or the Bay of Islands had the advantage of civilization? But how does the inventive Mr. Pears reconcile the necessity of his child-preserving ink with the spread of the Malthusian doctrines? We thought it was universally understood that children were the vice of the age: they are said to be eating out the adults, undermining their dinners, usurping their platters, and, in fact, swarming like another plague of Egypt. How is it then that the "odious and criminal transaction" of child-stealing should be so rife in this wicked land? The superfluity of children has, in fact, been of late so enormous, that it has tempted villains to Burke them, under the idea that they would never be missed, and that as they were not wanted for population, they might be used for dissection, just as farmers manure the ground with sprats when they are caught in too great quantities for consumption! And in the midst of all this glut of younglins, here comes Mr. Pears with his one-and-sixpenny bottle to mark their little petticoats,—at a time, too, when mothers are far more distressed for materials to make them than ink to mark them! If Mr. Pears wishes to deserve the gratitude of posterity he should come forward with some grand nostrum, invaluable but cheap, which should prevent the little dears from infesting a family in numbers above half-a-dozen; or if, in case of their appearing at an extravagant rate, which should, by merely tipping their ears or their shoulders, "without any preparative and with a common pen," just make snegls of them, and leave their brethren to the enjoyment of a decent share of pudding. Marking ink, indeed!—when a mother has marked the little petticoats above No. 6 or 7, she may well cast aside Mr. Pears's one-and-sixpenny bottle, and let all the rest take the chance of "the custom so very prevalent in the present day."

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"ALIENA NEGOTIA CENTUM."—Horat.

To the Lady Susan Hamilton, on her Marriage with the Earl of Lincoln.

Fair Countess Bride! by birth and beauty crowned!
Grant that an unseen, unknown hand, may fling

One wreath among the many to be found
At feet where joy's own flowers delight to spring!

All nature vies to deck her cherish'd rose—
Skies shower their richest influence on its head;
The Sun his brightest radiance o'er it throws,
And purest zephyrs odorous fragrance shed.

Lady! such rose art thou! and practised lyres
Are proud to tune their strings to hymn thy praise.

—Call not the hand presumptuous that aspires
To blend this feeble with their worthier lays.

Fortune hath blessed thee with no common store
From her rich treasury—joy—and wealth—and friends;
And bards ecstatic scarce can call down more
Than heaven propitious to its favourite lends.

The Persian's serene paradise be thine!*

"Warmth without heat and coldness without cold."

If to my wish Heaven's gracious ear incline
Happiest, I ween, art thou of mortal mould!

Reynolds, with wit as modest as 'twas keen,
His name on Siddons' hem dared to engrave—
Lady, by you unknown, by you unseen,
Not his proud fate I emulate or crave.†

He gloried in his picture—I in mine—
Who would not joy to live at beauty's feet?
Lady! my eye may ne'er again meet thine—
For me the painter's lot were all unmeet!

To our kind correspondent on the word
"discrepitude," we answer that discrepitude
is not *quite* without authorities in its favour,
though not found either in Johnson or
Webster,—but that discrepancy is far the
more elegant and classical expression.

"The Pilgrims of the Rhine," a prose
fiction by the author of "Pelham, &c.," will
appear in about six weeks. A contempora-
ry critic having erroneously announced it as
an annual, we beg to say, that it does not
belong to that class of writing, although it
will be illustrated by engravings from draw-
ings by Messieurs Roberts and Parris,
somewhat after the manner of Rogers's *Italy*."

Our able correspondent "Junius Redivi-
vus" must excuse us for not inserting his
reply to the letter respecting Sir R. Birnie,
—a correspondence of such a nature might
be interminable. Who ought justly to have
the last word?

We are sorry that the work of which Mr.
Forman writes does not fall within the scope
of our critical department.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

SIR JOHN LESLIE.—This eminent philoso-
pher was born in April, 1766, and was origi-
nally destined by his parents to follow the
humble occupations connected with a small
farm and mill. Before however he reached
his twelfth year his fondness for calculation
and geometrical exercises introduced him to
the late Professor John Robinson, and by
him to Professors Playfair and Stewart.
When they first saw him he was still a boy,
and they were much struck with the extra-
ordinary powers which he then displayed.
After some previous education, his parents
were induced, in consequence of strong re-
commendations, and of obtaining for him the
patronage of the late Earl of Kinnoul, to
enter him a student at the University of St.
Andrew's. Having passed some time in
that ancient seminary, he removed to Edin-
burgh, in company with another youth, des-
tined like himself to obtain a high niche in
the temple of scientific fame—James Ivory.
Whilst a student in the University there,
he was introduced to and employed by Dr.
Adam Smith to assist the studies of his
nephew, Mr. Douglas, afterwards Lord Res-
ton. Disliking the church, for which we be-
lieve he had been intended by his parents,
he proceeded to London, after completing
the usual course of study in Edinburgh.
He carried with him some recommendatory
letters from Dr. Smith; and recollected that
one of the most pressing injunctions with
which he was honoured by this illustrious
philosopher was, *to be sure, if the person to
whom he was to present himself was an author,
to read his book before approaching him, so as
to be able to speak of it, if there should be a
fit opportunity.* His earliest employment in
the capital, as a literary adventurer, was de-
rived from the late Dr. William Thomson,
the author of a "Life of Philip the Third."
Dr. Thomson's ready pen was often used
for others, who took or got the merit of his
labours; and if we recollect rightly, he em-
ployed Mr. Leslie in writing or correcting
notes for an edition of the Bible with notes,
then publishing in numbers, under some
popular theological name. Mr. Leslie's
first important undertaking was a transla-
tion of Buffon's "Natural History of Birds,"
which was published in 1793, in nine octavo
volumes. The sum he received for it laid
the foundation of that pecuniary independ-
ence which, unlike many other men of ge-
nius, his prudent habits fortunately enabled
him early to attain. The preface to this
work, which was published anonymously, is
characterized by all the peculiarities of his
later style; but it also bespeaks a mind of
great native vigour and lofty conceptions,
strongly touched with admiration for the
sublime and the grand in nature and science.
Some time afterwards he proceeded to the

* Among the Persians, the idea of paradise is—
warmth without heat and coolness without cold.

† When Sir Joshua Reynolds had finished his
portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, he
inscribed some words on the border of her gar-
ment. These were at first thought to be Greek
characters, but the courtly artist, pointing out
"Joshua Reynolds, pinxit," declared he had inser-
ted his name thereon, hoping it might thus go
down to posterity on the hem of her robe.

United States of America, as a tutor to one of the distinguished family of the Randolphs: and after his return to Britain, he engaged with the late Mr. Thomas Wedgwood to accompany him to the Continent, various parts of which he visited with that accomplished person, whose early death he ever lamented as a loss to science and to his country.

At what period Mr. Leslie first struck into that brilliant field of inquiry where he became so conspicuous for his masterly experiments and striking discoveries regarding radiant heat, and the connexion between light and heat, we are unable to say. His differential thermometer—one of the most beautiful and delicate instruments that inductive genius ever contrived as a help to experimental inquiry, and which rewarded its author by its happy ministry to the success of some of his finest experiments—was invented before the year 1800; as it was described, we think, in "Nicholson's Philosophical Journal" some time during that year. The results of those fine inquiries, in which he was so much aided by this exquisite instrument, were published to the world in 1804, in his celebrated "Essay on the nature and Propagation of Heat." The experimental devices and remarkable discoveries which distinguish this publication, far more than atone for its great defects of method, its very questionable theories, and its transgressions against that simplicity of style which its aspiring author rather spurned than was unable to exemplify, but which must be allowed to be a quality peculiarly indispensable to the communication of scientific knowledge. The work was honoured, in the following year, by the unanimous adjudication to its author, by the Council of the Royal Society, of the Rumford medals, which were appropriated to reward discoveries in that branch of science, which he had so much illustrated and extended. In the same year also the subject of our notice was elected to fill the mathematical chair in the University of Edinburgh.

In the year 1810 he arrived, through the assistance of his hygrometer, at the discovery of that singularly beautiful process of artificial congelation which enabled him to convert water and mercury into ice.

Mr. Leslie was removed to the Chair of Natural Philosophy in 1819, on the death of Professor Playfair. He had previously published his "Elements of Geometry," and an "Account of Experiments on Instruments depending on the Relation of Air to Heat and Moisture." Of his "Elements of Natural Philosophy," afterwards compiled for the use of his class, only one volume has been published. He wrote, besides the works mentioned, some admirable articles in the "Edinburgh Review;" and several very valuable treatises on different branches

of physics, in the Supplement to the "Encyclopædia Britannica." His last, and certainly one of his best and most interesting compositions, was a "Discourse on the History of Mathematical and Physical Science," during the eighteenth century, prefixed to the seventh edition, now publishing, of that national Encyclopædia. He received the honour of knighthood in the present year, on the suggestion, we believe, of the Lord Chancellor.

It would be impossible, we think, for any intelligent and well-constituted mind to review the labours of this distinguished man without a strong feeling of admiration for his inventive genius and vigorous powers, and of respect for that extensive knowledge which his active curiosity, his various reading, and his happy memory, had enabled him to attain. Some few of his contemporaries, in the same walks of science may have excelled him in profundity of understanding, in philosophical caution, and in logical accuracy; but we doubt if any surpassed him, whilst he must be allowed to have surpassed many, in that creative faculty—one of the highest and rarest of nature's gifts—which leads, and is necessary to discovery, though not all-sufficient of itself for the formation of safe conclusions; or in that subtilty and reach of discernment which seizes the finest and least obvious relations among the objects of science—which illicit the hidden secrets of Nature, and ministers to new combinations of her powers.

His reading extended to every nook and corner, however obscure, that books have touched upon. He was a lover, too, and that in no ordinary degree, of what is commonly called anecdote. Though he did not shine in mixed society, and was latterly unfitted by a considerable degree of deafness for enjoying it, his conversation, when seated with one or two, was highly entertaining. It had no wit, little repartee, and no fine turns of any kind; but it had a strongly-original and racy cast, and was replete with striking remarks and curious information. His faults were far more than compensated by his many good qualities—by his constant equanimity, his cheerfulness, his simplicity of character, almost infantine, his straightforwardness, his perfect freedom from affectation, and, above all, his unconquerable good-nature. He was, indeed, one of the most placable of human beings; and if, as has been thought, he generally had a steady eye, in his worldly course, to his own interest, it cannot be denied that he was, notwithstanding, a warm and good friend, and a relation on whose affectionate assistance a firm reliance could ever be placed.

In private life, no man was ever more thoroughly sincere, simple, and unaffected. There was not a shade of hypocrisy or as-

sumption in his character; he said at all times exactly what he thought, and never dreamed of disguising or modifying any opinion. Hence he was supposed by some, who only knew him imperfectly, to have foibles of which he was quite as free as most other men; the only thing which he lacked being the art to conceal and varnish.

PROFESSOR SCARPA.—Antonio Scarpa was born at Friuli, in the year 1745. His family was obscure and humble, and it was only through the assistance afforded him by a distant relative that he was enabled to pursue his early studies; his protector, however, soon dying, left young Scarpa entirely dependent upon his own resources. Obstacles and difficulties now surrounded the young student upon all sides, yet they did not quench that ardour and thirst for knowledge which were such great characteristics in his after career of life; he “bated no jot of heart or hope,” he clung the firmer to the profession which he had chosen, and in proportion to the struggles which he saw it would be incumbent on him to make, did he persevere with an enthusiasm which was soon crowned with the most encouraging success. His first work, a treatise on the structural anatomy of the “*Finestra Rotunda*,” was written at an early age, and excited general attention. This first work was followed up in a few years by some able disquisitions on the senses of hearing and smell, which raised the young author to the first rank among anatomists. Hitherto his celebrity had been confined to his own country, but it was his work on the “*Nerves of the Heart*” which first attracted the attention of the anatomists of Europe towards him. Treatise after treatise now came from his pen, and among them the “*Commentary on the Intimate Structure of the Bones*.” In the year 1800 the “*Essay on the chief Diseases of the Eye*” made its appearance; it has gone through several editions in the original, and has been translated into almost every language in Europe. It was in this work that Scarpa so successfully advocated the propriety of depression in cataract—an operation which he rescued from disuse, if not from oblivion. In 1809 appeared the splendid folio on “*Hernia*,” which displayed the true and scientific hand of a master in every line. It would be needless here, and our space will not permit us to notice further in this place than to particularize his papers on Lithotomy, Hydrocele, Aneurism, Deformities, &c. He was a member of the Italian Institute, a foreign Associate of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, and a Fellow of the Royal Society of London. When the Professors of the University of Pavia threw themselves at the feet of the conqueror of Marengo, Scarpa alone was absent, but it was observed that Buonaparte did not overlook this open neg-

lect of homage. By the house of Austria his talents and his loyalty were duly valued. When one of the first wives of the present Emperor of Austria was dangerously attacked, a flag of truce (for it was war time) was sent to demand the services of Scarpa. The surgeon of Italy crossed the Tyrol, occupied as it was by the two hostile armies,—the French outposts put him into the hands of the Austrians, and a similar formality was observed on his return. Scarpa had an exquisite taste for the fine arts, and possessed a noble collection of paintings, by the Italian masters. The museum of Pavia also owes to him much of its valuable contents. In person he was tall, his figure graceful, and, to the last (notwithstanding his great age,) perfectly erect. In his manners he was gentlemanly and amiable. He spoke several languages, but the Latin he decidedly preferred: simple in his mode of living, he had only few wants to gratify, and he is understood to have died in the possession of a large fortune.

DR. SPURZHEIM.—Science has, during the month, lost one of its most indefatigable professors. The name of Dr. Spurzheim has been universally known and as widely respected throughout the whole civilized globe. He was born on the 31st of December, 1776, at Tongueits, a village near Treves, on the Moselle. His parents cultivated a farm of the rich Abbey of St. Maximin de Trèves, and he received his college education at the University of that city. He was destined for the Church, but in 1799, when the French invaded that part of Germany, he went to study medicine at Vienna, where he became acquainted with Dr. Gall, with whom he remained for so many years in close connexion. He entered with great zeal into the consideration of the new doctrine of Phrenology; and, to use his own words, “he was simply a hearer of Dr. Gall till 1804, at which period he associated with him in his labours, and his character of hearer ceased.”

Dr. Gall was at this time struggling, with but little prospect of success, to obtain converts to his novel and striking, but singular and unpalatable, theory; and in Dr. Spurzheim he found one who entered into his views with his whole soul. From this junction phrenology, as a science, may date its birth.

Having completed his medical studies, he and Dr. Gall quitted Vienna in 1805, to travel together, and to pursue in common their researches into the anatomy and physiology of the whole nervous system. During the period which elapsed between the introduction of Dr. Gall's Lectures, at Vienna, and the time when he and Dr. Spurzheim quitted that capital, the doctrine had made a rapid progress, not only in general diffusion, but

in solid and important additions, by their joint labours.

From 1804 to 1813 they were constantly together, and their researches were conducted in common. They left Vienna in March, 1805, to proceed direct to Berlin, and from that time until November, 1807, visited the following places, jointly lecturing and pursuing dissections of the brain:—Leipzig, Dresden, Halle, Jena, Weimar, Goettingen, Brauerschweig, Copenhagen. Keil, Ham-burgh, Bremen, Munster, Amsterdam, Ley-den, Dusseldorf, Frankfort, Wurtzbourg, Maubourg, Stuttgart, Carlsruhe, Tustall, Friezbourghen, Brisgau, Doneschingue, Heidelberg, Mannheim, Munich, Augsburg, Ulm, Zurich, Berne, and Basle.

From this period until 1810 he was en-gaged with Dr. Gall in compiling and bring-ing out in Paris their great work, entitled "*Anatomie et Physiologie du Systeme Ner-veux en Général, et du cerveau en particu-lier.—Avec des observations sur la possibi-lité de reconnoître plusieurs dispositions in-tellectuelles et morales de l'homme et des animaux, par la configuration de leurs têtes.*" Par F. F. Gall et G. Spurzheim, in four vol-umes folio, and One Hundred Atlas Plates. Price 1000 francs (40*l.* sterling.)

After its completion their joint labours ceased, when Dr. Spurzheim published his "*Observations sur Phrenologie,*" his works on education, and some other small works in French. In 1813 he paid another visit to Vienna, where he took his degree of M. D. In 1814 he arrived in this country. During his stay here he published two editions of his *Physiognomical System*, in 8vo.; his *Outlines*, 12mo.; and his octavo work on *Insanity*. He delivered lectures in London, Bath, Bristol, Dublin, Cork, Liverpool, and Edinburgh.

Dr. Spurzheim continued his labours in Paris until 1825, contributing "largely to the advancement of Phrenology, by enrich-ing it with important discoveries; by intro-ducing into it philosophic arrangement, and pointing out its application to many interest-ing purposes connected with the human mind." In 1825, at the solicitation of a great number of his friends, he again visited London, and gave a course of Lectures at the Crown and Anchor, to a numerous class; another short course at Willis's rooms, and several courses of Dissection of the Brain at St. Thomas's and St. Bartholomew Hos-pitals, and some in the Medical Schools. Dur-ing his residence among us he published his "*Phrenology or the Doctrine of the Mind, and of its relations between its Manifestations and the Body,*" with Fifteen Engravings; also "*A View of the Philosophical Principles of Phre-nology.*" Having made a considerable impres-sion, he was again invited to visit England, when, after lecturing in London, he went to Bath, Bristol, Birmingham, Manchester, Liv-

erpool, Derby, and Cambridge University; and during this and the following years he sojourn-ed at most of the principal places in England, Ireland, and Scotland, lecturing to very large classes, and obtaining the esteem and regard of all who had the pleasure of enjoy-ing his society; by such he was invariably spoken of in the highest terms as a scholar and a gentleman, and a true philosopher. During this latter period he published "*The Anatomy of the Brain, with a general View of the Nervous System,*" with Eleven Plates. "*Phrenology in Connection with the Study of Physiognomy,*" with Thirty-four Plates. "*A Sketch of the Natural Laws of man;*" "*Outlines of the Science;*" and several pamphlets, letters, and answers to objections made to the science.

During the latter part of the year 1829 he lost Madame Spurzheim (who had made all his drawings for his late works, and all the lithographic engravings of his works in con-nexion with Physiognomy.) In consequence of this loss, and having received pressing in-vitations from America, he embarked for that country in June last.

The following passages from an interest-ing letter addressed by a gentleman in Bos-ton, to Mr. George Combe, of Edinburgh, gives the particulars of his death, and also the estimation in which he was held by the Americans. The letter states that "he died in Boston on the 10th instant, at eleven o'clock p. m., after an illness of about three weeks. On the 17th of September he com-menced a course of Lectures on Phrenology in this city, and soon after another course at Harvard University, Cambridge. These Lectures occupied six evenings in the week. He delivered besides a course of five Lec-tures before the Medical Faculty, on the anatomy of the brain, in the daytime. The subject having met with the most favourable reception, he laboured with great earnest-ness and pains to elucidate his principles,—being personally admired by our citizens, his time and presence were in constant de-mand. Added to these continued engage-ments, our peculiarly changeable climate had an unfavourable influence on his constitu-tion. Sudden change exposed him to cold, and an incautious transition from a warm lecture-room to the evening air was attend-ed with debilitating effects. Regarding his illness of less consequence than the delivery of his lectures, he exerted himself for several days, when prudence required an entire cessation from labour. This was the fatal step; cold produced fever, and this impru-dence seemed to settle the fever in his sys-tem. His death has cast a gloom over our city. It is not lamented with the cold for-mality of the world; it produces grief of the most poignant character, and it is expressed in the deepest tones of affected humanity. Although he had been with us but a few

weeks, his virtues and worth were known and acknowledged. His amiable manners, his practical knowledge, his benevolent disposition and purposes, his active and discriminating mind, all engaged the good opinions of the prejudiced, and won the affections of the candid. Alas, how inexplicable are the decrees of Divine Providence! His body has been examined by the medical faculty, and embalmed. This was thought advisable in case his relations should have a desire to remove it. Casts of his head and brain have been taken, and his heart and lungs have been preserved." One of his most intimate friends and fellow-labourers—M. De Ville—by whom the principal portion of this memoir has been contributed, adds this tribute from his personal knowledge of the man:—"Phrenology is essentially the science of morals, and Dr. Spurzheim practised the doctrines which he taught. He was eminently virtuous, and uniformly denounced vice as the parent of misery. He had profound sentiments of religion, in harmony with reason. He was simple in his tastes, eminently kind, cheerful, and liberal in his disposition, capable of warm and enduring attachments, and in his habits temperate, active, and laborious."

BARON NEWBOROUGH.—At Glynillifon, the Right Hon. Thomas John Wynn, Baron Newborough, in his 31st year. His lordship was the eldest son of the Baroness Steynberg, (Lady Newborough,) who has lately issued some papers against the legitimacy of the King of the French. Her ladyship, before her marriage with the late Lord Newborough, was Maria Stella Petronella, daughter of Chappini, an Italian gaoler, and by her union with his lordship had two sons, the late Lord, and the Hon. Spencer Bulkley Wynn, the present Peer. Lady Newborough's work was written to prove that she is by birth a Princess of the House of Orleans, and that the King of the French is the son of Chappini, who was exchanged for her at their respective births. Lady Newborough, after the death of her Lord, formed a second matrimonial alliance in the person of Baron Steynberg, an Austrian nobleman. It is asserted that the present Lord Newborough and his deceased relative have been noticed in passing through the streets of Paris for their extraordinary likeness to the Duke of Orleans and his family. Lord Newborough, who was in his 31st year, was unmarried, and represented the county of Carnarvon in one Parliament. The Peerage is Irish, and bears date 1776.

LORD RIBBLESDALE.—Lord Ribblesdale died early in the month at Leamington, in his 43d year. He was a nobleman of retired habits, generally residing on his estate at Gisbon, Yorkshire, which had been the principal residence of his family for five

hundred years. The possessions of the noble house of Lister upon the borders of the river which gives origin to the title, are, by descent, of some antiquity, having been acquired about the 6th of Edward the Second, 1312, by the marriage of John, son of Sir Thomas Lister, with Isabel, daughter and heiress of John de Bolton, from whom the present possessor is 19th in lineal descent. The late Lord succeeded to the Barony (of the creation of 1797), in Sept. 22, 1826, and formed a matrimonial connexion in the same year with Adelaide, daughter of the late Thomas Lister, Esq., by whom he has left an infant family of one son and two daughters. The present Lord Ribblesdale is only in his fifth year, and he is, therefore, the youngest Peer of the realm, as Lady Ribblesdale, his mother, is in respect of age the junior of the widowed Peeresses. Lord Ribblesdale was a supporter of Conservative principles, and voted in the House of Lords against the Reform Bill.

THE EARL OF KILMOREY.—This excellent and patriotic nobleman died on the 21st November, at his seat, Shavington, in Shropshire, aged about 85. His Lordship was a descendant of the very ancient family of the Nedeams, of that county; was twelfth Viscount Kilmorey in the peerage of Ireland, to which title he succeeded on the death of his brother Robert, in November 1818, and was by his late Majesty, in 1822, created Earl of Kilmorey and Viscount Newry and Morne, in Ireland. His Lordship was one of the oldest generals in the army, had served in the American war, and was at his death colonel of the 86th regiment of foot. His loss will be severely felt, not only by his numerous family and friends, but by his tenantry, and the poor on his extensive estates both in England and Ireland, among whom, and in the latter more particularly, he expended a considerable part of the income he derived from them. He was a liberal landlord, and a kind, benevolent, and steadfast friend. His Lordship is succeeded by his eldest son, Francis Jack, Viscount Newry, now Earl of Kilmorey.

SIR HENRY BLACKWOOD, K.C.B.—This distinguished officer died on the 14th of December, at Ballyhedy House, the seat of his brother, Lord Dufferin and Clanboye, in the county of Down. He was in his 62d year, and was the fifth son of Sir John Blackwood, Bart. Sir Henry early distinguished himself in his profession; and at the victory of Trafalgar commanded the Euryalus frigate, and was the bearer of the despatches from Lord Collingwood announcing that glorious event. He also rendered himself eminently conspicuous by his gallant

conduct when commanding the *Penelope* in the Mediterranean, by his capture of the *Guillaume Tell*, a French 80-gun ship, which struck her flag to Sir Henry, after a smart engagement. He subsequently commanded the *Warspite*, 74, on the Mediterranean station, and was created a Baronet of the United Kingdom by his late Majesty, when Prince Regent, on the occasion of his steering the royal barge on the visit of the Allied Sovereigns to Portsmouth in July, 1814. Sir Henry's commission of Vice-Admiral bears date July 19, 1821. Sir Henry was Groom of the Bedchamber to his present Majesty, when Duke of Clarence, and he retained his place in the royal household to the period of his demise.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

History of the Greek Revolution. By Thomas Gordon, F.R.S. 2 vols. large 8 vo.

THE glory of the ancient Greeks, their extraordinary proficiency in "the arts of war and peace," and the deep degradation of their modern descendants, are historical facts familiar to every reader. It was through Greece that the first rays of intellectual light and civilization penetrated the darkness of the European continent, and the seeds of knowledge, wafted from the shores of Africa and Asia Minor, lighted on a soil so congenial to their growth, that the Greeks, having once emerged from the barbarism of savage life, speedily surpassed their Phœnician and Egyptian instructors, and took their acknowledged station at the head of the whole human race. Even at the commencement of their magnificent career, we see them not only giving a Homer and a Hesiod to the world—a possession to posterity for ever—but, though poor and divided at home, covering the shores of the Mediterranean with flourishing colonies, and extending the traces of civilization even to the wilds of Scythia. The glorious exploits of the succeeding period are too well known to need recital. The enthusiastic love of liberty, combined with military skill and valour, of but a part of this small yet mighty people, overthrew, in a series of brilliant and astonishing victories, the gigantic power of Persia, and crushed the brute force of an engrossing despotism never to rise again. It would be quite beside our purpose, however, and something too much perhaps for our readers' patience, to offer even the briefest summary of the ancient history of Greece. A rapid retrospect of the various phases which that illustrious and unfortunate nation has presented during the last two thousand five hundred years, will be found in the introduction to Colonel Gordon's very valuable work, which, not-

withstanding the *forty* authors, whom, he informs us, the recent struggle in Greece has called forth, will, we are persuaded, take its place as a standard book in the historical libraries of England. His own peculiar claims to consideration are thus briefly and, as we think, modestly put forward:—

"Conceiving that a day would come when a work more connected, and written on a larger basis, will be acceptable to literary men, the author of the following pages has presumed to take upon himself the task of composing it; because, having served in the Greek army, and lived several years in close intimacy with the people of Hellas, he is indebted to the friendship of numerous individuals who bore a distinguished part in their country's affairs, as well as to the kindness of his Philhellenic comrades, for authentic materials which are not likely either to survive the present generation, or to fall in the way of others. At the same time he has thought it his duty carefully to peruse all former publications on the topic of Greece, neither affecting to differ from his predecessors where they are correct, nor admitting anything upon their authority unless when assured of its exactitude by his own observations, or by collating oral and MS. evidence worthy of credit. His study, in short, has been, by clearing away exaggeration, rectifying errors and anachronisms, and supplying omissions, to represent the Greek revolution as it really was."

It is but justice to Colonel Gordon to say that he has fully attained this object up to the period when Greece, by the formal recognition of the three great powers, was virtually emancipated from the Turkish yoke, and admitted into the family of European states. But though the immediate object for which the well-known Heteritic conspiracy was set on foot in 1821 was then accomplished, the *revolution* cannot even yet be said to have terminated. Accordingly, our author promises, that, should the present hope of the establishment of a regular and permanent government be verified, he may be induced to describe, in a supplemental volume, the succession of events from the presidency of Count Capo D'Istria to the accession of King Otho the First. Sincerely do we hope that Greece may be indeed permitted to rest from the strife and divisions by which she has so long been torn and made miserable, and enjoy peace and prosperity under the auspices of a firm and regulated freedom; and when she "sits as a queen and knows no sorrow," we shall very gladly hail the re-appearance of Colonel Gordon in the field of history, to tell the story of that happier time.

Euripides. Vol. I. Translated by Rev. R. Potter, A. M. Vol. XXXIV. of Valpy's Classical Library.

We have no space for a dissertation on the merits and defects of Euripides. We think the former have been disparaged and the latter exaggerated in the criticism of the present day. It is obviously inconsistent with the true principles which should guide a decision in matters of poetical taste, to

make a man criminal for failure in that which he never attempted: yet this has been done in the case of Euripides. He has been condemned for defect of sublimity and dignity; and this judgment has been allowed to rest on a comparison between him and Æschylus. But it is obvious that he never attempted to be sublime; he knew well that was not his *forte*, and he prudently made perfection in another department of literary enterprise the object of his endeavours. He could not, it is said, have written the "Prometheus,"—granted; neither could Lord Byron have written "Paradise Lost." After all, this sort of contrast proves nothing. Two great authors can be fairly compared only when the spirit of their respective compositions is alike. A resemblance merely in form is always illusory. Pope wrote "poetry," and so did Mrs. Yearsley, the milkwoman. In short, if Euripides is considered on the ground of his own peculiar merits, or be compared with other poets of his own character of mind, one opinion only can be formed—that never have the passions received more vivid expression by dead symbols, than is given them in the works of Euripides; never have hope and fear, and the love that laughs at fear, and rage and jealousy, and envy, that poisons the air in which happiness breathes, and tenderness and pity, and the rest of those swayers of our mortal destiny, been more successfully embraced than by him to whom Salamis gave birth. One word on the present publication. We regret that a more effective memoir of the poet was not prefixed to the Translation,—a work which, in other respects, deserves our approbation: not, indeed, that we are great admirers of the translatory abilities of Mr. Potter, who is, in general, tame and sober enough, but because we know not whom to recommend as a substitute. We have a faint idea of what might have been effected by Shelley, from the specimens which he has left; but as it is useless to regret what cannot be repaired, we again express our approbation of the present performance. The work is well "got up," and tastefully adorned with a bust of Euripides.

Official Reports on the Cholera in Dantzic.
By Dr. Hamett.

In June, 1831, Dr. Hamett was commissioned by Government to proceed to Dantzic in order to investigate and report upon the epidemic cholera, then raging in that city; and having accomplished the object of his mission he returned to England, and laid before the first Board of Health, then sitting at the College of Physicians, the results of his inquiries. The accuracy and public as well as professional usefulness of which were so clearly apparent that the Committee of the College, in their letters to the Privy Council, recommended the print-

ing of them for the public information, as forming "a very valuable addition to the then known experience of the disease, procured by great diligence and painful and unremitted observation." The opinions of Dr. Hamett (as we shall more fully show presently) went most clearly and positively to prove the true non-contagious nature of the disease. This doctrine was decidedly opposed to that inculcated by Sir W. Russell and Sir D. Barry, whose reports had just then arrived from St. Petersburg. Pope's adage, "Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few," was never more clearly exemplified than in the contemptuous conduct of those whose party had the strongest influence with the Privy Council: theirs was madness itself personified, and those contagionists who have followed their delusive doctrines are now proved to have been few and worthless in number. The Privy Council appear to have given the Doctor all the credit due to the diligence and zeal with which he performed his services, although his views of the communicability of the disease do not appear to have been quite so palatable to their Lordships. In the introduction to the work before us, Dr. Hamett says—

"To my labours in the investigation of the epidemic in Dantzic, the Government and the public had certainly every claim,—but my professional reputation, whatever it may be, is my own natural right; for who can justifiably condemn or approve my conclusions until after he has maturely considered and weighed all the facts upon which they are founded? Left *solely to my own resources*, I was naturally induced to solicit, and soon after was graciously granted in the beginning of May last, permission from the Lords of the Council to present to the public the substance of my official reports."

Of these we are happy to be enabled to speak in high terms of praise and commendation. Of the numerous *local* reports on Cholera, both at home and abroad, which we have seen, there are none more complete or perfect in all their details than those contained in the volume before us. The account of the medical topography and climate of Dantzic, with a circumstantial report of the first appearance of Cholera there, occupy the first part of the reports. The chapters on the description of the three principal forms of the disease, the pathological reports, and the author's opinions on the preventive treatment, all deserve the most attentive perusal. It is, however, in the twelfth chapter, where Dr. Hamett has considered the question of contagion more at length, that he has earned for himself a just claim to the title of a true and staunch supporter of the doctrines of non-contagion. The arguments which he puts forth are clear and lucid, the reasonings deduced from them are at all times just and true; and had Dr. Hamett written nought but this chapter, it would have well deserved a place in the library of every medical man in the kingdom,

Our limits will only allow of our making the following extracts:—

"It is necessary to premise that, whenever the word infection is used, that occasional act or power resulting from, and inherent in, certain modified states of the atmosphere, is meant, which manifests a specific morbid influence on the animal economy, and especially on that of all who, from constitution and habit, or from antecedent circumstances in living, may be said to be similarly predisposed to its influence, without, at the same time, the disease so produced being necessarily propagated from person to person by immediate proximity or contact. Such modified states of the atmosphere are accordingly termed *infectious*.

"By contagion is meant that occasional causation in certain diseased persons; or minutely speaking, in their tissues, their secretions and excretions, their breath, and the *effluvia* arising from their persons, and their unaired and unwashed clothes; and consequently in the close air in which they are more immediately confined, which exerts a similar morbid influence on persons coming in immediate contact with them, or within the influential limits of the air, so far rendered morbid by the *effluvia* arising from their persons; and this, be it recollected, independently of an infectious state of the atmosphere of the place at large, or any further deleterious modification of it by any bad state of the locality itself. The diseases in such persons are accordingly called *contagious*.

Much as we have said of the work before us, we cannot conclude this notice without recommending it to the perusal of all who are interested on the subject of Cholera, as a volume constituting as complete a history of the epidemic in one place as could well be written.

A Plan of Universal Education. By William Frend, Esq. 12mo. London. 1832.

This little tract ought to be bound up with Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*. If any on the perusal should, however, conceive the plan which it recommends to be practicable, we have no objection to their attempting to carry it into effect. There is nothing essentially in human nature to render success hopeless; and this being the case, it is, no doubt, *possible* to construct society on those principles, which might render its operation easy and effectual. But another foundation must be laid, and the existing fabric taken down and built afresh, on a totally different plan, before education, after this fashion, can have the slightest chance. It may do for a new world; and many of its suggestions may be profitably introduced into the improved systems that are already at work; but church and state must be altered before the plan of universal education, recommended by Mr. Frend, can be regarded in any other light than a beautiful fiction of the imagination.

The Preacher: containing Sermons by Eminent Living Divines. Vol. IV. 8vo. London. 1832.

In a former number we noticed "The Pulpit;" the publication before us is of a

similar character. The sermons are taken in short-hand from the mouth of the preacher as they are delivered; but, as we understand, are submitted afterwards to his inspection, and are published with his knowledge and approbation. Church-men and Dissenters meet in these pages on one common ground; and we are struck with the general agreement among them on all the great points of doctrinal Christianity. For our parts, we wonder where the difference between them lies, and we look in vain for the confirmation of the Popish censure upon Protestants—that they have almost as many differing sects as congregations. We see variety, but no difference, in the sense of the word which implies dissension and opposition of views. They are all Christians, maintaining for the most part the same creed; and we should be glad to learn why they cannot officiate in each other's pulpits, and live together as one fold under one shepherd? Surely if nations must have established churches, they ought to be founded on such liberal principles as will embrace all sincere Christians. We do not perceive that the Lord Bishop of London is a whit more orthodox, or possesses an atom more of talent and ministerial qualification, than his dissenting brethren who appear in these pages without any high-sounding appendage to their names. If this volume affords, as we imagine it does, a fair average of the kind of Christian teaching dispensed from our metropolitan pulpits, then have we abundant reason to congratulate all parties on the rapid advances which they are making in the science of true religion. We hope the practice will follow; and especially that charity, the bond of perfectness will be cultivated, to the exclusion, not only of sectarian bitterness, but of unbrotherly feeling.

1. *French, English, and Latin Vocabulary. By T. A. Gibson. 2. Turner's Latin Exercises. Edited by George Ferguson.*

We hardly know what to say about the use of vocabularies as school-books. If intended to take a prominent place in elementary instruction, we are persuaded they fail of their object. They may be advantageously used, certainly, by those who have made some progress in the language, as a means of increasing the *copia verborum* by association either with other radical elements of the same language, or with those of other languages. The work before us is intended to serve as a means of acquiring the French nomenclature to pupils who previously know something of Latin. We approve of the principle of referring one language to another. It fixes both, more or less, in the memory. But let no one who takes up a book of this kind suppose that, in learning French words, he is learning the French language; nothing of the sort,—no

more than he who heaps loads of rough bricks together builds a house. The acquisition and the application of languages depend upon the study of masses of words, arranged with regard to a certain end. Had we time and opportunity, we might be inclined to break a lance with Mr. Gibson touching the correctness of some of his etymological derivations. We prefer doing what, perhaps, is better for him—recommending his little book as discovering some ingenuity, and as likely to serve, with good effect, the purposes of a book of reference.

No. 2 requires very little notice: it is well printed and neatly arranged. Those who think much Latin is really gained by wading through books of exercises like the present, in the use of which the pupil is little better than a mere Latin machine—altering the terminations of words, and that is all he has to alter, merely because he is told to do so, without any demand upon his memory or reflection—those, we say, who are of that opinion, may employ this book with satisfaction. One thing is rather singular. The title page tells us George Ferguson is the author, or compiler, of the work. The first words of the preface are—"These Exercises, being at first composed by the ingenious Mr. Turner," &c. Has Mr. Ferguson so materially altered the book that it is no longer Mr. Turner's? If so, why write "*these exercises*?" If they are, in spite of Mr. Ferguson's improvements, still Mr. Turner's, why is the "ingenious" gentleman toppled down from his throne by the usurpation of one of the masters of the Edinburgh Academy? But we have occupied quite time enough with this frivolous question, the only pleasure in treating which is, that it reminds us of the celebrated puzzle of the Athenian school respecting the "personal identity" of a ship, which, in the lapse of many years, had changed all its timbers in course of repairing. We do not know if the cases are altogether analogous; we only know one has suggested the other in our mind.

Reflections on the Politics, Intercourse, and Trade of the Ancient Nations of Africa. By A. H. L. Heeren. Vol. I.

We are quite sure that such a recommendation as we can give of this work will add little or nothing to the reputation in which the author is so justly held here and on the continent. It is true that some of his theories may be impugned, some of his statements controverted, but it is also true that never, until now, has so comprehensive a philosophy been exerted on the perplexity and intricate details of ancient African history. We see everywhere in Heeren's work the traces of a mind which mocks at difficulties in the ardour of its investigations, yet which is too much under the influence of sound and fixed principles to let

that ardour hurry it into preposterous hypotheses. A rigid judgment, subordinate to the relation between facts in the mind of the author, and a correct method presents them in a satisfactory point of view to his readers. The present volume investigates the politics of the Carthaginians and Ethiopians, and is introduced by an admirable essay on the political and commercial department of history in general. We regret that our limits do not allow of our attempting an analysis of the work for the satisfaction of those readers whose taste leads them to studies of this kind. We, however, consult their interests more, when we cordially recommend them to the work itself.

Lives of Eminent British Military Commanders. Vol. III. By Rev. G. R. Gleig.

This volume is highly interesting. It contains the lives of Lord Clive, Marquis Cornwallis, Sir Ralph Abercromby, and Sir John Moore, written with much spirit and knowledge of the subject. The most interesting are those of Clive and Moore—the one remarkable for his spirit and decision in chief command—the other for superior conduct when in a situation subordinate to the highest. The last contains a most stirring description of the unfortunate march and retreat in Spain, which ended in the engagement at Corunna. Mr. Gleig thinks Sir John Moore exceedingly remiss and spiritless in this affair, in opposition to the views of Colonel Napier in his "*History of the Peninsular War*." One word on another subject. Mr. Gleig seems very fond of such constructions as these:—"It were contrary to the plan of this work did we enter into this more fully." We question whether this is idiomatical English. Nor is the style without an occasional alovenliness, which surprises us in an author who can command so many of the graces of composition. But when we are thus driven to verbal criticism, the reader may believe there is little solid ground for animadversion.

Life of Peter the Great. By J. Barrow, Esq. Vol. XXXV. of the Family Library.

If an account of the public career and private character of a man who changed the destinies and character of a great empire, by the influence of exertions emanating from himself, can make an interesting volume, we think there is little to complain of in that before us. One thing has always struck us in the circumstances under which Peter acted, and that is—that he wrought up a mass of men who would have remained inert without his exertions. There was nothing in the circumstances themselves which gave a reformer those helps by which a solid fabric is often founded. Peter ever formed the tools with which he operated on the rough elements of political and commercial great-

ness. Mr. Barrow justly supports the authority of Voltaire, which has been absurdly questioned. Great industry seems to have been employed in amassing the materials for this volume. We cannot say so much for the arrangement of them. In this there is much confusion. We have looked in vain for the time of Peter's birth. It may be in some note near the middle or end of the book, which we passed hastily over, but most assuredly it is not in its proper place. Mr. Barrow is not particularly correct in his quotations. He goes rather out of his way to give Campbell a rap for filching, from *Young*, the lines—

Like angels' visits—few and far between."

We must say, amidst all this cry of "stop thief!" that the fate of Blair, to whom the line belongs, is very much to be deplored. He certainly is the worst treated of the three. Notwithstanding this, we cordially recommend to our readers this interesting volume.

Lyric Lives. By Cornelius Webb. 12mo.

This book is full of beauty and of promise—we subjoin proofs of our assertion.

TO THE NIGHT-STAR.

"FAIR Star, that beautifies the swarthy night,
Art thou, indeed, no more than thou dost seem,—
A halo, a bright spark, shooting thy gleam
Through thickly-gathering glooms, intent to light
Late wanderers on their way, whether on stream
Or shore, less safe, and show them their true plight,
And where dark danger lurks from wicked sprite
And headlong cliff?—or art thou, as some deem,
A world thyself, superior to this Earth,
This self-imagined ALL, this moulded dust,
This toy o' the heavens,—whose vainness surely
must

Be serious matter for thy wiser mirth?—
Whate'er thou art, I lowly worship thee,
As the fair work of Him who bade thee burn eternally."

What a rich gem is the piece entitled "Fairy Revels;"—how it glitters and sparkles!—Take the following description:—

"In sooth it is a curious sight to see
Them wind the verdant glade traced out to be
The stage for dance, and rout, and revelry!—
Soon as still Night upon the wakeful Hours
Imposed her silence, and the day-born flowers
Shut till the dawn their golden censers sweet,—
In quaggy dingle, where their glancing feet,
Soft as the down of swans, alone dare tread,—
While yet the stars not half their course have sped,
Ere Cynthia yet has turned her harvest beams
Full on the earth, and silver-strowed the streams,
The Fairy World, roused from their chinky cells
In grotts unkennd by Man, and flower-bells
Blooming afar from touch of human hand,
By general summons to all Fairy Land,
Musters as soon as call'd, like summer swarm
Of gnats that play when Evening fears no storm.

"This way they come!—I see the honour'd
ground

Mark'd for their masque; and hear the fitful sound,
Now near, now distant, of their herald horn
Along the languid air with drowsy slowness borne;
The shout, the chorus, and the band of shells,
The lyres by soft winds twang'd, the pealing
bells;—

Behold the numerous lights dim-twinkling seen,
Which point the pathway of the Fairy Queen;
The glistening arms, and helms, and armour bright,
Pour on my pleased ear, and glance upon my sight.

"And first come on a martial-marching troop
Of tuneless-stepping Fays; and now a group,
In sheeny garments gaily glittering,
O'er mossy turf come swimming ring in ring;
Each heart as light as the small, frolic feet
That shake but do not shed the dewy weat,
Like jewels pending from the dairy's crown
Sunk in cool slumber on the freshening down.
Swift they sweep on, with antic-tripping tread,
By prankish Puck thro' hedge and thicket led;
And where they pass the shaken wild-rose sheds
Star-sparkling dew upon their comely heads.

"Comes now a beauteous band of Fairy maids;
Each bears a rushy torch, through murky shades
Of darkling forest (lit by no kind ray
Of star or moon) meant to direct their way.
They might have trusted to their eyes' young fires,
Which certes burn with undiagnosed desires,
But from the glow-worm they have ta'en that light
Which makes a day for them in Darkness's de-
pite."

But for the soul and sentiment, the music and harmony, which proclaims Mr. Webbe a true poet of nature, we must refer to the volume, taking our leave of him with an extract from his exquisite "Invocation to Sleep:—"

"And but for thee, coy Sleep, I perhaps had
flown
From earth's low fields to worlds and fields un-
known,

With fire-eyed Fancy in her winged car,
Up-travelling high and higher, until that star
Nearest and first-discerned had seemed as far
And dim-discernible as heaven from earth;
And so had heard the Immortals, in their mirth,
Singing with silvery-voices unto lyres
Strung by the hymner Praise with golden wires
Perfect in harmony. And next had seen
Beings unknown to man,—of form and mean
Fairer than fairest thing which here we see,—
Of beauty far too beautiful to be
Moulded and made of earth. Had walked with
them

The world-wide road to heaven—road with rich
gem,
And gold and silver powdered, whose bright dust,
Stirred by their feet springing to playful joust,
Some northern shepherd, on the bleak-aided height
Tending his wandering flock, sees with affright.
And dreams ere day of hell-rained fire a flood,
Of wasting wars, and waters turned to blood,
Of Ruin trampling audibly and near,
With every direful ill which men and nations fear."

A Portrait of Modern Scepticism; or a Caveat against Infidelity: including a brief statement of the Evidences of Revealed Truth, and a Defence of the Canon and of Inspiration. Intended as a Present for the Young. By John Morison, D. D.

The above comprehensive title describes the nature and object of this very seasonable, judicious, and valuable work; but it conveys no adequate idea of the variety of its contents, and the multitude of facts and arguments which are condensed in its pages, and displayed and enforced with a perspicuity and power which cannot fail to satisfy and convince all, who sit down to its perusal with a love of truth in their hearts, and a sincere desire to discover it. We think, with Dr. Morison, that Christianity should accompany the march of intellect; and that the infidel tendencies which have too visibly marked the diffusion of mere secular knowledge ought to be counteracted by the zealous and persevering efforts of those whose office and happiness it is to teach the science which makes wise unto salvation. We also quite agree with him that the ever-changing forms of infidelity require to be met as soon as they appear, while its unvarying spirit and character should be perpetually assailed and exposed.

The plan which Dr. Morison has pursued in dealing with the great questions at issue between the adherents and the rejectors of the Christian Revelation, has our most hearty concurrence: we think he is perfectly right in the order which he has pursued in laying down the series of evidence, in working his way from the interior to the outworks, by showing the nature of Christianity and its universal adaptation to the condition of human nature: before he enters upon the discussion of its external proofs, he has assailed the citadel of the heart, and, till this is gained, the Gospel may be embraced as a system, but rejected as an influence. Its truth may be admitted, but its principles will be powerless. The "Portrait of Modern Scepticism," which occupies the first grand division of the work, is drawn with a bold and fearless hand, and we know that it is true to nature. Let all who are inclined to consider infidelity as involving only speculations and mere habits of thinking, irrespective of any moral operation it may exert in forming the character of the individual and the manners of a community, seriously read Dr. Morison's brief survey of the character of that morality which it inculcates and displays, and the practical results of the system, as they have been fearfully developed where it has obtained anything like a paramount influence. Highly as we think of this volume (and it appears to us to combine all the requisites of a

clear and manly defence of revealed religion,) we should be sorry were it to supersede the perusal of those masterly and elaborate performances which have been brought to bear upon particular objections or to maintain specific positions. For instance, the "Horse Pauline" of Paley, Campbell's "On Miracles," with many others which might be mentioned. As a present for the young, to whom it is especially adapted, it will, we hope, prove as useful as it will be acceptable. The style is animated, the spirit solemn and devout, and to persons of all ages and of all classes it is calculated to administer instruction and delight.

The History of Scotland from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By Robert Chambers, Author of the "Picture of Scotland," &c. In two Volumes, 12mo.

In our last number we noticed, with approbation, the "Scottish Biographical Dictionary." We felt, during the perusal of that work, that its highly-talented Editor, who had in a former publication added "largely and agreeably to the stock of the popular antiquities" of his native land, must be eminently qualified to write its history in a form and style that would be most acceptable to his country and to the public at large, and especially to those whose limited means do not allow them to expend any very considerable sum for the mere purpose of intellectual gratification. In the volumes before us, Mr. Chambers has produced just such a work as we might have expected; it is concise, and yet the stream of narrative is extremely clear, and it flows on with copious freedom. The occasional elucidation of difficult passages in Scottish history, the light thrown upon public characters, that time, and partiality, and prejudice had involved in obscurity, and the liberal principles and judicious observations which pervade the volumes, impress upon them a character of excellence rarely exhibited in similar undertakings. We regret that the style of composition is often careless and slovenly. But the writer is simply intent upon his avowed purpose, and forgets not merely those ornaments and illustrations which fall naturally in his way, but frequently disfigures his pages with blemishes which we hope to see removed in another edition. Revision is the great secret of good writing; and a people, so literate and well-informed as our northern neighbours, have a right to expect in their household historian, if not an elegant, yet a pure exhibition of the language through the medium of which he conveys to them the instruction which he is so well able to communicate. A standard work ought to combine in itself not only all the knowledge which its subject demands, but the graces of a pure and flowing diction.

Mortal Life, and the State of the Soul after Death; conformable to Divine Revelation, as interpreted by the ablest Commentators, and consistent with the Discoveries of Science. By a Protestant Layman. 8vo.

The great object of the writer of this large volume is to prove, that "there is a MIDDLE STATE, in which the disembodied soul awaits that judgment which alone can consign it to eternal happiness or misery, into which it cannot enter until rejoined to a body, changed from its former mortal nature into an immortal one;—that there is only one time for judgment, which is not yet arrived;—and that it shall be a general one on all human kind;—and that as the earth shall hold the bodies of the dead, their souls must, consequently, be now in an imperfect state as beings; but, nevertheless, alive and awake, —capable of thought and of mental pleasure or woe, and also of communicating with each other." In prosecuting this object, the writer assures us that he has consulted the most able theologians, philosophers, and learned men, while he has most impartially brought their various opinions and arguments to the test of Scripture, reason, or science. His pages furnish ample proof of the truth of this statement. His speculations are often profound, always ingenious, and if they are sometimes bold and startling, they are advanced with evident sincerity, and an ardent desire to promote the highest interests of mankind. With him Christianity is the only true religion, and immortality the great destiny of man, which he can render happy only by embracing the doctrines and obeying the precepts of Him who has announced himself as the resurrection and the life. We cordially recommend the work to the careful and devout perusal of all who feel the divinity stirring within them, and who are too thoughtful to allow this world, with its anxious cares and fleeting vanities, to engross that time and attention which, as rational and accountable beings, they ought to devote to the contemplation of eternity and its sublime realities.

A Memoir of the late Captain Peter Heywood, R.N., with Extracts from his Diaries and Correspondence. By Edward Taggart. 8vo.

The most interesting and valuable portions of this "Memoir" have been long before the public. The "Mutiny of the Bounty," and other popular records relating to this appalling event, are familiar to our readers. They are here presented in a connected form, with the affecting story at length. Captain Heywood long lived to prove the cruelty and injustice of the persecution, which, at an early period, had well nigh blasted all his prospects and endangered his life. He was a meritorious officer, an amiable and virtuous man, and the youthful members of his profession are here

furnished with a lesson to show them the value of character. We trust it will not be lost upon them.

History of the Battle of Agincourt, and of the Expedition of Henry the Fifth into France in 1415; to which is added, the Roll of the Men-at-arms in the English Army. By Sir Harris Nicolas, K.H. Second edition. 8vo.

It is observed by the late Bishop Nickolson, in his Historical Library, that Henry the Fifth's "single victory of Agincourt might have afforded matter for more volumes than have been written on his whole reign." Nor will any who have glanced over the contents of the present work question the truth of the remark. A concentration of all recorded facts relative to that expedition appeared to the writer a desideratum which he has supplied at great cost and labour. The story, with all the requisite knowledge of facts derived from the testimony of contemporary writers and documentary authorities, is told in a pleasing manner; the interest is not merely kept up, but it increases to the last. This true narrative has all the air of a romance, and among the generality of readers it will excite those stirring emotions which are usually awakened by chivalrous and noble deeds. The arms of England were covered with glory; but the pretext of the English monarch for invading France was flimsy and contemptible. In a moral view no man ever less deserved victory. One valuable result which the history of this event, as related by Sir Harris Nicolas, we think cannot fail to produce, is the removal of every impression that the success of England was humiliating to the honour and real glory of France. We quite agree with Sir Harris that the bravery, the exalted patriotism, and the chivalrous courage of the French character, instead of being tarnished, acquired new lustre "on that memorable occasion."

This second edition may be considered, in fact, almost as a new work. "The author's narrative," he tells us, "has been entirely rewritten, and the utmost pains have been taken to render the statements, which include many new and interesting facts, correct and impartial." Indeed, we may with truth assert that the labour bestowed on this edition has much exceeded that of the previous one; and as he has left no available source of information unconsulted, or neglected, any means by which the work could be rendered what it ought to be, he trusts that this account of the Battle of Agincourt may be deemed worthy of the great event which it is intended to commemorate. We can assure the public that this trust is well founded. Every thing that is rare is here collected. The historian and the antiquary are furnished with materials in this volume which they could never hope to accumulate

for themselves. It is a library on the subject which it professes to treat; and we should be glad to see other great events illustrative of the national character and history discovering the same laborous research, the same talent in combining and harmonizing apparently confused and contradictory statements, and presenting to the same extent, and gathered into one cabinet, the scattered treasures of contemporary writers.

Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Character of the late John Mason Good, M. D.
By Olinthus Gregory, LL. D. 12mo.

We concur with Dr. Gregory in the hope that these "Memoirs" of his deceased friend, by the delineation of a character of far from ordinary occurrence, and more than ordinary value, will serve to stimulate the activity of some, and to confirm the best principles of others. For ourselves, we have seldom perused a more instructive and delightful piece of biography. It ought to be read with deep attention, by students, not only of the medical, but of every profession. The knowledge it conveys is varied, and embraces almost the entire range of literary, scientific, and theological subjects. We have seldom seen the value, the energy and beauty of religious character, so finely illustrated as in these pages. Dr. Mason Good was truly a great and good man. Of his intellectual character, Dr. Gregory thus writes:

"The leading faculty was that of acquisition, which he possessed in a remarkable measure, and which was constantly employed from the earliest age in augmenting his mental stores. United with this, were the faculties of retention, of orderly arrangement, and of fruitful and diversified combination. If genius be rightly termed 'the power of making new combinations pleasing or elevating to the mind, or useful to mankind,' he possessed it in a marked degree. He was always fertile in the production of new trains of thought, new selections and groupings of imagery, new expedients for the extension of human good. But if genius be restricted to 'the power of discovery or of creative invention,' whether in philosophy or in the arts, they who have most closely examined Dr. Good's works will be least inclined to claim for him that distinction. Be this, however, as it may, there can be no question that his intellectual powers were of a high order; that, in the main, they were nicely equipoised, and that he could exercise them with an unusual buoyancy and elasticity. His memory was very extraordinary, doubtless much aided by the habits of arrangement so firmly established; as the reader will recollect, by sedulous parental instruction. His early acquired fondness for classical and elegant literature laid his youthful fancy open to the liveliest impressions, and made him draw

"The inspiring breath of ancient arts,
—and tread the sacred walks,

Where, at each step, imagination burns."

and this, undoubtedly, again aided his memory, the pictures being reproduced by constant warmth of feeling."

The third part of the work, which is devoted to the illustration of Dr. Good's reli-

gious character, we earnestly recommend to the careless, and sceptical—to those who neglect religion—and especially to those who misunderstand its nature, and are therefore prejudiced against it. Questions of great practical importance are introduced, and so far discussed as they throw light upon the principal subject of the "Memoirs." The extracts from Dr. Good's letters and his unpublished writings, add greatly to the value of the book, which we are confident must, ere long, obtain very extensive circulation.

The Missionary Annual for 1833. Edited by William Ellis.

We have long been apprehensive that this species of literature will be overdone, and that the multiplication of Annuals will occasion such a reduction in their general sale as to render them unproductive and dangerous speculations. The public, however, does not seem to be of our opinion. All ranks and classes have each their appropriate work of this description. We know not why such a flower may not bloom in the Missionary garden; and we think that a "Missionary Annual" may furnish the finest subjects for the arts, as well as open a beautiful and diversified field for literature. This first volume exhibits the most gratifying specimens of both. We doubt not it will be "generally approved, especially by the friends of religion, as an elegant and appropriate present, attractive in its decorations, and permanently valuable in the interesting and important nature of its contents."

Loudon's Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture. Parts V., VI., and VII.

There is such an intimate connexion between the exterior and interior of a dwelling, or, in other words, between architecture and furniture, that we are not surprised to find that Mr. Loudon has turned his attention to the latter; and, in Part V. of his very useful work, gives some excellent designs for cottage furniture in different styles, so as to suit the style of architecture employed in the dwelling itself. This is quite a novel feature in works of this nature; and, indeed, we believe, that, excepting the magnificent book of Mr. Hope, there has been scarcely any work published on furniture in England, excepting those designed almost exclusively for the trade. The Designs now before us are simple as well as elegant; and, as with each are given details of the mode of construction, we should think they would be invaluable for newly-established colonies. Parts VI. and VII. are filled with Designs for Farm-houses and Farm-buildings, the object of which, throughout, is, "to economize time and space, and to obtain the greatest possible degree of comfort with the least labour and at the smallest expense." In the Model Designs, Mr. L. has thrown

out some very original ideas respecting the construction of farm-buildings; and of the Miscellaneous Designs, which have been supplied by numerous practical architects in different parts of the country, nearly all have been executed and found to answer extremely well.

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 T. C. Croker's My Village versus "Our Village," 8s.
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 Otterbourne, a story of the English Marches, by the Author of "Derwentwater," 3 vols. post 8vo, 1l. 11s. 6d.
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 D'Arblays' Memoirs of Dr. Burney, 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.
 Memoirs of Louis XVIII. written by Himself, 2 vols. post 8vo. 2ls.

LITERARY REPORT.

Among the more important works announced as forthcoming early in the ensuing year, are the several Treatises written in conformity with the will of the late Earl of Bridgewater, by Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Kidd, the Rev. William Whewell, Sir Charles Bell, Dr. Roget, the Rev. William Buckland, the Rev. William Kirby, and Dr. Prout. They will be published separately; and the first, by Dr. Chalmers, will be "On the Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Condition of Man."

The works of John Skelton, Poet Laureat to Henry the Eighth, now first collected, and con-

taining many long Poems never before printed, with ample Notes and Illustrations. By the Rev. Alexander Dyce.

We hear with pleasure that Mr. Southby intends to illustrate the new edition of his Translation of the Iliad, and forthcoming Translation of the Odyssey, with no fewer than seventy-five of Flaxman's admirable designs.

M. Wilhelm Klauer Klattowski is now in Paris, it is said, occupied in collecting materials for an Icelandic and Runic Manual.

"A Digest of the Evidence before the Secret Committee of the House of Commons, on the Bank of England Charter, with Indexes."

"Essays on Vegetable Physiology, practically applied, and illustrated by numerous Engravings." By James Main, A. L. S.

Mr. Upham announces for early publication the "Translations of the Singhalese Histories and Tracts placed in his hands by Sir Alex. Johnston, forming a curious Collection of Original Documents illustrative of the History and religion of the Singhalese."

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITIONS.—The coming round of Christmas reminds us that it is some time since we noticed the Exhibitions; and as the dull, yet merry, month is here, and about to usher in the new-born eighteen hundred and thirty-three, our readers, young and old, will doubtless desire to know what may be seen, when to keep holiday is a sort of duty, pleasant at least, if not profitable. If January be, as it usually is, "frosty but kindly," the exhibitions will repay the time that may be expended, and a walk or ride to any or all of them may prove a double source of enjoyment. The Regent's Park will be the first and greatest object of attraction; with its Colosseum, and its Diorama, and its Gardens of Zoology, that even now look blooming and beautiful as if the early summer were at hand. The Colosseum, although it has undergone no material change since we last paid it a visit, has been improved by time; more especially in those delicious walks where the exotics of a hundred lands are brought together to gratify both curiosity and science. The American aloe is now in flower—a sight that one can rarely see in England, and which of itself will be a sufficient recompense to those who enter the Colosseum. The grotto and the cottages are of high interest; of the former it is impossible to convey an adequate idea, arranged, as they have been, with so much skill and effect. The exhibition, however, contains another attraction, and one to us of no ordinary importance. The graceful saloon is filled with works of art—many of them of a very high order, both modern and antique. Of the Panorama of London it is unnecessary to speak. If the *mimic* has not been seen by the whole population of the real London, it ought to have been.

From the Colosseum, a few paces bring us to the Diorama, now an established favourite in our metropolis. The two views at present exhibiting are Paris by M. Daguerre, and the Campo Santo by M. Bouton. They are both fine as works of art, and produce an extraordinary effect on the imagination. The spectator need tax his fancy but very little to believe that he is in the actual Campo Santo with its sarcophagi—"its storied urn and animated bust." The view is very judiciously taken by moonlight. The city of Paris is taken from Montmartre, and the more prominent features of "La Belle Ville" are brought together with considerable judgment.

The Egyptian Hall still contains the far-famed Clarence Vase, with its miniature models. The splendid work may be likened only to one of the magnificent creations of the "Arabian Nights." Under the same roof is a collection of Etruscan vases, and other relics of the olden time. Those who may be led either by curiosity or a better motive to inspect them will find enough to recompense them for the occupation of an hour.

Barford's Panorama of Stirling is perhaps, on the whole, his happiest, and will be one of his most successful works. It is a beautiful and highly interesting picture of the northern city, and is, to our mind, more valuable because it is so much more our own than either of the rich and gorgeous cities of the East that have of late years supplied subjects for the pencil of the artist. Panoramas bring back to us the days of our youth, when nothing in art appeared half so delightful and enchanting. Our younger friends should see these, if they see anything in London, during the month that is now with us.

A Buddha Temple—a real Buddha Temple—from the island of Ceylon, is exhibiting at Exeter Hall—the first, we believe, that has ever been seen in England. It was built for a family of high rank, and is arranged precisely after the fashion in which the Cingalese use it for public worship. A vast variety of their deities are shown with it. The model of a copper-mine is also placed in Exeter Hall. It is, perhaps, the most curious, and not the least interesting, of all the exhibitions. The subject is one of which we have read much, but no description can convey even a remote idea of its extraordinary character.

The winter exhibition of the British Artists in Suffolk-street closes the list. It is not a very numerous one, and a day will suffice to inspect them all. It will be a day well spent at any season, but especially now when the season brings holidays.

A finely executed bust, by Behnes, of the Earl of Eldon, has been presented to the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, by the venerable Lord Stowell; it is placed in the hall of that Society.

THE DRAMA.

The Drama will occupy but little of our attention. The 26th of December, as usual, gives birth to a vast variety of novelties, but the previous portion of the month is but as a note of preparation.—Managers and actors seem to rest upon their oars, waiting for a fairer wind and a more favourable tide to bear them onward on their voyage. The Pantomimes are generally profitable, and are therefore anticipated with much delight by all connected with the theatres. They have not, however, been altogether idle. Don Trueba has produced a comedy, and a clever comedy it is, notwithstanding it has not "taken," and the critics have almost to a man voted the writer out of their books. It has, undoubtedly, its faults; the Author has sometimes sinned against good taste, and has borrowed largely from his successful predecessors. But he is witty and pointed, and has a keen eye upon the prevailing follies of life. His plot was a mistake. He thought to make one out of a half-a-dozen, and the auditor is perpetually asking himself what this and what that has to do with the grand business of the piece. These are not days, moreover, when intrigues are all-attractive,—and upon such, and such alone, hangs the main object of "The Men of Pleasure." At Drury-lane, also, there has been a short lived revival. Mrs. Centlivre's com-

edy of a "Bold Stroke for a Wife" has been produced with a strong cast of characters. Farren and Dowton (old, excellent Dowton) had the parts of Perriwinkle and Obadiah Prim. The pruning-hook, however, has been too lightly used with this offspring of an age essentially different from our own, in all that regards the proprieties—we may say, the decencies—of ordinary life.—The wit and humour of Mrs. Centlivre do not make amends for the still existing passages that unsuccessfully aim at both, and at a sacrifice of decorum too large to be cheerfully yielded by a modern English audience.

The chief attraction at Covent Garden has been a splendid ballet from the opera of "Massaniello," with the original instrumental and choral music of Aubur.

At the Minor Theatres some praiseworthy exertions have been made to produce pieces of a higher grade than ordinary. We shall render them better justice next month.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—A communication was read from Mr. A. Miller, surgeon, of his Majesty's ship *Ætna*, respecting the discovery of the Compoonee river, on the west coast of Africa; and it contained some additional information to that furnished by Captain Belcher, and read at the Society in the course of the last season. It appears that the Raven, tender to the *Ætna*, penetrated as far up the river as the depth of the water would permit, and not less than a hundred miles. It was found to be above a mile in breadth, very deep, and very serpentine in its course. The natives fled with astonishment, and appear never to have had any intercourse with strangers. The paper was accompanied by some account of the Bijoga Indians on the island of Kanyabac, obtained during the visit of the *Ætna* to their islands. Our readers will, perhaps, remember that an attempt was made to settle these islands some years ago by a company formed for that purpose. The jealousy occasioned among the chiefs by the late Captain Beaver, who was for some time on the island of Baluma, had not, it appears, been forgotten; and some unequivocal signs of disapprobation were given to the officers of the *Ætna* by one who understood a little English. The desire of Captain Belcher to obtain bullocks for the use of his crew was peremptorily refused, in consequence of a determination on the part of these people to take nothing but arms and gunpowder in exchange. The islands are described as being exceedingly fertile, and the natives a strong, athletic race of people. They have as yet had little or no intercourse with strangers. In the course of the evening it was announced by the chairman, that a branch Geographical Society had been established at Bombay.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—A prayer, in the handwriting, and supposed to be of the composition, of Charles I., discovered in the State Paper Office, by Mr. Lemon, with some remarks by the Rev. Mr. Clissold, was read at a late meeting. As this document bears date 1631, many years previous to the commencement of the civil war—as it manifests a deep impression of piety, and appears to have been in daily use by the king—it may be regarded as proving that the unhappy monarch's devotional feelings were not the consequence of his adversity. Its style is not generally characterised by that studied antithesis, or by the other peculiarities in which the *Eikon Basilike*, so long attributed to Charles, abounds. A part of a second paper was likewise read, con-

taining extracts from a MS. relating to the escape of King Charles II. after the battle of Worcester which has lately found its way into the British Museum. It is the narrative of Colonel Gunter, of Rackton, Sussex, who was the person that procured a vessel to transport the royal fugitive to the coast of France, and attended him across the country from Wiltshire to Shoreham, where he embarked. The account purports to have been written, from the colonel's dictation, by his son; and authentically illustrates, by a great number of curious and minute details, the only portion of the romantic events to which it relates in which anything was left to be desired by the historical inquirer.

ROYAL SOCIETY.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was re-elected to the President's chair. He passed some remarks upon the new arrangements relative to the reception or rejection of papers. In future the Society will follow the example of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, admitting no paper into its transactions which has not been previously considered deserving of a place by at least two members of the council, lest any unworthy thing should be engrafted on the stock of that knowledge contributed by such men as Newton, Halley, and in later days, Young, Wollaston, and Davy. In noticing the support given by the governments of other countries to men of science and learning, the president lamented the absence of such encouragement at home. However anxious he looked to the period when similar support would be provided by our own government, it was with satisfaction he viewed the labours of individuals eminent in literature, the arts, and sciences. He considered the institution of the British Association for the promotion of Science as constituting a proud epoch in the scientific history of the country. A just eulogy was paid to the memory of Cuvier, whose great work on fishes contains descriptions of 6,000 species, 4,000 of which are not to be found in any other writer. The feeling of "hope upon hope" manifested by the Royal Duke, when he came to speak of our intrepid countryman, Captain Ross, was very touching;—that brave sailor had undertaken the solution of the great nautical problem, a northwest passage,—an attempt which baffled the most daring and skilful navigators of the reign of Elizabeth; his fate for three years had remained unknown; and it was with melancholy pleasure that his Royal Highness had become the chairman of a committee appointed to manage a subscription to be employed in ascertaining it.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—On the 10th of December, being the sixty-fourth anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy of Arts, a General Assembly of the Academicians was held at their apartments in Somerset House, when the following distribution of premiums took place, viz. :—

To Mr. William Edward Frost, for the best copy made in the Painting School, the silver medal, and the Lectures of the Professors Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, handsomely bound and inscribed.—To Mr. Nathaniel Hartnell, for the next best copy made in the Painting School, the silver medal.—To Mr. Edward Petre Novello, for the best drawing from the life, the silver medal.—To Mr. David Brandon, for the best drawing of the principal front of the Bank, the silver medal.—To Mr. John Calcott Horsley, for the best drawing from the antique, the silver medal.—To Mr. William Cresslin Pickersgill, for the best model from the antique, the silver medal.

The general Assembly afterwards proceeded to appoint officers for the ensuing year, when Sir Martin Archer Shee was unanimously re-elected President.

Old Council.—E. Landseer, R. Cook, W. Daniell, and T. Stothard, Esqrs.

New Council.—H. P. Briggs, R. Westall, R. R. Reinagle Esqrs., and Sir W. Beechey.

Visitors in the Life Academy.—Old List—W. Etty, H. Howard, E. Landseer, and T. Phillips. New List—W. Mulready, C. R. Leslie, H. P. Briggs, E. H. Baily, and C. Rossi, Esqrs.

Visitors in the Painting School.—Old List—W. Etty, W. Hilton, E. Landseer, and R. Cook, Esqrs. New List—H. P. Briggs, C. R. Leslie, D. Wilkie, and W. Collins, Esqrs.

Auditors Re-elected.—W. Mulready, J. M. W. Turner, and R. Westmacott, Esqrs.

The President remarked, that in the school of painting the exertions of the students were most praiseworthy, and their merits conspicuous. In the school of the living model, the pupils were few, but their efforts were of high character. In modelling from the life, and in the school of architecture, there was a rather extraordinary lassitude; but in the school of the antique both the modelling and the drawing departments were cultivated with successful energy. In conclusion, he observed, that in the Royal Academy all the means of study were afforded, nor were example and precepts spared. The principles of every branch of the Fine Arts were developed by zealous and eminent professors; and not only were the productions of living genius submitted to the inspection of the students, but the choicest works of the ancient masters were also offered for their guidance and improvement. Their exertions, then, should be commensurate with the enjoyment of such great advantages,—advantages which were not surpassed in any existing school of art. The members of the Academy felt, it might almost be said, a paternal solicitude for the improvement of the students, since they contemplated in them their future successors. They hoped, therefore, their exertions would be unremitting to qualify themselves for that distinction, and that their professional career would do credit and honour to the arts and to their country.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—At a late meeting the paper read was an explanation of the Hindu formulae for the quadrature of the circle, by C. M. Whish, Esq., of the Madras civil service. Mr. Whish first extracts several rules from various works, exhibiting the proportion of the diameter to the circumference of the circle, with a degree of accuracy which must cause Europeans to admire the means by which Hindu mathematicians have been able to extend the proportion to so great a length. In one of these works, entitled the "Tantra Sangraha," composed in Malabar in A. D. 1608, it is stated, that if the diameter of a circle be 1, the circumference will be 3,141592-653921, &c., which is an excellent approximation, being correct to the ninth place of the decimals. He then goes on to show, that a system of fluxions, peculiar to the authors from whom he quotes among Hindus, has been followed by them in establishing their quadratures of the circle; and that by the same method the sines, cosines, &c. are found with the greatest accuracy. Several different infinite series, extracted from various Brahminical works, are given in illustration; and after some notes on the dates of these works, Mr. Whish concludes by submitting a proof of the 47th proposition of Euclid, extracted from the "Yuktibhāṣa," a commentary on the "Tantra Sangraha," above mentioned.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—At the last monthly meeting of the society, it appeared there was a balance in its favour amounting to 517l., and that upwards of 4,000 persons visited the gardens during that month. The Hudson Bay company pre-

seated a fisher weasel, and a young Arctic fox; the latter was found by a ship's crew, floating on a piece of ice in the Arctic Sea, about one hundred miles from the land. It was intimated that the Society would shortly adopt the system of other scientific institutions of the metropolis, and have regular meetings, at which papers connected with the pursuits of the Society would be read. It has been determined also, that Dr. Grant should deliver a course of lectures on the structure of animals. At a recent meeting of the committee of correspondence, a specimen was exhibited of a claw obtained from the tip of the tail of a young Barbary lion, recently presented to the Society. Homer observes (erroneously, however), that the lion, when angry, lashes his sides with his tail; a remark repeated by many of the ancient poets, Greek and Roman. Lucan and Pliny indicate their belief that by this means the animal increases his rage. None of these writers advert to any peculiarity in the tail of the lion, to which so extraordinary a function was attributed; the existence of this peculiarity was discovered by Didymus Alexandrinus, one of the early commentators on the Iliad. For centuries the discovery was consigned to oblivion, until within twenty years back the subject was revived by Blumenbach, who verified the accuracy as to the fact, though not admitting the induction of Didymus Alexandrinus. The subject again slumbered until 1829, when Deshayes announced that he had found the prickle on both a lion and lioness which died in the National Menagerie of France.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.—At the last meeting a new antidote in cases of hydrophobia was announced upon the authority of Sir Anthony Carlisle. It is the juice of a South American plant, belonging to the genus *Cactus*, a family of plants harmless in their character, and to which belongs the common fig and the melon thistle, often used as food for cattle when grass is scarce. Sir Anthony had received several bottlesful of the liquid, with assurances of its efficacy. He states that it is administered to the unfortunate patient by pouring it down his throat, as he stands perpendicularly buried to the chin in the earth: this part of the process, however, is not indispensably necessary to a cure. Sir Anthony expressed his readiness to attend with any of the members of the Society who belonged to the medical profession, should a case of hydrophobia occur in their practice, in order to ascertain the properties of the liquid.

VARIETIES.

The Appendix to the Report on the Bank of England Charter contains several returns worth noticing. The value of the Bank premises is estimated at 1,000,000*l.* sterling, and the net profit of the Bank last year was 1,189,577*l.*, subject, however, to the deduction for interest on the capital stock. The annual expense of managing the National Debt appears to be about 170,000*l.* The branch banks cost the parent establishment nearly 35,000*l.* a year. The amount of bills under discount is from three to four millions per month, and the annual loss from that business is about 31,000*l.* The foreign loans contracted during the last ten years exceed fifty-seven millions, upon one-half of which no return whatever has been made for principal or interest. The number of licenses taken out by the country bankers last year was 639: in 1814 the number was 950; and since then the decrease has been gradual. It also appears that 237 commissions of bankrupt have been issued against country bankers during the last twenty years, but the amount of dividends paid under them is not stated.

Criminal Jurisprudence.—Various statements have been laid before the Legislature, in order to show the vast extent of crime committed in and about London, upon public and private property, in the course of one year. The offences are specified under six different heads, as follows, viz:—

1. Petty thefts committed by servants, apprentices, sweeps, &c., consisting of articles of small value,	£510,000
Small articles of plate, glass, jewellery, &c., stolen by servants,	200,000
2. Thefts on the River Thames, and quays thereunto adjacent,	500,000
3. Thefts and frauds connected with the Metropolitan Dock-yards,	300,000
4. Depredations committed by burgeers, highway robbers, &c. computed as follows, viz. :—	
Plate, jewelry, watches, &c.	£100,000
Highway robbery of money, notes, &c.	75,000
Private stealing and pocket-picking,	25,000
Stealing cattle, horses, sheep, corn, and provender,	20,000
	220,000
5. Frauds by coining base money after the similitude of the current coin of the realm,	200,000
6. Frauds by counterfeiting, public securities, bonds, &c., and uttering forged notes and bills of exchange,	170,000
Making a total of	£2,100,000

At the first view of the magnitude of the above sum appears astonishing; but although put in round numbers, it is considered, by those who have the best opportunity of judging, to be under rather than over-rated. It should be borne in mind that there are upwards of eighty millions of property laden and unladen on the river Thames in the course of the year.

Eclipses in 1833.—In the present year there will be five eclipses of the two great luminaries, of which one of the sun and three of the moon will be visible. The following are the periods at which it is calculated the eclipses will take place in this latitude.—January 6. The moon will be eclipsed, partly visible here: beginning of the eclipse, thirty-one minutes past six in the morning; end, fifty-two minutes past eight.—January 26. The sun will be eclipsed, invisible here at forty-one minutes past nine in the evening.—July 1. The moon will be eclipsed, visible here: beginning of the eclipse, fifty minutes past ten in the evening; end, six minutes past two in the morning of July 2.—July 17. The sun will be eclipsed, visible here: beginning of the eclipse, fifty-six minutes past four in the morning; end, thirty-one minutes past six.—December 26. The moon will be totally eclipsed, visible here: beginning of the eclipse, thirty-one minutes past seven in the evening; beginning of total darkness, thirty minutes past eight; middle of eclipse, twenty minutes past nine; end of total darkness, nine minutes past ten; end of the eclipse, eight minutes past eleven in the evening.

The following is a General Bill of the Christenings and Burials within the City of London and Bills of Mortality, from Dec. 14, 1831, to Dec. 11, 1832.—

	Christened.	Buried.
In the 97 parishes within the walls,	926	1,293
In the 17 parishes without the walls,	4,492	5,441

	Christened.	Buried.
In the 24 outparishes in Middlesex and Surry, and at the additional churches belonging to the same,	17,724	17,510
In 10 parishes in the city and liberties of Westminster,	3,832	4,562
Of the number buried were—		
Stillborn,		912
Under 2 years		5,443
2 and under 5 years,		2,678
5 " 10 "		1,270
10 " 20 "		1,113
20 " 30 "		2,215
30 " 40 "		2,749
40 " 50 "		3,086
50 " 60 "		3,041
60 " 70 "		2,949
70 " 80 "		2,194
80 " 90 "		848
90 " 100 "		105
100 " " "		1
103 " " "		1
108 " " "		1

Increase in the burials, reported this year, 3,269.

The Anatomy Bill.—The working of the Anatomy Act is exciting no little dissension among the professors of surgery. The high price of "subjects," and the undue preference which is said to be manifested in supplying the schools, form the subjects of angry complaints, and several meetings have been held for the purpose of devising measures to remedy the evil. Tuesday, a meeting of surgeons and anatomists, to consider what course ought to be pursued, was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, when, after a good deal of discussion, it was resolved, on the motion of Mr. Mayo, of King's College, to try the effect of a circular to the authorities of the various parishes, expressing "a hope that, as early as circumstances will admit, measures will be adopted for an equal distribution of subjects." The meeting then adjourned for a month. It is stated, by a correspondent of one of the medical publications, as a fact which he knows to be true, "that fees to parish officers, shell, and other expenses, amount to nearly five pounds for each subject; and it is with difficulty they can be procured from some of the parishes, even at that price." It is added, that "the difficulties of the private schools are such, and the price demanded by parochial officers is, in many instances, so high, that in one or two of the schools not a single body has been dissected during the present season, whilst in others, which proves the advantages of ecclesiastical influence and favour, there has been such a bountiful supply, that there have been burials without dissection." It is proposed, if the attempt to equalize the supply be successful, to establish a catalogue of equal prices—a sort of "price current" of corpses—among the different teachers of anatomy.

Antediluvian Remains.—In the middle of last month, two fishermen, being employed on the banks of the Lippe, near the village of Absen, in Westphalia, at a moment when the water was unprecedentedly low, discovered a heap of bones lying in the bed of the river, and conveyed them ashore. It was a superb and perfect specimen of a mammoth's head, in excellent preservation, and of an unusual size. For instance, the four grinders are from six to nine inches in diameter, and the two tusks, one of which was found adhering to the chin bone, are between three and four feet in length. The fishermen parted with their prize for a mere song, and it was conveyed to Haltern, where, we understand, after it had been ex-

amined by two of the Professors from Bonn, it was sold to them for the use of the Zoological Museum in that University. A further search has been made in the Lippe, but without success.

A curious description of fish, resembling a mussel, was lately discovered by a gentleman at Brighton, in the centre of a chalk stone. It is not known in England, but in Italy it is called the stone-eater. It works its way into the chalk-stone by a kind of saw at its head, and is defended from all its enemies by prickly scales. In Italy it is prized as a great delicacy, the taste resembling an oyster, but the flavour vastly superior. In Smith's Tour mention is made of the *Mytilus Lithophagus*, or stone-eating *Mytilus*. The columns of the Temple of Jupiter Serapis, at Puzzuoli, are perforated by this species.

East India House.—At a Quarterly General Court of Proprietors of East India Stock, on the motion of the Chairman, a dividend of 5½ per cent. for the half year, commencing on the 5th July last, and ending on the 5th of January next, was declared.

A deputation from the vestry of the parish of St. Marylebone has had an interview with Lord Melbourne at the Home-office, respecting the heavy expense of the New Police. It appeared that the cost of the old watch was under 10,000*l.* per annum; the sum assessed and paid to the commissioners of the new police upwards of 24,000*l.*, a difference of 14,000*l.* The cost of the actual force kept up in this parish is 13,388*l.*, thereby showing that the parishioners are taxed and contribute the enormous annual sum of 10,612*l.* towards the expense of the head establishment, or to make up deficiencies of other parishes. It was also urged that the amount annually assessed by the vestry for the new police rate exceeds the amount annually recovered by them upwards of 2000*l.*, this sum being uncollectable in consequence of the poverty of the householders. Thirdly, the deputation claimed an allowance of 5775*l.*, which sum had been paid by the preceding vestry above what had been recovered from the parishioners.

A few days since a peculiarly long barrow, called "Hevis's grave," was opened in Arundel Park, in the presence of John Gage, Esq. F. R. S. and Frederick Marden, Esq. F. S. A., and other gentlemen of antiquarian research, when much disappointment was experienced, as the barrow had evidently been previously opened, as appeared to be the case with several others which were examined in the course of the day. A few pieces of Roman pottery only and some human bones were found mixed in the soil.

Ventilation in Coal Mines.—Since 1809 a system has been in operation in the Staffordshire mines to prevent the accumulation and explosion of carburetted hydrogen, which has been attended with great success. This system proceeds on the fact, that however many dislocations there may be parallel with the backs, only where there is a dislocation or fault across the direction of the backs does carburetted hydrogen accumulate and become destructive. In order to prevent this accumulation along the whole extent of the dislocation or fault, cut off the ends of the back by a drift, into which all their blowers may discharge the gas they generate, close up this drift from the men, and form a vacuum therein either by fire or pumping; the hydrogen, owing to its extreme levity, will flow upwards into this rarified medium, and the atmospheric pressure along the working courses of the mine will keep the hydrogen in.

Agricultural Labourers.—Mr. Baron Gurney, in charging the Grand Jury at Lewes, observed that the increase of crime was alarming, and he thought was owing to the ignorance of the people and want of employment. Youth ought to be instructed; but education, and even religious instruction, would be found comparatively useless if they were afterwards left in a state of idleness—unless employment were found, and a fair remuneration for labour given to them. He meant by this a sufficient reward to the labourer without taking his wages out of the poor rates; not by giving large sums to a man because he had a large family, whilst small wages were given to a single man. The latter ought to be fairly remunerated that he might lay something by against the time when he should marry, to enable him to furnish his cottage comfortably, and to bring up his family decently without becoming a pauper. If the farmers and others did not enable him to do this, he became of course a pauper. He believed that, by the illegal custom of paying labourers partly by wages and partly by poor-rates, the farmer was, even in a pecuniary point of view, a loser; but what was much more to be lamented, this practice destroyed all sympathy between the labourers and their employers. He earnestly recommended to the nobility, gentry, magistrates, and farmers, to endeavour to arouse in the breast of the labourers a spirit of independence. Let those who possess property and influence assist, let the well disposed of all classes endeavour to support the laws, suppress wickedness and crime, find employment for the industrious, and this country would again become happy and prosperous.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Population.—A very elaborate paper by M. Moreau de Johnes was lately read at the French Academy of Sciences on the subject of the increase of population. From the statistical documents it contains, it appears, that in Prussia the population doubles itself in the space of thirty-nine years, which is the maximum of acceleration exhibited in Europe; in Austria it takes 44; in Russia in Europe 48; in Poland and Denmark half a century; in the British islands 52 years; in Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, and Portugal, 56; in Spain 62; in Greece and European Turkey 70; in the Netherlands 84; in Germany 120; and in France it takes 125 years. The period for all Europe is 57 years. Taken together half a century doubles the population of the northern states, while the southern require 80. The causes of the maximum of acceleration in Prussia, Austria, and Russia, are the vast extent of their territories compared with the population, the protection afforded by cold climates to advanced life, the novelty of civilization which creates and multiplies in its development the means of existence, —the habit of living on little appertaining exclusively to newly civilized nations. The minimum of increase in France, Germany, and Netherlands, is caused by the high degree of civilization which these countries have reached, creating a multitude of wants, and submitting the social condition to a variety of causes, which restrain the extension of the human generation. Great Britain escapes these restraints by the immense outlets which her industry, commerce, and colonies, afford to the wants of her population. In the other States of Europe the natural tendency of the population to increase is restrained, suspended, or destroyed, by intemperance, insufficiency of food, the ravages of inundations, disasters from earthquakes, the pernicious effects of marshes, the ir-

ruptions of pestilential or epidemic maladies, feudal servitude, monastic celibacy, military or sacerdotal despotism, concentration of property, the laws relative to succession, &c.

Canal from the Rhone to the Rhine.—This canal is completely finished as far as Strasburg, and navigable to the distance of eighty-five leagues; the short distance from Strasburg to the Rhine is the only part of the canal now to be completed.—*Journal du Commerce.*

Mummification.—This is the name given by the inventors, Messrs. Capon and Boniface Abbot of Paris, to the process which they have discovered of preserving bodies after the manner of the Egyptian mummies. At a recent meeting of the French Academy they exhibited a human body thus preserved, which it was impossible to detect from the real Egyptian mummy. The deceased, clothed in a *robe de chambre*, which left visible only the extremities of the body, appeared to weigh no more than thirty or forty pounds. The violet-coloured skin, the leaden hue, and the fleshless bones, presented an object not very flattering to poor humanity.

Mechanics' Institutions.—Ferdinand of Spain has established a new institution, for the express purpose of instructing, gratuitously, those engaged in the arts and manufactures in the scientific principles of their respective trades, on a plan similar to mechanics' institutions. This institution is now flourishing; the lectures on various scientific subjects are regularly given; exhibitions of the works of Spanish industry yearly take place, and Professor Casa-Seca publishes a Quarterly Journal of Useful Instructions, for the express purpose of spreading the knowledge of them among the Spanish nation. He is evidently a favourite at court, and was sent about three years ago to travel over France and England, to collect scientific information and mechanical discoveries.

Rail-roads and Steam on the Continent.—A rail-road between the Weser and the Rhine is about to be commenced; it has received the sanction of the King and States of Hanover, and a company, supported by Government, has been formed to carry it into effect. Several hundred shares, of 500 thalers each, have been taken. The execution of this plan will be of great advantage to the trade of the north of Germany, particularly of Bremen. It is proposed to connect Lubeck and Hamburg by a rail-road and steam-carriages. A steam-coach is now in construction at Copenhagen, which is to run on the new road between Kiel and Altona. The Danish government intends to establish shortly a communication by steam-packets between Kalundborg, in Zealand, and Aarhus, in Jutland.

River of Vinagar.—In South America, near Popayan, is a river, called in the language of the country *Rio Vinagre*. It takes its source in a very elevated chain of mountains, and, after a subterraneous progress of many miles, it re-appears, and forms a magnificent cascade upwards of 300 feet in height. When a person stands beneath this point, he is speedily driven away by a very fine shower of acid water, which irritates the eyes. M. Boussingault wishing to ascertain the cause of this phenomenon, analysed the water of the river, and found among other substances sulphuric and hydrochloric acids. The following is the result of the analysis:—Sulphuric acid, 0.00110; hydrochloric acid, 0.00091; alumine, 0.00040; chalk, 0.00013; soda, 0.00012; silice, 0.00023; oxyde of iron and magnesia, traces.

RURAL ECONOMY,

The "Norwich Mercury" has published the following statement of an extraordinary increase from sets of the potato:—A row twenty-two yards in length, in which celery had been previously grown, was planted with fifty-three sets, at equal distances, and four inches deep, from which the undermentioned produce has lately been taken up, viz.: eleven and a half bushels (composed of two varieties) commonly called the golden kidney and second-early, which weighed four stone six pounds per bushel (14lbs. to the stone), making an aggregate of fifty-one stone within a pound. In several of these sets were attached potatoes which were as remarkable for their length as their number: two in particular are now described: First, a set of the golden kidney, consisting of eighty-eight potatoes of various sizes, thirty of which averaged nine inches in length, and weighed twenty pounds and a half; fifty-eight four inches in length, weighing eight pounds and a quarter; making two stone and three-quarters of a pound. It might be observed that some of these potatoes actually measure fifteen inches and a half, some twelve, others ten, nine, eight, in a decreased ratio. Secondly, one set of the second-early, produced fifty-two potatoes, twenty of which measured six inches in length, and weighed twenty-three pounds; thirty-two averaging three inches in length, and weighing seven pounds and a half, amounting to two stones and two pounds and a half. From the foregoing account it appears that each set will average nearly a stone in weight. The sets were all cut to about three eyes, and the result would seem to justify the practice of leaving that number. The mode of cultivation, it must be granted, was in some degree high and forcing; and though such a produce cannot be looked for in a general way, still we may infer that the grower would be much better remunerated in weight and quality (for these are particularly clean and free from all scabs) were he to bestow more manure, and insert his sets in light rich loam. The accuracy of this statement may be fully relied upon, or easily ascertained, as the potatoes, which were grown in a garden belonging to Mr. Hacon, of Swaffham and cultivated by himself, have been inspected by many horticulturists in the town and neighbourhood.

Fecundity of the Onion.—It was recently stated that a gentleman in Lancashire has raised 8,000 ounces of onions from twelve ounces of seed; Mr. Crossley, the engineer of the Macclesfield Canal, residing at Bollington, having seen this statement, was induced to weigh his own crop, when he discovered that from two ounces of seed, the produce was the amazing quantity of 2,496 ounces, or 156 pounds, being nearly double the produce of the former in proportion to the quantity of seed sown.

An intelligent writer in the *Horticultural Register* states that he has adopted the following plan for preserving Dahlia roots, with such success as not to have lost a single root during five seasons. "I choose," says he, "a fine dry day to take up the roots, and expose them for a few hours to the sun, to dry the mould on them. I then clear away all the dirt I possibly can, wiping each root with a cloth, if necessary. When quite clean, I put them into a boarded closet on shelves, there being but a very thin partition between this closet and a kitchen. In a few days I scatter thinly all over them some very dry sand; they are then left, and only examined from time to time, to see that they do not get mouldy, which, by the bye, I never found to happen."

A new machine has just been invented by Mr. J. Sellar, a millwright, of Longhill, in Morayshire, for beating barley. It is said to possess many advantages over any machine previously used for that purpose; it is capable of beating from ten to twelve bolls an hour, and never injures the grain as was before often the case. It does not take up much room, and is not so large as a fanner. It is impelled by the threshing mill. The process of beating is performed by means of strong steel knives fixed on a cylindrical block of wood, coming in contact with other knives which are stationary. The first mentioned class of knives make five hundred revolutions in a minute, which leaves some idea of the power of the machine.

USEFUL ARTS.

New Steam Engine.—Mr. Pollatan is making experiments at Cherbourg on a vessel which he has built for the express purpose of ascertaining the merits of his simplified application of the powers of steam; and the result is said to have been hitherto satisfactory. His object is to get rid of the shock and tremulous motion which attend the use of paddles-wheels, as well as to do away with the steam-funnel. In effecting this, he hopes to be enabled to diminish the weight of the machinery, and of the vessel itself. The mechanism which he has devised lies below the surface of the water, and from not occupying more than a tenth part of the ship's tonnage, much greater space is obtained for the stowage of fuel. The steam is disengaged from behind the after-part of the vessel, close above the water-line.

Chain Cables.—A question of some considerable moment has been presented to us, respecting the relative goodness of chain cables manufactured in this country, and those made in Wales. It appears that the American-made cables are not to be trusted; not because the iron itself is not equally good with the foreign, but because there are some bad links in nearly every chain, that give way when submitted to the test which the imported cables will uniformly bear. It has been said that this is owing to the difference in the mode of making the links; that in Wales they are not touched with the hammer excepting whilst they are at a good red heat, and that they are consequently left in an annealed and tough state. We see some valid objections to this explanation; but whatever be the cause, whether the defect is in the iron-master or in the smith, it ought to be discovered, and the remedy applied. There is too much at stake, when a vessel is dependent for safety upon her cable, to admit of any one employing those in which the fullest confidence cannot be placed. If the difference under consideration be in the manipulation, and not in the iron, the facts in reference thereto may lead to valuable results in other branches of the iron business; such, for example, as the manufacture of boiler iron, and indeed of all articles where great tenacity is of essential importance.—*American Paper.*

Substitute for Paper-Hangings.—A substitute for paper-hangings has been invented in Manchester, and bids fair, as an article of upholstery, to command an extensive sale. In the spinning and manufacture of cotton, it is well known that there are great quantities of fine waste, commonly called *flyings*. These have been collected, and, by means of hydraulic presses, converted into a kind of thin cloth, which take the stain equally well with paper, and is found to be a good and cheap substitute for that article on the walls of dwelling-houses.

Glass Blowing.—Among the prizes awarded by the Paris Academy of Sciences, at their last sitting, was the following :—"To Israel Robinet, workman, for the substitution of the action of a machine for that of the human lungs in glass-blowing, 8000 francs. By means of this valuable invention, the health of the glass-blower, will, in future, be preserved, and the product of his manufacture greatly improved, both as regards accuracy of form and the capability of making articles of greater dimensions than was formerly possible."

Mr. Bradford, a country watch-maker, residing at Newton-Abbott, in Devonshire, has produced several pieces of very curious mechanism. First, a machine, representing a lamp, suspended by a small brass rod, hung to the ceiling, which constantly turns round, carrying a quantity of watches and two lights, and is made to work in two different parts. The second is a brass ball, which runs 28 feet 64 times in an hour—being upwards of 21,000 feet in 12 hours—without any individual knowing the cause of its going except the machinist and his family. The last is a time-piece going without weights or springs, showing the hours, minutes, days of the week, and days of the month.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The following Proclamation for dissolving the present Parliament, and declaring the calling of another, was issued on the 5th of December :—

"WILLIAM R.—Whereas, we have thought fit, by and with the advice of our Privy Council, to dissolve this present Parliament, which stands prorogued to Tuesday, the 11th day of December instant : We do, for that end, publish this our Royal Proclamation, and do hereby dissolve the said Parliament accordingly ; and the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and the Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses, and the Commissioners for Shires and Burghs, of the House of Commons, are discharged from their meeting and attendance on the said Tuesday, the 11th day of December instant ; and we being desirous and resolved, as soon as may be, to meet our people, and to have their advice in Parliament, do hereby make known to all our loving subjects our Royal will and pleasure to call a new Parliament ; and do hereby further declare, that, with the advice of our Privy Council, we have given orders to our Chancellor of that part of our United Kingdom called Great Britain, and our Chancellor of Ireland, that they do respectively, upon notice thereof, forthwith issue out writs in due form, and according to law, for calling a new Parliament, and we do hereby also, by this our Royal Proclamation, under our Great Seal of our United Kingdom, require writs forthwith to be issued accordingly by our said Chancellors respectively, for causing the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons, who are to serve in the said Parliament, to be duly returned to, and give their attendance in, our said Parliament ; which writs are to be returnable on the 29th day of January next.

"Given at our Court, at St. James, this 3d. day of December, 1832, and in the third year of our reign.

"God save the King!"

THE ELECTIONS.

Returns of Members elected to serve in Parliament for the several boroughs, cities, and counties of Great Britain.

Abingdon—Mr. Duffield
Andover—Mr. H. Fellows, Mr. R. Etwall
Anglesea—Sir K. B. Bulkeley
Arundel—Lord D. C. Stuart
Ashburton—Mr. Poyntz
Ashton—Col. Williams
Aylesbury—Mr. Rickford, Col. Hanmer
Banbury—Mr. H. W. Tancred
Barnstaple—Mr. Chichester, Major Fancourt
Bath—General Palmer, Mr. Roebuck
Beaumaris—Mr. F. Paget
Bedford—Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Crawley
Bedfordshire—Mr. J. F. Russell, Mr. W. Stuart
Berkshire—Mr. Palmer. Mr. Throckmorton, Mr. Walter
Berwick—Sir R. Donkin, Sir F. Blake
Beverly—Mr. Langdale, Mr. Burton
Bewdley—Sir T. Winnington
Birmingham—Mr. Attwood, Mr. Scholefield
Blackburn—Mr. W. Fielding, Mr. W. Turner
Bodmin—Mr. Petre, Mr. Spry
Bolton—Col. Torrens, Mr. Bolling
Boston—Mr. J. Wilkes, Major Handley
Bradford—Mr. Lester, Mr. Hardy
Brecon—Col. Wood
Brecon, B.—Mr. L. V. Watkins
Bridgenorth—Mr. Pigot, Mr. T. Whitmore
Bridgewater—Mr. Tynte, Mr. Tayleure
Brighton—Mr. Wigney, Mr. Faithful
Bridport—Mr. H. Warburton, Mr. J. Romilly
Bristol—Sir R. Vyvyan, Mr. Baillie
Buckingham—Sir H. Verney, Sir T. Freemantle
Bucks—Marq. of Chandos, Mr. J. Smith
Bury, L.—Mr. Walker
Bury St. Edm.—Earl Jermyn, Mr. Eagle
Caernarvonshire—Mr. Thomas A. Smith
Caine—Earl of Kerry
Cambridge University—Mr. Goulburn, Mr. M. Sutton
Cambridgeshire—Mr. Yorke, Mr. Townley, Mr. Childers
Canterbury—Lord Fordwich, Mr. Watson
Cardiff—Mr. J. Nicholl
Cardigan—Mr. Pryce Pryce
Cardiganshire—Mr. W. E. Powell
Carlisle—Mr. P. Howard, Mr. James
Carmarthen—Hon. Mr. Yelverton
Carmarthenshire—Mr. E. H. Adams, Hon. G. R. Trevor
Carnarvon—Sir C. Paget
Chatham—Lieut. Col. Maberley
Cheltenham—Capt. F. Berkeley
Cheshire—Earl Grosvenor, Mr. Wilbraham
Chester—Lord R. Grosvenor, Mr. Jarvis
Chichester—Lord A. Lennox, Mr. J. A. Smith
Chippenham—Mr. Neeld, Mr. H. F. Talbot
Christchurch—Mr. G. W. Tappe
Cirencester—Mr. Cripps, Lord Apsley
Clithero—Mr. Fort
Cockermouth—Mr. Dykes, Mr. Aglionby
Colchester—Mr. Sanderson, Mr. W. Harvey
Cornwall, East—Mr. Pendarves, Sir C. Lemon
Coventry—Mr. Ellice, Mr. H. L. Bulwer
Cricklade—Mr. Calley, Mr. Gordon
Cumberland, East—Sir J. Graham, Mr. Blamire
Dartmouth—Col. Seale
Denbigh, B.—Mr. J. Maddocks
Denbighshire—Sir W. Wynne, Mr. R. Biddulph
Derby—Mr. Strutt, Mr. Cavendish
Derbyshire, South—Mr. Vernon, Lord Waterpark
Devizes—Mr. Locke, Mr. Gore
Devonport—Sir G. Grey, Sir E. Codrington
Devon, North—Hon. N. Fellowes, Viscount Ebrington
Dorchester—Mr. R. Williams, Mr. A. Cooper
Dorsetshire—Lord Ashley, Mr. W. Banks, Mr. W. Ponsonby
Dover—Mr. Thomson, Sir J. R. Reid
Droitwich—Mr. J. H. Foley
Dudley—Sir J. Campbell

Durham—Mr. Harland, Col. Chaytor
 Durham, North—Mr. Lambton, Sir H. Williamson
 Essex, South—Mr. Dare, Sir T. Lennard
 Evesham—Sir C. Cockerell, Mr. Hudson
 Exeter—Mr. Buller, Mr. Divett
 Eye—Sir E. Kerrison
 Finsbury—Mr. R. Grant, Sergeant Spankle
 Flint—Sir S. Glynne
 Flintshire—Hon. E. Mostyn
 Frome—Mr. Shephard
 Gatehead—Mr. Rippon
 Gloucester—Capt. Berkeley, Mr. Phillpotts
 Gloucestershire, East—Sir W. Guise, Mr. H. Moreton
 Gloucestershire, W.—Hon. G. Berkeley, Hon. A. Moreton
 Grantham—Admiral Tollemache, Mr. Welby
 Greenwich—Capt. Dundas, Mr. Barnard
 Grimsby—Mr. Maxfield
 Guildford—Mr. Manglas, Mr. Wall
 Halifax—Mr. Wood, Mr. Briggs
 Hampshire, North—Mr. S. Lefevre, Mr. Scott
 Hampshire, South—Lord Palmerston, Sir G. Staunton
 Harwich—Mr. Herries, Mr. Tower
 Hastings—Mr. North, Mr. Warre
 Haverford—Sir R. B. Phillips
 Helstone—Mr. Fox
 Hereford—Mr. Biddulph, Mr. Clive
 Herefordshire—Sir R. Price, Mr. C. Hoakins, Mr. E. T. Foley
 Hertford—Lord Ingestrie, Lord Mahon
 Honiton—Lord Villiers, Mr. Todd
 Horsham—Mr. Hurst
 Huddersfield—Mr. Fenton
 Hull—Mr. Hill, Mr. Hutt
 Huntingdon—Colonel Peel, Mr. Pollock
 Huntingdonshire—Lord Mandeville, Mr. J. B. Roope
 Hythe—Mr. Majoribanks
 Ipswich—Mr. Morrison, Mr. Wason
 Kendal—Mr. J. Brougham
 Kent (West)—Mr. Hodges, Mr. Rider
 King's Lynn—Lord G. Bentinck, Lord W. Lennox
 Knaresborough—Mr. Richards, Mr. Rotch
 Lambeth—Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Hawes
 Lancaster—Mr. Greene, Mr. Stuart
 Lancashire (N.)—Mr. W. Patten, Mr. Stanley
 Launceston—Sir F. Hardinge
 Leeds—Mr. Marshall, Mr. Macaulay
 Leicester—Mr. Evans, Mr. W. Ellice
 Leicester (N.)—Lord R. Manners, Mr. C. M. Phillips
 Leicester (S.)—Mr. E. Dawson, Mr. H. Halford
 Leominster—Lord Hotham, Mr. Bish
 Lewes—Mr. J. R. Kemp, Sir C. R. Blount
 Lichfield—Sir G. Anson, Sir E. Scott
 Lincoln—Mr. Heneage, Mr. E. L. Balwer
 Lincolnshire (Kesteven)—Mr. H. Handley, Mr. T. Heathcote
 Liskeard—Mr. C. Buller
 Liverpool—Mr. Ewart, Lord Sandon
 London—Mr. Grote, Alder. Waitham, Alderwood, Alder. Key
 Ludlow—Mr. E. Romilly, Viscount Clive
 Lyme—Mr. W. Pinney
 Lynton—Sir C. Neale, Mr. Stewart
 Macclesfield—Mr. Ryle, Mr. Brocklehurst
 Maidstone—Mr. Roberts, Mr. Barnett
 Maldon—Mr. Lennard, Mr. Q. Dick
 Malmesbury—Lord Andover
 Malton—Mr. Pepys, Mr. Wentworth
 Manchester—Mr. Phillips, Mr. P. Thomson (double)
 Marlborough—Lord E. Bruce, Mr. Baring
 Marlow—Mr. J. P. Williams, Col. Clayton
 Marylebone—Mr. B. Portman, Sir W. Horne
 Merioneth—Sir R. W. Vaughan
 Merthyr—Mr. J. J. Guest
 Middlesex—Mr. Hume, Mr. Byng

Midhurst—Mr. F. Spencer
 Monmouth—Mr. R. Hall
 Monmouthshire—Lord G. H. Somerset, Mr. Williams
 Morpeth—Mr. Howard
 Newark—Mr. Gladstones, Mr. Handley
 Newcastle-under-Lyme—Sir H. Willoughby, Mr. Miller
 Newcastle-upon-Tyne—Sir M. W. Ridley, Mr. Hodgson
 Newport, Isle of Wight—Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Ord
 Norfolk, West—Sir J. Astley, Sir W. Folke
 Northampton, B.—Mr. V. Smith, Mr. Ross
 Northampton, South—Lord Althorp, Mr. Cartwright
 Northumberland, North—Viscount Howick, Lord Osulton
 Northumberland, C.—Mr. W. Beaumont, Mr. M. Bell
 Norwich—Lord Stormont, Sir J. Scarlett
 Nottingham—Gen. Ferguson, Lt. Duncannon
 Nottingham, South—Earl of Lincoln, Mr. J. E. Denison
 Nottinghamshire, North—Lord Lumley, Mr. Houldsworth
 Oldham—Mr. John Fielden, Mr. Cobbett
 Oxford—Mr. Langstone, Mr. Stonor
 Oxfordshire—Mr. G. V. Harcourt, Lord Norreys, Mr. Weyland
 Pembroke—Mr. Owen
 Pembrokeshire—Sir J. Owen
 Penryn—Mr. Rolfe, Lord Tullamore
 Peterborough—Sir R. Hearon, Mr. Fazakerley
 Petersfield—Mr. Lefevre
 Plymouth—Mr. Collier, Mr. Bows
 Pontefract—Mr. Jerningham, Mr. Gully
 Portsmouth—Mr. Carter, Mr. Baring
 Preston—Mr. Fleetwood, Mr. Stanley
 Radnor—Mr. R. Price
 Radnorshire—Mr. F. Lewis
 Reading—Mr. C. Russell, Mr. C. F. Palmer
 Reigate—Viscount Eastnor
 Retford—Mr. Vernon, Lord Newark
 Richmond—Sir R. Dundas, Hon. J. C. Dundas
 Ripon—Mr. Stavelay, Mr. Crompton
 Rochdale—Captain Fenton
 Rochester—Mr. Bernal, Mr. Mills
 Rutland—Sir G. Noel, Mr. Heathcote
 Rye—Captain Curteis
 Salford—Mr. Brotherton
 Salisbury—Mr. Brodie, Mr. W. Wyndham
 Sandwich—Sir E. Trowbridge, Mr. Marryatt
 Scarborough—Sir W. Johnstone, Sir G. Cayley
 Shaftesbury—Mr. Poulter
 Sheffield—Mr. Parker, Mr. Buckingham
 Shoreham, New—Sir C. Burrell, Mr. Goring
 Shrewsbury—Sir J. Hanmer, Mr. Slaney
 Shropshire, North—Sir R. Hill, Mr. Cotes
 Southampton—Mr. A. Atherley, Mr. B. Hoy
 South Shields—Mr. Ingham, Mr. Palmer
 Southwark—Mr. W. Brougham, Mr. S. Humphery
 Stafford—Capt. Chetwynd, Capt. Grownow
 Stafford, North—Sir W. Mosely, Mr. Buller
 Stafford, South—Sir J. Wrottesley, Mr. Littleton
 Stamford—Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Finch
 Stockport—Mr. J. Marsland, Mr. J. H. Lloyd
 Stoke-upon-Trent—Mr. Davenport, Mr. Wedgwood
 Stroud—Mr. Hyatt, Mr. Ricardo
 St. Ives—Mr. Halse
 Sudbury—Mr. A. Taylor, Sir J. B. Walsh
 Suffolk, East—Lord Henniker, Sir C. B. Vere
 Sunderland—Colonel Chaytor, Mr. Barrington
 Surrey, East—Mr. Briscoe, Major Beauleark
 Surrey, West—Mr. Denison, Mr. Leech
 Sussex, West—Lord J. G. Lennox, Earl of Surrey
 Sussex, East—Hon. C. Cavendish, and H. B. Curteis
 Tamworth—Lord C. V. Townsend, Sir R. Peel

Taunton—Mr. H. Labouchere, Mr. E. T. Bian-
bridge
Tewkesbury—Mr. H. Tracey, Mr. Martin
Thetford—Lord T. Fitzroy, Mr. F. Baring
Tiverton—Mr. Heathcote, Lord Kennedy
Tower Hamlets—Dr. Lushington, Mr. Clay
Truro—Sir H. Vivian, Mr. Tooke
Tynemouth—Mr. G. F. Young
Wakefield—Mr. Gaskill
Wallingford—Mr. Blackstone
Walsall—Mr. Foster
Wareham—Mr. Calcraft
Warrington—Mr. Hornby
Warwick—Sir C. Greville, Mr. King
Warwickshire (South)—Sir G. Skipwith, Sir G.
Phillips

Wells—Mr. Lamont, Mr. Lee
Westbury—Sir R. F. Lopez
Westminster—Sir F. Biddell, Sir J. Hobhouse
Westmoreland—Lord Lowther, Mr. Barham
Weymouth—Mr. Burton, Sir F. Johnstone
Whitehaven—Mr. M. Attwood
Whitby—Mr. Chapman
Wigan—Mr. Thicknesse, Mr. Potter
Wight, County—Sir R. Simeon
Wilton—Mr. Penruddocke
Wilts, South—Mr. J. Bennett, Hon. S. Herbert
Wilts, North—Mr. Methuen, Sir J. D. Astley
Winchester—Mr. Mildmay, Mr. Baring
Windsor—Mr. Ramsbottom, Sir J. Pechell
Wolverhampton—Mr. W. Whitmore, Mr. R.
Fryer

Woodstock—Marquis Blanford
Worcester—Colonel Davies, Mr. Robinson
Worcester, West—Colonel Lygon, Hon. T. H.
Foley
Worcester, East—Mr. Cooke, Mr. Russell
Wycombe—Mr. Smith, Colonel Grey
Yarmouth—Colonel Anson, Sir G. Rumbold
York—Mr. Petre, Mr. Bayatun
York (N. R.)—Hon. W. Duncombe, E. S. Caley,
Esq.
Yorkshire, East—Mr. R. Bethell, P. Thomson

IRELAND.

Armagh—Mr. L. Dobbin
Bandon—Hon. Capt. Bernard
Belfast—Lord Chichester, E. Tennant, Esq.
Carlow—Mr. Vigors
Carlow, C.—W. Blakeney and T. Wallace, Esqrs.
Carrickfergus—C. K. Dobbs
Cavan—Mr. Maxwell, Mr. J. Young
Clare—Major Macnamara, C. O'Brien, Esq.
Clonmel—Mr. D. Ronayne
Coleraine—Sir J. Beresford
Cork—Mr. D. Callaghan and Dr. Baldwin
Derry—Sir R. Ferguson
Derry, C.—Sir R. Bateson, T. Jones, Esq.
Donegal—Sit E. Hayes, Colonel Conolly
Drogheda—Mr. O'Dwyer
Dublin—Mr. D. O'Connell, Mr. Ruthven
Dublin University—Mr. Shaw, Mr. Lefroy
Dublin, C.—C. Fitzsimon and G. Evans, Esqrs.
Dungarvon—Mr. Lamb
Ennis—F. Macnamara, Esq.
Galway—Lynch and MacLaughlin, Esqrs.
Kerry, C.—F. W. Mullens, and C. O'Connell,
Esqrs.

Kildare, C.—E. Ruthven and R. M. O'Ferrall,
Esqrs.
Kilkenny, C.—Hon. P. Butler, W. Finn, Esq.
Leitrim—Lord Clements, and S. White, Esq.
Limerick—W. Roche and D. Roche, Esqrs.
Lisburn—Mr. Meynell
Longford, C.—L. White and J. Rorke, Esqrs.
Louth, C.—J. Fitzgerald and H. Bellow, Esqrs.
Mallow—Mr. T. O. Daunt
Mayo—J. Browne and D. Browne, Esqrs.
New Ross—Mr. J. H. Talbot

Potarlinton—Mr. Gladstone
Roscommon—O'Conor Don, Mr. F. French
Sligo—A. Percival and E. Cooper, Esqrs.
Sligo, B.—J. Martin, Esq.
Tipperary—Hon. C. O'Callaghan, Mr. Sheil
Tralee—Mr. M. O'Connell
Tyrone—Hon. H. Corry, Sir H. Stewart, Bart.
Waterford, C.—Christmas and Barron, Esqrs.
Westmeath, C.—M. Chapman, Esq. and Sir R.
Nagle
Wexford—Mr. Walker
Wexford, C.—Robt. Carew, H. Lambert, Esqrs.
Wicklow, C.—R. Howard, J. Grattan, Esqrs.
Youghall—Mr. J. O'Connell

SCOTLAND.

Aberdeen, B.—Mr. Bannerman
Argyllshire—J. H. Callender, Esq.
Ayr District of Burghs—Mr. Kennedy
Banff, C.—G. Ferguson, Esq.
Berwick, C.—Mr. Majoribanks
Bute, C.—Charles Stuart, Esq.
Caithness, C.—Hon. G. Sinclair
Dumfries—Mr. H. Johnstone
Dumfries, B.—General Sharpe
Dundee—Mr. Kinloch
Edinburgh—Mr. Jeffrey, Mr. Abercromby
Edinburgh, C.—Sir J. Dalrymple
Elgin and Nairn, B.—Hon. F. W. Grant
Falkirk—Gillon, Esq.
Fife Burghs—A. Johnston, Esq.
Fife—J. Wemyss, Esq.
Forfar—Mr. Ross
Forfar, C.—Hon. B. G. Halyburton
Glasgow—Mr. Ewing, Mr. Oswald
Greenock—Mr. Wallace
Haddington—Mr. Balfour
Haddington, B.—Mr. R. Stewart
Kilmarnock Boroughs—Captain Dunlop
Kirkcaldy B.—Mr. R. Ferguson
Kirkcudbright—Mr. R. Ferguson
Lanark, C.—Mr. Maxwell
Leith, B.—Mr. J. A. Murray
Linlithgow, C.—Sir Alexander Hope
Nairn and Forres, B.—Colonel Bailey
Peebles—Sir J. Hay
Selkirk, C.—Robert Pringle, Esq.
St. Andrew's District of Burghs—Mr. Andrew
Johnston
Stirling Boroughs—Lord Dalmeny
Wick Burghs—James Loch, Esq.
Wigton Burghs—E. Stewart, Esq.
Wigtown, C.—Sir A. Agnew

An Extraordinary Gazette was published early in the month, allowing Dutch vessels, in the East and West Indies, in Africa or America, to enter and clear out of the aforesaid places; and it was further ordered, that all Dutch vessels with perishable cargoes, which should have been, or might be detained, should be immediately released, and allowed to proceed on their voyages.

THE COLONIES.

CANADA.—From the "Montreal Gazette" we learn that the inhabitants of Sherbrooke County, in a meeting at Lennoxville, unanimously requested their *representatives* to support the encouragement of emigration, and the *plans* of the Land Company, in the House of Assembly during this Session; which example, it was supposed, would be followed by all the other townships. This movement will, we hope, excite the attention of our Colonial Minister, who, regardless of the narrow policy which prompts the French Canadians to grumble at improvements they had not the soul

to attempt themselves, will only pursue those measures which at once shall promote the best interests of the colonies and the mother country. It cannot require any force of argument to prove that it is better for England to lead her protection to a well-populated and fertile colony in preference to a few thinly-peopled towns entirely surrounded by vast forests and tracts of waste land, which a few years back was the condition of the Canadas. Marking the amazing advancement of those colonies, let us hope, in this marching time of knowledge, that some of its valuable light may, through the agency of our Government, fall upon this political *chique*, who abrogate to themselves the title of *Les Enfants du Sol*.

The Legislative Assembly was opened on the 15th, in a speech by the Governor, from which the following is the only extract which is interesting in Europe:—"The period having arrived for effecting a new adjustment of the proportion to be paid to Upper Canada of certain duties levied in this province, the commissioners nominated on the part of the two provinces respectively, under provisions of the Act 3d Geo. IV., cap. 119, have recently met, and entered largely into the consideration of that subject; and although the discussion which ensued thereupon was conducted with no less cordiality and good feeling than with ability and diligence on both sides, I am concerned at having to announce to you that the commissioners have separated without coming to any decision on the important question intrusted to their management; and having, moreover, differed in regard to the appointment conjointly of a third commissioner or arbitrator, it becomes necessary, according to the provisions of the abovementioned act (sec.—) to refer the matter to his Majesty's government for the purpose of obtaining the appointment of an arbitrator under the royal sign manual."

WEST INDIES.—Jamaica.—The speech of Lord Mulgrave to the House of Assembly in Jamaica, on the 30th of October, enters into minute details of the state of the island, political and commercial, and the cause and effects of the late rebellion, and is a highly interesting document. With regard to the question of slavery, his Lordship states that the Orders in Council will not be enforced, and trusts that the House of Assembly will entertain the subject at an early day, that the measures for the amelioration of the slaves may emanate from the planters and the authorities of the island. The Governor states that he has made the tour of Jamaica; that he has strictly investigated into the causes of the late rebellion, and from all the evidence he has collected, such a great calamity is not likely again to occur. His speech has given the highest satisfaction to all parties in the island.

St. Lucia.—Advices from St. Lucia contain a proclamation of Governor Farquharson, in which he states that the Regulations of the Ordinance of 1826 had not been strictly complied with by alien foreigners, and that, in consequence of their "having presumed" to attach their signatures and allow their names to be appended to various petitions and declarations; with an avowed determination to impede the execution of the Order in Council, and a resolution not to pay voluntarily the taxes towards the maintenance of the colonial establishments, the Governor ordered that all alien foreigners, resident in the colony, should, within one month from the date of the promulgation of the proclamation, produce their permits of residence; and that the payment of all arrears of taxes, and all fines and other penalties prescribed for non-performance, would be rigorously enforced.

EAST INDIES.—By a proclamation of the Governor of the Mauritius of the 3rd of September, it was decreed, in consequence of the death of John Justin Cooper, Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeal, that until his Majesty's pleasure be known, Edward Redmond, Esq. should continue to exercise the office of Procureur-General, and Nicholas Gustave Bestel that of Assistant Judge of the Supreme Court. The Governor, in honour of his Majesty's birth-day, had remitted to eleven prisoners, imprisoned for various periods, the remainder of the term of their respective imprisonments.

A dreadful fire occurred on the 25th of July in the fort at Calcutta. It commenced in the arsenal, and destroyed two sides of the square, used as godowns for all descriptions of stores,—such as ropes, canvases, tar, turpentine, pitch, military accoutrements, &c. all of which, with the buildings, were completely destroyed. The loss is calculated at several lacs of rupees. The fortunate veering and unexpected subsidence of the wind saved the armoury, which, with its splendid and immense stand of arms, was a long time in imminent danger. To save the armoury, recourse was had to battering down with shot from 18-pounders. The crop of indigo in the East is represented in the last letters as short and bad.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—The Cape of Good Hope papers of the 9th September contained an interesting report of the Committee of the Philanthropic Society established there, from which it appears that the number of female slaves emancipated since the establishment of the Society on the 15th of November, 1828, had been 102. The number of the slaves at the Cape is estimated, in round numbers, at 34,000. The Caffres on the frontier had been attacked by a party of soldiers, under Lieutenant Ross, and driven away, their property being burned. The cause of this is said to be that some stolen cattle had been traced to Caffreland, resistance was offered, and four of the Caffres killed. The whole population of the Kat River Settlement is said to be from 4000 to 5000 persons.

GREENLAND. We have received an account of the Davis's Straits and Greenland Whale Fishery for 1832. It appears that eighty-one ships had been employed, of which five, viz., the Ariel and Shannon, of Hull, the Egginton, of Kirkcaldy, the Juno and William Young, of Leith, were lost. The produce of this fishery has been 12,578 tons, of 252 gallons each, and the quantity of whalebone was about 670 tons weight, valued at about 100,000*l*. The value of the oil was 250,000*l*. The number of seamen employed was nearly 4000.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

By writ under the great seal, the following eldest sons of Peers are themselves raised to the dignity of hereditary legislators:—

Francis Russell (by courtesy Marquis of Tavistock (is created Baron Howland, of Streatham, in the county of Surrey.

Henry Paget (by courtesy Earl of Uxbridge) is raised to the style and title of Baron Paget, of Byran Desert, in the county of Stafford.

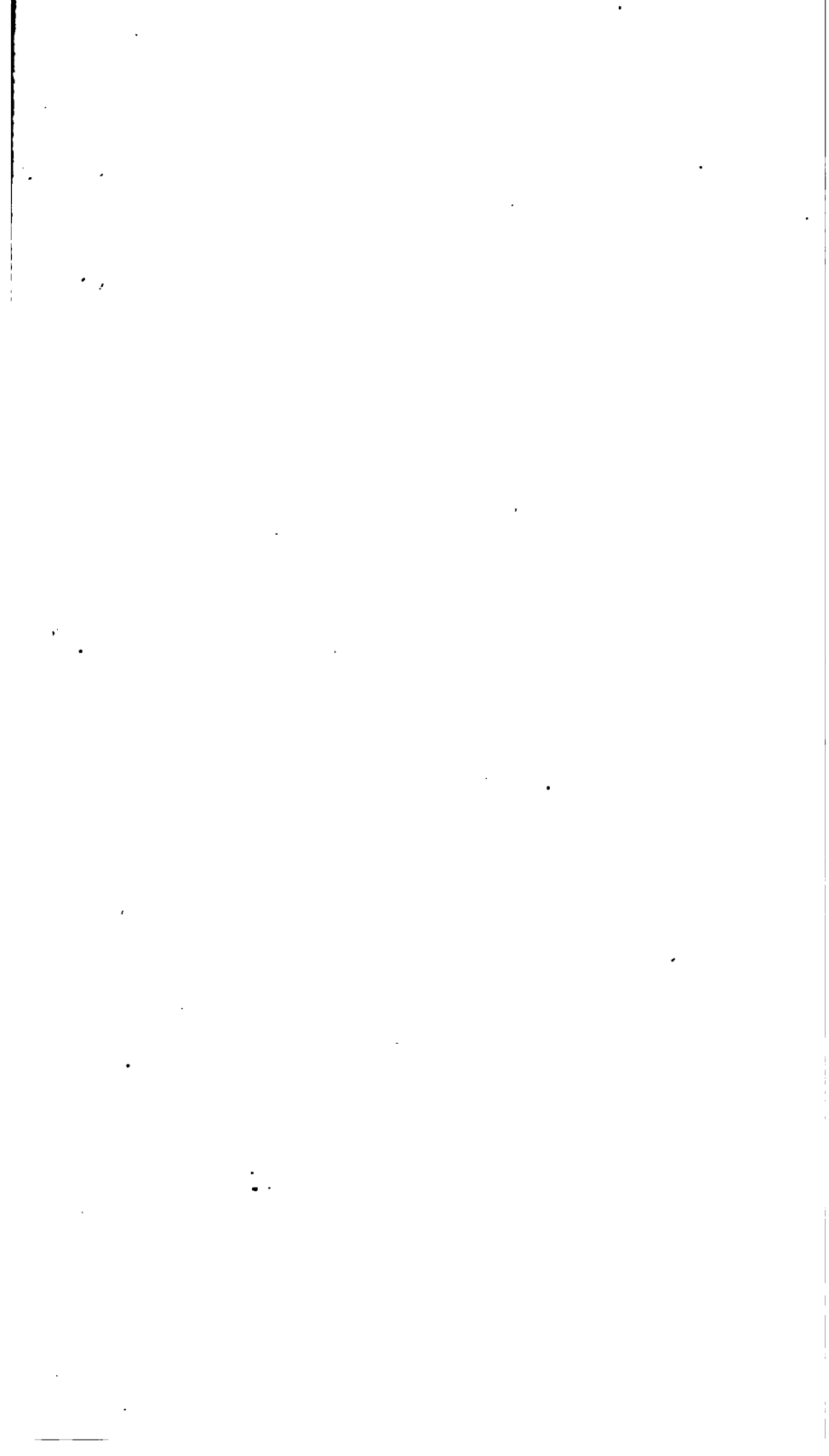
George Harvey Grey, (by courtesy Lord Grey,) is called to the House of Peers, as Baron Grey, of Groby, in the county of Leicester.

Edward Smith Stanley (commonly called Lord Stanley) is elevated to the honour of the peerage, under the title of Baron Stanley, of Bickerstaff, in the county palatine of Lancashire.

Lord Sherborne is to be created Earl of Cheltenham.

Sir Thomas Brisbane has been elected President of the Royal Society, Edinburgh, in the room of the late Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Macaulay has been appointed Secretary to the Board of Control, vacant by the death of Mr. Hyde Villiers.





THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE POLITICIAN, No. X.

What is likely to be the first political measure of the Government.—Considerations on Church Reform, and the policy of coupling the Abolition of Tithes with the Revision of Corn Laws.—The Ballot, the earliest time for discussing that question is the best.

THERE is that period in the history of states when grievances having grown to a certain point, they cannot be singly considered without giving cause to the impatient people to imagine their rulers lukewarm upon the points that are delayed. Necessary procrastination seems to them unseasonable trifling. A great constitutional change is rarely effected until the community has become willing, at all hazards, to try the experiment of possible dangers, in order to remove certain incumbrances. The moment their purpose is effected, and the change secured, the people become clamorous for the outward and visible sign of its effects. They consented to a change to remove their grievances—and they lose not an instant in crowding all the grievances in a body on the puzzled tribunal they have chosen. But the more free a state is, the more delicacy is always shown to sectarian and contesting interests. A despot marches at once to the end he considers good, and removes all the grievances he consents to abolish, while a free assembly is deliberating about one. Thus in changes from republican to monarchical institutions more instantaneous good is effected than by changes from monarchy to republicanism. One man in Athens (Solon) made all the laws—he was the legislative despot for the time; but everybody wanted to amend this and alter that; so many little sects pressed upon him, that the good he had effected for the community became jeopardized by the mere freedom of discussion. And Solon left the country an exile, in order to leave his laws unimpaired. He saw that it was necessary to decide, and the time had arrived when

there was only danger in deliberation. Augustus in three years effected more beneficial and popular reforms than the Roman republic effected in half a century after the expulsion of the kings. And hence we may gather this truth, that when a vast variety of reforms, all combated by petty interests, are become necessary, a wise despot is more beneficial to the state, for the moment, than a wise assembly; in which last, a nice regard to the interests of every man naturally retards, by a prolix tenderness, the progress of reformation to the community. We have made this remark because, in the natural impatience of the people for destroying a monopoly in one quarter, and an abuse in the other, we think it right that they should perceive that the very Constitution they value may delay the very measures they desire. There is something almost ludicrous in the manner in which each proposed reform is pushed forward, as the first which ought to engross the attention of Parliament. With one it is the Ballot—with another it is Church Reform—a third declares nothing is so immediately oppressive as the Assessed Taxes—a fourth asserts that the first burthen to be removed must be the Taxes on Knowledge. Then come, *pele-mêle*, one upon the other, all the questions of all the Monopolies—the Bank Charter, the East India Company, and, most noxious of all, the Planters' monopoly of Negro flesh. *Quantus sudor!* What work for the new Parliament! But which of all the thousand questions demanding the *most* immediate consideration will be lucky enough to obtain it? In the Ministerial legislative measures, evidently the Church Reform—and this for various reasons. 1st. Because the state of Ireland is—national prejudice apart—immeasurably more critical than the state of affairs in this country; next, because the evils there complained of are the most intolerable,—and, above all, because the present laws are thoroughly worn out by their own injustice; and so long oppressive, have grown at last inefficacious. The first dread

and monstrous Apparition that meets us in facing the state of Ireland, is its Ecclesiastical Establishment—and there the first exorcising Reform must be applied. But Church Reform in Ireland includes the principle of Church Reform in England; and the two measures will probably be either conjoined, or immediately consecutive to each other. Again, the Church Reform is most likely to be brought on the first opportunity, because, as Ministers are resolved to reject the Ballot, it will be their obvious policy to meet the denial of one grievance by the reform of another. The tactics of the Nursery and the Cabinet are pretty much the same:—"You must not meddle with *that* my dear—it is very dangerous—it eats up little boys;—but here is *this* pretty thing for Jacky to play with!"—The popular Jacky takes the last toy, but he too often retains unabated his resolution for the first. While on the question of Church Reform, we should observe, that the "Examiner" has forestalled, in some very able and well reasoned writing, what we had always intended for our own especial consideration, whenever we came to an elaborate view of the question of Ecclesiastical Reform;—namely, the policy of uniting a revision of the Corn Laws with an alteration in the system of Tithes. Nothing can be more plain than that the most proper time for hazarding a removal of the supposed protection of land, is that in which you take from land the most unquestioned of its burthens. If the agriculturists can be shown that the two measures must go together, and that they are almost parts of one financial, though not legislative, principle, what a world of difficulty in the alarm of some, the prejudice of others, the general obstinacy, and it may be the general selfishness, would be swept away! People would then come to the examination of the involved and difficult—(for, say what the economists will, it is no easy theorem)—question of the Corn Laws, with vigilance indeed, but something of impartiality: they would see that one certain measure of relief was coupled with the consideration of a supposed hazardous alteration; and they would, therefore, be more inclined to calculate dispassionately the nature of that hazard, and the probable results of that alteration. In order to make people reason fairly on any question in which they are themselves concerned, the fear of loss in one quarter should be equilibrated by the certainty of gain in another. With regard to the degree of Church Reform meditated by the Ministers, we feel a shrewd suspicion, that in proportion to the quantum of demand for the Ballot that is resisted will be the quantum of Ecclesiastical Reform acceded to. Still we are at loss to conceive by what tone Mr. Stanley, who, from his position in Ireland, must necessarily have a very considerable share in the

proposed Bill, will accommodate his declared opinions to such a measure as will satisfy the people. We incline, indeed, to believe, that that able speaker has less political obstinacy than is commonly attributed to him. The rash are rarely stubborn;—and what they say to-day is no decisive token of what they will do to-morrow.

Having said thus much on the as yet un-conjecturable secret of Ecclesiastical Reform, because we consider it the legislative question most likely to be first brought forward by the Ministers, we shall proceed to say a few words on that subject, which will receive the earliest attention from the independent Reformers—we mean the Ballot. Now it is said that this is the worst time to bring forward that question. The "Globe" canters over the principle, and makes a dead halt against the season:—"Years must elapse," cry the procrastinators, "before you will apply the Ballot; meanwhile other questions require immediate discussion—because an immediate adjustment." One word, then, on this point, since it is made the popular cry.

What is the natural time for perfecting a law once passed, and in which deficiencies are perceived? Is it immediately you perceive them, or is it four years afterwards?—Will you wait till the errors have become incorporated with the system, and their roots tough and strong, or will you pluck them out while they are yet young and tender?—Is it not the case with defects in legislation, that every year gives them the quiet sanction of custom, and that the moss of *prestige*, which covers them, is the accumulation of time? Again, look at the question in a conservative point of view:—is it not less exciting—less provocative of that craving after innovation which the Tories so reprobate, to settle at once a popular question, rather than to allow it to be agitated and re-agitated, brooded over, and declaimed upon in all democratic meetings for three or four years? Is not Lord Brongham's metaphor of the sybil as applicable to one part of Reform as the other?—and is it not fearfully true, that the delay of justice increases only the vehemence of demand and the costliness of concession? The question is capable of a logical dilemma—either the cry for the Ballot will grow weaker by time or not;—if weaker, only the enemies of the question can recommend delay. Mark this, and do not let any of its friends be ensnared by a pretext; but if it does not grow weaker by time, procrastination alone will give it additional strength; and at last, instead of granting a favour you will only appease an excitement. Did we not feel the effects of even the unavoidable delay of the Reform bill? Was not the boon worn from its precious gloss by the friction of suspense?

Did not the constant habit of discussing one popular measure nurse the desire for others? And was not the quantum of content exactly in an inverse ratio with the quantum of delay? Why gratuitously incur in this case the evils of procrastination of which we have been so lately made sensible in another? But to what time should we delay the adjustment of the question? Till towards the period of a dissolution of Parliament? What! is it wise policy in statesmen to select the very time when popular excitement is about to be highest to enter into the deliberation of a popular question? It will be better for the Ballot if they do! The fear of the hustings is stronger than the love of truth. But we must not adopt the cant notion that the Ballot is in reality a new boon to the people; it is, in fact, merely the completion of the past one. The people have received by the Reform Bill the electoral franchise, and they ask only by the Ballot to exercise it with safety. What is this but a necessary consequence of the prerogative they already possess? Either do not give the dependent classes votes at all, or take care that their votes be not a curse to them. If you ask them to dinner don't hang the sword over their heads: if you allow the bondsmen the rights of the *Saturnalia*, grant them the safety of the freedom as well as its exercise.

The present time is, then, the best for discussing the question of the Ballot: first, because it is wise to perfect a new law at the earliest possible period after it is brought into operation; secondly, because it is best to take excitement at the commencement, not the height; thirdly, because the Ballot is not a new concession to the people, but the necessary result of the past one*.

THE POLITICIAN, No. XI.

THE SPEAKER.

THE "Chronicle" has lately (by the subtle reasoning and the original views which have established that able journal as so high

* We had prepared an article on the Stamp and Advertisement Duties, but a desire for further information on the subject, induces us to delay for the present its appearance. Meanwhile a part of the article (unfortunately copied from an incorrect sheet) having appeared in "THE TOWN" Newspaper, and our remarks having received from that Journal an unmerited importance, and a sort of official air, we beg to state, that they can be only considered the result of our own hopes or expectations, and must not be ascribed to any authorized statement of Ministers, or any definite knowledge of the intention of the Cabinet (before which, indeed, we believe the question has not yet been brought.)

an authority among all educated men) raised what hitherto had been considered a mere question of form, into one of absolute principle. Our cotemporary has honoured the proposed re-appointment of Mr. Manners Sutton with a series of leading articles, no less grave and searching, than it has put forth upon the Ballot itself. And in fact there assuredly is something grating to the popular feeling to see the reforming ministers conspire to appoint to the high station of President over the first Reformed Parliament, a man, who—had the question rested upon his casting vote—would notoriously have prevented such a Parliament from ever assembling. Something too of a bungling and halting policy seems at a superficial glance to have been adopted in the whole affair. The speaker solemnly retires—his resignation is solemnly accepted—thanks are awarded to him—speculation turns upon his successor—a peerage is refused—he comes again into Parliament—and the Minister writes him a letter, begging him very respectfully to resume his former situation. "We could not make you," implies the Minister, "the last Peer, but we can make you the first Commoner. You were too formidable to be admitted into the House of Lords, and so we will give you the very first place in the House of Commons." Mr. Manners Sutton condescends to accept the offer, and once more the Olympus of the Commons receives its *Egiochus*.† All the ostensible arguments that have been alleged by the Whigs in favour of this restoration (save only that of economy) are so unfortunate as to tell against their own power and dignity as a body. "Where so fit a man?" say they. "Where one of the rank, experience, and station sufficient to be a worthy rival to Mr. Manners Sutton?" What! in this proud and aristocratic party, now in its most palmy state—the party of the Russells, the Howards, and the Cavendishes, no fit man to propose as a Whig Speaker of the House of Commons, in opposition to the choice of a faction nearly extinct? Can they say that no man of station and popularity amongst them has studied sufficiently the forms and regulations of the Legislative Assembly to be able to become its President? For we must not suppose that this study would require any very great assiduity, or any very

† This article was written before Mr. Hume's motion, and the installation of the Ex-Speaker. What we subsequently say of Mr. Littleton is not falsified by the event. If the Ministers, instead of Mr. Hume, had brought forward Mr. Littleton, his election would have been certain. Mr. Hume's motion was ill-timed and injudicious;—but how any man returned to Parliament, because of his attachment to the principles of Reform, could yet give his vote to a man notorious for his opposition to Reform, would be indeed a marvel—did we not know that Party Inconsistency is accustomed to swallow camels!

inordinate experience—Few, if any, of these regulations rest upon mere traditional custom. Certain and not numerous volumes contain an explanation of all the forms, orders, and ceremonies of the House, and a man of ordinary application would learn them all in a month. What a confession then of the proverbial Whig indolence, to say, that, among the distinguished Whigs who have sat in Parliament for the last twenty years, no one—even when excited by the ultimate ambition of becoming the first Commoner of Great Britain,—has acquired a competent knowledge of these ceremonial details! Or what a stigma upon Whig respectability, if those who *have* acquired, with great pains, this superficial knowledge, have not the station or distinction to aspire worthily to the honour of displaying it! The question resolves itself into a dilemma—either among the Whigs there is some man fit to be Speaker, or there is not: if there be not, it speaks a grievous want of respectability in the party—if there be, their bringing forward a Tory evinces no less grievous a want of gratitude to their partizans!

Yet, when we come to direct our conjecture towards the secret history of the transaction, we suspect that the Ministers have not acted without a certain policy and discretion. When the Speaker resigned in the last Parliament, it was, we believe, the ministerial intention to bring forward Sir Thomas Denman as his successor—a gentleman who, from his high character and universal popularity, would have obtained the chair with as much ease as he would have filled it with honour. A vacancy in his own profession occurs, and, instead of being made Speaker, the Attorney-General is made Chief Justice. Who should succeed Sir Thomas Denman as candidate for the vacant chair?—Mr. Littleton was, undeniably, the most eligible man; and his claims were of that nature that the Ministry could scarcely pass them over by a preference to any other individual. But Mr. Littleton—with a thousand admirable qualities—is not popular among many of the Members of the House of Commons;—the same qualities that make a man esteemed often prevent his being liked by the vulgar, and Parliament hath its vulgar, as emphatically as the mob itself. Supposing Mr. Manners Sutton to be brought forward by the Tories in opposition to Mr. Littleton, there seemed, perhaps, to the Ministry, a great probability that the general popularity of the former, with all the *prestige* and superstition that attached to the notion of his long experience, would give him a majority of suffrages even among the Whigs themselves. They were unwilling to incur the smallest chance of this defeat; which, indeed, as the first measure of the Reformed Parliament, would

be no ordinary one; and finding that Mr. Manners Sutton, debarred from his peerage, and once more in Parliament, would assuredly be proposed for the chair, it possibly seemed the most politic course to affect generosity—to renounce the assumption of party superiority upon mere ceremonial matter—and that they might not seem to yield to their opponents, but to precede and forestall their policy—to be the first to offer to Mr. Sutton the situation of which it might be difficult to deprive him.

We do not presume in these remarks to affect any certainty of their truth,—they are merely made in the spirit of conjecture; but we do strongly opine that they are not very far from displaying the whole history of a transaction which has excited so much discussion.

But though the Minister did not—if these observations be true—act without a deliberate and considered policy in proposing the re-election of Mr. Manners Sutton, we think that the policy was mistaken. We believe that if, for instance, Mr. Littleton and Mr. Manners Sutton had been both proposed for the chair, any capricious prejudice against the eminent claims of the former would have been merged at once in strong party feeling. The Press would have fomented that feeling—Members would have felt that their constituents would regard their decision as something more than a ceremony;—it would have been an election between a Reformer and an Anti-reformer, and men just returned from a triumph resulting from a similar contest, could neither honourably nor decorously vote diametrically opposite to the principle upon which they themselves had been elected—Mr. Littleton would have been chosen by an immense majority; and this would have been the case with any reforming member of character and long standing in the House, even supposing that Mr. Littleton himself had declined the contest, and supposing that his successor advanced in all but opinions, claims evidently inferior to the ex-Speaker. The same reasons that throughout the constituencies of England brought in Reformers but of moderate pretensions in rank or talent in opposition to the most distinguished Tories, must surely have operated also in any election in the House of Commons itself;—nor without good reason,—for what pretensions of talent, rank, popularity of manner, can equal in public offices the simple pretension of opinions which the majority consider advantageous to the State? It is in vain for Ministers to say, “This is but a mere ceremony,”—the People may reply, as the Spanish Nobles did to their King—“What are you yourselves but a ceremony?” Besides this—it shows impolicy on a point on which the

Whigs have been so often assailed, that they ought to be especially guarded not to deserve the reproach, viz.—the Stuart-like weakness of serving enemies and neglecting friends. The Chair of the House of Commons is—to say the least of it—an office of great honour and emolument: shorn as the Ministers are of patronage, they have not too many such places to throw away upon enemies. It would have been a high reward to several who have stood the brunt, and fought the battle, for years; and if they (no common nobleness even among Whigs, whose only fault, according to the “Edinburgh Review,” is contempt of office!) are generous enough to prefer fighting the battle to reaping the honours of victory, the People—eagle-eyed in these matters—never lose the semblance of ingratitude among rulers. Nor is it wise to shew to the main adherents of a party, that the readiest way to purchase the favour of Ministers is to abuse their measures.

Of Mr. Manners Sutton himself all must speak with respect. The urbanity and dignity of his manners, his conciliation and temper, we readily allow; but these are surely no very rare qualities in a high-bred gentleman, presiding over a deliberative assembly. Of his impartiality, truth obliges us to say one word. We have noted instances in which it seemed to us more than doubtful. The leaders of a party cannot be so much aware of this error in a Speaker as the ordinary herd of Members,—the former are sure to be fairly balanced against each other, and to catch the Speaker's eye when it seems to them the fitting opportunity to rise; but among Members in general it is otherwise. We have often and often, after an effective speech by some of the lesser of the Tory luminaries, when some six or seven of the Reformers, of equal or less calibre, sprung up to reply, observed the Speaker carefully give the preference to the one least able to do it with correspondent efficiency. To the abler of the young Tory Members he was invariably indulgent; to those of the Liberals pertinaciously blind. This was especially remarkable among those who belonged not to one of the great dominant parties, and who were therefore not so loudly called for by the House, but that they might be condemned with impunity to silence. But this partiality was still more evident in the case of Hunt, whom, as a constant thorn in the side of the poor Reform Bill, the Speaker invariably managed to see the instant he arose. No man, surely, ever less deserved to be heard,—no man ever obtained from the Speaker's peculiar selection such prompt opportunities of delivering his sentiments. We believe the Speaker to be far too honourable to be

conscious of his tendency to be partial, which we state, indeed, with reluctance, and after the most scrupulous and dispassionate practical observation;—but a warm partizan is partial, despite himself, and Power winks at its own abuses. We should be very happy if this page, at least, liberal, though it be, should ever “catch the Speaker's eye;” and we are quite sure that his attention once aroused to self-examination, his integrity would hereafter keep a strict watch over his inclinations.

One source of undeniable congratulation arises, at least, from the Speaker's re-election,—we have saved 4000*l.* a year. We think, indeed, that the sum might have been saved otherwise, without an equal sacrifice of the dignity of Ministers, the services of friends, and the harmony which, to say the least of it, would be decorous between the Legislative Assembly and its President. Still, however, it is saved! We rate this benefit much higher than the “Chronicle” does: we hug to our heart of hearts that consolatory thought,—four thousand pounds are saved! Oh! how Providence directs our affairs for the best! all this intrigue and counter-intrigue,—this drawing back and coming forward,—this final resignation and speedy return,—this bowing and scraping across the Cabinet,—this plotting of one party counteracted by the manœuvre of another,—this reforming majority, chosen by Reformers, making their first act the election of an Anti-Reformer;—all these various and singular tricks of the time have produced, at least, by a miracle hitherto unknown in the annals of Courts and the shuffling of parties,—a saving of four thousand pounds! In vain does the “Chronicle” say we could have spared the saving; we could not have spared a single stiver. Spendthrift Governments make a miser people. Millions upon millions are we taxed!—it is very true; but we exclaim, with the French Minister—Four thousand pounds!—“*they are the taxes of a village!*”

ON MORAL FICTIONS.

MISS MARTINEAU'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

THERE are two kinds of moral fictions—the one in which some decided end is inculcated (the moral to the fable), as in certain of Miss Edgeworth's tales,—the other in which no *one* distinct end is arrived at, and no solitary maxim worked out from the rich variety of the whole;—but which, nevertheless, abounds in moral lessons and scientific inquiries, in which the heart is touched, the passions elevated, or the mind enlightened. Thus it is with Fielding's novels and Shakspeare's plays. It has been

well remarked by Godwin, that the moral tendency of a work may often be diametrically opposite to the moral end; that is, from the one pervading moral which seems to be the intended result of the fiction.—This is very remarkable in Molière's comedies, where the moral end seems often to be the innocence of adultery or the success of knavery; while the moral tendency (which is to display the self-deceits of the heart—the weaker sides of vanity; and, above all, to enlarge the boundaries of our knowledge whether of men or of the consequences of social customs) does more than counteract the signification of the moral end, and conducts us to reformation by opening new vistas into truth. Nothing can be worse than the seeming moral conveyed by the "Beggar's Opera";—nothing can be finer or more widely instructive than its moral tendency: the end is the impunity of crime, but the tendency is the unravelling of state hypocrisies, and the tricks with which mankind are plundered by the political Peachums. Thus it will often happen that the most valuable works instruct not by the avowed moral but by the latent one; as Le Sage's "Gil Blas" has done more for human knowledge, which is the parent of human virtue, than the "Cœlebs" of Miss Hannah More. Those fictions are the most complete of purpose in which both the end and the tendency are good, as in the admirable satire of Jonathan Wild, where the tendency is the exposure of vice, and the end is its natural punishment. But fictions of this order, uniting both purposes, are rare; for the element of writers of great power is in the passions and the crimes; and the human interest ceases when the dark and exciting history of these is crowned by some frigid saw, which conjures all the living characters we have seen into shadowy delusions—not formed to move and breathe before us in the various career of actual life, but solely to serve the purpose of a homily and illustrate a moral conceit. Sensible of this, the greatest writers rarely consent thus to dissipate the dread and solemn effect their works can bequeath*. They know that the more life-like and actual their characters, the deeper the moral feelings, produced by their history, will sink into the soul; and they are conscious, also, that a thousand incidental morals may be destroyed if your attention is coldly

chained down to the pedantic examination of one.

Every great writer is more or less of a moralist, often unconsciously to himself; and, in proportion as his sources of interest are sought from the internal, not the outward, characteristics, he is not only the greater artist, but the more instructive teacher. Thus Shakspeare, who draws all his interest from the soul and heart of man, is not only an immeasurably greater poet than Scott, who, with (reverence be it said to his just claims to immortality), for the most part, seeks interest in ingenious narrative, in the more ordinary passions, in description of costume, manners, and feudal parade;—but he is also a much mightier moralist, though often offending more visibly against conventional morality. Every revelation of some passion, thought, sentiment that belongs to us, but has not yet been analyzed, is a discovery in morals; and a master is great, not in proportion as he discants on old discoveries, but as he arrives at new. This is an important consideration which, in regarding the relative merit of moral writers of fiction, we are bound to keep in view; always recollecting that the more various, latent, and abstruse the passions touched upon, the more likely is the philosopher to be deep in his science and novel in his discoveries. But in the heaven of philosophical fiction there are many mansions. There may be often truths known to the few which it is almost originality to popularize to the many. For next to inventing a truth, is the merit of making it generally known. This is peculiarly the case with political truths. So few have analyzed them,—and, while so necessary to the public, they have been for the most part treated in so dry a manner,—that to drag them from their retreats,—to gift them with familiar language,—to send them into the world preaching and converting as living disciples, is only a less proof of the inspiration of genius than the primary power of creation. It is to perform to political morals the same task as Addison fulfilled with domestic. Miss Martineau, in the excellent fictions she has given to the world, has performed this noble undertaking, and accomplished this lesser species of inspiration. She has taken the facts of Political Economy, and woven a series of tales, of great and familiar interest, illustrative of the broader and more useful of its doctrines. It is as a writer of fiction, however, that we only regard her; because the province of a writer is to be adjudged, not according to the end which he arrives at, but the means he employs. As we measure the claims of Lucretius to philosophy, not by comparison with philosophers, but with poets; as we call Fielding a novel writer, and only incidentally a moralist; as we consider Plato,

* Yet singularly enough, a typical and pervading moral will be borne more readily, and can be admitted more artfully, into the metaphysical fiction than in any plainer form of conveying morality. The Germans have tried it, particularly Goethe,—the greatest artist whoever lived,—in "Wilhelm Meister," with prodigious effect. And some of the ancient critics have imagined the "Odyssey of Homer" to be an allegory, in which Ulysses is the soul, and Ithaca the port of Reason.

though poetical, a philosopher; and Shakspeare, though philosophical, a poet. Besides this, were Miss Martineau viewed only as a political economist, her merits would shrink into an exceedingly small compass; for though, as we before said, it is of great merit to popularize known truths, the merit is that of a writer, not a philosopher. Miss Martineau has not added a single new truth to the science; and it is only the most generally acknowledged axioms which she has ventured to embody in her tales;—this, indeed, with obvious wisdom; for if she had illustrated the more equivocal and less settled principles, the merit of the illustration would have become exceedingly questionable. Illustrations of Political Economy by fiction are something like the application of metaphors to reasoning; they make old truths agreeable, unfamiliar truths intelligible: but you cannot argue equivocal truths by metaphors alone. As a political economist, then, we do not consider Miss Martineau entitled to high estimation: as a writer of moral fiction, we think she is entitled to a considerable station. We do not indeed agree with our admired contemporary, "The Examiner," in ranking her on the same level with Miss Edgeworth. The end at which she would arrive *may* be equally useful, but the means she employs are less brilliant and of a lower order of genius. She has not, for instance, the simple yet pointed wit of Miss Edgeworth—the wit which almost approaches to Swift's in "Castle Rackrent," and to Voltaire's in "Murad the Unlucky." Still less has she the rich, various, racy, national humour which her great predecessor displays—she does not draw forth all those latent qualities which are to human nature what idioms are to language—an index to its deepest stores, and most graceful peculiarities. She has as yet given us no parallel to the Irish postilion and the Irish peeress of the "Absentee;" nor (though she equals Miss Edgeworth in sentiment, and excels her in tenderness)—in stern pathos, and the more terrible interest that may be deduced from the errors of daily life, has she approached, by many degrees, to the death-bed of Vivian—or the almost sublime hiatus which closes the narrative of Basil the Procrastinator. The power ultimately to rival Miss Edgeworth she may possess, but the proof of the power is yet to come. At present, while we hope much from what she may write, we must estimate her by what she has written.

Nor must it be forgotten, that Miss Edgeworth wrote the *first*, and that her writings are equally directed to the elucidation of political morals, though not to the same points in politics which Miss Martineau has selected. The peculiar nature of the subjects chosen by the latter author has contributed

greatly to contract the sphere of her inquiry into the diversities of mankind: for the most part her characters are divided into two great *genera*—the one character is prudent, honest, and enlightened—the other is reckless, embruted, and criminal. It is the old division which Miss Edgeworth herself has marked so repeatedly before—well regulated labour, and thriftless indolence. Angus and Ronald, George Grey and Joe Harper, with a few external differences, are merely one exemplification of a common principle, and individuals of the same species of character. On the other hand, Dan the Indolent and Hal the Thoughtless are equally similar in their general aspects. Nor is there, as in Edgeworth, Scott, and our greater writers of fiction—a variety of rich and humorous peculiarities struck out from each, so as to stamp the general attributes with individual and unmistakable traits. The space, too, to which the writer has confined herself is so limited, that it would require a very short, and almost epigrammatic style, to mark distinctly and vividly the different characters—making point the substitute of elaboration. Marmontel delineates his actors with a stroke:—Richardson, diffuse and lengthy, requires volumes to make you acquainted with his creations. The style of Miss Martineau, though not the order of her talents, resembles rather that of Richardson than of Marmontel: the rapid, condensed, antithetical analysis, is perfectly unknown to her—she writes with purity and elegance, but with that style which requires expatiation to do justice to her own conceptions. She is subject, moreover, to another fault—which is the consequence of her choice of subject;—her dialogue offends verisimilitude—she writes more simply when she narrates, than when she causes her labourers and her fishermen to speak in their own persons. It is easy to see her benevolent and wise purpose in making the poor themselves speculate on truths, rather than be lectured by others into instruction. It opens to them what may be called "Intellectual Independence," and teaches, on a large scale, the Lancaster system, that the best schoolmaster is the pupil himself. But while this purpose is a full excuse for her practice in drawing philosophical fishermen and Socratical cottagers, the practice cannot but interfere with the effect of the fiction, and the artist-like delineation of the characters. So we feel that Shakspeare, if writing now, would not put into the mouth of a veteran serjeant, in a country village, passages like this:—"In England the law of primogeniture has encouraged the accumulation of property in a few hands to a very mischievous extent. There are far too many estates in this kingdom too large to be properly managed by the care of one man, or by the reproducible capital of one

family." Nor would he paint the squire's footman (however travelled the footman be), as responding most rabbinically to the serjeant on this knotty matter, and suggesting legislative modes to supply the place of the law of primogeniture. "*There might,*" quoth the footman, "*be directions that the land should be sold, and the purchase-money divided, or a legacy of land left to one of the children, charged with portions or annuities to the rest, or an injunction that the family should form a sort of joint-stock company, and cultivate their property by shares.*" All this is very sensible; but to fiction in its most sensible shape we must still apply the rules of fiction; and we cannot help feeling that however oracular the doctrine, the footman is not the fitting Pythius to promulgate it.

This want of keeping between the truth and its propounder, is yet more unpleasantly glaring in the tale called *Weal and Woe in Garveloch*," where, in the most barbarous spot of earth, half-starved fishermen take the most astonishing views on the theory of population; and in this instance of inconsistency, there is a grosser want of truth than in the other tales. The language of the fisherman is never beneath his wisdom; he talks simply indeed, but it is with the simplicity of a scholar. *Ex. gr.—*

"I know," replied Angus, "that there is always a prevalence of vices in society, that as some are extinguished others arise." . . .

"Very few, if any, pass through the trial of squalid and hopeless poverty with healthy minds. . . . I shall never be convinced, unless I see it, that any vice in existence will be aggravated by the comforts of life being extended to all, or that there is any which is not encouraged by the feelings of personal injury,—of hatred towards their superiors, or recklessness concerning their companions and themselves, which are excited among the abject or ferocious poor."

Now, without this being fine language, it is not natural, it is not conceivable, language in the mouth of a fisherman of Ilay. True we are told he is of a superior mind, and in his course of trade has seen a little of the world. But a superior fisherman is a fisherman still; nor does he utter the intricate doctrines of a Malthus in the elegant simplicity of a Hume. We the more allude to this glaring deficiency in art (looking upon a writer of fiction as the greatest and most thoughtful of all artists), partly because we have seen praise very erroneously attributed to Miss Martineau for the familiarity and naturalness of her dialogue, and partly because in our able and spirited contemporary (*Tait's Magazine*), we have noted opinions (to which Miss Martineau's name is prefixed) upon Sir Walter Scott, which we consider to contain canons of criticism, that did she resolve to reduce them into practice, could not but operate unfavourably on Miss Martineau's future efforts.

She denies (by the way) that Walter Scott knew much of the lower orders. If, like the writer of this paper, Miss Martineau had journeyed over Great Britain on foot, boarded, lodged, travailed and feasted with all varieties of those orders, she would have found reason, perhaps, to reconsider her decision. But to return. One point is clear,—if the development of fictitious characters be employed for the illustration of principles, there is no evading the fundamental law of all compositions in which fictitious characters are presented to us: namely, the giving to each person, so introduced, the language and the train of thought which he is most likely to use and indulge. That we may translate certain barbarous dialects and provincialisms, which contain nothing characteristic in themselves, we allow; but then they must be translated into language and thoughts, if more intelligible, at least equally natural and appropriate. Miss Martineau, whenever she *does* endeavour to suit the word to the actor, does it too without much discrimination and art; for instance, to the young Irish couple in the "*Weal and Woe in Garveloch*," the Irish brogue is freely attributed; but very much as the brogue is represented in the ignorant old farces, with plenty of "*kilt*," and "*bother*," and "*jewel*," but without a glimpse of that rich idiomatic humour which in Miss Edgeworth, Crofton Croker, and Mrs. Hall's sketches, relieve the vulgarity and elevate the provincialism into the *bon mot*. Here, therefore, Miss Martineau's use of the appropriate dialect is entirely superfluous; and we are given an imitation of the national peculiarity too incorrect to be successful, yet too flat to be amusing. Besides, there is something a little uncandid in this instance; for the good, honest, laborious fishermen are made to speak like scholars, however unnaturally,—the poor worthless Milesian is consigned, and without mercy, to his brogue, however unhappily represented.

And now having finished our catalogue of complaints, we come to the more pleasing part of our critical duty, and speak of the counterbalancing merits of Miss Martineau's performances. And in the first place we must beg the reader to observe that it is but fair to attribute the greater part of the defects we have spoken of, not to a want of capacity in the writer, but to the nature of the work—to the limited space of each tale, and to Miss Martineau's evident desire of making everything subordinate to the illustration of certain valuable truths. It is just therefore, in this, as in all works, to consider first, the author's design; secondly, to see if the design be accomplished; if so, we ought to look leniently on many of the faults inseparable, perhaps, from the accomplishment of the design itself. Putting aside the fact that the dialogues are not appropriate

to the speakers, nothing can be more clear, succinct, and luminous than the manner in which the reasonings conveyed in the dialogues are expressed and detailed. A remarkable excellence in Miss Martineau, is the beauty of her description—not exaggerated—not prolix—but fresh, nervous, graphic, and full of homeliness or of poetry as the subject may require. And this power of description extends not only to the delineation of scenery, but also to that of circumstances and of persons. Nothing can be more fine in its way than the description of the hurricane in Demerara—of the fate of the barbarous overseer—of the passionate negro, praying for vengeance in Christ's name by his solitary hearth—of the escape of the fugitive slaves, and the bay and spring of the fierce bloodhound. Nor can anything be more natural, yet picturesque, than Miss Martineau's sketches of English scenery—the farm—the common—the cottage. And when her story exhibits probity in distress, she groups the characters in the most noble, yet touching positions; as, when Kenneth sits down at night by the desolate sea on which his father has launched his boat in quest of food for many breadless mouths. And when the wife, coming also to watch the vessel, finds her brave son weeping on the rock alone;—and there—with the stormy breakers below, and the sea-fowl screaming near, and the bark growing less and less upon the wave—mother and son cheer each other with grave but high thoughts; and the most beautiful of human affections gives dignity to the most humiliating of earthly trials.

Another great excellence of Miss Martineau, and the most irrefragable proof of her talents, is in that nameless and undefinable power of exciting and sustaining interest in the progress of her tale,—which is the first requisite of prose fiction, and without which all other requisites become wearisome and vain. And this is the greater merit; because, as we before said, the nature of the story and its occasional treatment interpose so many obstacles in the way of interest, and are perpetually in danger of marring our belief in the life and actuality of the *dramatis personæ*.

Miss Martineau's talents, and the value of her works, are indisputable. She has arrived at that point of excellence where we begin to estimate the value and adjudge the station of the writer. The greatest and most consummate order of perfect intellect, is that in which the imaginative and the reasoning faculties are combined,—each carried to its height:—the one inspired, the other regulated, by its companion; and though we cannot of course attribute to Miss Martineau these faculties in their greatest extent, we can yet congratulate her on no inconsiderable portion of them

united with no common felicity. We wish that when she has concluded this series of political tales, she would put her imagination under less visible and cramped restraint—that her moral may be less concentrated—that she may take wider flights into the great range of art—that she may be enabled more happily to consult the dramatic harmonies of character—that she may work out yet more extended and beneficial, though less obtruded, results from more costly materials—that she may be encouraged to venture into far deeper researches into the humors and hearts of men, and far more subtle and daring analysis—not of errors, which are the mere effects of passion, but of the passions themselves; for *they* are the great elements of social change, and the loftiest province of an imaginative and philosophic genius.

SONNETS TO ROSALIE.

By the Author of "*The Village Poorhouse*."

I.

THERE is a quiet cot, its walls are white
And covered o'er with foliage green and deep,—
And round the casement clustering wall-flowers
creep,
And in link'd arches o'er the porch unite.
Retired and calm that humble hut is placed
In a warm valley,—and the smoke upcurls,
From the near village, in fantastic whirls
Above the sheltering trees. Embowered, and graced
By their rich covering, stands that modest dome;
The light gate closed before it, and all round
The gravel'd path, pinks, daisies, deck the ground:—
That simple cot is mine,—my bosom's home,—
My heart's own resting-place, for ever fair,
For thou, my Rosalie, art smiling there!

II.

I look into the past! and see thee there,
Laughing, yet chasten'd in thy young heart's glee;
And o'er that brow, unshadow'd yet by care,
The rich brown tresses clust'ring wild and free;
Thy bosom heaving with delicious sighs
That speak of aught but sorrow—and thy cheek
Flushing with unknown fancies,—and thine eyes
Speaking more tenderly than words can speak—
Thou lov'st me!

And within those eyes I gaze,
Bright with the pure soul's brightness; and thy smile
Reproves in vain—and only tempts—the praise
Of lips by smiling made more sweet the while!
And there thou standest with that glistening eye,
Blushing in youth's first love, my Rosalie!

III.

I see thee, Rosalie!—thy charms the same,
But mellow'd and more lovely;—on thy knee
A fair-hair'd infant laughs with childish glee,
Or clings around thy neck to lip thy name!

Still art thou beautiful; and as thy head
Is bent to kiss its cheek, thy tresses brown,
Floating in wavy ringlets loosely down,
O'er the fair features of the child are spread,
Which sleeps within their shadow.—

At thy feet
Stands the light cradle, and I see thee place
Thy slumbering babe within it, and thy face
Grows bright as listening to its breathings sweet,—
Thou gazest on its rest, so soft and mild,
And callest on thy God to guard thy child!

IBRAHIM PACHA, THE CONQUEROR OF SYRIA.

WHILE Europe rings with the history of civil change, we have only to cast our eyes to another quarter of the globe to witness the progress of events equally mighty, though by means less new. Ibrahim Pacha has conquered all Syria, and is marching unresisted through the peninsula of Asia. By the last advices the city of Konieh, within two hundred and fifty miles of the famous capital of the Turkish empire, had opened its gates to him, and Europe is prepared for what a year ago would have been considered the incredible event of the Egyptians marching triumphant into Constantinople. Nearly half a century has passed since the rise of the Wahabees in Arabia threatened the destruction of the Mahomedan faith. These bold, perhaps philosophic, votaries of a sublime creed, declared for the unity of the Godhead, and against the authenticity of the prophet. They plundered the grand caravan of Mecca—they captured the pious Hadgees—they defeated the lieutenants of the Sultan, who endeavoured to vindicate the united interests of Religion and Commerce. For a long period the authority of the Sultan was dormant in Arabia and Syria; Egypt was threatened, and the treasury of Stamboul shrank under the influence of the victorious heretics. At length this same Ibrahim, son of the Egyptian Viceroy, offered his services to resist the torrent. At the head of an irregular force he penetrated into the midst of Arabia, delivered the holy cities, defeated the Wahabees even in their own country, and finally, after having granted peace on the most severe terms, carried their princes as hostages to Cairo. For these services Ibrahim was made Pacha of Mecca and Medina,—an appointment which, in the Ottoman empire, gives him precedence before all other pachas, even his own father.

After the conquest of the Wahabees, Ibrahim commenced the formation in Egypt of a regular army, disciplined in the European manner; and by engaging the most skilful naval architects from Toulon, laid the foundation of the present very considerable naval

force of Egypt. Utterly discomfited in Greece, the Sultan at length applied for assistance to his Egyptian vassal. Immediately, the young Pacha poured into the Morea at the head of his army, and supported by a powerful fleet; and such was his progress, that nothing but the famous Treaty of London, and its consequence,—the battle of Navarino,—could have prevented Greece from again becoming a Moslem province. We have been assured, however, by the highest authority, that it was not the intention of Ibrahim to have restored the Morea to the Sultan. The overthrow of the Egyptians by the Allied Powers only stimulated the exertions of Ibrahim on his return to his country. In the confusion of the Porte, he appropriated to himself both Candia and Cyprus, the finest islands of the Mediterranean. In the autumn of 1831, the Egyptian army consisted of ninety thousand disciplined infantry, perhaps not inferior to the Sepoys, and ten thousand regular cavalry. All the world who knew anything about Egypt, ridiculed the unthrifty vanity of the Pacha, and laughed at the ludicrous disproportion between such a military force and the population and resources of Egypt. By the autumn of 1832, however, Ibrahim has conquered all Syria, and almost the whole of Asia Minor, and is nearer Constantinople than the Russians. Ibrahim Pacha, therefore, is a great man. He is the great conqueror of his age.

He is without doubt a man of remarkable talents. His mind is alike subtle and energetic. He is totally free from prejudice, adopts your ideas with silent rapidity, and his career demonstrates his military genius. His ambition is unbounded; his admiration of European institutions and civilization great; but he avoids, with dexterity, shocking the feelings and prejudices of the Moslem. A mystery hangs over his birth—he is said to be only an adopted son of the present Pacha of Egypt, but this is doubtful; at any rate, the utmost confidence prevails between Ibrahim and his professed father. The Pacha of the Holy Cities is a great voluptuary; his indulgence, indeed, in every species of sensuality is unbounded. Although scarcely in the prime of life, his gross and immense bulk promises but a short term of existence, and indicates a man sinking under overwhelming disease, and incapable of exertion. His habits are sumptuous: he delights in magnificent palaces and fanciful gardens, and is curious in the number and beauty of his Circassians; but his manners are perfectly European. He is constantly in public, and courts the conversation of all ingenious strangers. His chief councillor is Osman Bey, a renegade Frenchman, and an able man. Less than twenty years ago, Ibrahim Pacha passed his days in sitting at a window of his palace with a German rifle,

and firing at the bloated skins borne on the backs of the water-carriers as they returned from the Nile. As Ibrahim is an admirable marksman, the usual effect of his exertions was in general only to deprive the poor water-carriers of the fruits of their daily labour: sometimes, however, his bullet brought blood, instead of the more innocent liquid—but Egypt was then a despotic country. It is not so now. It is not known among us, that the old Pacha of Egypt and his son, in their rage for European institutions, have actually presented their subjects with "The Two Chambers," called in the language of the Levant the "*Alto Parlamento*," and "*Basso Parlamento*." These assemblies meet at Cairo; and have been formed by the governor of every town sending up to the capital, by the order of the Pacha, two good and discreet men to assist in the administration of affairs. The members of the "*Alto Parlamento*" have the power of discussing all measures; but those of the "*Basso Parlamento*" are permitted only to petition. Their Highnesses pay very little practical attention to the debaters or the petitioners, but always treat them with great courtesy. Yet they are very proud, (especially the elder Pacha,) of the institutions; and the writer of this article has heard Mehemet Ali more than once boast that "he has as many Parliaments as the King of England." In the meanwhile these extraordinary events have wrought singular revolutions in manners—we have for the first time a *Turkish Ambassador* in England.

MARCO POLO, JUNIOR.

ASMODEUS AT LARGE.—No. X.

(Part First Concluded.)

PASSION—ITS HISTORY AND ITS TERMINATION.

My adventures now become of a more grave and earnest character than they have been wont to be. The reader must be prepared to confine his interest solely to subliminary sources—the supernatural has vanished from my life—unless indeed, as at times I believe, nothing is so marvellous or so alien to our earthly and common nature as the spirit that animates and transforms us when we love.

It was evening, clear and frosty—I stood in one of the small deserted streets that intersect Mayfair, waiting for Julia. Yes! our attachment had now progressed to that point; we met—alone and in secret. From the hour Julia first consented to these interviews, Asmodeus left me; I have not seen him since.

"My gratitude stops here," said he. "It was my task to amuse, to interest you, but no more. I deal not with the passions—

I can do nothing for you in this affair. You are in love, and in the hands of a stronger demon than myself. Adieu!—when the spell is broken we may meet again." With those words he vanished, and has I suspect engaged his services for the present to the Marquis of Hertford.

I was waiting then, in this lonely street, for the coming of Julia; I heard the clock strike eight, the appointed hour, but I saw not her dark mantle and graceful form emerging from the cross street which led her to our *rendezvous*. And who was Julia, and what? She was a relation of the gaming adventurer at whose house and with whose daughter I had first seen her—and she lived at somewhat a distant part of the town with a sister who was a widow and much older than herself. Occupied in the business of an extensive trade, and the cares of a growing family, this sister left Julia to the guidance of her own susceptible fancy and youthful inexperience—left her to reflect—to imagine—to act as she would, and the consequence was that she fell in love. She was thoroughly guileless, and almost thoroughly ignorant. She could read indeed, but only novels, and those not of the gravest; she could write—but in no fluent hand, and if her heart taught her the sentiment that supplies skill, her diffidence forbade her to express it. She was quiet, melancholy, yet quickly moved to mirth—sensitive, and yet pure. I afterwards discovered that pride was her prevailing characteristic, but at first it lay concealed. I already loved her even for her deficiencies, for they were not of Nature but of Education.

And who and what is her lover? Long as I have been relating these adventures, I have not yet communicated that secret. Writing about myself, I have not yet disclosed myself. I will now do so:—I am then an idle, wandering, unmarried man—rich, well-born, still young—who have read much, written somewhat, and lived for pleasure, action, and the Hour—keeping thought for study, but excluding it from enterprise, and ready to plunge into any plan or any pursuit, so that it promised the excitement of something new. Such a life engenders more of remembrance than of hope; it flings our dreams back upon the past, instead of urging them to the future—it gives us excitement in retrospection, but satiety when we turn towards the years to come; the pleasure of youth is a costly draught, in which the pearl that should enrich our manhood is dissolved. And so much for Julia's lover; the best thing in his favour is that she loves him. The half hour has passed—will she come? How my heart beats!—the night is clear and bright, what can have delayed her? I hear feet—Ah Julia, is it you indeed!

Julia took my arm, and pressed it silently;

I drew aside her veil, and beneath the lamp, looked into her face; she was weeping.

"And what is the matter, dearest?"

"My sister has discovered your last letter to me; I dropped it, and—and——"

"Heavens! how could you be so imprudent—but I hope it is no matter—what does your sister say?"

"That—that I ought to see you no more."

"She is kind; but you will not obey her, my Julia?"

"I cannot help it."

"Why, surely you can come out when you like?"

"No; I have promised not. She has been a kind sister to me, sir, and—and she spoke so kindly now on this matter, that I could not help promising; and I cannot break my promise, though I may break my heart."

"Is there no way of compromising the matter?" said I, after a pause. "No way of seeing me? My Julia, you will not desert me now?"

"But what can I do?" said Julia, simply.

"My angel, surely the promise was not willingly given; it was extorted from you!"

"No, sir: I gave it with all my heart."

"I thank you."

"Pray, pray, do not speak so coldly; you must, you must own it was very wrong in me ever to see you; and how could this end—God knows, but not to my good and my family's honour. I never thought much about it before, and went on, and on, till I got entangled; and did not dare look much back or much forward; but now you see, when my sister began to show me all the folly I have committed, I was frightened, and—and—in short it is no use talking, I can meet you no more."

"But I shall at least see you at your relations, the Miss ****?"

"No, sir; I have promised also not to go there, and not to go any where without my sister."

"Confound your sister," I muttered with a most conscientious heartiness; you give me up then," said I, aloud, "without a sigh, and without a struggle?"

Julia wept on without answering; my heart softened to her, and my conscience smote myself. Was not the sister right? Had I not been selfishly reckless of consequences? Was it not now my duty to be generous? "And even if generous," answered Passion, "will Julia be happy? Have not matters already gone so far that her heart is implicated without recall? To leave her, is to leave her to be wretched." We walked quietly on, neither speaking. Never before had I felt how dearly I loved this innocent and charming girl; and loving her so dearly, a feeling for her began to preponderate over the angry and bitter mortification I had first experienced for myself. My mind was confused and bewildered—I knew

not which course to pursue. We had gone on thus mute for several minutes, when at the corner of a street which led her homewards, Julia turned, and said in a faltering voice,—"Farewell, sir, God bless you—let us part here; I must go home now!" The street was utterly empty—the lamps few, and at long intervals, left the place where we stood in shade. I saw her countenance only imperfectly through the low long bonnet which modestly, as it were, shrouded its tearful loveliness; I drew my arm round her, kissed her lips, and said, "Be it as you think best for yourself—go and be happy—think no more of me."

Julia paused—hesitated, as about to speak—then shook her head gently, and, still silent (as if the voice were choked within) lowered her veil, and walked away. When she had got a few paces, she turned back, and seeing that I still stood in the same spot, gazing upon her, her courage seemed to desert her; she returned, placed her hand in mine, and said in a soft whisper,

"You are not angry with me—you will not hate me?"

"Julia, to the last hour of my life I shall adore you; that I do not reproach you—that I do not tamper with your determination, is the greatest proof of the real and deep love I bear to you; but go—go—or I shall not be so generous long."

Now Julia was quite a child in mind more than years, and her impulses were childlike, and after a little pause, and a little evident embarrassment, she drew from her finger a pretty though plain ring, that I had once admired, and she said very timidly,

"If, sir, you will condescend to accept this——"

I heard no more; I vow that my heart melted within me at once, and the tears ran down my cheek almost as fast as they did down Julia's; the incident was simple—the sentiment it veiled was so touching and so youthful. I took the ring and kissed it—Julia yet lingered—I saw what was at her heart, though she dared not say it. She wished also for some little remembrance of the link that had been between us, but she would not take the chain I pressed upon her; it was too costly; and the only gift that pleased her, and she at last accepted, was a ring not half the value even of her own. This little interchange, and the more gentle and less passionate feelings to which it gave birth, seemed to console her; and when she left me, it was with a steadier step and a less drooping air. Poor Julia! I staid in that desolate spot till the last glimpse of thy light form vanished from my gaze.

In the whole course of life there is no passage in it so "weary, stale, and unprofitable," as that which follows some episode of Passion broken abruptly off. Still loving, yet forbid the object we love, the heart sinks

beneath the weight of its own craving affections. There is no event to the day—a burthensome listlessness—a weary and distasteful apathy fill up the dull flatness of the hours—Time creeps before us visibly—we see his hour-glass and his scythe,—and we lose all the charm of Life the moment we are made sensible of its presence!

I resolved to travel—I fixed the day of my departure. Would to heaven that I had been permitted to carry, at least, that purpose into effect! About three days before the one I had appointed for leaving London, I met suddenly in the street my friend Anne, the eldest of the damsels to whom I had played the sorcerer. She knew, of course, of my love for Julia, and had assisted in our interviews. I found that she now knew of our separation. She had called upon Julia, and the sister had told her all, and remonstrated with her for her connivance at our attachment. The girl described the present condition of Julia in the most melancholy colours. She said she passed the day alone—and (the widow had confessed) for the most part in tears—that she had already lost her colour and roundness of form—that her health was breaking beneath an effort which her imperfect education feeding her imagination at the expense of the reasoning faculty, and furnishing her with no resources, so ill prepared her to sustain. And with her sister, however well meaning, she had no sympathy. She found in her no support, and but seldom even companionship.

This account produced a great revulsion in my mind. Hitherto I had at least consoled myself with the belief that I had acted in the true spirit of tenderness to Julia, and in that hope I had supported myself. Now all thought, prudence, virtue vanished beneath the idea of her unhappiness. I returned home, and in the impulse of the moment wrote to her a passionate, and imploring letter. I besought her to fly with me. I committed the letter to my servant, a foreigner, well-used to such commissions; and in a state of breathless fever I awaited the reply. It came—the address was in Julia's writing. I opened it with a sort of transport—my own letter was returned unopened—the cover contained these few words:—

"I have pledged myself to return your letters in case you should write to me, and so I keep my word. I dare not—dare not open this; for I cannot tell you what it costs me to keep my resolution. I had no idea that it would be so impossible to forget you—that I should be so unhappy. But though I will not trust myself to read what you have written, I know well how full of kindness every word is, and feel as if I *had* read the letter; and it makes me wickedly happy to think you have not yet forgotten me, though you soon must. Pray do not write to me again—I beseech you not, as you value the

little peace that is left to me. And so, sir, no more from Julia, who prays for you night and day, and will think of you as long as she lives."

What was I to do after the receipt of this letter? So artless was Julia, that every word that ought to have dissuaded me from molesting her more, seemed to make it imperative to refrain. And what a corroboration in these lines of all I had been told! I waited till dark. I repaired with my servant to that part of the town in which Julia's sister resided! I reconnoitred the house. "And how," asked I, for the first time, of my servant, "how, Louis, did you convey the letter?"

"I went, sir, first," answered Louis, "to the young lady, Miss Julia's cousin, in ——— street, and asked if I could not carry any parcel to her relation. She understood me, and gave me one. I slipped the letter into the parcel, and calling at the private entrance of the house desired the maid who opened the door to give it only to Miss Julia, I made sure of the servant with half-a-guinea. Miss Julia herself came down, and gave me the answer."

"Ha, and you saw her then?"

"Not her face, sir, for she had put on her bonnet, and she did not detain me a moment."

In this account there was no clue to the apartment which belonged to Julia, and that it was now my main object to discover. I trusted, however, greatly to the ingenuity and wit of my *confidant*, and a little to my own. It was a corner house—large, rambling, old-fashioned; one side of the house ran down a dark and narrow street, the other faced a broad and public thoroughfare. In walking to and fro the former street, I at length saw a sudden light in a window of the second floor, and Julia herself—yes, herself! appeared for one moment at the window. I recognized her gentle profile—her parted hair—and then she drew down the curtain; all was darkness and a blank. That, then, was her apartment; at least I had some right to conjecture so. How to gain it was still the question. Rope-ladders exist only in romances; besides, the policemen and the passengers. The maid-servant flashed across me—might she not, bought over to the minor indulgence, be purchased also to the greater one? I called my servant, and bade him attempt the task. After a little deliberation he rang at the bell—luck favoured me—the same servant as before answered the summons. I remained at a distance, shrouded in my cloak. At length the door closed—Louis joined me—the servant had consented to admit me two hours hence; I might then see Julia undetected. The girl, according to Louis, was more won over by compassion for Julia's distress, whom she imagined *compelled* by her sister to reject the addresses of a true lover, than even

by the bribe. In two hours the sister would have retired to rest—the house would be still! Oh, heaven! what a variety of burning emotions worked upon me—and stifled remorse, nay, even fear. Lest we should attract observation, by lingering for so long a time about the spot, I retired from the place at present. I returned at the appointed hour. I was admitted—all was dark—the servant, who was a very young girl herself, conducted me up the narrow stairs. We came to Julia's door—a light broke through the chinks and under the threshold; and now, for the first time, I faltered, I trembled, the colour fled my cheeks, my knees knocked together. By a violent effort I conquered my emotion. What was to be done? If I entered without premeditation, Julia, in her sudden alarm, might rouse the house; if I sent in the servant to acknowledge that I was there, she might yet refuse to see me—No! this one interview I would insist upon! This latter course was the best, the only one. I bade the girl then prepare her young mistress for my presence. She entered and shut the door; I sat down at the threshold. Conceive all I felt as I sat there listening to the loud beating of my own heart! The girl did not come out—time passed—I heard Julia's voice within, and there seemed fear, agony, in its tone. I could wait no more. I opened her door gently, and stood before her. The fire burnt low and clear in the grate—one candle assisted its partial light; there was a visible air of purity—of maidenhood about the whole apartment that struck an instant reverence into my heart. Books in small shelves hung upon the wall; Julia's work lay upon a table near the fire; the bed stood at a little distance with its white simple drapery;—in all was that quiet and spotless neatness which is as a type of the inmate's mind. My eye took the whole scene at a glance. And Julia herself—reclined on a chair—her head buried in her hands—sobbing violently—and the maid pale and terrified before her, having lost all presence of mind, all attempt to cheer her mistress, much less to persuade! I threw myself at Julia's feet, and attempted to seize her hand; she started up with a faint cry of terror.

"You!" she said, with keen reproach. "I did not expect this from you! Go—go! What would you have? What could you think of me—at this hour—in this room?" and as she said the last words, she again hid her face with her hands, but only for a moment. "Go!" she exclaimed, in a sterner voice. "Go instantly, or—"

"Or what, Julia! You will raise the house?—Do so! In the face of all—foes or friends—I will demand the right to see and speak with you—this night, and alone. Now, summon the house. In the name of indomitable Love I swear that I will be heard."

Julia only waived her hand in yet stronger agitation than before.

"What do you fear?" I resumed, in a softer whisper. "Is it I?—I who, for your sake, gave up even the attempt to see you till now. And now, what brings me hither? A selfish purpose? No! it is for your happiness that I come. Julia, I fancied you well—at ease—forgetting me; and I bore my own wretchedness without a murmur. I heard of you ill, pining—living only on the past; I forgot all prudence, and I am here. Now do you blame, or do you yet imagine that this love is of a nature which you have cause to fear? Answer me, Julia!"

"I cannot—I cannot—here!—and now! go, I implore you, and to-morrow I will see you."

"This night, or never," said I, rising and folding my arms.

Julia turned round, gazing on my face with so anxious, so inquiring, so alarmed a look, that it checked my growing courage; then turning to the servant, she grasped her firmly by the arm, and muttered, "You will not leave me!"

"Julia, have I deserved this? Be yourself, and be just to me."

"Not here, I say; not here," cried Julia, in so vehement a tone, that I feared it might alarm the house.

"Hush, hush! Well, then," said I, "come down stairs; doubtless the sitting-room below is vacant enough; there, then, let me see you only for a few minutes, and I will leave you contented, and blessing your name."

"I will," said Julia, gaspingly. "Go, I will follow you."

"Promise!"

"Yes, yes; I promise!"

"Enough; I am satisfied."

Once more I descended the stairs, and sat myself quietly on the last step. I did not wait many moments. Shading the light with her hand, Julia stole down, opened a door in the passage. We were in a little parlour;—the gaping servant was about also to enter;—I whispered her to stay without. Julia did not seem to observe or to heed this. Perhaps in this apartment—connected with all the associations of daylight and safety—she felt herself secure. She appeared, too, to look round the little room with a satisfied air, and her face, though very pale, had lost its aspect of fear.

The room was cold, and looked desolate enough, God knows;—the furniture all disarranged and scattered, the tables strewed with litter, the rug turned up, the ashes in the grate. But Julia here suffered me to take her hand,—and Julia here leant upon my bosom, and I kissed away the tears from her eyes, and she confessed she had been very, very unhappy.

Then with all the power that Love gives us over the one beloved—that soft despot-

ism which melts away the will—I urged my suit to Julia, and implored her to let us become the world to each other. And Julia had yet the virtue to refuse; and her frank simplicity had already half restored my own better angel to myself, when I heard a slight alarmed scream from the servant without—an angry voice—the door opened;—I saw a female whom I was at no loss to conjecture must be Julia's sister. What a picture it made! The good lady with her *bonnet de nuit*, and her—but, alas! the story is too serious for jest; yet imagine how the small things of life interfere with its great events: the widow had come down to look for her keys that she had left behind. The pathetic—the passionate—all marred by a bunch of keys! She looked hard at me before she even deigned to regard my companion; and then, approaching us, she took Julia roughly enough by the arm.

"Go up stairs; go!" she said. "How have you deceived me! And you, sir; what do you here? Who are you?"

"My dear lady, take a chair, and let us have some rational conversation."

"Sir, do you mean to insult me?"

"How can you imagine I do?"

"Leave the house this instant, or I shall order in the Policemen!"

"Not you!"

"How!—Will I not?"

Julia, glad of an escape, had already glided from the room.

"Madam," said I, "listen to me. I will not leave this apartment until I have exonerated your sister from all blame in this interview. I entered the house unknown to her. I went at once to her own room—you start: it was so; I speak the truth. I insisted on speaking to her, as I insist on speaking to you now; and, if you will not hear me, know the result: it is this—I will visit this house, guard it as you can:—day and night I will visit it, until it hold Julia no more,—until she is mine! Is this the language of a man whom you can control?—Come, be seated, and hear me."

The mistress of the house mechanically took a chair. We conversed together for more than an hour. And I found that Julia had been courted the year before by a man in excellent circumstances, of her own age, and her own station in life; that she had once appeared disposed to favour his suit, and that, since she had known me, she had rejected it. The sister was very anxious she should not accept it. She appealed to me whether I should persevere in a suit that could not end honourably to Julia—to the exclusion of one that would secure to her affluence, respectability—a station, and a home. I was struck by this appeal. The widow was, like most of her class, a shrewd and worldly woman enough: she followed up the advantage she had gained; and at

length, emboldened by my silence, and depending greatly on my evident passion for Julia, she threw out a pretty broad hint that the only way to finish the dispute fairly was to marry Julia myself. Now, if there be any propensity common to a sensible man of the world, it is suspicion. I immediately suspected that I was to be "*taken in*!" Could Julia connive at this? Had her reserve so great, yet her love so acknowledged, been lures to fascinate me into the snare? I did not yield to the suspicion, but, somehow or other, it remained half unconsciously on my mind. So great was my love for Julia that, had it been less *suddenly* formed, I might have sacrificed all, and married her; but in sudden passions there is *no esteem*. You are ashamed, you are afraid of indulging them to their full extent;—you feel that as yet you are the dupe, if not of others, at least of your own senses, and the very knowledge of the excess of your passion puts you on your guard lest you should be betrayed by it. I said nothing in answer to the widow's suggestion, but I suffered her to suppose from my manner that it *might* have its effect. I left the house, after an amicable compromise. On my part I engaged not to address Julia herself any more. On the widow's part she promised that, on applying to *her*, she would suffer me at any time to see Julia, even alone.

For the next two days I held a sharp contest with myself. Could I, with love still burning in every vein, consent to renounce Julia? Yet could I consent to deprive her of the holy and respected station she had in her power to hold, to pursue my suit, to accomplish its purpose in her degradation? A third choice was left me: should I obey the sister's hint, and proffer marriage?—Marriage with one beautiful, indeed, simple, amiable, but without birth, education; without sympathy with myself in a single thought or habit?—be the fool of my own desire, and purchase what I had the sense to feel must be a discontented and ill-mated life, for the mere worship of external qualities? Yet, yet,—in a word, I felt as if I could arrive at no decision for myself. I remembered an old friend and adviser of my youth,—to him, then, I resolved to apply for counsel.

John Mannerling is about sixty years of age; he is of a mild temper, of great experience, of kindly manners, and of a morality which professes to be practicable rather than strict. He had guided me from many errors in the earlier part of my life, but he had impressed no clear principle on my mind in order to guide myself. His own virtue was without system, the result of a good heart, though not an ardent one; and a mind which did not aspire beyond a certain elevation,—not from the want of a

clear sense, but of enthusiasm. Such as he was, he was the best adviser I knew of; for he was among the few who can sympathise with your feelings as well as your interests. With him I conversed long and freely. His advice was obvious—to renounce Julia. I went home; I reasoned with myself; I sat down and began twenty letters; I tore them all in a rage. I could not help picturing to my mind Julia pining and in despair; and, in affecting to myself to feel only for her, I compassionated my own situation. At length Love prevailed over all. I resolved to call on the widow, to request permission to be allowed to visit Julia at her house, and, without promising marriage, still to pay her honourable courtship, with a view of ascertaining if our tempers and dispositions were as congenial as our hearts. I fancied such a proposition seemed exceedingly reasonable and *common-sense-like*. I shut my eyes to the consequences, and, knowing how malleable is the nature of women in youth, I pleased myself with that notion which has deceived so many visionaries, that I should be able to perfect her education, and that, after a few years travel on the Continent, I might feel as proud of her mind as I was now transported with her person. Meanwhile, how tempting was the compromise with my feelings! I should see her!—converse with her!—live in the atmosphere of her presence!

The next day I called on the sister, whose dark, shrewd eye sparkled at my proposition. All was arranged! I saw Julia! What delight beamed in her face! With what smiles and tears she threw herself in my arms! I was satisfied and happy!

And now I called every day, and every day saw Julia: but after the first interview, the charm was broken! I saw with new eyes! The sister, commercial to the backbone of her soul, was delighted, indeed, at the thought of the step in life her sister was to make. Julia was evidently impressed by the widow's joy, and visions of splendour evidently mingled with those of love.—What more natural? Love, perhaps, predominated over all; but was it possible that, in a young and imaginative mind, the worldly vanities should be wholly dormant? Yet it was natural, also, that my suspicion should be roused,—that I should fear I was deceived,—that I might have been designedly led on to this step,—that what had seemed nature in Julia was in reality art!

I looked in her face, and its sunny and beautiful candour reassured me—but the moment afterwards the thought forced itself upon me again—I recalled also the instances I had ever known of unequal marriages, and I fancied I saw unhappiness in all—it seemed to me, in all, that the superior had been palpably duped. Thus a coldness in-

sensibly crept over the wonted ardour of my manner, and instead of that blessed thoughtlessness, that Elysian credulity, with which lovers should give themselves up to the transport of the hour, and imagine that each is the centre of all perfection, I became restless and vigilant—forever sifting motives, and diving deeper than the sweet surface of the present time. My mind thus influenced—the delusion that conceals all faults and uncongenialities gradually evaporated—I noted a thousand things in Julia that made me start at the notion of seeing her become my wife. So long as marriage had not entered into my views—so long those faults had not touched me—had passed unheeded;—I saw her now with other eyes. When I sought in her love and beauty alone, I was contented to ask no more. At present I sought more; she was to become the companion of a life, and I was alarmed—nay, I even exaggerated the petty causes of my displeasure; an inelegance of expression—a negligence of conventional forms—fretted and irritated me in her far more than they would have done in one of my own station. When love first becomes reasonable it soon afterwards grows unjust. I did not scruple to communicate to Julia all the little occurrences of the day, or little points in her manner, that had annoyed me;—and I found that she did not take my suggestions, mild and guarded as they were, in a manner I thought I had a right to expect. She had been accustomed to see me enamoured of her lightest word or gesture—she was not prepared to find me now cavilling and reproving;—her face, always ingenuous, evinced at once her mortification at the change. She thought me always in the wrong, wearisome, exacting, and unjust. She never openly resented at first—merely pouted out her pretty lip and was silent for the next half hour; but, by degrees, my beautiful Julia began to evince traces of a “spirit”—a spirit not indeed unfeminine, and never loud—a spirit of sorrow rather than anger. I was ungenerous (she said)—I had never found these faults before—I had never required all this perfection—and then she wept;—and that went to my heart; and I was not satisfied with myself till she smiled again. But it was easy to perceive that from taking pleasure in each other's society we grew by degrees to find embarrassment;—the fear of a quarrel, discontent, and a certain pain supplying the place of eager and all-absorbing rapture; and when I looked to the future I trembled. In a word—I repeat once more—“THE CHARM WAS GONE!”

Oh, epoch in the history of human passions!—when that phrase is spoken—what volumes does it not convey!—what bitter, what irremediable disappointment!—what dread conviction of the fallacy of hope, and

the false colouring of imagination!—what a chill and dark transition—from life as we fancied it, to life as it is!—In the Arabian tale, when one eye was touched with the mystic ointment, all the treasures of the earth became visible, and the sterile rock was transformed into mines of inexhaustible wealth; but when the same spell is extended to both eyes, the delusion vanishes—the earth relapses into its ancient barrenness—and the mine fades once more into the desert;—so in the experience of the passions—while we are as yet but partially the creatures of the enchantment, we are blessed with a power to discover glory in all things;—we are as magicians—we are as gods!—we are not contented—we demand more—custom touches *both* eyes—and, lo! the vision is departed, and we are alone in the wilderness again!

One evening after one of our usual quarrels and reconciliations, Julia's spirits seemed raised into more than usual reaction. There were three or four of her friends present—a sort of party—her cousins (the fortune-seekers) among the rest—and she was the life of the circle. In proportion to her gaiety was my discontent; I fancied she combined with the confounded widow, who evidently wanted to “show me off,” in her own damnable phrase, as her sister's wooer; and this is a position in which no tolerably fastidious man likes to be placed: add to this, my readers very well know that people who have no inelégance when subdued, throw off a thousand little *grossièrities* when they are elated. No ordeal is harder for a young and lovely woman, who has not been brought up *conventionally*, to pass with grace, than that of her own unrestrained merriment. Levity requires polish in proportion to your interest in the person who indulges it; and levity in his mistress is almost always displeasing to a passionate lover. Love is so very grave and so very refined a deity. In short every instant added to my secret vexation. I absolutely coloured with rage at every jest bandied between poor Julia and her companions. I swear I think I could have beat her, with a safe conscience. The party went; now came my turn. I remonstrated—Julia replied—we both lost our temper. I fancied then I was entirely in the right; but now, alas! I will believe myself wrong; it is some sacrifice to a dread memory to own it?”

“You always repine at my happiness,” said Julia; “to be merry is always in your eyes a crime; I cannot bear this tyranny; I am not your wife, and if I were, I would not bear it. If I displease you now, what shall I do hereafter?”

“But, my dear Julia, you can so easily avoid the little peculiarities I dislike. Believe me unreasonable—perhaps I am so.

It is some pleasure to a generous mind to sacrifice to the unreasonableness of one we love. In a word, I own it frankly, if you meet all my wishes with this obstinacy, we cannot be happy, and—and—”

“I see,” interrupted Julia, with unwonted vehemence, “I see what you would say; you are tired of me; you feel that I do not suit your ideal notions. You thought me all perfect when you designed me for your victim; but now that you think something is to be sacrificed on *your* part, you think only of that paltry sacrifice, and demand of me an impossible perfection in return!”

There was so much truth in this reproach that it stung me to the quick. It was indelicate, perhaps, in Julia to use it—it was certainly unwise.

I turned pale with anger.

“Madam,” I began, with that courtesy which conveys all reproach.

“Madam!” repeated Julia, turning suddenly round—her lips parted—her eyes flashing through her tears—alarm—grief—but also indignation quivering in every muscle—“Is it come to this?—Go!—Let us part—my love ceases since I see yours is over! Were you twice as wealthy—twice as proud—I would not humble myself to be beholden to your justice instead of your affection. Rather—rather—oh, God! rather would I have sacrificed myself—given up all to you—than accept one advantage from the man who considers it an honour.—Let us part.”

Julia had evidently conceived the word I had used in cold and bitter respect, as an irony on her station as well as a proof of coldness; but I did not stop to consider whether or not she was reasonably provoked; her disdain for the sacrifice I thought so great galled me—the violence of her passion revolted. I thought only of the escape she offered me—“Let us part”—rang in my ear like a reprieve to a convict. I rose at once—took my hat calmly—and not till I reached the door did I reply.

“Enough, Julia—we part for ever.—You will hear from me to-morrow for the last time!”

I left the house and trod as on air. My love for Julia long decreasing seemed crushing at once. I imagined her former gentleness all hypocrisy;—I thought only of the termagant I had escaped. I congratulated myself that she having broke the chain I was free and with honour. I did not then—no—nor till it was too late—recall the despair printed on her hueless face, when the calm low voice of my resolution broke upon her ear, and she saw that she had indeed lost me for ever. That image rises before me now; it will haunt me to my grave. Her features pale and locked—the pride, the resentment, all sunk,

—merged in one incredulous, wild, stony aspect of deserted love. Alas!—alas!—could I but have believed that she felt so deeply! I wrote to her the next day kindly and temperately, but such a tone made the wound deeper—I bade her farewell for ever. To her sister I wrote more fully. I said that our tempers were so thoroughly unsuited, that no rational hope of happiness in our union could exist for either. I besought her not to persuade or induce her sister to marry the suitor, who had formerly addressed her, unless she could return his affection. Whomsoever she married, her fortune should be my care. Doubtless in a little time some one would be to her as dear as I once had fancied myself to be. “Let,” I said, “no disparity in fortune, then, be an obstacle on either side; I will cheerfully give up half my own to redeem whatever affliction I may have occasioned her.” With this letter I entirely satisfied my conscience.

It is almost incredible to think in how short a time the whole of these events had been crowded—within how few weeks I had concentrated the whole history of Love!—its first mysterious sentiment—its ardent passion—its dissension—its coolness—its breach—its everlasting farewell!

In four days I received a letter from Julia's sister—(none from Julia.) It was written in a tone of pert and flippant insolence, which made me more than ever reconciled to the turn of events; but it contained one piece of news I did not hear with indifference,—Julia had accepted the offer of her former suitor, and was to be married next week. “She bids me say (wrote the widow) that she sees at once through your pretence, under an affected wish for her happiness, to prevent her forming this respectable connexion;—she sees that you still assume the right to dictate to her, and that your offers of generosity are merely the condescensions of a fancied superiority;—she assures you, however, that your wish for her happiness is already realized.”

This undeserved and insulting message completed my conquest over any lurking remorse or regret; and I did not, in my resentment at Julia's injustice, perceive how much it was the operation of a wounded vanity upon a despairing heart.

I still lingered in town; and, some days afterwards, I went to dine in the neighbourhood of Westminster, at the house of one of the most jovial of boon companions. I had for some weeks avoided society: the temporary cessation gave a new edge to my zest for its pleasures. The hours flew rapidly,—my spirits rose,—and I enjoyed the present with a gust that had been long denied to me.

On leaving the house on foot, the fine-

ness of the night, with its frosty air and clear stars, tempted me to turn from my direct way homeward, and I wandered mechanically towards a scene which has always possessed to me, at night, a great attraction, viz.—the bridge which divides the suburb from the very focus of the capital, with its proud Abbey and gloomy Senate! I walked to and fro the bridge,—gazing at times on the dark waters, reflecting the lights from the half-seen houses and the stars of the solemn Heavens. My mind was filled with shadowy and vague presentiments: I felt awed and saddened, without a palpable cause; the late excitement of my spirits was succeeded by a melancholy re-action. I mused over the various disappointments of my life, and the Ixion-like delusion with which I had so often wooed a deity and clasped a cloud. My history with Julia made a principal part of these meditations; her image returned to me irresistibly, and with renewed charms. In vain I endeavoured to recur to the feelings of self-acquittal and gratulation, which a few hours ago had actuated me; my heart was softened, and my memory refused to recall all harsher retrospection—her love, her innocence only obtruded themselves upon me, and I sighed to think that perhaps by this time she was irrevocably another's. I retraced my steps, and was now at the end of the bridge, when, just by the stairs, I perceived a crowd, and heard a vague and gathering clamour. A secret impulse hurried me to the place: I heard a policeman speaking with the eagerness which characterizes the excitement of narration.

“My suspicions were aroused,” quoth he, “as I passed, and saw a female standing by the bridge. So, you see, I kept loitering there, and a minute after I went gently up, and I heard the young woman groan; and she turned round as I came up, for I frightened her; and I never shall forget her face,—it was so woe-begone,—and yet she was so young and handsome. And so, you see, I spoke to her, and I said, says I, ‘Young woman, what do you do here at this hour?’ And she said, ‘I am waiting for a boat: I expect my mother from Richmond.’ And, somehow or other, I was foolish enough to believe what she said—she looked so quiet and respectable like;—and I went away, you understand; and in about a minute after (for I kept near the spot) I heard a heavy splash in the water, and then I knew what it all was. I ran up, and I just saw her once rise; and so, as I could not swim, I gave the alarm, and we got the boat—but it was too late.”

“Poor girl!” lisped an old coster-woman; “I dare say she was crossed in love.”

“What is this?” said I, mixing with the crowd.

"A young woman as has drowned herself, Sir."

"Where? I do not see the body."

"It be taken to the watch-house, and the doctors are trying to recover it."

A horrible idea had crossed my mind;—unfounded, improbable as it seemed, I felt as if compelled to confirm or remove it. I made the policeman go with me to the watch-house;—I pushed away the crowd—I approached the body. Oh, God!—that white face—the heavy, dripping hair—the swollen form—and all that decent and maiden beauty, with the coarse cover half thrown over it!—and the unsympathizing surgeons standing by! and the unfamiliar faces of the women!—What a scene!—what a death-bed! Julia! Julia! thou art avenged!

It was her, then, whom I beheld; her—the victim—the self-destroyer. I hurry over the awful record. I am writing my own condemnation—stamping my own curse. They found upon the corpse a letter: drenched as it was, I yet could decipher its characters;—it was to me. It ran thus:—

"I believe now that I have been much to blame; for I am writing calmly, with a fixed determination not to live; and I see how much I have thrown away the love you once gave me. Yet I have loved you always,—how dearly, I never told you, and never can tell! But when you seemed to think so much of your—what shall I say?—your condescension in marrying—perhaps loving—me, it maddened me to the brain; and though I would have given worlds to please you, I could not bear to see the difference in your manner, after you came to see me daily, and to think of me as a woman ought to be thought of; and this, I know, made me seem cross, and peevish, and unamiable,—but I could not help it,—and so you ceased to love me; and I felt that, and longed madly to release you from a tie you repented. The moment came for me to do so, and—we parted. Then you wrote to me, and my sister made me see in the letter what, perhaps, you did not intend; but, indeed, I was only sensible to the thought that I had lost you for ever, and that you scorned me. And then my vanity was roused,—and I knew you still loved me,—and I fancied I could revenge myself upon you by marrying another. But when I came to see, and meet, and smile upon that other,—and to feel the day approach,—and to reflect that you had been all in all to me,—and that I was about to pass my whole life with one I loathed, after having loved so well and so entirely,—I felt I had reckoned too much on my own strength, and that I could not sustain my courage any longer. Nothing is left to me in life: the anguish I suffer is intolerable; and I have at length made up my mind to die. But think not I am a poor love-sick girl only. I am more;—I am still

a revengeful woman. You have deserted me, and I know myself to blame; but I cannot bear that you should forget and despise me, as you would if I were to marry. I am about to force you to remember me for ever,—to be sorry for me—to forgive me—to love me better than you have done yet, even when you loved me most. It is in this that I shall be revenged!"

And with this wild turmoil of contending feelings,—the pride of womanhood wrestling with the softness—forgiveness with revenge—high emotions with erring principles—agony, led on to death by one hope to be remembered and deplored;—with this contest at thy heart didst thou go down to thy watery grave!

What must have passed within thee in those brief and terrible moments, when thou stoodest by the dark waters,—hesitating—lingering—fearing—yet resolved! And I was near thee in that hour, and knew thee not—at hand, and saved not! Oh! bitter was the revenge—lasting is the remembrance! Henceforth, I ask no more of Human Affections: I stand alone on the Earth!

End of the First Part of "Asmodeus at Large."

Note.—As it is possible that with this first part the fiction of "Asmodeus at Large" may terminate, and as it is highly probable, at least, that it will not for some time be continued, we may as well say a few words on the design and object of the work. Although a part of a series, this first Book is a whole in itself;—its moral is complete. The more ingenious reader may, perhaps, already have perceived, that, while adapted to this miscellany by constant allusions to real and temporary events, a metaphysical meaning runs throughout the characters and the story. In the narrator is embodied the SATIETY which is of the world; in Asmodeus is the principle of vague EXCITEMENT in which Satiety always seeks for relief. The extravagant adventures,—the rambling from the ideal to the commonplace—from the flights of the imagination to the trite affairs and petty pleasures of the day—are the natural results of Excitement without an object. A fervid, though hasty, PASSION succeeds at last, and Asmodeus appears no more, because, in Love, all vague excitement is merged in absorbing and earnest emotion. The passion is ill-fated; but in its progress it is attempted to be shown, that, *however* it might have terminated, it *could* not have been productive of happiness. It was begun without prudence, and continued without foresight. The heart, once jaded, rushes even into love, from a principle of despair; and exacting too much from novelty, relapses into its former weariness, when the novelty is no more. No flowers can live long on a soil thoroughly exhausted. The doom of Satiety is to hate self; yet ever to be alone.

THE NEW YEAR.

I.

OLD Thirty-two! thou art gone at last,
Laid where repose thy brothers;
Thou sleep'st with the years that are dead and past—
Some five or six thousand others.
O God! what myriad men and things
In that family vault are crowded;
What victors, victims, empires, kings,
Are all in oblivion shrouded!
The twelvemonth past is behind us cast;
Thou art gone—thou hast dropped from the tree;
And the bells with their tongue have already rung
A welcome to Thirty-three.

II.

And well may they ring a merry peal
To a whole exulting nation;
For this is the year when we first shall feel
Our land's regeneration;
When a Commons' House, by a wise Reform
Restored to its proper uses,
Shall reclaim our rights, and the Tories storm
In their den of rank abuses.
In the rest we shall share the bill of fare
Of our former gloom and glee;
For the hopes and fears of preceding years
Will revive in Thirty-three.

III.

There still will be food to banquet those
Who delight in crimes and errors,
Who dine on their fellow creatures' woes,
And sup upon blood and terrors.
Though the year may not yield an assassin Cook,
To roast an unlucky stationer,
We shall not have far to seek when we look
For a murderous probationer.
An Italian lad is still to be had,
If the surgeons will find the fee,
Of murder and theft there are plenty left,
For enlivening Thirty-three.

IV.

No Wetherell, monarch of mountebanks,
Will ruin another Bristol,
Nor insult the House with the mingled pranks
Of a Zany and Ancient Pistol.
But if party rage could scatter fire,
Or inflame by a hot oration,
Sir Charles and his clan might still aspire
To kindle a conflagration.
And Discord's torch will, as usual, scorch,
The shores of the Irish Sea,
And O'Connell still, if he has his will,
Be the Comet of Thirty-three.

V.

Gaul will be moved which will move our gall,
I write in a grave not witty sense.
And the citizen-king into danger will fall,
By falling out with his citizens.
Liberty's foes, the monarchical elves,
Will bristle in arms like Hectors,
And oppressing their people, will dub themselves
Their very best friends and protectors:—
As they did of late, they will fulminate,
A tyrannical decree,

And the discontent which last year found vent,
Will be louder in Thirty-three.

VI.

The Portuguese brothers will play and freaks,
To their people forgetting what both owe;—
The savage hordes, whom we call the Greeks,
Will reject their boy-king Otho.
In Italy troubles will still abound,
His subjects will use the Pope ill;—
Turkey will fall, and a new Mahound
Be master of Constantinople.
So they who adore times of struggle and gore,
The quidnuncs of every degree;
May drink up the dregs of the last year's plagues
From the journals of Thirty-three.

VII.

So much for the tragic—is nothing left
To make us at home light and merry?
O, yes—thank the Fates! we are not bereft
Of our spirited Punch—Londonderry.
If he makes us not laugh by his blusterings bold,
By his windows, his nurse, or his candles;
He will whet our wit, and, when ridicule's old
Will carefully give it new handles.
Newcastle, too, and the Tory crew,
When fun wants a but and a plea,
Will enable the folks, who last year cut jokes,
To cut them in Thirty-three.

VIII.

Saint Percival (if in the House) will use
His fist like an auctioneer's hammer;
And because our lives are in general loose
For a General Fast will clamour.
Saint Irving's nuns will new farces act,
And in unknown tongues will gabble—
As glibly as if each skull had been crack'd
By a brick from the Tower of Babel.
The fool to the knave will be dupe and slave,
Singing Long will still finger his fee;
And they who drew gulls in Thirty-two
Will draw them in Thirty-three.

IX.

Old maids will fondle cats and pigs,
Young ones their stays will tighten,
Patients be poisoned still by drugs,
Like poor * * * * * at Brighton.
Beauty will steal our hearts; the Church
And Law will steal our money;
Authors, like bees, will be left in the lurch,
And booksellers take their honey.
Soldiers will still be flogged at will,
But politics won't be the plea,
For Somerville's case will prevent di grace
To the Colonels of Thirty-three!

X.

Of last year's deaths will the people talk,
And pretending to lament 'em,
They will quote the names, as they ride or walk,
Of Mackintosh, Scott, and Bentham.
While they prate and write—(*Quis temperet
A lachrymis talia fando?*)
For hours together, with fond regret,
Of Townsend and of Dando!

In puffing the feats of jockeys and cheats,
The Newspaper wrights will agree;
Philosophers claim little posthumous fame;
May they all live through Thirty-three!

XI.

The world will wag by its ancient rules,
Locks will be lock'd in lockets;
Fools will kill time, and physicians fools;
Teeth will be picked—and pockets;
Sots will whet whistles, clowns whet scythes,
Bishops in wealth will revel,
And swear that the foes of abuse and Tithes,
Are Atheists sold to the Devil.
Dice will be thrown, and bubbles blown;
We shall eat, drink, marry—and flee!
And the farce of life, that last year was rife,
Will be acted in Thirty-three! H. S

AIGULETS OF ANNE OF AUSTRIA.

[A SECRET ANECDOTE.]

THE annals of gallantry, and even romantic fiction, have opened few scenes more strangely magnificent than some of the incidents which mark the rapid but splendid career of that famous Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who was the idol minister of two monarchs, and the victim of favouritism.

Certain it is, when Villiers was on his short embassy in France that he dared to become an impassioned lover of Anne of Austria, the consort of Louis the Thirteenth. The mysterious interview in the garden at Amiens is mystically revealed in the verses of Voiture, for poets are great tattlers in the history of love-affairs. The Queen, ever a refined coquette, was herself reduced by Buckingham's personal fascination. Deeply enamoured of the peerless Englishman, she ventured to give an evidence of her devotion of a very extraordinary nature. The rival of Buckingham, both in love and politics, the sordid Richelieu, flattered his vengeance that, by a bold stroke, he would have been enabled to have exposed this testimony of the Queen's frailty to the eyes of the luckless monarch, who was already kindled by inextinguishable jealousies. Richelieu's extraordinary attempt seems to have led to circumstances on the part of Buckingham which may almost render the tale incredible; but when a minister of state degenerates into a romantic lover, and the honour of the *dame de ses pensées* is in jeopardy, we must recollect that it requires little exertion to set in motion all the resources of power, and the whole machinery of the state. The particulars which we are about to relate are strange, but appear authentic; for they are confirmed by a positive assertion in the Memoirs of the Duke of Rochefoucauld. The romantic incident, which has been preserved by a French manuscript, is not indeed to be found among the writers of secret memoirs in our own

country, where indeed the secret must have been confined to the two personages, neither of whom would willingly have revealed it to the other; but this did not happen at the Court of the Louvre, where it not only excited a deeper interest than at the Court of St. James, but involved the fate, and baffled the designs of the highest personages who were the actors in this little drama.

The French monarch had presented his Queen with an uncommon present, whose fashion and novelty at the time were considered as the most beautiful ornament worn. It was what the French term *des ferrets d'aiguillettes de diamans*,—aigulets, or points tagged with diamonds.

On the arrival of Buckingham, every day was a festival. Richelieu gave a magnificent entertainment in the gardens of Ruel, the most beautiful in France; the nobility prided themselves on their suppers, their balls, their concerts, and their masquerades. Buckingham danced with all his peculiar graces; the Queen honoured him as her partner in what is called a "counter-dance," (or, as we commonly call it, a country dance.) "And as in this English dance opportunities are continually occurring to approach one another, to give and to cross their hands, the eyes, the gestures, timidity, or boldness, and a thousand indescribable things are too intelligible, though they pass amidst the silence in which such spectacles are performed, out of respect to the public." This Frenchman describes our obsolete country-dances to have been as dangerous as were our *waltzes* on their first introduction.

Richelieu was jealously watchful of what was passing; the Countess of Lanoy gave him an account of everything her prying eyes could discover. Under the specious title of *Dame d'Honneur* our Kings have found means to place near their Queens a perpetual *surveillance*. But as the Superintendent of the royal House has private *entrées de cabinet* at all times, which are not the privilege of the *Dames d'Honneur*, Madame de Chevreuse passed whole hours alone with the Queen, and the Cardinal, however well informed of the exterior, was very little of what passed between the Queen and her friend. The French Minister pressed Buckingham to close the negotiation of the marriage of Henrietta, but Villiers had no desire to quit the French Court, always finding some occasion for delay. At length the ceremony was performed, with great splendour. In all that had hitherto passed, the Queen had received from Buckingham many proofs of his lively but respectful passion. She certainly was not insensible to love, and if she really caught the flame which she had herself lighted up, there is no doubt that her virtue supported her, and that Buckingham departed with all the honourable treatment which a stranger can receive from a

great Court, and only vexed to recross the seas without any other fruits of his love than that of having been listened to with favour.

There was one indiscretion which escaped from the Queen. On the evening of Buckingham's departure she sent the Duke secretly by Madame de Chevreuse, the gift she had received from her royal consort, the aigulets tagged with diamonds; and this present, which might have been considered a mark of the magnificence of the Queen, became, by the circumstance of the gift, and the pleasure of the mystery, an act of delicate gallantry which charmed the English Duke, and sent him home a happy man.

During the journey of Buckingham, the Countess of *Clarik*, (probably the Countess of Carlisle, for Frenchmen generally spell our names by their ear, which is very bad,) somewhat in pique at what she had heard of the infidelity of her straying admirer, had found out a secret way to correspond with Richelieu, who, on his part, had not omitted anything which tended to inflame the English Countess. This great Minister was well known for multiplying all sorts of means to gain intelligence from all the Courts of Europe; his industry never slumbered, and his treasure was never spared. The present which the Queen had made of her aigulets tagged with diamonds had not escaped the vigilant eyes of the *Dame d'Honneur*, and the secret had reached Richelieu. This Minister had long watched his opportunity to ruin the Queen in the mind of the King, over whom, indeed, he himself exercised the greatest authority, but which sometimes was balanced by the Queen. Richelieu wrote to the Countess of *Clarik*, desiring her to renew her intimacy with Buckingham, and if, in any of the approaching entertainments which would take place on his return, she should observe in his dress aigulets tagged with diamonds, that she would contrive to cut off two or three, and dispatch these to him. Buckingham was too feeble to resist the studied seductions of his old friend; and the Countess found no difficulty in accomplishing her task. At a ball at Windsor Castle, Buckingham appeared in a black velvet suit, with a gold embroidery; a scarf was flung over his shoulder, and from a knot of blue ribbons hung twelve aigulets tagged with diamonds, flaming their hues on the surface on which they played. When Buckingham had retired home from the ball, his valets de chambre perceived that two of the twelve aigulets were missing, and they convinced him that these had not been dropped by any accident, but had positively been cut off. There was something in his recollection of that evening, which bred a suspicion. He felt conscious that whoever had done this had some latent motive. The secret history of these diamond aigulets could only be known to their wear-

er, yet, notwithstanding, and as it were by intuition, he thought that the honour of the royal giver might, in some mode or other, be concerned in possessing these twelve aigulets entire. He decided that, notwithstanding the artifice of the cunning purloiner, he would prevent any design, if there were any, of the enemies of the Queen that the number should not be diminished. With his extraordinary rapidity of conception, Buckingham struck out a gigantic scheme, which no one less than a Minister of State and the most romantic lover could have executed. Early in the morning, couriers were dispatched to close the ports, and neither the packet-boat with the mail nor any vessel sailing for France were suffered to depart. At that moment, when the Rochellers were waiting for the promised reinforcements from England, an universal panic struck both nations, and war seemed on the point of declaration. However, this sudden cessation of national intercourse was only to gain a single day, that his celebrated jeweller might, at any cost, and with all his skill, procure two aigulets tagged with diamonds, of the same size and appearance of the remaining ten. What cannot such a man and such means effect? The work was finished; and on the following day France and England were at peace. The ports were re-opened, and Buckingham dispatched a secret messenger to France, who conveyed the twelve aigulets tagged with diamonds to the hands of Madame de Chevreuse. He acquainted her with his recent adventure, and communicated his suspicions of the Countess of *Clarik*, who was frequently by his side during the ball, and with whom he had danced. He requested the Queen would receive back what he himself valued most, lest any concealed mystery should prove ruinous to her quiet. The precaution was not useless; for as soon as Richelieu had received the two tags of diamonds sent him by the Countess of *Clarik*, this Minister, who was trying all methods to ruin the Queen in the King's favour, and the royal jealousy had already broken out on her intercourse with Buckingham, now hit on what he concluded to be a certain triumph. He put it into the King's head to request the Queen would dress herself more frequently with the diamond aigulets, for that he had been secretly informed that she had valued his present so lightly as to have given it away, or had sold them, for that an English jeweller had offered to sell him two of these aigulets.

The blow aimed by Richelieu rebounded on himself. The Queen, affecting no surprise, with apparent simplicity commanded instantly that her casket of jewels should be brought, and opened by the King. He had the satisfaction of counting the twelve aigulets tagged with diamonds, and seeing the

Queen more beautiful than ever by wearing his gift on that day. Her Majesty had also the satisfaction of learning that the King severely reprimanded Richelieu for his perpetual suspicions and his false intelligence; and Richelieu doubtless must have astonished the Countess of *Clarik*, by return of post, in expressing his indignation at being so inconceivably mystified.

Such is the story, which, it will be acknowledged, is at least amusing. It seems so far authentic that it appears to have been written by some contemporary at the French Court, which we may infer, by the cautious defence of the character of Anne of Austria, whose coquetry the writer has palliated, and whose virtue he imagines was her sufficient safeguard. The incredible part is the extraordinary expedient of Buckingham in shutting the ports for a single day while his jeweller was working on the two aigulets to supply the missing ones. The romantic and determined character of Villiers admits the possibility of so bold a manoeuvre; but still we can hardly satisfy ourselves of the veracity of this singular tale, without granting Buckingham a depth and a rapidity of penetration beyond his accustomed volatile habits. Love and honour may have been sufficient for his inspiration on this occasion; and as the fact, with some of the details, is alluded to by the Duke of Rochefoucauld in his *Memoirs*, we cannot condemn this anecdote of secret history as a mere fiction.

IXION IN HEAVEN.

PART II.

By the Author of "*Contarini Fleming*" and "*Vivian Grey*."

"Others say it was only a cloud, &c."

Vid. Lemprier's Class. Dict., Art. Ixion.

I.

MERCURY and Ganymede were each lounging on an opposite couch in the ante-chamber of Olympus.

"It is wonderful," said the son of Maia, yawning.

"It is incredible," rejoined the cup-bearer of Jove, stretching his legs.

"A miserable mortal!" exclaimed the god, elevating his eye-brows.

"A vile Thessalian!" said the beautiful Phrygian, shrugging his shoulders.

"Not three days back an outcast among his own wretched species!"

"And now commanding everybody in Heaven."

"He shall not command me, though," said Mercury.

"Will he not?" replied Ganymede, "Why, what do you think?—only last night—bark! here he comes."

The companions jumped up from their couches—a light laugh was heard. The

cedar portal was flung open, and Ixion lounged in, habited in a loose morning robe, and kicking before him one of his slippers.

"Ah!" exclaimed the King of Thessaly, "the very fellows I wanted to see! Ganymede, bring me some nectar; and, Mercury, run and tell Jove that I shall not dine at home to-day."

The messenger and the page exchanged looks of indignant consternation.

"Well! what are you waiting for?" continued Ixion, looking round from the mirror in which he was arranging his locks. The messenger and the page disappeared.

"So! this is Heaven," exclaimed the husband of Dia, fingering himself upon one of the couches, "and a very pleasant place too. These worthy immortals required their minds to be opened, and I trust I have effectually performed the necessary operation. They wanted to keep me down with their dull old-fashioned celestial airs, but I fancy I have given them change for their talent. To make your way in Heaven you must command. These exclusives sink under the audacious invention of an aspiring mind. Jove himself is really a fine old fellow, with some notions too. I am a prime favourite, and no one is greater authority with *Ægiocbus* on all subjects, from the character of the fair sex or the pedigree of a courser, down to the cut of a robe, or the flavour of a dish. Thanks, Ganymede," continued the Thessalian, as he took the goblet from his returning attendant.

"I drink to your *bonnes fortunes*. Splendid! This nectar makes me feel quite immortal. By-the-bye, I hear sweet sounds. Who is in the Hall of Music?"

"The goddesses, royal sir, practise a new air of *Euterpe*, the words by *Apollo*. 'Tis pretty, and will doubtless be very popular, for it is all about moonlight and the misery of existence."

"I warrant it."

"You have a taste for poetry yourself?" inquired Ganymede.

"Not the least," replied Ixion.

"*Apollo*," continued the heavenly page, is a great genius, though *Marsyas* said that he never would be a poet because he was a god, and had no heart. But do you think, Sir, that a poet does indeed need a heart?"

"I really cannot say. I know my wife always said I had a bad heart and worse head, but what she meant, upon my honour I never could understand."

"*Minerva* will ask you to write in her album."

"Will she indeed! I am very sorry to hear it, for I can scarcely scrawl my own signature. I should think that Jove himself cared little for all this nonsense?"

"Jove loves an epigram. He does not esteem *Apollo's* works at all. Jove is of the classical school, and admires satire, pro-

vided there be no allusions to gods and kings."

"Of course; I quite agree with him. I remember we had a confounded poet at Larissa who proved my family lived before the deluge, and asked me for a pension. I refused him, and then he wrote an epigram asserting that I sprang from the veritable stones thrown by Deucalion and Pyrrha at the re-peopling of the earth, and retained all the properties of my ancestors."

"Ha, ha! Hark! there's a thunderbolt! I must run to Jove."

"And I will look in on the musicians. This way I think."

"Up the ruby staircase—Turn to your right, down the amethyst gallery—Farewell!"

"Good bye—a lively lad that!"

II.

The King of Thessaly entered the Hall of Music with its golden walls and crystal dome. The Queen of Heaven was reclining in an easy chair, cutting out peacocks in small sheets of note paper. Minerva was making a pencil observation on a manuscript copy of the song: Apollo listened with deference to her laudatory criticisms. Another divine dame, standing by the side of Euterpe, who was seated by the harp, looked up as Ixion entered. The wild liquid glance of her soft but radiant countenance denoted the famed Goddess of Beauty.

Juno just acknowledged the entrance of Ixion by a slight and very haughty inclination of the head, and then resumed her employment. Minerva asked him his opinion of her amendment, of which he greatly approved. Apollo greeted him with a melancholy smile, and congratulated him on being mortal. Venus complimented him on his visit to Olympus, and expressed the pleasure that she experienced in making his acquaintance.

"What do you think of Heaven?" inquired Venus in a soft still voice, and with a smile like summer lightning.

"I never found it so enchanting as at this moment," replied Ixion.

"A little dull. For myself I pass my time chiefly at Cnidos: you must come and visit me there. 'Tis the most charming place in the world. 'Tis said, you know, that our onions are like other people's roses. We will take care of you, if your wifecome."

"No fear of that. She always remains at home and piques herself on her domestic virtues, which means pickling, and quarrelling with her husband."

"Ah! I see you are a droll. Very good indeed. Well, for my part, I like a watering-place existence. Cuidos, Paphos, Cythera—you will usually find me at one of these places. I like the easy distraction of a career without any visible result. At these fascinating spots your gloomy race, to whom,

by-the-bye, I am exceedingly partial, appear emancipated from the wearing fetters of their regular, dull, orderly, methodical, moral, political, toiling existence. I pride myself upon being the Goddess of Watering-places. You really must pay me a visit at Cnidos."

"Such an invitation requires no repetition. And Cnidos is your favourite spot?"

"Why, it was so; but of late it has become so inundated with invalid Asiatics and valetudinarian Persians, that the simultaneous influx of the handsome heroes who swarm in from the islands to look after their daughters, scarcely compensate for the annoying presence of their yellow faces, and shaking limbs. No, I think, on the whole, Paphos is my favourite."

"I have heard of its magnificent luxury."

"Oh! 'tis lovely! Quite my idea of country life. Not a single tree! When Cyprus is very hot, you run to Paphos for a sea-breeze, and are sure to meet every one whose presence is in the least desirable. All the bores remain behind, as if by instinct."

"I remember when we married, we talked of passing the honeymoon at Cythera, but Dia would have her waiting-maid and a band-box stuffed between us in the chariot, so I got sulky after the first stage, and returned by myself."

"You were quite right. I hate band-boxes: they are always in the way. You would have liked Cythera if you had been in the least in love. High rocks and green knolls, bowery woods, winding walks, and delicious sunsets. I have not been there much of late," continued the Goddess, looking somewhat sad and serious, "since—but I will not talk sentiment to Ixion."

"Do you think, then, I am insensible?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you are right. We mortals grow callous."

"So I have heard. How very odd!" So saying, the Goddess glided away and saluted Mars, who at that moment entered the hall. Ixion was presented to the military hero, who looked fierce and bowed stiffly. The King of Thessaly turned upon his heel. Minerva opened her album, and invited him to inscribe a stanza.

"Goddess of Wisdom," replied the King, "unless you inspire me, the virgin page must remain pure as thyself. I can scarcely sign a decree."

"Is it Ixion of Thessaly who says this? One who has seen so much, and, if I am not mistaken, has felt and thought so much. I can easily conceive why such a mind may desire to veil its movements from the common herd, but pray concede to Minerva the gratifying compliment of assuring her that she is the exception for whom this rule has been established."

"I seem to listen to the inspired music of an oracle. Give me a pen."

"Here is one, plucked from a sacred owl."

"So! I write.—There! Will it do?"

Minerva read the inscription:

I have seen the world, and more than the world: I have studied the heart of man, and now I consort with Immortals. The fruit of my tree of knowledge is plucked, and it is this, "ADVENTURES ARE TO THE ADVENTUROUS."

Written in the Album of Minerva, by

IXION IN HEAVEN.

"Tis brief," said the Goddess, with a musing air, "but full of meaning. You have a daring soul and pregnant mind."

"I have dared much: what I may produce we have yet to see."

"I must to Jove," said Minerva, "to counsel. We shall meet again. Farewell, Ixion."

"Farewell, Glaucois."

The King of Thessaly stood away from the remaining guests, and leant with folded arms and pensive brow against a wreathed column. Mars listened to Venus with an air of deep devotion. Euterpe played an inspiring accompaniment to their conversation. The Queen of heaven seemed engrossed in the creation of her paper peacocks.

Ixion advanced and seated himself on a couch near Juno. His manner was divested of that reckless bearing and careless coolness by which it was in general distinguished. He was, perhaps, even a little embarrassed. His ready tongue deserted him. At length he spoke.

"Has your Majesty ever heard of the peacock of the Queen of Mesopotamia?"

"No," replied Juno, with stately reserve; and then she added with an air of indifferent curiosity, "Is it in any way remarkable?"

"Its breast is of silver, its wings of gold, its eyes of carbuncle, its claws of amethyst."

"And its tail?" eagerly inquired Juno.

"That is a secret," replied Ixion. The tail is the most wonderful part of all."

"Oh! tell me, pray tell me?"

"I forget."

"No, no, no; it is impossible!" exclaimed the animated Juno. "Provoking mortal!" continued the Goddess. "Let me entreat you; tell me immediately."

"There is a reason which prevents me."

"What can it be? How very odd! What reason can it possibly be? Now tell me; as a particular, a personal favour, I request you tell me."

"What? The tail or the reason? The tail is wonderful, but the reason is much more so. I can only tell one. Now choose."

What provoking things these human beings are! The tail is wonderful, but the reason is much more so. Well then, the reason—no, the tail. Stop, now, as a particular favour, pray tell me both. What can the tail

be made of, and what can the reason be? I am literally dying of curiosity."

"Your Majesty has cut out that peacock wrong," coolly remarked Ixion. "It is more like one of Minerva's owls."

"Who cares about paper peacocks, when the Queen of Mesopotamia has got such a miracle!" exclaimed Juno, and she tore the labours of the morning to pieces, and threw away the fragments with vexation. "Now tell me instantly—if you have the slightest regard for me, tell me instantly. What was the tail made of?"

"And you do not wish to hear the reason?"

"That afterwards. Now! I am all ears." At this moment Ganymede entered, and whispered the Goddess, who rose in evident vexation, and retired to the presence of Jove.

III.

The King of Thessaly quitted the Hall of Music. Moody, yet not uninfluenced by a degree of wild excitement, he wandered forth into the gardens of Olympus. He came to a beautiful green retreat surrounded by enormous cedars, so vast that it seemed they must have been coeval with the creation; so fresh and brilliant, you would have deemed them wet with the dew of their first spring. The turf, softer than down, and exhaling, as you pressed it, an exquisite perfume, invited him to recline himself upon this natural couch. He threw himself upon the aromatic herbage, and leaning on his arm, fell into a deep reverie.

Hours flew away; the sunshiny glades that opened in the distance had softened into shade.

"Ixion, how do you do?" inquired a voice, wild, sweet, and thrilling as a bird. The King of Thessaly started and looked up with the distracted air of a man roused from a dream, or from complacent meditation over some strange, sweet secret. His cheek was flushed—his dark eyes flashed fire; his brow trembled—his dishevelled hair played in the fitful breeze. The King of Thessaly looked up, and beheld a most beautiful youth.

Apparently, he had attained about the age of puberty. His stature, however, was rather tall for his age, but exquisitely moulded and proportioned. Very fair, his somewhat round cheeks were tinged with a rich but delicate glow, like the rose of twilight, and lighted by dimples that twinkled like stars. His large and deep-blue eyes sparkled with exultation, and an air of ill-suppressed mockery quivered round his pouting lips. His light auburn hair, braided off his white forehead, clustered in massy curls on each side of his face, and fell in sunny torrents down his neck. And from the back of the beautiful youth there fluttered forth two

wings, the tremulous plumage of which seemed to have been bathed in a sunset—so various, so radiant, and so novel were its shifting and wondrous tints;—purple, and crimson, and gold; streaks of azure—dashes of orange and glossy black;—now a single feather, whiter than light, and sparkling like the frost, stars of emerald and carbuncle, and then the prismatic blaze of an enormous brilliant! A quiver hung at the side of the beautiful youth, and he leant upon a bow.

"Oh! god—for god thou must be!" at length exclaimed Ixion. "Do I behold the bright divinity of Love?"

"I am indeed Cupid," replied the youth; "and am very curious to know what Ixion is thinking about."

"Thought is often bolder than speech."

"Oracular, though a mortal! You need not be afraid to trust me. My aid I am sure you must need. Who ever was found in a reverie on the green turf, under the shade of spreading trees, without requiring the assistance of Cupid? Come! be frank—who is the heroine? Some love-sick nymph deserted on the far earth; or worse, some treacherous mistress, whose frailty is more easily forgotten than her charms? 'Tis a miserable situation, no doubt. It cannot be your wife?"

"Assuredly not," replied Ixion, with great energy.

"Another man's?"

"No."

"What! an obdurate maiden?"

Ixion shook his head.

"It must be a widow, then," continued Cupid.

"Who ever heard before of such a piece of work about a widow!"

"Have pity upon me, dread Cupid!" exclaimed the King of Thessaly, rising suddenly from the ground, and falling on his knee before the God. "Thou art the universal friend of man, and all nations alike throw their incense on thy altars. Thy divine discrimination has not deceived thee. I am in love;—desperately—madly—fatally enamoured. The object of my passion is neither my own wife nor another man's. In spite of all they have said and sworn, I am a moral member of society. She is neither a maid nor a widow. She is——"

"What? what?" exclaimed the impatient deity.

"A goddess!" replied the King.

"Where!" whistled Cupid. "What! has my mischievous mother been indulging you with an innocent flirtation?"

"Yes; but it produced no effect upon me."

"You have a stout heart, then. Perhaps you have been reading poetry with Minerva, and are caught in one of her Platonic man-traps."

"She set one, but I broke away."

"You have a stout leg, then. But where are you—where are you? Is it Hebe?—it can hardly be Diana, she is so very cold. Is it a Muse, or is it one of the Graces?"

Ixion again shook his head.

"Come, my dear fellow," said Cupid, quite in a confidential tone, "you have told enough to make further reserve mere affectation. Ease your heart at once, and if I can assist you, depend upon my exertions."

"Beneficent God!" exclaimed Ixion, "if I ever return to Larissa, the brightest temple in Greece shall hail thee for its inspiring deity. I address thee with all the confiding frankness of a devoted votary. Know, then, the heroine of my reverie was no less a personage than the Queen of Heaven herself!"

"Juno! by all that is sacred!" shouted Cupid.

"I am here," responded a voice of majestic melody. The stately form of the Queen of Heaven advanced from a neighbouring bower. Ixion stood with his eyes fixed upon the ground, with a throbbing heart and burning cheeks. Juno stood motionless, pale, and astounded. The God of Love burst into excessive laughter.

"A pretty pair," he exclaimed, fluttering between both, and laughing in their faces.

"Truly a pretty pair. Well! I see I am in your way. Good bye!" And so saying, the God pulled a couple of arrows from his quiver, and, with the rapidity of lightning, shot one in the respective breasts of the Queen of Heaven and the King of Thessaly.

IV.

The amethystine twilight of Olympus died away. The stars blazed with tints of every hue. Ixion and Juno returned to the palace. She leant upon his arm;—her eyes were fixed upon the ground;—they were in sight of the gorgeous pile, and yet she had not spoken. Ixion, too, was silent, and gazed with abstraction upon the glowing sky.

Suddenly, when within a hundred yards of the portal, Juno stopped, and looking up into the face of Ixion with an irresistible smile, she said, "I am sure you cannot now refuse to tell me what the Queen of Mesopotamia's peacock's tail was made of?"

"It is impossible now," said Ixion. "Know, then, beautiful Goddess, that the tail of the Queen of Mesopotamia's peacock was made of some plumage she had stolen from the wings of Cupid."

"And what was the reason that prevented you from telling me before?"

"Because, beautiful Juno, I am the most discreet of men, and respect the secret of a lady however trifling."

"I am glad to hear that," replied Juno, and they re-entered the palace.

V.

Mercury met Juno and Ixion in the gallery leading to the grand banquetting hall.

"I was looking for you," said the God, shaking his head. "Jove is in a sublime rage. Dinner has been ready this hour."

The King of Thessaly and the Queen of Heaven exchanged a glance and entered the saloon. Jove looked up with a brow of thunder, but did not condescend to send forth a single flash of anger. Jove looked up and Jove looked down. All Olympus trembled as the father of gods and men resumed his soup. The rest of the guests seemed nervous and reserved, except Cupid, who said immediately to Juno, "Your Majesty has been detained?"

"I fell asleep in a bower reading Apollo's last poem," replied Juno. "I am lucky, however, in finding a companion in my negligence. Ixion, where have you been?"

"Take a glass of nectar, Juno," said Cupid, with eyes twinkling with mischief; "and, perhaps, Ixion will join us."

This was the most solemn banquet ever celebrated in Olympus. Every one seemed out of humour or out of spirits. Jupiter spoke only in monosyllables of suppressed rage, that sounded like distant thunder.

Apollo whispered to Minerva. Mercury never opened his lips, but occasionally exchanged significant glances with Ganymede. Mars compensated, by his attentions to Venus, for his want of conversation. Cupid employed himself in asking disagreeable questions. At length the goddesses retired. Mercury exerted himself to amuse Jove, but the Thunderer scarcely deigned to smile at his best stories. Mars picked his teeth.—Apollo played with his rings,—Ixion was buried in a profound reverie.

VI.

It was a great relief to all when Ganymede summoned them to the presence of their late companions.

"I have written a comment upon your inscription," said Minerva to Ixion, "and am anxious for your opinion of it."

"I am a wretched critic," said the King, breaking away from her. Juno smiled upon him in the distance.

"Ixion," said Venus, as he passed by, "come and talk to me."

The bold Thessalian blushed, he stammered out an unmeaning excuse, he quitted the astonished but good-natured goddess, and seated himself by Juno, and, as he seated himself, his moody brow seemed suddenly illumined with brilliant light.

"Is it so?" said Venus.

"Hem!" said Minerva.

"Ha, ha!" said Cupid.

Jupiter played piquette with Mercury.

"Everything goes wrong to-day," said

the King of Heaven; "cards wretched, and kept waiting for dinner, and by—a mortal!"

"Your Majesty must not be surprised," said the good natured Mercury, with whom Ixion was no favourite. "Your Majesty must not be very much surprised at the conduct of this creature. Considering what he is, and where he is, I am only astonished that his head is not more turned than it appears to be. A man, a thing made of mud, and in Heaven! Only think, sire! Is it not enough to inflame the brain of any child of clay? To be sure, keeping your majesty from dinner is little short of celestial high treason. I hardly expected that, indeed. To order me about, to treat Ganymede as his own lacquey, and, in short, to command the whole household; all this might be expected from such a person in such a situation, but I confess I did think he had some little respect left for your majesty."

"And he does order you about, eh?" inquired Jove. "I have the spades."

"Oh! 'tis quite ludicrous," responded the son of Maia. "Your majesty would not expect from me the offices that this absurd upstart daily requires."

"Eternal destiny! is't possible? That is my trick. And Ganymede, too?"

"Oh! quite shocking, I assure you, sire," said the beautiful cup-bearer, leaning over the chair of Jove, with all the easy insolence of a privileged favourite. "Really, sire, if Ixion is to go on in the way he does, either he or I must quit."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Jupiter. "But I can believe anything of a man who keeps me waiting for dinner. Two and three make five."

"It is Juno that encourages him so," said Ganymede.

"Does she encourage him?" inquired Jove.

"Every body notices it," protested Ganymede.

"It is indeed a little noticed," observed Mercury.

"What business has such a fellow to speak to Juno?" exclaimed Jove. "A mere mortal, a mere miserable mortal! You have the point. How I have been deceived in this fellow! Who ever could have supposed that, after all my generosity to him, he would ever have kept me waiting for dinner?"

"He was walking with Juno," said Ganymede. "It was all a sham about their having met by accident. Cupid saw them."

"Hah!" said Jupiter, turning pale; "you don't say so. Repiqued, as I am a god. That is mine. Where is the queen?"

"Talking to Ixion, sire," said Mercury. "Oh, I beg your pardon, sire; I did not know you meant the queen of diamonds."

"Never mind. I am repiqued, and I have been kept waiting for dinner, Accursed be this day! Is Ixion really talking to Juno? We will not endure this."

VII.

"Where is Juno?" demanded Jupiter.

"I am sure I cannot say," said Venus, with a smile.

"I am sure I do not know," said Minerva, with a sneer.

"Where is Ixion?" said Cupid, laughing outright,

"Mercury, Ganymede, find the Queen of Heaven instantly," thundered the father of gods and men.

The celestial messenger and the heavenly page flew away out of different doors. There was a terrible, an immortal silence. Sublime rage lowered on the brow of Jove like a storm upon the mountain top. Minerva seated herself at the card-table and played at Patience. Venus and Cupid tittered in the back-ground. Shortly returned the envoys, Mercury looking very solemn, Ganymede very malignant.

"Well?" inquired Jove, and all Olympus trembled at the monosyllable.

Mercury shook his head.

"Her Majesty has been walking on the terrace with the King of Thessaly," replied Ganymede.

"Where is she now, sir?" demanded Jupiter.

Mercury shrugged his shoulders.

"Her Majesty is resting herself in the pavilion of Cupid with the King of Thessaly," replied Ganymede.

"Confusion!" exclaimed the father of gods and men, and he rose and seized a candle from the table, scattering the cards in all directions. Every one present, Minerva, and Venus, and Mars, and Apollo, and Mercury, and Ganymede, and the Muses, and the Graces, and all the winged Genii,—each seized a candle; rifling the chandeliers, each followed Jove.

"This way," said Mercury.

"This way," said Ganymede.

"This way, this way!" echoed the celestial croud.

"Mischief!" cried Cupid, "I must save my victims."

They were all upon the terrace. The father of gods and men, though both in a passion and a hurry, moved with dignity. It was, as customary in Heaven, a clear and starry night; but this eve Diana was indisposed, or otherwise engaged, and there was no moonlight. They were in sight of the pavilion.

"What are you?" inquired Cupid of one of the genii, who accidentally extinguished his candle.

"I am a Cloud," answered the winged genius.

"A cloud! Just the thing. Now do me a shrewd turn, and Cupid is ever your debtor. Fly, fly, pretty cloud, and encompass yon pavilion with your form. Away! ask no questions;—swift as my word."

"I declare there is a fog," said Venus.

"An evening mist in heaven!" said Minerva.

"Where is Nox?" said Jove. "Everything goes wrong. Who ever heard of a mist in heaven?"

"My candle is out," said Apollo.

"And mine too," said Mars.

"And mine,—and mine,—and mine," said Mercury, and Ganymede, and the Muses, and the Graces.

"All the candles are out!" said Cupid; "a regular fog. I cannot even see the pavilion: it must be hereabouts, though," said the God to himself. "So, so; I should be at home in my own pavilion, and am tolerably accustomed to stealing about in the dark. There is a step; and here, surely here is the lock. The door opens, but the cloud enters before me. Juno, Juno," whispered the God of Love, "we are all here. Be contented to escape, like many other innocent dames, with your reputation only under a cloud: it will soon disperse; and lo! the heaven is clearing."

"It must have been the heat of our flambeaux," said Venus; "for see, the mist is vanished; here is the pavilion."

Ganymede ran forward, and dashed open the door. Ixion was alone.

"Seize him!" said Jove.

"Juno is not here," said Mercury, with an air of blended congratulation and disappointment.

"Never mind," said Jove, "seize him! He kept me waiting for dinner."

"Is this your hospitality, Ægiochus?" exclaimed Ixion, in a tone of bullying innocence. "I shall defend myself."

"Seize him, seize him!" exclaimed Jupiter. "What! do you all falter? Are you afraid of a mortal?"

"And a Thessalian?" added Ganymede. No one advanced.

"Send for Hercules," said Jove.

"I will fetch him in an instant," said Ganymede.

"I protest," said the King of Thessaly, against this violation of the most sacred rights."

"The marriage-tie?" said Mercury.

"The dinner-hour?" said Jove.

"It is no use talking sentiment to Ixion," said Venus; "all mortals are callous."

"Adventures are to the adventurous," said Minerva.

"Here is Hercules!—here is Hercules!"

"Seize him!" said Jove; "seize that man."

In vain the mortal struggled with the irresistible demi-god.

"Shall I fetch your thunderbolt, Jove?" inquired Ganymede.

"Anything short of eternal punishment is unworthy of a god," answered Jupiter, with great dignity. "Apollo, bring me a wheel of your chariot."

"What shall I do to-morrow morning?" inquired the God of Light.

"Order an eclipse," replied Jove. "Bind the insolent wretch to the wheel; hurl him to hades; its motion shall be perpetual."

"What am I to bind him with?" inquired Hercules.

"The girdle of Venus," replied the Thunderer.

"What is all this?" inquired Juno advancing, pale and agitated.

"Come along, you shall see," answered Jupiter. Follow me, follow me."

They all followed the leader,—all the gods, all the genii; in the midst, the brawny husband of Hebe bearing Ixion aloft, bound to the fatal wheel. They reached the terrace; they descended the sparkling steps of lapis lazuli. Hercules held his burthen on high, ready, at a nod, to plunge the hapless, but presumptuous mortal through space into Hades. The heavenly group surrounded him, and peeped over the starry abyss. It was a fine moral, and demonstrated the usual infelicity that attends unequal connexions.

"Celestial despot!" said Ixion.

In a moment all sounds were hushed, as they listened to the last words of the unrivalled victim. Juno, in despair, leant upon the respective arms of Venus and Minerva.

"Celestial despot!" said Ixion, "I defy the immortal ingenuity of thy cruelty. My memory must be as eternal as thy torture: that will support me."

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

BY AN AMATEUR.

What a fund of pleasurable sensations do these words convey to my ears! From my very childhood I have ever evinced a passion for plays, theatres, actors, and play-bills. I even have a sort of respect for those nuisances the "ginger-beer, spruce-beer, bottled-ale, and cyder" people, who haunt the minors, and whom, I regret to say, I frequently see and hear also now o' nights in the hitherto sacred territories of the majors. This perhaps arose from an association of ideas, just as a hungry man luxuriates in the bell which proclaims the approach of dinner, with a tongue unpleasant *per se*, but delightful from its being the forerunner of pleasure: so it was with these living belles. They used to be the first sound greeting my ears on stepping out of the carriage on those nights, when, to his infinite satisfaction, the *dear boy* was taken to Astley's.

From a boy I grew up to a youth; and I always found that my spare cash had a vent at the doors of the theatre. From frequenting them I naturally acquired some knowledge on the subject, and was generally es-

teemed among my school-fellows as an infallible authority on the merits or demerits of this or that piece or actor. Having arrived at this dignity of dramatic lawgiver, the next step, that of becoming an amateur performer, followed as a consequence; everybody said I was a good actor, and I of course was not long in coinciding with so just a decision, and I easily fancied I had a "*turn for the stage*." This effected, it was all over with me, and I became a confirmed private-theatrical man. Not that I mean that I became a subscriber at the Sans Souci, or the Minor Theatre in Catherine-street; no, *di prohibete nefas*—I thank my stars I never did that yet—my mania took a very different, and I think far wiser turn: my theatrical talents were devoted to the enlivening, by harmless laughter, the family circle. Whenever anything extraordinary was to be done, I always proposed a play, and a play was generally the thing. It is not a momentary or fleeting amusement, (I speak strictly of private theatricals,) for what can equal the fun of getting up such an evening's amusement? If well done it takes weeks of preparation; for half the fun consists of being one's own milliner or tailor, besides the comfort of wearing one's own clothes—(oh, I loathe a Monmouth-street dress!)

The first play I ever managed and superintended was that delightful mock-heroic, tragic-burlesque opera of "Bombastes Furioso." In the character of the victorious General I made my first bow before an audience, private or public. Of all pieces, this is the most suited to such an use; so compact, so easily learnt, so easily remembered, and so easily acted. If it is but correctly spoken, it is sure to be applauded, for it is witty and very short: your audience cannot tire of it, for, like lightning, which is gone ere you can say it lightens, so "Bombastes" is finished ere you have time to think of its merits or faults.

My first company consisted of very juvenile performers indeed; I was the eldest, and was then only sixteen, while the other parts were sustained by my brothers and sister, all between the ages of seven and twelve. It may be readily credited, therefore, that this was their first appearance also, and that I had some degree of trouble in officering so very raw a company. However, I managed to my infinite satisfaction, and gained to myself the character of an excellent actor, both from my own performance, as also those of my brothers and sister, all of whom, of course, received their instructions from me. The great success of my first attempt turned my brain, and for a long time subsequently I was always on the look-out to catch opportunities for gratifying my theatrical ardour; nor was I without ample field to work on.

In the course of the following year I was removed from the public school where I then was, and sent to rusticate at a private tutor's for the preparation necessary to my commencing a college life. The Reverend G. B——, LL.D. (not A.S.S.) with whom I had the good fortune to be so domiciled, resided on a curacy in a village not fifty miles from Alma Mater. To an extensive knowledge of the world, and a great suitability to the duties of his office, this gentleman superadded, what in my mind surpassed all the other qualifications for a private tutor, namely, a willingness to make companions, not school-boys, of his pupils, and ever evinced a desire to communicate a portion of his extensive information to them. He had travelled much during his youth among the busy scenes of the peninsular war, and I soon found out that he had himself, when in Sicily, engaged in private theatricals. This instantly fired me with the hopes of getting up plays, and I resolved to beat up a company. I accordingly, one evening, as all my fellow-pupils were assembled over the fire in the back-parlour, where we had congregated ostensibly for the purpose of preparing our studies for the following day, and of making verses,—but where, in fact, we generally made any thing but verses,—I took the opportunity of turning the conversation to the subject of the stage. Not unlike the man who went to a party of *savants* ready charged with a luminous disquisition on gun-powder, and took the opportunity of the pretended report of a gun to let loose the following remark, "By the bye, what a glorious invention that of gunpowder is!" I also introduced my plan by saying, "Talking of plays, did you ever see 'Bombastes Furioso?'" As I had calculated, no one had; and I then recited from memory, no difficult task, the leading points and most witty speeches throughout the whole composition. Somehow or other, I was a tolerable mimic, and had, at that time, acquired the fame of a good actor, as I have before hinted. I exerted all my humour on this occasion, and, with such effect, as to produce roars of laughter. This of course was overheard, and when the cause of such boisterous and unstudious merriment was ascertained, it needed little to bring about a proposal from us for leave to act a play, and to wring an acquiescence on the part of the Doctor. We accordingly started that very night; I knew the play of "Bombastes" by heart, on which we had fixed, and, as it was not at that time illustrated by Cruikshank, it was not of such easy access as now: I, therefore, sat myself down to the task of writing out all the parts, and finished before I closed my eyes that night. The following evening we had a rehearsal, and

I gave it as my opinion that in a week we might be ready for visitors. It was to be kept a grand secret—all our dresses were to be made by ourselves—not even the Doctor's family were to be gratified by a peep at them, and the invitations even were to be worded so as not to convey any thing beyond the idea of a common evening party. In the course of the following day the whole village was set by the ears to find out what "the Doctor's gentlemen" could be about. One lady, in particular, called on the second day, and very kindly told us all the surmises and guesses entertained on the subject by the village people, under the anxious hope of being the first to receive the real information from our own lips; and, although she promised secrecy, I, who was manager, and was in the room at the time, knew her of old, and therefore kept a most mysterious silence. I confessed having purchased twenty yards of yellow serge (all which was to be expended upon my epaulettes), but said that "I saw nothing singular in such an event."

"But what were the twelve yards of glazed blue calico for?"

"Oh, I have nothing to do with that; I suppose Spencer, who bought it, is going to make a present to one of the servants."

"This would not do," she said: she knew there was something in the wind; perhaps you can tell me," she added, "why you had your Wellington boots lengthened to such an enormous size by the shoemaker? Surely you can't wear them so—can you?"

These I had intended for the General's jack-boots. "Oh," said I, "I am thinking of making them into fishing-boots, to pull up over my knees."

"Humph," said she; and finding nothing could be got out of me, off she went to gather fresh information from the only milliner in the village; shrewdly guessing that, do what we would, if anything like a masquerade was on foot, we must have recourse to Mrs. Aplin to make our ladies' dresses for us. However, she had cunning people to deal with: Spencer had taken the said blue calico to her for the purpose of being made into "Distaffina's" gown, but had also given orders to have it kept a dead secret. She vowed she would work with closed doors to keep out vexatious intruders, among whom Spencer had especially pointed out this lady; and not without reason, for really her occupation was scandal and gossip, and that not from any bad motive, but positively by way of employment. Her name was Lock, and she was the wife of a gentleman residing on his own property, which he farmed. Being the second son, he was always called Mr. Peter Lock, and for brevity's sake, he was usually styled, behind his back, Mr. Peter. She, of course, shared this economy of breath

and was called Mrs. Peter. Spencer gave her the *soubriquet* of "Repeater." Leaving her, however, to make what she could out of Mrs. Aplin, I proceed to the business of the play. The tinker's powers were put to their stretch to manufacture tin stars and orders to decorate the person of the king, while I gave him instructions to cut out a most stupendous pair of spurs to ornament the jack-boots with which Mrs. Peter had been so marvellously puzzled. Play-bills were printed by us on silk at great cost and labour, which were to be circulated only on the drawing up of the curtain; for so far was our secret to extend, as to leave the audience in ignorance of what was intended to be represented, after they must have made the discovery that something there was for them to see out of the usual way. The name of the play was no great difficulty to keep secret, as it could only reach them through the medium of the servants; and they, we knew, would not succeed in transmitting that gentle title, pure and unaltered, to the ears of the visitors. Such was the case; for the aforesaid Mrs. "Repeater" told us, the day before the play-day, (for she regularly *dropped* in every day,) that she knew what it was we were going to do; that it was a play, she was certain, though she had not learnt the name, at least she had heard it called by so many and so various appellations, that she could not satisfy herself upon the truth, but that she could make a guess at it, &c. I let her guess, and guess on, till she actually got out of temper at my official taciturnity, and took herself off in a great huff. At length the long-appointed day arrived—*expectata dies aderat*; and, as the moments flew, my heart began to beat high with expectation. I superintended the arrangement of the theatre, while the Doctor ordered the accommodation for the company. In our theatre, which afterwards acquired great celebrity from its compactness and perfection, we had contented ourselves with merely acting a play; we aped no scenery of any description, not even a green curtain—that orthodox appendage to a theatre,—but instead of it made use of window-curtains, which drew across the stage from the middle. We had, however, orchestra-lights, though no orchestra, save the piano; and our only separation from the audience, when the curtain was drawn—I can't say up—was formed by these lights, which were placed behind a plank stretched in a curve across the room, and covered with green baize. Seven was our hour, and that of dinner was five,—but who could on that day eat? I, as manager, had no time of course to satisfy the cravings of hunger; and as for the rest of the *corps dramatique*, they all looked more like criminals about to march out to execution, than

followers of merry Theopis. So nervously inclined were they, that most assuredly their forks would have found the road to any other feature in their faces sooner than to their mouths. I never could eat when I was going to a play, still less could I condescend to do so when about to act myself.

The dinner hour passed, and we had a rehearsal for the last time, more for the purpose of passing the time than anything else. Just as we were in the middle of the last scene, and I was making a dead pause, methought I heard the distant rolling of a carriage. I listened, so did we all, in breathless silence, and found that it really was an arrival. Down, or rather across went the curtain, and away we all scampered up to our respective rooms, for we had not dressed yet. Here such a scene of confusion ensued as baffles all description, each one in want of some most essential article. "Where's my wig?" exclaimed the king; "I want the powder to put on my hair!" exclaimed I; but, of all the company, poor Spencer was the worst off: he had, unknown to us, got a pair of stays, and in these he had determined to act 'Distaffina,' and to enable himself to bear the unaccustomed pressure, he had put on his armour, for such it was, soon after breakfast. I had frequently had occasion during the day to remark how very slow he was, but never dreamt that his stiffness proceeded from tight lacing. Now, however, his nerves gave way; and just as he had concluded his toilette, during which I plainly saw he was suffering greatly, he was obliged to let the secret out, for he was on the point of fainting. "Good gracious," said I, "Spencer, what's the matter?" no little alarm for the success of the play being mingled with anxiety for his own safety.

"Nothing; oh, nothing at all, except that I can't bear this any longer."

"Bear what? why you are not going to shirk now, and spoil the whole thing?"

"No," said he, "but I am going to take off a pair of stays which I have been fool enough to put on, or I shall certainly faint."

Glad to find it arose from a cause so easily cured, I left him to undress, and proceeded to assist the king, whom I found, *more regum*, utterly unable to do anything for himself: his room was just over the entrance door; and as he bungled his legs in and out of the coat by mistake for his breeches, and put on his waistcoat three times inside out, he had the peculiar satisfaction of seeing the carriages roll down the avenue leading to the garden, and of hearing the busy hum of visitors down stairs. He was in a profuse perspiration, having entirely abandoned all hope of being dressed, as he said, "much before it was all

over," and almost crying from very nervous vexation: with my assistance, however, he was soon dressed to his infinite satisfaction; and just as I had put the finishing hand to my own costume, by pulling on the questionable jask-boots, up came the Doctor to announce that the company had all arrived—that they were on the tiptoe of expectation—and that the overture was now about to begin. As he concluded we heard the sounds of the music, which had at that moment anything but a pleasing effect upon our senses. The king, however, took his seat at the throne, assumed the proper melancholy suited to the character, and as the last notes of the overture were played, all was arranged. The chilling sounds of a small bell announced to the audience that the curtains were about to be withdrawn;—all was deep silence till the whole scene was displayed; of course great applause ensued (for private performers always meet with kind and encouraging spectators); this gradually subsiding, the business of the play began with the song, &c.

The whole was received with unbounded applause, especially Distaffina's song, which was encored. My dress was the cause of great merriment; and as I marched on at the head of my "brave army," I could plainly see Mrs. Peter's eyes fasten on my jack-boots, as she audibly exclaimed, "There, there are the boots!—I said so!" So pleased were we with ourselves and our reception, that we that evening, after the play, determined to issue cards for another. We fixed upon the "Mayor of Garrett," which was got up in the short space of eight days; then we acted "Tom Thumb," and added thereto the interlude of "Pyramus and Thisbe," taken out of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." In each of these two latter I sustained the part of a female: in the first, that of the Princess Huncamunca; while in the latter I was the fair Thisbe—that "flower of odorous savours sweet." This was attempting Shakspeare, but Shakspeare in his easiest form; and, from our success, we determined to take a loftier flight, and perform something else of his. The great point was to fix upon any one play which could be cut down to our means; for, as we only numbered seven, including a very clever girl of ten years old, a daughter of Dr. B—'s, who took the part of Puck, it would be quite out of the question to think of getting up the whole of any one play of Shakspeare. At last we fixed upon the "Tempest." All agreed that I should make a capital Caliban, Spencer a sweet Marinda, while little Fanny was declared to be just the thing for Ariel. It was now summer,—a period when the country, by a strange anomaly, is depopulated of its inhabitants,—and we were obliged to postpone till the winter our next performance. This delay

gave us great time for preparation; indeed no expense or pains were spared in decorating our theatre during the recess. Scenes were painted to give all due effect to the shipwreck: thunder, lightning, and rain, were laid in in great quantities; and a great addition made to the theatre by my plan of a procenium, whereon was nailed a beautifully painted blue and gold curtain, the work of the Doctor, which occupied the whole of the space except that devoted to the curtain: and the latter, by machinery, the invention of the village carpenter, was at last made to draw up and down, to my great satisfaction. With constant rehearsals we at last mastered the arduous undertaking; and I looked forward with confidence to the next performance, which promised to be the best as it was to be the last, in consequence of my removal to College, together with Spencer. In rehearsing for Caliban, it had been my aim to disguise myself both in form and voice as much as possible. I accordingly invented a patent dress, fitting tight, and on it I sewed quantities of horses' and cows' tails; the whole country was scorned to procure hair for me, and at last, by pressing into my service the hide of a large black dog, which most opportunely departed this life, I concocted a very complete dress. In my voice I equally succeeded; for, from the idea of Caliban being half a beast, I had taught myself to speak from somewhere lower than my diaphragm, so that my most intimate friends could hardly have recognized my tones,—for I acquired a most satisfactory growl. In addition to the *Tempest* we got up a farce, translated, as the play-bills (which were now regularly printed) announced, "expressly for this occasion from the French." We were now involved in a regular drama and a farce, and had enough on our hands for amateurs to accomplish. However, as the winter approached, all was ready: we were now old hands at it, and regarded it more as a matter of business than anything else. All the neighbourhood was summoned to this one grand effort, and we mustered nearly fifty spectators,—and calmly did we calculate when it would be absolutely necessary for us to prepare our dresses; so much does habit accustom us to what once were novelties, and as such required particular attention.

The whole play went off admirably, with one exception, of rather a ludicrous nature. I mentioned that we had got a splendid scene for the opening to represent the shipwreck; and it was so arranged as that the vessel should be seen, amid thunder and lightning, to toss and pitch about for a certain time, by means of a slit cut across the scene, till it came to the end of the sea, where, as she could not go any farther, we unanimously agreed it would be as well to sink her. All this machinery was to be worked by Pros-

pero, who was In this course he the cave till the ship ~~was~~ might ~~and~~ bottom. As I was not to take an immediate part at the opening, I was entrusted with the lighting, while Stephano thundered with a large sheet of tin. Well, the curtain rose; the scene was illumined by frequent flashes of lightning, which bore the proportion of about ten to one of the peals of thunder; for we foolishly acted our respective parts of the storm to the full bent of our power, and I lightened across with my rosin, while Stephano thundered away as quickly as possible. At last it became a complete race who should do most in his own line; and, as I strove to give greater effect to each succeeding flash, by sending it on the stage to the view of the almost suffocated audience, I, in one grand effort, set fire to the unfortunate galley just as she had got about *half-past-over*. A shriek arose, which frightened me out of my wits; and still holding the candle, by means of which I had made my lightning, in my right hand, I rushed on the stage to save the house from being burnt down to the ground,—for I conjured up to myself much more danger than there really was. Miranda had sunk down on a log of wood, half laughing, half crying, clasping her hands in dumb show, while I seized the ship, which was now emitting smoke and flames—the sails having caught fire—for the purpose of taking it away from the scene, which I expected every moment to see blazing up. All this while Prospero, intent upon his part, was manœuvring the vessel very assiduously behind the scene, and working her most satisfactorily to himself along the aforesaid slit. Of course he knew nothing of the accident, and feeling something pull at the vessel, he only held on tighter. The audience had now lost all fear of danger; but I, acting on the first impulse, was determined to carry off the wreck, *vi et armis*, and I accordingly exerted myself more than ever. Prospero, all potent as he was on the stage, was a match for me off it too; for the more vigorously I pulled the more tenaciously he held on by the bottom of the vessel, till, perceiving a cessation of the storm, and knowing that it ought to have continued till he had sunk the ship, he roared out “What the devil’s the matter? why don’t the thunder and lightning go on?” The shouts of laughter which followed this, aided by my redoubled vehemence, effected my purpose, and he relinquished his hold of the ship, only then beginning to be aware that something had been the matter; and, entering from his cave, proceeded, evidently much disconcerted, with his part.

With this exception, “The Tempest” went off with the greatest éclat. The farce also followed with equal success, except from one trifling bar, which arose from our extreme attention to the play, and the comparatively

careless way in which we had got up the farce. Thus it was that we had not had a dress rehearsal, but only satisfied the manager with our assurances that we had all our dresses ready in every particular. The result of this was, that we were all alike ignorant of the costume adopted by each other; and it so happened that (like the people at Matthews’ “Pic-nic,” who brought a leg of mutton each) we had all bought false noses to disguise ourselves as much as possible. These additions and improvements on the human face divine, were kept secret from each other, and only produced as we proceeded to the stage for the purpose of taking our stations preparatory to the rising of the curtain,—for we were all to be discovered. “Are you all ready,” said the prompter. “No, no, no,” from so many voices,—“I haven’t tied on my nose yet.” That operation performed, we were still in the dark as to our mutually grotesque appearance, as the footlights were outside the curtain,—and consequently it was not till that was removed, and the full blaze of light was thrown on the stage, that we were all sensible of the similarity and singularity of our decorations.

The effect was absurd to a degree; it was impossible to begin,—a task which devolved upon me; for I was nearly choked in the vain endeavour to suppress my laughter, every moment getting stronger and stronger. I had, in addition to my nose, stuffed myself to an enormously out-of-the-way size, so much so as actually to remove all possibility of crossing one leg over the other; and, unluckily, I had recourse to this identical movement as a sort of opening, and accordingly lifted up my leg to cross it; but, alas! though I had the power to raise it, as for crossing it that was quite out of the question, and I was obliged to let it drop powerless again into its original position. This failure completely upset the small remains of gravity which might have hovered on my face, and I burst out into a fit of laughter long and loud, which was re-echoed by the rest, and we were all shortly indulging in that agreeable amusement, to the full as heartily as the audience; nor was it till our strength failed, and the prompter and manager, who was off the stage, who was a grave man, had made as many mouths and faces at us, as there were words nearly in his own part, that anything like silence was restored.

So thoroughly were we all satisfied with the result of that evening’s performances, that we agreed there to rest our fame, fearing that we might not equal it in any other attempt, especially as there would not be time enough to get up anything except a farce; for within a fortnight both Spencer and myself were about to go up to Cambridge. We, however, were determined to do something; and, with the Doctor’s permission, we took his children into training,

almost infants, and, astonishing to relate, we succeeded in drilling them into great perfection. We selected one of the Sacred Dramas, yclept "David." I was the only man in the company; and enacted the prodigious part of Goliath of Gath. We were a long time finding out a fit and becoming invention, whereby we might convey some faint idea of the Philistine's size to the audience. It was at first suggested that I should act the part in *propria persona*, and various other devices were broached; but we at last adopted an expedient, which was the fruit of the Doctor's fertile brain, and I think deserves credit for its extreme originality. I learnt the part of the Giant, and the Doctor set about to manufacture a representative for his person. This he effected by cutting out on pasteboard and painting, as if in armour, an enormous pair of legs and thighs. Our theatre was about six feet and a half high, and these legs reached from the top down to the floor, and were worked along a cord tied across the stage, which I was to manage from behind the scenes where I was stationed. The effect of these huge lower extremities stalking on the stage with their knees working up and down like a horse afflicted with the stringhalt, was ludicrous and absurd to a degree. Little David reached about up to the calf of his gigantic opponent; and, indeed, in consequence of my mismanagement, he was obliged to run away, for fear of being walked over by these hugeous understandings. As they faced the audience, I am sure they must have looked more like the representatives of the famous Sir Christopher Hatton, for they were so cut as to emulate his far-famed propensity, in the gratifying which you could so easily recognize the dancing-master.

Such happy days soon flew over my thoughtless head. Light of heart, and wanting ballast, as the worthy Doctor used to tell me, I was, by his advice, sent up to the University at the age of nineteen, instead of eighteen, as was the original design of my father; and sincerely do I thank my friends for this timely change in their plans; for, had I been turned adrift, at the age of eighteen, on that sea of rocks, a college life, most assuredly I should not have left a name to point a moral,—however I might have left one which might be useful for the purposes of instructing future generations, and, beacon like, warn them of those dangers to which I fell a victim. As it was, even with that year's additional weight on board, I was guilty, *horresco referens*! of various pieces of indiscretion, and heedlessly plunged into many a scrape, which a moment's consideration could not have failed in warning me against. However, I have passed through that fiery ordeal with unsinged wings; and the dangers of those days now serve to lighten my heart of care which

comes a great time for to think of them, and "fight my rebellion again." One of these I shall ever have a lively recollection of, while I tremble to think how narrow was my escape from the *ultimum supplicium* of the University. Every man, on going up to College, is sure to meet with many whom he has known at school, public or private; and as I had the advantage of most, in having successively tried two private schools and one public, previous to going to a private tutor, it may not be surprising that I found many young men with whom I was familiar in times of yore.

Among these one there was with whom I contracted an intimacy beyond the usual acquaintance of two men so situated. We had, while at Westminster, been very good friends; and now, though at different colleges, our former friendship was renewed and strengthened. Frank was the most singular fellow of all my set,—very eccentric, very idle, and sometimes very expensive. Being a man of keen susceptibility, he was alive to anything approaching neglect, and subject, in consequence, to changes of humour so ever-varying, that it was almost impossible, after having lost sight of him for a few hours, to guess what sort of temper you might be greeted with. With me, however, and I hardly know for what reason, he made an exception, and seldom or ever have we had any difference; while I think that he has cut, over and over again, the whole round of his other friends. Whether it was that I took no notice of what in his conduct others would have objected to, I know not; but so it was, and, consequently, we both became insensibly attached to each other. We were both fond of the same pursuits: we equally delighted in following up exercises of an active nature, rode frequently, and always in company; both attended the Gymnasium, a private club, formed of members of the University, where all sorts of violent exercises were practised, and by few with so much ardour as by Frank and myself. The waywardness of Frank's nature can scarcely be better exemplified than by his treatment of himself in regard to this Gymnasium. I have known him adopt a regular system of diet, and regularly train himself as if for a fight. He would say—"It's no use going on in this way—(he had perhaps been living a very dissipated life, and been very tipsy the very preceding night)—I intend to adopt quite a different plan;" and, accordingly, he would administer a powerful dose of salts—his own prescription—and start to lead a regulated life. This consisted of eating a due and appointed quantity of beefsteaks every morning for his breakfast; drinking a certain number of glasses of wine; dining regularly every day in hall; going to bed early, and getting up early, and walking a great deal before and

after breakfast. In this course he would obstinately go on, till he might accidentally get an attack of bile or any trifling uneasiness; and then I have known him revert to all his former dissipation, saying that he had found out that it was all humbug that system of diet, and that he would now eat and drink when, where, and as often as he was pleased so to do; and, accordingly, he would get drunk that night by way of beginning. Thus he used to pass his time in changing his method of treating himself; the absurdity of which was, that he never had any more than two ideas upon the subject; and when he was tired of one he used to return to the other with as much glee and solemnity of conviction in his countenance, as if he had just only for the first time been minded to try that course.

With such a fanciful man for my friend, it may naturally be supposed that we were often in peril of our lives, from the queer pranks which we would put into execution; and that many and narrow were the escapes we had from the talons of the proctors while pursuing our diversions.

Among other resolves of Frank's versatile brain, one was, that he would spend the long vacation of the year 182— at Alma Mater. For this he had no reason at all, save the non-existence of any necessity for such a choice. To a man who does not remain at College for the express purpose of reading, a residence there at such a time of the year is, in my opinion, only a species of purgatory. However, Frank had an idea of doing it, and he accordingly put it into execution. It was during this voluntary banishment from the world that I, accidentally finding myself near Cambridge, determined to push on and take my friend by surprise, and see how he really liked his choice, nothing doubting but that I should find him an altered man as to his "firm conviction that a man might be just as happy at Cambridge during the long vacation as during term-time." I accordingly arrived by the "Times" coach at nine, and soon found my way to my friend's lodgings, surprised his landlady by presenting my well-known face and asking for Frank, by which name I usually called him.

"O, he's down at Jesus College."

"Jesus!" said I; "why who's there that he knows?—whose rooms is he at?"

"Oh, he's at nobody's rooms, Sir; but you'll be sure to find him at the butteries there; for he has taken to drinking a thing he calls cup, and he generally goes down to there, and comes home about ten, and —"

"And very drunk, I dare say," said I, finishing her sentence for her.

Off I went, and, as Mrs. Perry had hinted, there I found Frank sitting by the fire-place, discussing a foaming tankard of cup*. Our meeting was just what might have been expected when it was—unexpected, and we very soon finished the said cup, and had

got some way into a second, before I had time to ask Frank how he liked Cambridge during the summer. As I imagined, he had completely changed his mind on the said subject of his firm conviction, and he bitterly exclaimed against the dull insipidity of the place. "There's no fun going on; there are so few men up, that the proctors know all the faces of every man in residence like a shepherd does his sheep, and you can't stir without being known."

"Well," said I, "but unless I mistake, to-morrow is the first day of the Midsummer fair; surely there may be some fun there?"

"By Jove, so it is! Let us go now directly; I dare say we may pick up something good before the day's gone, yet," exclaimed Frank; and so off we set to visit the spot so well known to all Cambridge men as the scene of this fair. To the uninformed it may be as well to premise that the fair is held in a large common-field on the banks of the Cam, and adjoining the grounds of Jesus College. Thither we went; and, as we proceeded, we could distinctly hear the hammer giving note of preparation for the morrow's sports.

In making our preambulations, chance led us into conversation with the far-famed Mr. Richardson, that veteran strolling-player, who haunts all the fairs of the kingdom, and with whose well-filled paunch and sandy whiskers every man who ever was at a fair, no matter in what part of the kingdom, must be well acquainted. Frank, having imbibed a great quantity of liquor that evening, was in a fit humour for fun, and being unusually excited by my sudden arrival, was seized, all of a sudden, with one of his whims; so drawing me aside, he whispered, that if I would consent, he would make a proposal to Richardson to admit us into his company. In order to see something of a life so novel to both of us as that of a strolling-player, regardless of its probable consequences, I heedlessly assented; and Frank, after beating about the bush for some time, at length broached the subject to the manager, with a suitable hint as to remuneration, &c. &c. That worthy man, having the fear of the proctors before his eyes, or perhaps with a view to enhance the favour, hesitated much, and endeavoured to point out to us the certain consequences which must follow a discovery. But where was the discovery to come from? Who was to know anything about us, except those interested in keeping silence upon the subject? Urged by these arguments, Mr. Richardson

* Cup is a mixture of beer, wine, lemon, sugar, and spice: this to the uninitiated. By those who have ever made its acquaintance, Frank's partiality will I think be readily applauded. Falstaff's eyes, I imagine, hardly glistened so much at the sight of his sack, as those of the admirers of this mixture, which is really most excellent tipple, do at its perfume and flavour.

finally assented; and this point arrived at, the next thing to arrange was, what we should do? This was a matter of some difficulty; for though the company's performances consisted of a tragedy, comedy, pantomime, and farce, all of which were got through in the incredibly short space of twenty minutes, and therefore could not have demanded much application on our parts to fit us for the personation of the leading characters, yet we wisely abstained from this, and fixed our plan upon Frank's making his *début* on the slack-rope, which was then in the act of being fixed up a few yards in front of the Royal Pavilion, and on which the clown of the company used to tumble for the purpose of attracting visitors, by giving the crowd a sample, as it were, of the entertainment likely to be met with inside. Frank and I were both, from our attendance at the Gymnasium, tolerable adepts at this really agreeable exercise; but Frank's figure being more suitable and compact than mine, he had become far my superior in the science of rope-dancing, and to him, therefore, I yielded the *pas* on this occasion. The following evening, therefore, was fixed for our putting into execution this notable plan of ours; and we accordingly, having attended the Gymnasium for the purpose of practice in the morning, made our appearance at the fair at the hour of eight exactly. There was an immense crowd assembled, but more especially round the Royal Pavilion, which seemed, from the gaiety of the dresses worn, and ostentatiously exhibited on the platform, to be the great attraction of the fair. We with much difficulty succeeded in elbowing our way up to the booth, and presented ourselves to Mr. Richardson, following whom we dived into the lower regions, preparatory to Frank's doffing the gentleman and donning the dress of the clown.

Like all establishments of a similar nature, the Royal Pavilion was raised upon a foundation composed of the waggons wherein these followers of Thespis were transported, with all their properties, from one town to another. Under the largest of these waggons was fitted up the green-room, into which we now entered. It was used as the dressing-room, sleeping-room, and green-room equally; and therefore presented to our observation a very tolerable picture of the sort of life which it had been our anxious desire to have a peep at. The floor was mother Earth; while the wheels of the waggon, surrounded by canvas, formed the sides of the room, in height about four feet and a half, nearly filled with boxes and beds, and receiving what little light there was from the uncertain flickering of a dip candle, which, acted upon by the wind, to which free ingress and egress seemed most courteously and studiously allowed, seemed every moment about to give up the ghost,

while anon it shot up and emitted considerable light, till, again disturbed by the air, it once more threatened to leave us in total darkness. Such a reception not being a warm one, served, in no slight degree, to damp a portion of our ardour; but there was now no retreating without dishonour, and we kept our opinion to ourselves, blindly determined to persevere.

There was no time to be lost; and Mr. Richardson soon produced a suit of motley character, which, he averred to Frank, was quite clean, and had never been worn yet by any one. This, at least, was a source of comfort. Having finished dressing, it was next necessary that Frank's face should be painted after the most approved fashion of all clowns, in those laughter moving triangles which decorate the fool, and are his *sine quâ non*. This operation is generally preceded by greasing the patient's face with whatever comes handiest—a candle; and, accordingly, Mr. Richardson, à l'ordinaire, was about to go to work in the most methodical way, having seized the burning candle to rub it on Frank's features. To this Frank most decidedly objected; and, after a sharp contest, Mr. R. agreed to forego that part, and to mix up the paints in some water, and thus smear his face in the regular variety of stars and crosses. Under the skilful hands of the manager, Frank's face gradually assumed a most delightful appearance; and that done, he sallied out to ascend the platform, having received strict injunctions as to his conduct on the stage,—such as that he should make himself quite at home, and appear familiar with all the rest of the *corps dramatique*, and that he should exercise his calling by frequently tumbling, &c. &c. &c. I was stationed at one of the corners of the booth, just underneath, with one arm resting on the platform, for the purpose of holding communication with Frank, in case of any alarm from the proctors, in the event of which, as I was a gownsmen, and could not converse with him in his assumed character without risk, I was instructed to give a most ominous squint as a signal to decamp. We accordingly took our places,—I on the ground, Frank on the platform, where he exerted himself greatly, and gained frequent applause from his numberless tricks, which he had acquired by his attendance at the Gymnasium.

While this was going on, I was not unmindful of my share of the farce, and kept a narrow watch upon the proctors, who, dressed in full academics, paraded around the fair, for the purpose of keeping order among the gownsmen, and restraining within due bounds their mirth and hilarity. With fear and trembling I beheld them drawing nearer and nearer every moment, until they actually faced the platform,

whereon was Frank, whom I saw evidently ill at ease, and ever and anon turning his eyes upon me; but I saw no reason for apprehension, though I was myself rather nervous at the moment: nor was the shock a slight one which I experienced on hearing the words "Now, Mr. Merryman," uttered by Mr. Richardson, as the signal for Frank to commence operations on the rope. It so happened that just as the order was issued, the proctorial cortège were in the act of passing under the rope, which, suspended in mid air above their heads, looked very ominous indeed. Frank, immediately on hearing these words, I suppose, made up his mind—come what might—to go on; and, shutting his eyes with desperation, plunged headlong down the steps, and rushing on was lost in the crowd, which made way for the Merryman, and then closed upon him, when I lost sight of him, and waited in anxious expectation till I should see him fairly mounted on his cord and launched forth. But no such sight greeted my eyes; I heard a bustle as of a disturbance, which gradually increased, and then distinctly caught the sound of voices in anger, rising above the hum of the fair; and, turning to the platform, I saw Mr. Richardson's usually rubicund visage pale as ashes; and presently he, evidently much agitated, descended the steps, while at the same time I heard voices crying out "Well done, fool! well done, Merryman!" This determined me that something was wrong; and beckoning a man whom I knew slightly, and whom I fortunately saw at that moment, we both pressed on to join the thickening crowd, and ascertain the cause of this tumult,—which I almost dreaded to learn, from a presentiment that poor Frank had been discovered by the keen eyes of the Proctors, in which case it most assuredly must be all up with him, for expulsion would be the consequence of detection. Whatever was the real cause, I was determined to stand by Frank; so, raising a cry of "Shame!—shame!" without knowing whether right or wrong, I made my way through the crowd, and, to my great horror, beheld Frank, who was a small man, in the fell grasp of one bull-dog, while the other was prostrate on the ground. Heedless of the consequences, I levelled a blow at the first of these two animals with so much vigour and so well distanced that he followed his brother, and Frank was at the instant free. My friend now came up and received the fire of the second bull-dog, who had by this time recovered his legs, and I had only time to whisper Frank, "For God's sake make off,—go to the river, swim it, and there remain till you see or hear from me,"—before it was necessary again to prepare for the reception of the united forces of the two Proctors, and pro-proctors into the bargain, who had then, for the first time,

become aware of the existence of a row. Frank, I need not say, took the hint, and by dint of great exertions we opened a passage for him to escape through the crowd, who, ever ready for a disturbance, willingly connived at the escape of Mr. Merryman. Making as much head, therefore, as possible against the efforts of the proctorial satellites to secure the original offender, we fought right and left for a few minutes, till we began to feel the sedative effects of the repeated blows which had been levelled at us by the exasperated bull-dogs; and as in all probability Frank was off, or at any rate we had done all we could, we with one consent dropped our guards, and marched off in close custody to the presence of the Proctor—who, like Napoleon at Waterloo, did not interfere in the fray, but, standing aloof, directed the movements of the troops.

Into this awful presence we were then taken; and, after undergoing the usual prescribed routine of question and answer, from the mild question of "Are you a member of this university, Sir?" down to the imperious command, "Call on me to-morrow, at my rooms, at ten o'clock, exactly," we were dismissed with injunctions to leave the fair, and retire to our colleges. To this we bowed obedience; and having made our exits, I immediately betook myself to Mr. Richardson, whom I had not seen since he descended to mix in the crowd. I found him in a state of great perturbation, equal to that of the Turks when they gave rise to the following elegant composition:—

*"Perturbabantur Constantinopolitani
Innumerabilibus solitudinibus!"*

In such a state was he, dreading the awful fiat of the Vice-Chancellor, enjoining his instant departure from the precincts of the university, vainly endeavouring to stifle all his fears, and trying to act up to the arduous task of exerting his most winning ways to induce the crowd to ascend and view his performances. I drew him aside and inquired if he had seen Frank, and to my satisfaction ascertained that he had not been seen since the fray first began, when he lost sight of him entirely. This satisfied me that he had profited by my interference, and that he had effected his escape. I therefore determined to go to my rooms, which I had taken possession of during my short visit, and to summon to my assistance a friendly gyp whom I used to trust to on more occasions than one. I however took the precaution to demand Frank's watch and all the contents of his pockets from Mr. Richardson, fearful lest, in my absence, or during the night, he might decamp. I made the best of my way to—college, and luckily found out the aforesaid gyp, and taking my great coat,—for it was now raining,—and giving him Frank's cloak, we

soon returned to the scene of the contest. There I took from him the cloak, and giving him Frank's clothes, desired him to take them to my rooms, and started myself in quest of poor Frank, who, thought I, will most assuredly have a powerful attack of fever and ague, if he stays much longer reposing on the banks of Cam.

By this time the disturbance and all its effects had passed away, and all the fair wore the usual appearance of a country fair. Instead of the deafening noise which thrilled through my ears when the contest raged at its height, I could only perceive the gentle hubbub which prevails at all assemblages of this sort,—an indistinct rumbling noise, only broken or varied at intervals by the occasional blast of a trumpet, followed by a shrill voice, issuing out of a small window in a small box, and announcing to the gaping crowd that “the smallest and most diminutivest little woman was to be seen; with a faithful representation of Daniel, sitting on a *three-legged* stool, in the Lion's Den; as likewise a true picture, painted on the very identical spot of the barbarous massacre of the battle of Navarino, with the horrible *conflagration* of Moscow by the Turkish troops the day after; and all for the small charge of one penny per individual.”

Leaving this behind me to the right I stole along the row of horse-chesnuts which overhung the path; having arrived at the end of which, I fearlessly emerged from my shelter, and made the best of my way across to the boat-house, where there is a foot-bridge—having experienced in my passage sundry heavy falls, for it was quite dark, and slippery from the rain which was then falling heavily; indeed, I wonder how, encumbered as I was by my own great coat and Frank's cloak, I managed to get across some of the wide ditches which intersect in every direction this level plain. However, “*pedibus timor addidit alas*,” I presume, and I must have flown across some of them, as I at last reached the boat-house without having experienced any very serious damage. I crossed silently, and when on the other side of the river, I paused for a few moments to listen if all were safe; and, being satisfied, I gave a whistle, the most orthodox signal for all heroes, whether they be banditti or Cantabs—being a language that all can understand. Nor was I mistaken, for I immediately caught an attempt at an answer, and not very far from me; and ascending the bank, I saw prostrate on the ground, cold and shivering, the motley body of my adventurous and ill-starred friend. He, on perceiving me, made an effort, but an ineffectual one, to rise; and, on stooping down to assist him, I could plainly see that he was by no means in a fit state to perform on the *corde volante*, however he might have been a few hours before, for he

was shaking dreadfully, his teeth chattering, and unable to stand on his feet.

“Ah, is that you, my dear fellow? I fear that we have carried the joke too far this time, for I feel dreadfully ill.”

“Never mind,” said I, willing to impart spirits to him which at the time I was far from possessing myself; “never mind, come, sit down here, and let us talk about our affairs.”

So saying, I flung the cloak round him, and we seated ourselves cheek by jowl on the banks of Cam. Never, I do believe, were there seen two such outlandish and disreputable figures as Frank and myself at that moment. It was really almost impossible to restrain from bursting into a fit of violent laughter, despite our truly critical situation: even the crying philosopher would not have been proof against a smile if he could have had a glimpse at us, as we sat cold, wet, and uncomfortable, presenting a very good lesson to all amateurs.

I was bad enough—dirty and filthy from the exertions used by me in rescuing Frank, and exhibiting a set of features considerably the worse for the blows which had in so unmannerly a way knocked so rudely at them. But Frank! oh, I was nothing compared to him! There the wretched fellow sat, evidently in great pain (for he had by some misfortune managed, as he afterwards told me, to sprain his ankle), and looking pale as death; his face forming a striking match to his dripping clothes,—the latter being black and blue and red and white, while the former shone in all the hues of the rainbow—his countenance only animated by the expression of fear and pain, while still you might trace the angles of the painted patches on his cheeks and nose. At length he broke out—

“What a fool I was to enter into such a scheme! it was sure to be discovered, and I shall be expelled!”

“How in the name of wonder it was found out, I can't tell,” said I; “for no one knew of it—at least, I never made any one acquainted with it—did you?”

“No,” said Frank, “I did not; but, at any rate, you could tell me why you squinted so horribly, for that it was that set me off.”

“I squint, my dear fellow! I never squinted at all: I was not near you when I heard the beginning of the row; in fact, I never saw you till I spoke to you!”

“Was it not you?” said he, turning himself round slowly in his seat, and looking me steadfastly in the face. “Oh, but it must have been—no one could have squinted just at that critical moment but you.”

“Then, I can assure you, I have a double somewhere, for I certainly did not squint; but, at any rate, it matters not who squinted, for we must manage to get home, or we shall both catch our deaths, sitting here like two

snipes, up to our knees in mud. You must be put to bed, and, in fact, so must I too; so, come, let us go."

Frank rose stiffly, and leaning on my arm he proceeded slowly along, and after some lapse of time we reached in safety our respective homes. My great fear was least we should meet the Proctors, who would not fail to see the dress which Frank still had on; in which case it would be ruin to us both. As for him, I thought of nothing less than that his life was cast, and inevitable expulsion his fate; while I attached no importance whatever beyond the having to pay something, very probably, for my fun, as I was not in residence.

The following morning I rose early and went to inquire for Frank, whom I found sleeping; I then went off to Professor S——'s rooms to learn my fate. I found him seated at his breakfast table, devouring a very substantial meal, and also some examination papers—the latter of which, on seeing me enter the room, he laid aside, and motioned to me to take a seat. I bowed, and as I raised my eyes to examine the rooms, which were furnished with numberless stags' horns and buffaloes' bones,—*et hoc genus omne*,—I caught a view of my disfigured face in the glass on the chimney, and then dropped my eyes to the ground again, blushing no doubt deeply.

As the Professor did not seem inclined to open the conversation (probably he did not know my purpose), I thought it best to commence, which I did, by "believing that this was the hour appointed by him for me to call."

At the sound of my voice he seemed at once to recognize me and my case, for he said, "Oh, you are the young gentleman who chose last night to assault my attendants while in the discharge of their duty, and without the slightest provocation to inflict severe blows upon their bodies,—and for what purpose I can't divine, save from the pure spirit of mischief and innate propensity to create disturbances which animate, I am sorry to say, too many young men of the present day. Were you aware that my constables were at that time in the act of protecting my person from the rude impertinence of a painted fool (whom I will have severely punished if I can catch him), when you interrupted them, and thus allowed him to escape?"

During the delivery of this lecture I sat humbly submissive; and as it went on I received increased confidence from the mild and gentlemanly demeanour of the Professor, and gradually became assured that Frank, at any rate, was not discovered; yet I could not divest myself of the feeling that somehow or other we had been discovered, and that Professor S——, who loved a joke, was only playing with me like a cat, before he finally destroyed me. However, I re-

solved to make a sort of defence, and I accordingly began a long harangue, wherein I apologised for my breach of discipline; and alleged, as an excuse, ignorance of the real nature of the row, till I found myself involved in a contest with the constabulary of the proctors, and that it was then too late. I was going on to give an account of my hearing the cry of shame, and to say that I rushed forward to aid the oppressed, when I was interrupted by the Professor, who laughed and said, "Well, that will do; I do not intend taking any further notice of this, as you seem to be aware of your indiscretion, while at the same time you fairly excuse yourself from premeditating any insult to my authority; I shall therefore pass it over, only giving you a little advice and recommendation.—Do not be so ready another time to undertake the arduous task of champion to every body who cries 'shame, shame,' or at any rate ascertain the real state of the case; and as for my recommendation, it is that you make some amends to poor Jeffreys for the injuries inflicted upon him (here I thought I discovered a lurking smile), and to further that object I have ordered him to attend here at this time. And here he is." As he spoke a rap at the door proclaimed some one's approach, and permission being given, in walked the identical man, Humphrey Jeffreys, the unflinching bull-dog who had grappled Frank, and whom I had caused to release his hold in the unceremonious way I did—having his eyes and forehead enveloped under a large green shade, put on no doubt to enhance his reward.

"Jeffreys," said the Proctor, "Mr. Templeton and I have had some conversation about this affair, and I dare say that you will not disagree any more. So I would advise you to accompany Mr. Templeton home. Good morning to you, Sir."

This signal to retire I did not neglect, and accordingly took my leave, and left the room, followed by Jeffreys down into the court. There I made an arrangement for Jeffreys to come in about an hour to Frank's rooms, where I was to breakfast, and recount my fate to a few men, who were assembled there to do honour to my visit. Thither I went immediately, and found all ready, save Frank, who was not yet dressed, being, as he complained, "cursedly stiff still," and unable to walk with ease. We sat down without him, and had nearly got half through, when Frank entered, and just at the same moment there was a tap at the door, announcing Mr. Jeffreys.

Frank shuffled off to the sofa, and there seated himself with a handkerchief up to his face, for fear of discovering himself to Jeffreys.

"Well," said I, "Jeffreys, how much do you value your beauty at?"

"Oh, I don't value my beauty much, Sir; but I hope you won't think me unreasonable if I ask for a five pound note, for I have been most cruelly beat about by one or another, I can assure you. Besides, Sir, you will recollect that Jack, my brother bull-dog, got a most monstrous hiding from that infernal little blackguard of a play-chap."

(Here the gentleman in the sofa hemmed, coughed, and blew his olfactory nerve long and loud, while I bit my lip to keep my countenance in order.)

"Ah," continued he, "I only wish I could have kept a hold of him a little longer; but somehow or other directly he saw me he took fright at some'at or other and let fly slap at poor John, who, being given to asthma, got precious out of wind, and could not come up to the scratch at all—and —"

"Well, well," said I, "here's your money; and now can you tell me any thing of this play-fellow, for whom I got into all this row? What's become of him, do you know?"

"No, Sir, that I don't, nor I can't tell what's become of him. I see Mr. Richardson to-day, and his people don't know nothing of him at all, they say; but I dare say they do though, and perhaps they don't wish to give him up, for most sartainly he would be whipped at the cart-tail next market-day."

Here I thought I saw Frank's legs quivering, and willing to put an end to the conversation, and dismiss Mr. Jeffreys, I added, "Very proper, indeed; but now, my good fellow, as I have paid you for my fun, I should like to see what I have been paying for. Let us see how much of your beauty has been spoiled. Come, take off your shade—I dare say it's all sham."

At this he began to take off his shade, saying, "I haven't much beauty to spoil, but it is monstrous unpleasant to be licked in this way; for though I do squint a little——"

"What!" said I, "squint, do you?"

"Squint, do you?" cried Frank, jumping up, and crossing the room at a hop, and inspecting Humphrey's physiognomy; "so he does, by Jove!—the very squint, my dear Templeton, that upset me. Here, you old fool, here's a sovereign for you, and mind you never come near me again as long as you live; there, decamp—evaporate,—make yourself scarce." So saying, he handed him, shade and all, out of the room; and that done, threw himself on the sofa again quite exhausted, while all save me were lost in amazement at his apparently singular conduct.

"I see how it is now," he said, at length; "it was that infernal fellow's eye I caught and took for you; this it was that got me into all this horrid pain;" and he again fell back.

The murder was soon told. If his hurry and nervousness he mistook Humphrey's real squint for my preconceived signal; and blind with horrors, knowing scarcely anything of

what he did, he commenced a furious attack upon the other bull-dog, fancying that he was on the point of seizing him.

Thus ended our notable plan of amusing ourselves. More properly speaking, it did not end there, as Frank was the next day declared in a high state of fever; and for many a week did his teeth chatter under the effects of a severe attack of ague, while I took my departure from the university, satiated with my adventure,—and determined never again to try slack-roping at the midsummer fair.

D.

DOMESTICITY;

OR,—A DISSERTATION ON SERVANTS.

I. I HAVE often thought that there are certain subjects requiring investigation which appear trite and trivial, yet, in their development, may become uncommon and important. This happens when the familiarity of the subject, and the obviousness of the matter, have deterred authors from composing on topics which might honour their humanity more than their genius; and besides, in such investigations, there remains a difficulty to overcome, that one which the poetic legislator of criticism has declared—the difficulty of composing with propriety, or with elegance, on common things.

I would court the reader's indulgence; but however the present dissertation be written, it is quite evident that a *Dissertation on Servants* is greatly wanted, and this slight one may serve as a tolerable foundation to raise up a better, and I am almost inclined to promise such an one myself. A domestic subject which fixes the daily attention, and provokes the reiterated complaints of masters and servants, has hitherto found no advocates to plead for, nor an honest judge to arbitrate between the parties.

In the course of this dissertation I shall use the term DOMESTICITY in a more enlarged sense than the dictionary strictly limits. It will here designate not simply the condition of the servile, but also what I wish it to include,—that family-feeling which might be called the love of the house.

II. Servants are not slaves, as many imagine themselves to be, and as ponderous juris-consults seem to opine on the rights of man: for they have perplexed themselves by including in the same chapter, on "the Power of Masters," their notions of slavery and servitude. Slavery is a perfect and absolute servitude, where the master's voice is law, while his arm inflicts its penalty. The servant can yield but an imperfect and conditional servitude, formed on a contract regulated by the customs and the laws of the country.

No rights of human nature, no natural equality of man, were ever violated in this social compact. The frame of civilized society could not keep together without servitude. Savages, who have no servants, are actuated by the barbarous principle by which the ancients outraged human nature, when they assumed that the authority of the master over the slave was established by nature herself; for we see how the strong man commands the weak. Servitude corrects this great evil; it is a means to protect the feeble from their oppressors, the unfortunate from the fortunate, the poor from the rich. Servitude is an exchange of labour and honesty for maintenance and salary. Each gives what the other wants. A human being, houseless and unprotected, without the knowledge of any craft or art, is admitted into a settled abode, and secures the conveniences for the wants of life.

III. Neither are the grievances of servitude, as servants imagine, more disproportionate in their station than those of other avocations which appear more free, and are not. A servant has peculiar enjoyments: freed from the consuming cares which so often lie in the heart of his master; his little never made less by the tyranny of events which never reach him, his mind may be joyous, while he who wears no livery may possibly labour in a servitude more galling than that of his menial. Little has hitherto been attempted to state the real case of servitude. Masters continue to find their domestics are a convenient evil, and servants, on their side, deem no better of their masters: both are convinced that they are necessary to each other; yet no two classes in society hold so ill together.

IV. It is the masters who have written on the servants, for servants have rarely had ability, or opportunity to deliver their notions, and to open to us their feelings. Placed in a class of degraded inequality, as it seems to them, embittered sometimes by oppression or by insult, often the sport of reckless caprice, they seem sensible only to the wrongs of servitude. Loose principles and traditional prejudices, and a certain *esprit de corps* of ancient standing, must disqualify them for judging their own cause; but how many truths could they disclose, how many sentiments would they feel, though they should want the address to demonstrate those truths, or to impress on us those sentiments. We require to have the results of their experience, to enlarge, and often to correct our own. Who can enter into the hidden feelings of persons who by necessity are constrained to disguise or to suppress them? A conclave of the livery, and a conclave of philosophers, in their discussions and disclosures on servitude, might contribute much reciprocal information. The servants, intimate with their own ob-

scure concerns, would fail in the wisdom of philosophy, and the philosopher would have but a superficial knowledge of the secret circle of the servants' hall. It is only the domestic who can reveal the real condition of his confraternity. The governing motives of their conduct, however erroneous, we ought to become acquainted with, would we remove so many false conceptions generally received, and substitute so many true ones which remain unknown. Before servants can act justly, they must think rightly, and none think rightly whose judgments do not extend beyond their own sphere.

V. The characteristics of servants have been usually known by the broad caricatures of the satirists of every age, and chiefly by the most popular—the writers of comedy. According to these exhibitions, we must infer that the vices of the menial are necessarily inherent to his condition, and consequently that this vast multitude in society remain ever in an irrecoverably ungovernable state. We discover only the cunning depredator of the household; the tip-toe spy, at all corners—all ear, all eye; the parasitical knave—the flatterer of the follies, and even the eager participator of the crimes of his superior. The morality of servants has not been improved by the wonderful revelations of Swift's "Directions," where the irony is too refined, while it plainly inculcates the practice. This celebrated tract, designed for the instruction of the masters, is more frequently thumbed in the kitchen, as a manual for the profligate domestic. Servants have acknowledged that some of their base doings had been suggested to them by their renowned satirist.

Bentham imagined, that were all the methods employed by thieves and rogues described and collected together, such a compilation of their artifices and villainies would serve to put us on our guard. The theorist of legislation seems often to forget the metaphysical state of man. With the vitiated mind, that latent sympathy of evil which might never have been called forth but by the occasion, has often evinced how too close an inspection of crime may grow into criminality itself. Hence it is that when some monstrous and unusual crime has been revealed to the public, it rarely passes without a sad repetition. A link in the chain of the intellect is struck, and a crime is perpetrated which else had not occurred.

Listen to the counsels which one of the livery gives a brother, more stupid but more innocent than himself. I take the passage from that extraordinary Spanish comedy, in twenty-five acts, the "Spanish Bawd." It was no doubt designed to expose the arts and selfishness of the domestic, yet we should regret that the "Spanish Bawd" was as generally read by servants as Swift's "Directions."

"Serve not your master with this foolish loyalty and ignorant honesty, thinking to find firmness on a false foundation, as most of these masters now-a-days are. Gain friends, which is a during and lasting commodity; live not on hopes, relying on the vain promises of masters. The masters love more themselves than their servants, nor do they amiss, and the like love ought servants to bear to themselves. Liberality was lost long ago—rewards are grown out of date. Every one is now for himself, and makes the best he can of his servant's service, serving his turn, and therefore they ought to do the same, for they are less in substance. Thy master is one who befools his servants, and wears them out to the very stumps, looking for much service at their hands. Thy master cannot be thy friend, such difference is there of estate and condition between you two."

This passage, written two centuries ago, would find an echo of its sentiments in many a modern domestic. These notions are sacred traditions among the livery. We may trace them from Terence and Plautus, as well as Swift and Mandeville. Our latter great cynic has left a frightful picture of the state of the domestics, when it seems "they had experienced professors among them, who could instruct the graduates in iniquity seven hundred illiberal arts how to cheat, impose upon, and find out the blind side of their masters." The footmen, in Mandeville's day, had entered into a society together, and made laws to regulate their wages, and not carry burdens above two or three pounds weight, and a common fund was provided to maintain any suit at law against some rebellious master. This seems to be a confederacy which is by no means dissolved.

Such metropolitan servants, trained in depravity, are incapacitated to comprehend how far the personal interests of servants are folded up with the interests of the house they inhabit. They are unconscious that they have any share in the welfare of the superior, save in the degree that the prosperity of the master contributes to the base and momentary purposes of the servant.

VI. When a slave was deemed not a person, but a thing, marketable and transferable, the single principle judged sufficient to regulate the mutual conduct of the master and the domestic was, to command and to obey. It seems still the sole stipulation exacted by the haughty from the menial. But this feudal principle, unalleviated by the just sympathies of domesticity, deprives authority of its grace, and service of its zeal. To be served well, we should be loved a little; the command of an excellent master is even grateful, for the good servant delights to be useful. The slave repines, and such is the domestic destitute of any personal attachment for his master. He listens but to the loss of his freedom in the sound of the "iron tyrant," as once a servant called the summoning bell. Whoever loved the being they feared? Whoever was mindful of the interests of him whose beneficence is only

a sacrifice to his pomp? The master dresses and wages highly his pampered train; but this is the calculated cost of state-liveries, of men measured by a standard, for a Hercules in the hall, or an Adonis for the drawing-room; but at those times when the domestic ceases to be an object in the public eye, he sinks into an object of sordid economy, or of merciless caprice. His personal feelings are recklessly neglected. He sleeps where there is neither light nor air; he is driven when he is already exhausted; he begins the work of midnight, and is confined for hours with men like himself, who fret, repine, and curse. They have their tales to compare together; their unhallowed secrets to disclose. The masters and the mistresses pass by them in review, and little deem they how oft the malignant glance or the malicious whisper follow their airy steps. To shorten such tedious hours, the servants familiarise themselves with every vicious indulgence, for even the occupation of such domestics is little more than a dissolute idleness. A cell in Newgate does not always contain more corruptors than a herd of their servants congregated in our winter halls. It is to be lamented that the modes of fashionable life demand the most terrible sacrifices of the health, the happiness, and the morals of servants. Whoever perceives that he is held in no esteem, stands degraded in his own thoughts. The heart of the simple throbs with this emotion; but it hardens the villain who would rejoice to avenge himself: it makes the artful only the more cunning; it extorts from the sullen a cold unwilling obedience, and it stings even the good-tempered into insolence.

South, as great a wit as a preacher, has separated, by an awful interval, the superior and the domestic. "A servant dwells remote from all knowledge of his lord's purposes; he lives as a kind of foreigner under the same roof; a domestic, yet a foreigner too." This exhibits a picture of feudal manners, and the title of the master here seems to restrict the observation to the aristocratic order. But the progress of society in modern Europe has passed through a mighty evolution. The power long conferred on one class has found an equilibrium by the wealth of another; and in the present more equitable diffusion of both, those called "the great" merely from their position in society, are no longer exclusive in the general intercourse. The cumbrous machinery of a superstitious etiquette has worn out; that former impassable barrier which separated the privileged classes from their inferiors in rank. "The great" now enjoy a greater number of domestic hours, are imbued by deeper sympathies, and have adorned the dignity even of an ancient name, by soliciting our affections. In this visible change

of habits, of feelings, of social life, the humble domestic has approximated to, and communicates more frequently even with, "his lord." The domestic is now not always a stranger to "his lord's purposes," but often their faithful actor—their confidential counsellor—the mirror in which his lordship contemplates on his wishes personified.

This reflection, indeed, would have violated the dignity of the noble friend of Swift, Lord Orrery. His Lordship censures the laughter in "Rabelais' easy chair" for having directed such intense attention to affairs solely relating to servants. "Let him jest with dignity, and let him be ironical upon useful subjects, leaving *poor slaves* to eat their porridge, or drink their small beer in such vessels as they shall think proper." This lordly criticism has drawn down the lightning of Sir Walter Scott. "The noble Lord's feelings of dignity deemed nothing worthy of attention that was unconnected with the highest orders of society." Such, in truth, was too long the vicious principle of those monopolists of personal distinction, the mere men of elevated rank. Lord Chesterfield advises his son not to allow his upper man to doff his livery, though this valet was to attend his person, when the toilette was a serious avocation requiring a more delicate hand, and a nicer person than him who was to walk before his chair, or climb behind his coach. This searching genius of philosophy and *les petites modes* solemnly warned that if ever this man were to cast off the badge of his order, he never would resume it. About this period the masters were menaced by a sort of servile war. The famous farce of "High Life below Stairs" exposed with great happiness the impudence and the delinquencies of the party-coloured clans. It roused them into the most barefaced opposition; and, as ever happens to the few who press unjust claims on the many, in the result worked the reform they so greatly dreaded. One of the grievances in society was then an anomalous custom, for it was only practised in our country, of a guest being highly taxed in dining with a family whose establishment admitted of a numerous train. Watchful of the departure of the guest, this victim had to pass along a line of domestics, arranged in the hall, each man presenting the visitor with some separate article, of hat, gloves, coat, and cane, claiming their "vails." It would not have been safe to refuse even those who, with nothing to present, still held out the hand, for their attentions to the dinner-out—at table!

VII. The general licentiousness of our metropolitan domestics, freed as they are from every personal responsibility in the eye of the law, and their vices often screened by the timidity or the charity of their masters, is

one of the clamorous evils of civilized life—it is the misery of every day—and few families are exempt from this prevalent calamity.

These domestics now form a race ungoverned and apparently ungovernable. Some philanthropists, who have planned institutions for the amelioration of the condition of servitude, have despaired to invent means of sufficient force to repress such habitual depravity. Even men of the most benevolent natures have been driven to suggest coercive measures as their sole remedy. Jonas Hanway, whose days were passed in visions, and in acts of beneficence, could only recommend a system of domestic legislation by submitting incorrigible servants to the pains and penalties of law. Bishop Newton, alarmed at this disorderly multitude, would subject these disturbers of domestic life to a sort of police, resembling the discipline of martial law. De Foe, in an amusing tract of "Everybody's Business is Nobody's Business," remonstrating against "the pride, insolence, &c." of servants, could apply no happier remedy than a more extended contract for service, to be ratified before a magistrate, which should be cancelled in case the servant should allege sufficient cause of ill-treatment. The remedies suggested seem almost as bad as the disorders. To invest masters with the absolute power of a captain over his soldiers might infringe the personal freedom of the domestics; or putting a servant on trial where the jury should be composed all of masters, their awards might be biassed by prepossessions. All these writers expected that the law would do what we may more safely trust to the operations of moral influence, both in the masters and the servants.

There are two material points which I imagine might be gained by a sort of domestic jurisdiction. The one is to restrain the faculty which servants now exercise of discharging themselves from all their offices at their will; and the other, to provide against that reluctance which masters experience in specifying distinctly the moral habits of their servants.

Unquestionably one of the great grievances of servitude in reality wholly falls on the master. The servant can dissolve, as it were by magic, the bonds of servitude; and this usually occurs when admonishment or reprimand is required. The delinquent cannot be punished for so many nameless domestic misdemeanours; the law dare not touch him; and often a mistaken sympathy of companionship draws his or her mates into the same whirlpool of disobedience. A whole establishment is cast into jeopardy; the happiness of an indulgent master is sacrificed: and in reality, here we find that, armed by this absolute power, it is the servant who tyrannises. This oracular and magical word, immutable as fate, is what

they term "Warning!" The alternative with the master is either instantly to pay the servant for not doing his work, or to try his temper by keeping an insolent servant during a month. This solemn "warning" appears to be nothing more than a custom got up among themselves; it is an usurped, not a recorded right. De Foe says it rests on no legal foundation—I can discover none; it is not even alluded to in Blackstone; nor is the term itself, as appropriated by servants, to be found in our classical dictionary. It is unjust that the master should remain continually exposed to the mercy of an obdurate self-willed domestic. The contract for servitude should be a more solemn engagement. Prudent servants will be cautious with whom they contract; and, indeed, the character of the master is as important to the good servant as the reverse; but the contract once formed should not be left solely to themselves to dissolve, without assigning a sufficient cause, before a parochial jurisdiction, which should be empowered to free a domestic from his stipulated tasks, or to send him back to perform them.

The other great object would be to secure a true, undisguised character of the servant. Were these PAROCHIAL COURTS solely dedicated to the affairs of DOMESTICS, they might be a national institution. The chief inhabitants of every parish would furnish a gratuitous magistracy; for what honourable man would refuse to devote a single day, at distant periods, to occupy a seat on this paternal bench? At this domestic tribunal should the master be summoned, and there, on his oath, and on the pain of penalty, he should answer the main questions on the moral qualities of his discharged servant, and no other, for the ability of the servant can only be obtained by a private conference. No servant should be hired without this parochial certificate. From this mode would result two great advantages. The master must answer, without reserve, what at present he often eludes, and even conceals; and when the servant comes at length to know that he cannot remove into another place without the attestation of the *parochial character*, he would feel the unavoidable necessity of preserving some decency of conduct to enable him to go forth a free man, and to secure the means of his livelihood.

In the merciful justice of shielding the child of servitude from the domestic oppressor, our legislature, in almost every respect, has inclined to favour the servant, and has done nothing for the master. Servants unquestionably are subjected to the caprices, or to the violence of wayward masters; but to endure such grievances is, with them, a mere affair of calculation. They are conscious they bear their freedom

on their own lips. The truth is, artful servants do not dislike indiscreet masters, for they profit by their impetuous sallies; harsh words are to be mollified by indulgences, and a hasty blow may be ready money. It cannot be denied that masters have remained wholly unprotected from their menials. No punishment is reserved for their ruinous negligence; reckless of the waste committed, the servant may injure the property as much as if he robbed it; but how many other serious causes must be passed by, unregarded and unpunished? Servants are greatly deficient in generous emotions, and with them the sense of gratitude hardly lasts during the kindness conferred on them. The cold civility bordering on insolence; the obdurate doggedness resisting all expostulation; the brutal sullenness of the malignant; and, often, the voluble blustering of a bullying servant;—these tyrannize over the timidity or the love of quiet in the superior, and are often tolerated from that aversion to continual change in the masters, whose experience yields but little hope of bettering their condition. The weakness of the master becomes the strength of the servant. The ruling power of the house has been often usurped by an artful domestic, who, equally skilful and remorseless, has practised on the infirmities of a family circle. Such a domestic has depraved the young and wheedled the old; and, while their foibles have been studied, they have wanted the sense or the courage to shake off the serpent who has coiled about them but to prey on them. The extreme case of a *domesticophobia* has occurred, where the plague and torment of servants have induced some, who preferred their repose to their convenience, or even their station in society, to break up house-keeping. A singular inscription on a Roman tomb records the fate of its sad tenant. She was a matron who, "for the instruction of posterity, testified that she rejoiced to die, that so she might be delivered from the slavery of her slaves." Their daily quarrels and cabals had embittered the days of this Roman matron.

At length you discharge this unsufferable servant; but this is no punishment; with alacrity and hope he only gaily shifts the scene to perform elsewhere. There is no legal punishment for innumerable domestic trespasses. This servant quits you, but claims a character. If you send him out into the world with a lost character he is a destituted being, and you condemn him to a condition worse than transportation. Your humanity is now placed under the dreadful necessity of giving a false character!—that is, a character by which he may obtain a situation. The false character, for such in reality such characters are, is transmitted from one honourable person to another; and, while all complain that they

are constantly deceived by others, they are themselves carrying on the same deception. I have heard a servant boast that he had nearly made the complete circuit of a square and its adjoining streets; for in no one place had he been refused a character to impede his progress, yet this was a worthless servant, but an hypocritical knave,—who had ever for a chorus something to express his personal regard to “The Family;”—“The Family” included the square and the streets where he dexterously pilfered, lied, and intrigued. Thus the incorrigible servant is furnished with a fatal passport into families, and still more practised in the last than in the former place, such novices become adepts in their vices and their trickery.

VIII. It is in small communities only that we perceive how the affections of the master and the domestic may take root. Look in an ancient retired family, whose servants often have been born under the roof they inhabit, and where the son is serving where the father still serves, and sometimes call the sacred spot of their cradle and their grave, by the proud and endearing term of “Our House.” Observe a town of limited extent, where the refined artifices of the metropolis are almost unknown; it is in such places that the *pater familia* looks on the remoter members moving together with an unity of feeling; it is in such places that the domestic acts, not oftener prompted by command than by unbidden labours; and such unconstrained service is not like that of those who make a show of their diligence to their masters, which has been emphatically termed “Eye-service.” The passion of domesticity is intense in proportion to its contraction. In the great capitals of London and Paris it is vague and uncertain; there, mostly, it may be deemed “Lip-service,” or the art of wheedling;—it is the blaze of kindled straw losing itself in air; but, in a more restricted sphere of domestic life, it is a clear and constant flame, whose fuel never fails.

It is among the domestic virtues of the middle classes of life, as the residents of an overgrown metropolis would deem these more retired families, that we find the servant a participator in the cares of the household, and an humble associate with the heads of the family. We discover this in whole countries where luxury has not removed the classes of society at too wide distances from each other, to deaden their sympathies. We behold this in agrestic Switzerland among its villages and its pastures; in France among its distant provinces; in Italy in some of its decayed cities; and in Germany, where simple manners and strong affections mark the inhabitants of certain localities. Holland long preserved its primitive customs, and there the love of order

promotes subordination, though its free institutions have softened the distinctions in the ranks of life, and there we find a remarkable evidence of domesticity. It is not unusual in Holland for servants to call their masters uncle, their mistresses aunt, and the children of the family their cousins. These domestics participating in the comforts of the family, become naturalised and domiciliated, and their extraordinary relatives are often adopted by the heart. An heroic effort of these domestics has been recorded; it occurred at the burning of the theatre at Amsterdam, where many rushed into the flames, and nobly perished in the attempt to save their endeared families.

It is in limited communities that the domestic virtues are most intense; all concentrating themselves in their private circles, in such localities there is no public,—no public which extorts so many sacrifices from the individual. Insular situations are usually remarkable for the warm attachment and devoted fidelity of the domestic, and the personal regard of families for their servants. This genuine domesticity is strikingly displayed in the island of Ragusa, on the coast of Dalmatia; for there they provide for the happiness of the humble friends of the house. Boys, at an early age, are received into families, educated in writing, reading, and arithmetic. Some only quit their abode, in which they were almost born, when tempted by the stirring spirit of maritime enterprise. They form a race of men who are much sought after for servants; and, as I have heard, the term applied to them of “Men of the Gulf” is a sure recommendation of character for unlimited trust and unwearying zeal.

The mode of providing for the future comforts of their maidens is a little incident in the history of benevolence, which we must regret is only practised in such limited communities. Malte Brun, in his “*Annales des Voyages*,” has painted a scene of this nature which may read like some romance of real life. The girls, after a service of ten years, on one great holiday, an epoch in their lives, receive the ample reward of their good conduct. On that happy day, the mistress and all the friends of the family prepare for the maiden a sort of dowry or marriage portion. Every friend of the house sends some article; and the mistress notes down the gifts that she may return the same on a similar occasion. The donations consist of silver, of gowns, of handkerchiefs, and other useful articles for a young woman. These tributes of friendship are placed beside a silver basin which contains the annual wages of the servant; her relatives from the country come, accompanied by music, carrying baskets covered with ribbons and loaded with fruits, and other rural delicacies. They are received by the

master himself, who invites them to the feast, where the company assemble, and particularly the ladies. All the presents are reviewed. The servant introduced, kneels to receive the benediction of her mistress, whose grateful task is then to deliver a solemn enumeration of her good qualities, concluding by announcing to the maiden that having been brought up in the house, if it be her choice to remain, from henceforward she shall be considered as one of the family. Tears of affection often fall during this beautiful scene of true domesticity, which terminates with a ball for the servants, and another for the superiors. The relatives of the maiden return homewards with their joyous musicians; and, if the maiden prefers her old domestic abode, she receives an increase of wages, and at a succeeding period of six years, another Jubilee provides her second good fortune.

Let me tell one more story of the influence of this passion of domesticity in the servant;—its merit equals its novelty. In that inglorious attack on Buenos Ayres, where our brave soldiers were disgraced by a recreant general, the negroes, slaves as they were, joined the inhabitants to expel their invaders. On this signal occasion, the city decreed a public expression of their gratitude to the negroes, in a sort of triumph, and at the same time awarded the freedom of eighty of their leaders. One of them having shown his claims to the boon, declaring that to obtain his freedom had all his days formed the proud object of his wishes, his claim was indisputable; yet now however, to the amazement of the judges, he refused his proffered freedom! The reason he alleged was a singular refinement of heartfelt sensibility:—"My kind mistress," said the negro, "once wealthy, has fallen into misfortunes in her infirm old age. I work to maintain her, and at intervals of leisure she leans on my arm to take the evening air. I will not be tempted to abandon her, and I renounce the hope of freedom that she may know she possesses a slave who never will quit her side."

Although I have been travelling out of Europe to furnish some striking illustrations of the powerful emotion of domesticity, it is not that we are without instances in the private history of families among ourselves. I have known more than one where the servant has chosen to live without wages, rather than quit the master or the mistress in their decayed fortunes; and another where the servant cheerfully worked to support her old lady to her last day.

Surely customs such as those we have just seen, of which we have none, tend to strengthen the local attachment of servants, associate them with the interests and prosperity of the house, and inspire that mutual confidence which now rarely subsists be-

tween the master and the domestic. Would we look on a very opposite mode of servitude, turn to the United States. No system of servitude was ever so preposterous. A crude notion of popular freedom in the equality of ranks abolished the very designation of "servant," substituting the fantastic term of "helps." If there be any meaning left in this barbarous neologism, their aid amounts to little: their engagements are made by the week, and they often quit their domicile without the slightest intimation. The family must as often look to themselves to perform their household affairs, as to their "helps." Here is a race of domestics, unworthy of the title, who quit you in the caprice of the moment, and who stubbornly refuse any positive improvement by alleging, as I have been informed, that "they will only work as their fathers taught them." The importation of servants from England has been frequently tried; but, in the contagion of a false notion of independence, the English servant soon degenerates into the American "help." In such an uncivilized state of servitude the influence of domesticity ceases. There is no link to hold the parties together; the weekly contract prevents all future kindness; the momentary freak which discharges them from all their duties, any confidence; and "the help" remains, wherever the fugitive servant is found, a stranger in the household.

IX. We dare not hope amidst the contagion of a great metropolis, and the graduated initiations into a system of depravity, that servants will cease to conceive that their interests are distinct from those of their employers; or that they can form any personal attachment who imagine that a change of place is an advancement in life. On such a cold and lean soil the emotions of domesticity wither, and can never take root in the master or the menial.

In all isolated bodies of persons there ever will be an *esprit de corps*, and it is not less observable in servants than in the highest orders of society. The hour which covers the man by his livery makes him free of his company: by this badge he is initiated into the mysteries of the craft; he is recognized by his comrades as a true brother. Instant friendships and rapid confidences kindle the mutual intercourse of men, who, within a few hours, were strangers to each other. The common cause opens their communication. Murmurs are echoed; bitter jests are the merriment of the miserable; and the sore feelings of servitude are avenged when they exult in those practical arts by which they seem to level their superiors, and, by their cunning, balance the inequality of fortune.

In every domestic establishment, small as well as great, there are usually found two distinct systems of politics running counter to each other, which we may call the *Par-*

low and the Kitchen Interests. There is the general alliance of silent connivance; there is the secret treaty made between certain parties; and if, in the whole brother and sisterhood, an honest domestic should be guilty of an act of treason, even he must endure this pang of conscience,—whether he commits the greater crime in betraying his companion or his master? At all events, he knows that if he betrays the republic, he stands a hated and excommunicated being; there is no companionship in the silence of his mates; there is no rest for the sole of his foot.

Whether, in reality, it serves the designs of either of the parties that there should exist such opposed interests under the same roof, is a question involving many complicated points: crossing interests must be adjusted; and some obscure principles must be cleared up before we can fairly arbitrate between the parties themselves. This subject itself might furnish a dissertation, which I beg to waive.

Of these contending politics of the parlour and the kitchen, some have been so fully convinced that they have employed a sort of preventive policy to break this general confederacy on the side of the domestics. They have placed at the head of the household a dragon, of either sex, whose ill-temper, at perpetual variance with the fellow-servants, is watchful out of spite; tattling informers and insinuating spies are encouraged: the house is a hell. One great art in the government of servants has consisted in fomenting divisions among them. This, indeed, is the tactic of a higher despotism than that of domestic life, but it is of an ancient date. Cato, the censor, was intent on contrivances to keep up some quarrel among his servants, dreading lest a good understanding among them would promote their general collusion. This sage was indeed so jealous of the policy of the parlour and the kitchen systems, that he forbid his domestics all communication with other servants. They were never suffered to enter a house unless despatched on a message; and, whenever they were asked how Cato was employed, gave one eternal answer, that “They did not know.” He ordered them to be always busied in the house, or to sleep; and he preferred those who often slept, for these usually worked more cheerfully, and were more tractable, than the more lively, who were apt to hatch some mischief in their restless leisure. Were parade not preferred to utility, how many families might now rejoice to cast many of their lounging domestics into the innocence of sleep!

X. In the interior of families, servants unavoidably witness scenes and note circumstances which many would conceal even from intimate friendships. They listen to conversations, which they accidentally gather

up; and, in general, servants are endowed with a keener discernment of the characters in the parlour than the parlour suspects. We say a keener discernment; for, to judge by the unreserved manner families generally conduct themselves before their servants-in-waiting, we must conclude that they imagine their domestics are mere automatical figures, who are made to come in and go out for the purpose of performing certain movements, without being capable of receiving any impressions by the ear and the eye. The amusing disposition which servants indulge by listening to the guests during meals was ingeniously turned to some use by the learned translator of Epictetus. She took that opportunity of engaging their attention to important points. As she possessed the art of alluring by instruction, she won their hearts. In the families she visited, the servants displayed the most zealous attention to the moral legislator of the table. A lady of high rank declared that she attributed much of the general good conduct of her servants to their listening to these conversations.

Far different, however, are the conversations to which our domestics are accustomed. They hear at table unpremeditated conversations, which are a school for them, whence they may learn all the egregious follies, the ostentatious infirmities, and often the depravity of the state of morality among their superiors. The most secret anecdotes are no longer secret; the wildest extravagancies are curiously admired; and the waiting auditors are initiated into matters in which they should not be concerned, but which their pride, their vanity, and often their very ignorance, affect to hold as affairs in which they stand deeply interested and are best informed about.

As the master and the mistress are the great concentrating objects on which the main affairs of the house are revolving, these two vast luminaries become the incessant studies of the imagination of the domestics who are nearest to them. They require no telescope to observe the dark spots, or the gathering clouds passing over the variable face which governs their atmosphere. The looks—the voice—the change of colour in the countenance—an involuntary exclamation—some accidental incident,—these domestics are apt, wrongly or rightly, to combine with their silent notices. The master and the mistress are under a surveillance: the lady's maid reports her three observations at the toilette—at morning-rising, at dressing, and at bed-time; the intermediate hours fall under the scrutiny of the lady's footman and the gentleman's valet. They compare notes, and then follow revelations and prophecies.

These are domestics who grow familiar, unsuspected by the personages themselves,

with the humours, the indulgencies, and the sorrows of their twenty-four hours. Few philosophers would rival the well-trained-up domestics in their conception of the characters of the heads of the family. "Were I ordered," said a witty writer, "for the public good, to inscribe on the doors of great houses the characters of the inhabitants, I would not write miserly—generous—gentle—passionate—prude—coquette, without having first consulted the anti-chambers." Even then, it might be necessary to allow of a Saturnalia to get at not only truth, but the whole truth. The Saturnalia indeed was an extraordinary invention—it emancipated the slave only for a single day. At least this custom fixed one day in the year when the masters might learn something of themselves from the mouths of their servants. And valued indeed will ever be the praise of masters from servants; the praise from those humble lips is more than precious—coarse as may be the workmanship, it is the golden meed of domestic virtue. Who would not court the suffrage of so intimate a witness of the privacy of a man's life? Who would not confide in the sincerity of the man when authorised by the testimony of an honest menial?

XI. Let none, in the plenitude of pride and egotism, imagine that they exist independent of the virtues of their domestics. The good conduct of the servant stamps a character on the master. In the sphere of domestic life they must frequently come in contact with them. On this subordinate class, how much the happiness and even the welfare of the master may rest! The gentle offices of servitude began in his cradle, and await him at all seasons and all spots, in pleasure or in peril. Feelingly observes Sir Walter Scott, "In a free country an individual's happiness is more immediately connected with the personal character of his valet than with that of the monarch himself." Let the reflection not be deemed extravagant, if I venture to add, that the habitual obedience of a devoted servant is a more immediate source of personal comfort than even the delightfulness of friendship and the tenderness of relatives,—for these are but periodical; but the unbidden zeal of the domestic, intimate with our habits, and patient of our waywardness, labours for us at all hours. It is those feet which hasten to us in our solitude; it is those hands which silently administer to our wants. At what period of life are even the great exempt from the gentle offices of servitude?

XII. Faithful servants have never been commemorated by more heartfelt affection than by those whose pursuits require a perfect freedom from domestic cares. Per-

sons of sedentary occupations, and undisturbed habits, abstracted from the daily business of life, must yield unlimited trust to the honesty, while they want the hourly attentions, and all the cheerful zeal of the thoughtful domestic. The mutual affections of the master and the servant have often been exalted into a companionship of feelings.

When Madame de Genlis heard that POPE had raised a monument not only to his father and to his mother, but also to the faithful servant who had nursed his earliest years, she was so suddenly struck by the fact, that she declared that "This monument of gratitude is the more remarkable for its singularity, as I know of no other instance." Our church-yards would have afforded her a vast number of tomb-stones erected by grateful masters to faithful servants; and a closer intimacy with the domestic privacy of many public characters might have displayed the same splendid examples. The one which appears to have so strongly affected her may be found on the east end of the outside of the parish church of Twickenham. The stone bears this inscription:—

To the memory of Mary Beach,
who died November 5, 1725, aged 78.

Alexander Pope,
whom she nursed in his infancy,
and constantly attended for thirty-eight years,
Erected this stone

In gratitude to a faithful Servant.

The original portrait of SHENSTONE was the votive gift of a master to his servant; for on its back, written by the poet's own hand, is the following dedication:—"This picture belongs to Mary Cutler, given her by her Master, William Shenstone, January 1st, 1754, in acknowledgment of her native genius, her magnanimity, her tenderness, and her fidelity.—W. S." We might refer to many similar evidences of the domestic gratitude of such masters to old and attached servants. Some of these tributes may be familiar to most readers. The solemn author of the "Night Thoughts" inscribed an epitaph over the grave of his man-servant; the caustic GIFFORD poured forth an effusion to the memory of a female servant, fraught with a melancholy tenderness which his muse rarely indulged.

Even the throne has not been too far removed from this sphere of humble humanity; for we discover in St. George's Chapel a mural monument, erected by order of one of our late Sovereigns, as the memorial for a female servant of a favourite daughter. The inscription is a tribute of domestic affection in a royal bosom, where an attached servant became a cherished inmate:—

KING GEORGE III.

caused to be interred near this place
the body of Mary Gascoigne,
Servant to the Princess Amelia,
And this stone
to be inscribed in testimony of his grateful
sense
of the faithful services and attachment
of an amiable young woman
to
his beloved Daughter.

This deep emotion for the tender offices of servitude is not peculiar to the refinement of our manners or to modern Europe: it is not the charity of Christianity alone which has hallowed this sensibility, and confessed this equality of affection, which the domestic may participate. Monumental inscriptions, raised by grateful masters to the merits of their slaves, have been preserved in the great collections of Grævius and Gruter.

XIII. Even in the analyzing severity of judicial arbitration on the rights of master and servant, the emotions of our nature have been recognized by the legislator: and in the relative stations of these parties, in law, their persons and their acts are rendered identical, and the one is no longer separable from the other. The master may justify an assault in defence of his servant, as a servant may in defence of his master. The legal argument is, that the master possesses a property in the services of his servant, and he is wronged if deprived of them; and the servant for the hire he receives has tacitly stipulated to protect the interests of the master, and consequently to defend his freedom. But in this legal decision, where an assault is justified, has the sage expounder of the law deduced the efficient motive which prompts the master to defend the servant and the servant to protect the master? Would the mere abstract sense of property in the services of his domestic animate the *courage* of the master, or the obscure reference implied by a tacit contract arouse the *zeal* of the servant? We may appeal to a more genial source for the justification of such an assault, in its moral causes,—in those affections of domesticity which link together the hearts of the master and the servant,—deprived of which the vague notions of property which the one may entertain, and of hire which the other receives, would but coldly lift the arm of either.

The master is answerable for the act of his servant. In the daily current of affairs, whatever business a servant usually transacts, or whatever he is permitted to do, in law, his act becomes the act of the master; for the uninterrupted repetition of the acts of the servant can only be ascribed to the command of his master, and the principle that what he does by another he does himself. So close and sacred is the domestic

brotherhood held between these parties, that any one hiring, or seducing away, a servant in the actual service of another, is liable to an action for damages. The law has firmly knotted this mutual tie of domesticity, however few are conscious of its influence, and however slight the connexion which now exists between master and servant, amidst the relaxed manners of a great capital—and continually removed as they are from each other, bound by no tie, and governed by no principle. ATTICUS.

JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS

WITH LORD BYRON.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. NO. VI.

BYRON continually reverts to Sir Walter Scott, and always in terms of admiration for his genius, and affection for his good qualities; he says that he never gets up from the perusal of one of his works, without finding himself in a better disposition, and that he generally reads his novels three times. "I find such a just mode of thinking, (said Byron,) that I could fill volumes with detached thoughts from Scott, all, and each, full of truth and beauty. Then how good are his definitions. Do you remember, in 'Peveril of the Peak,' where he says, 'Presence of mind is courage. Real valour consists, not in being insensible to danger, but in being prompt to confront and disarm it. How true is this, and what an admirable distinction between moral and physical courage:'"

I complimented him on his memory, and he added;—"My memory is very retentive, but the passage I repeated I read this morning for the third time. How applicable to Scott's works is the observation made by Madame du Deffand on Richardson's Novels, in one of her letters to Voltaire, 'La morale y est en action, et n'a jamais été traitée d'une manière plus intéressante. On meurt d'envie d'être parfait après cette lecture, et l'on croit que rien n'est si aisé.' I think," continued Byron, after a pause, "that Scott is the only very successful genius that could be cited as being as generally beloved as a man as he is admired as an author; and, I must add, he deserves it, for he is so thoroughly good natured, sincere, and honest, that he disarms the envy and jealousy his extraordinary genius must excite. I hope to meet Scott once more before I die; for, worn out as are my affections, he still retains a strong hold on them."

There was something highly gratifying to the feelings in witnessing the warmth and cordiality that Byron's countenance and manner displayed when talking of Sir W. Scott; it proved how capable he was of

entertaining friendship,—a sentiment of which he so frequently professed to doubt the existence: but in this, as on many other points, he never did himself justice; and the turn for ridicule and satire implanted in his nature led him to indulge in observations in which his real feelings had no share. Circumstances had rendered Byron suspicious; he was apt to attribute every mark of interest or good-will shown to him as emanating from vanity, that sought gratification by a contact with his poetical celebrity; this encouraged his predilection for hoaxing, ridiculing, and doubting friends and friendship. But as Sir W. Scott's own well earned celebrity put the possibility of such a motive out of the question, Byron yielded to the sentiment of friendship in all its force for him, and never named him but with praise and affection. Byron's was a proud mind, that resisted correction, but that might easily be led by kindness; his errors had been so severely punished, that he became reckless and misanthropic, to avenge the injustice he had experienced; and, as misanthropy was foreign to his nature, its partial indulgence produced the painful state of being continually at war with his better feelings, and of rendering him dissatisfied with himself and others.

Talking of the effects that ingratitude and disappointments produced on the character of the individual who experienced them, Byron said, that they invariably soured the nature of the person, who, when reduced to this state of acidity, was decried as a cynical, ill-natured brute. "People wonder (continued he) that a man is sour who has been feeding on acids all his life. The extremes of adversity and prosperity produce the same effects; they harden the heart, and enervate the mind; they render a person so selfish, that, occupied solely with his own pains or pleasures, he ceases to feel for others; hence, as sweets turn to acids as well as sour, excessive prosperity may produce the same consequences as adversity."

His was a nature to be bettered by prosperity, and to be rendered obstinate by adversity. He invoked Stoicism to resist injustice, but its shield repelled not a single blow aimed at his peace, while its appearance deprived him of the sympathy for which his heart yearned. Let those, who would judge with severity the errors of this wayward child of genius, look back at his days of infancy and youth, and ask themselves whether, under such unfavourable auspices, they could have escaped the defects that tarnish the lustre of his fame,—defects rendered more obvious by the brightness they partially obscured, and which, without that brightness, had perhaps never been observed.

An eagle confined in a cage could not have been more displaced than was Byron

in the artificial and conventional society that disgusted him with the world; like that daring bird, he could fearlessly soar high, and contemplate the sun, but he was unfit for the busy haunts of men; and he, whose genius could people a desert, pined in the solitude of crowds. The people he saw resembled not the creatures his fancy had formed, and, with a heart yearning towards his fellow men, pride and a false estimate of mankind repelled him from seeking their sympathy, though it deprived them not of his, as not all his assumed Stoicism could conceal the kind feelings that spontaneously showed themselves when the misfortunes of others were named. Byron warred only with the vices and follies of his species; and if he had a bitter jest and biting sarcasm for these, he had pity and forbearance for affliction, even though deserved, and forgot the cause in the effect. Misfortune was sacred in his eyes, and seemed to be the last link of the chain that connected him with his fellow-men. I remember hearing a person in his presence revert to the unhappiness of an individual known to all the party present, and, having instanced some proofs of the unhappiness, observe that the person was not to be pitied, for he had brought it on himself by misconduct. I shall never forget the expression of Byron's face; it glowed with indignation, and, turning to the person who had excited it, he said, "If, as you say, this heavy misfortune has been caused by —'s misconduct, then is he doubly to be pitied, for he has the reproaches of conscience to embitter his draught. Those who have lost what is considered the right to pity in losing reputation and self-respect, are the persons who stand most in need of commiseration; and yet the charitable feelings of the over-moral would deny them this boon: reserving it for those on whom undeserved misfortunes fall, and who have that *within* which renders pity superfluous, have also respect to supply its place. Nothing so completely serves to demoralize a man as the certainty that he has lost the sympathy of his fellow creatures; it breaks the last tie that binds him to humanity, and renders him reckless and irreclaimable. This (continued Byron) is my moral; and this it is that makes me pity the guilty and respect the unfortunate."

While he spoke, the earnestness of his manner, and the increased colour and animation of his countenance, bore evident marks of the sincerity of the sentiments he uttered: it was at such moments that his native goodness burst forth, and pages of misanthropic sarcasms could not efface the impression they left behind, though he often endeavoured to destroy such impressions by pleasantries against himself.

"When you go to Naples you must make acquaintance with Sir William Drummond,

(said Byron), for he is certainly one of the most erudite men, and admirable philosophers now living. He has all the wit of Voltaire, with a profundity that seldom appertains to wit, and writes so forcibly, and with such elegance and purity of style, that his works possess a peculiar charm. Have you read his 'Academical Questions?' if not, get them directly, and I think you will agree with me, that the Preface to that work alone would prove Sir William Drummond an admirable writer. He concludes it by the following sentence, which I think one of the best in our language:—'Prejudice may be trusted to guard the outworks for a short space of time, while Reason slumbers in the citadel; but if the latter sink into a lethargy, the former will quickly erect a standard for herself. Philosophy, wisdom, and liberty, support each other; he, who will not reason, is a bigot; he, who cannot, is a fool; and he, who dares not, is a slave.' Is not the passage admirable? (continued Byron); how few could have written it, and yet how few read Drummond's works! they are too good to be popular. His 'Odin' is really a fine poem, and has some passages that are beautiful, but it is so little read that it may be said to have dropped still-born from the press, a mortifying proof of the bad taste of the age. His translation of Persius is not only very literal, but preserves much of the spirit of the original, a merit that, let me tell you, is very rare at present, when translations have about as much of the spirit of the original as champagne diluted with three parts of water, may be supposed to retain of the pure and sparkling wine. Translations, for the most part, resemble imitations, where the marked defects are exaggerated, and the beauties passed over, always excepting the imitations of Mathews, (continued Byron,) who seems to have continuous chords in his mind, that vibrate to those in the minds of others, as he gives not only the look, tones, and manners of the persons he personifies, but the very train of thinking, and the expressions they indulge in; and, strange to say, this modern Proteus succeeds best when the imitated is a person of genius, or great talent, as he seems to identify himself with him. His imitation of Curran can hardly be so called—it is a *continuation*, and is inimitable. I remember Sir Walter Scott's observing that Mathews' imitations were of the *mind*, to those who had the key; but as the majority had it not, they were contented with admiring those of the person, and pronounced him a mimic who ought to be considered an accurate and philosophic observer of human nature, blessed with the rare talent of intuitively identifying himself with the minds of others. But, to return to Sir Wm. Drummond, (continued Byron,) he has escaped all

the defects of translators, and his Persius resembles the original as nearly in feeling and sentiment as two languages so dissimilar in idiom will admit. Translations almost always disappoint me; I must, however, except Pope's 'Homer,' which has more of the spirit of Homer than all the other translations put together,* and the Teian bard himself might have been proud of the beautiful odes which the Irish Anacreon has given us.

"Of the wits about town, I think (said Byron) that George Colman was one of the most agreeable; he was *à jour*, and after two or three glasses of champagne, the quicksilver of his wit mounted to *beau fixe*. Colman has a good deal of tact; he feels that convivial hours were meant for enjoyment, and understands society so well, that he never obtrudes any private feeling, except hilarity, into it. His jokes are all good, and *readable*, and flow without effort, like the champagne that often gives birth to them, sparkle after sparkle, and brilliant to the last. Then one is sure of Colman, (continued Byron,) which is a great comfort; for to be made to cry when one had made up one's mind to laugh, is a *triste* affair. I remember that this was the great drawback with Sheridan; a little wine made him melancholy, and his melancholy was contagious; for who could bear to see the wizard, who could at will command smiles or tears, yield to the latter without sharing them, though one wished that the exhibition had been less public? My feelings were never more excited than while writing the Monody on Sheridan,—every word that I wrote came direct from the heart. Poor Sherry! what a noble mind was in him overthrown by poverty! and to see the men with whom he had passed his life, the dark souls whom his genius illumined, rolling in wealth, the Sybarites whose slumbers a crushed rose-leaf would have disturbed, leaving him to die on the pallet of poverty, his last moments disturbed by the myrmidons of the law. Oh! it was enough to disgust one with human nature, but above all with the nature of those who, professing liberality, were so little acquainted with its twin-sister generosity.

"I have seen poor Sheridan weep, and good cause had he (continued Byron). Placed by his transcendent talents in an elevated sphere, without the means of supporting the necessary appearance, to how many humiliations must his fine mind have submitted, ere he had arrived at the state in

* This was indeed carrying his admiration of Pope to an extreme. It is impossible to conceive anything more foreign not only from Homer, but from the spirit of all Greek poetry, than Pope's translation—in fact, it has the air of an imitation from a French paraphrase!

which I knew him, of reckless jokes to pacify creditors of a morning, and alternate smiles and tears of an evening, round the boards where ostentatious dulness called in his aid to give a zest to the wine that often maddened him, but could not thaw the frozen current of their blood. Moore's *Monody on Sheridan* (continued Byron) was a fine burst of generous indignation, and is one of the most powerful of his compositions. It was as daring as my 'Avatar,' which was bold enough, and God knows, true enough, but I have never repented it. Your countrymen behaved dreadfully on that occasion; despair may support the chains of tyranny, but it is only baseness that can sing and dance in them, as did the Irish on the——'s visit. But I see you would prefer another subject, so let us talk of something else, though this cannot be a humiliating one to you personally, as I know your husband did not make one among the rabble at that Saturnalia.

"The Irish are strange people (continued Byron), at one moment overpowered by sadness, and the next elevated to joy; impressionable as heated wax, and like it, changing each time that it is warmed. The dolphin, when shone upon by the sun, changes not its hues more frequently than do your mobile countrymen, and this want of stability will leave them long what centuries have found them—slaves. I liked them before the degradation of 1822, but the dance in chains disgusted me. What would Grattan and Curran have thought of it? and Moore, why struck he not the harp of Erin to awaken the slumbering souls of his supine countrymen?"

To those who only know Byron as an author, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to convey a just impression of him as a man. In him the elements of good and evil were so strongly mixed, that an error could not be detected that was not allied to some good quality; and his fine qualities, and they were many, could hardly be separated from the faults that sullied them. In bestowing on Byron a genius as versatile as it was brilliant and powerful, Nature had not denied him warmth of heart, and the kind affections that beget, while they are formed to repay friendship; but a false beau ideal that he had created for himself, and a wish of exciting wonder, led him into a line of conduct calculated to lower him in the estimation of superficial observers, who judge from appearances, while those who had opportunities of judging him more nearly, and who made allowance for his besetting sin, (the assumption of vices and errors, that he either had not, or exaggerated the appearance of,) found in him more to admire than censure, and to

pity than condemn. In his severest satires, however much of malice there might be in the expression, there was little in the feeling that dictated them; they came from the imagination and not from the heart, for in a few minutes after he had unveiled the errors of some friend or acquaintance, he would call attention to some of their good qualities with as much apparent pleasure as he had dwelt on their defects. A nearly daily intercourse of ten weeks with Byron left the impression on my mind, that if an extraordinary quickness of perception prevented his passing over the errors of those with whom he came in contact, and a natural incontinence of speech betrayed him into an exposure of them,—a candour and goodnature, quite as remarkable, often led him to enumerate their virtues, and to draw attention to them. It may be supposed, that with such powerful talents, there was less excuse for the attacks he was in the habit of making on his friends and acquaintances; but those very talents were the cause; they suggested a thousand lively and piquant images to his fancy, relative to the defects of those with whom he associated, and he had not self-command sufficient to repress the sallies that he knew must show at once his discrimination and talents for ridicule, and amuse his hearers, however they might betray a want of goodnature and sincerity.

There was no premeditated malignity in Byron's nature; though constantly in the habit of exposing the follies and vanity of his friends, I never heard him blacken their reputation, and I never felt an unfavourable impression from any of the censures he bestowed, because I saw they were aimed at follies, and not character. He used frequently to say that people hated him more for exposing their follies than if he had attacked their moral characters, adding, "Such is the vanity of human nature, that men would prefer being defamed to being ridiculed, and would much sooner pardon the first than the second. There is much more folly than vice in the world (said Byron). The appearance of the latter is often assumed by the dictates of the former, and people pass for being vicious who are only foolish. I have seen such examples (continued he) of this in the world, that it makes one rather incredulous as to the extent of actual vice; but I can believe any thing of the capabilities of vanity and folly, having witnessed to what length they can go. I have seen women compromise their honour (in appearance only) for the triumph (and a hopeful one) of rivalling some contemporary belle; and men sacrifice theirs, in reality, by false boasts for the gratification of vanity. All, all is vanity and vexation of spirit (added he); the first being the legiti-

mate parent of the second, an offspring that, school it how you will, is sure to turn out a curse to its parent."

"Lord Blessington has been talking to me about Mr. Galt (said Lord Byron), and tells me much good of him. 'I am pleased at finding he is as amiable a man as his recent works prove him to be a clever and intelligent author. When I knew Galt, years ago, I was not in a frame of mind to form an impartial opinion of him; his mildness and equanimity struck me even then; but, to say the truth, his manner had not deference enough for my then aristocratical taste, and finding I could not awe him into a respect sufficiently profound for my sublime self, either as a peer or an author, I felt a little grudge towards him that has now completely worn off. There is a quaint humour and observance of character in his novels that interest me very much, and when he chooses to be pathetic he fools one to his bent, for I assure you the 'Entail' beguiled me of some portion of watery humours, yclept tears, 'albeit unused to the melting mood.' What I admire particularly in Galt's works (continued Byron) is, that with a perfect knowledge of human nature and its frailties and legerdemain tricks, he shows a tenderness of heart which convinces one that *his* is in the right place, and he has a sly caustic humour that is very amusing. All that Lord Blessington has been telling me of Galt has made me reflect on the striking difference between his (Lord B.'s) nature and my own. I had an excellent opportunity of judging Galt, being shut up on board ship with him for some days; and though I saw he was mild, equal, and sensible, I took no pains to cultivate his acquaintance further than I should with any commonplace person, which he was not; and Lord Blessington in London, with a numerous acquaintance, and 'all appliances to boot,' for choosing and selecting, has found so much to like in Galt, *malgré* the difference of their politics, that his liking has grown into friendship.

"I must say that I never saw the milk of human kindness overflow in any nature to so great a degree, as in Lord Blessington's (continued Byron). I used, before I knew him well, to think that Shelley was the most amiable person I ever knew, but now I think that Lord B. bears off the palm, for he has been assailed by all the temptations that so few can resist, those of unvarying prosperity, and has passed the ordeal victoriously, a triumphant proof of the extraordinary goodness of his nature, while poor Shelley had been tried in the school of adversity only, which is not such a corrupter as is that of prosperity. If Lord B. has not the power, Midas-like, of turning whatever he touches into gold (continued Byron), he has at least that of turning all into good. I, alas! detect only the evil qualities of those that approach

me, while he discovers the good. It appears to me, that the extreme excellence of his own disposition prevents his attributing evil to others; I do assure you (continued Byron,) I have thought better of mankind since I have known him intimately." The earnestness of Byron's manner convinced me that he spoke his real sentiments relative to Lord B., and that his commendations were not uttered with a view of gratifying me, but flowed spontaneously in the honest warmth of the moment. A long, daily and hourly knowledge of the person he praised, has enabled me to judge of the justice of the commendation, and Byron never spoke more truly than when he pronounced Lord B.'s a faultless nature. While he was speaking, he continually looked back, for fear that the person of whom he spoke should overhear his remarks, as he was riding behind, at a little distance from us.

"Is Lady — as restless and indefatigable as ever? (asked Byron)—She is an extraordinary woman, and the most thorough-paced manœuvrer I ever met with; she cannot make or accept an invitation, or perform any of the common courtesies of life, without manœuvring, and has always some plan in agitation, to which all her acquaintance are subservient. This is so evident, that she never approached me that I did not expect her to levy contributions on my muse, the only disposable property I possessed; and I was as surprised as grateful at finding it was not pressed into the service for compassing some job, or accomplishing some mischief. Then she passes for being clever, when she is only cunning, though her life has been passed in giving the best proof of want of cleverness, that of intriguing to carry points not worth intriguing for, and that must have occurred in the natural course of events without any manœuvring on her part. Cleverness and cunning are incompatible—I never saw them united; the latter is the resource of the weak, and is only natural to them: children and fools are always cunning, but clever people never. The world, or rather the persons who compose it, are so indolent, that when they see great personal activity, joined to indefatigable and unshrinking exertion of tongue, they conclude that such effects must proceed from adequate causes, never reflecting that real cleverness requires not such aids; but few people take the trouble of analyzing the actions or motives of others, and least of all when such others have no envystirring attractions. On this account Lady —'s manœuvres are set down to cleverness; but when she was young and pretty they were less favourably judged. Women of a certain age (continued Byron) are for the most part bores or *méchantes*. I have known some delightful exceptions, but on consideration they were past the certain

age, and were no longer, like the coffin of Mahomet, hovering between heaven and earth, that is to say, floating between maturity and age, but had fixed their persons on the unpretending easy chairs of *Vieillesse*, and their thoughts neither on war nor conquest, except the conquest of self. Age is beautiful when no attempt is made to modernize it. Who can look at the interesting remains of loveliness without some of the same tender feelings of melancholy with which we regard a fine view? Both mark the triumph of the mighty conqueror Time; and whether we examine the eyes, the windows of the soul, through which love and hope once sparkled, now dim and languid, showing only resignation, or the ruined casements of the abbey or castle through which blazed the light of tapers, and the smoke of incense offered to the Deity, the feelings excited are much the same, and we approach both with reverence,—always (interrupted Byron) provided that the old beauty is not a specimen of the florid Gothic,—by which I mean restored, painted, and varnished,—and that the abbey or castle is not whitewashed; both, under such circumstances, produce the same effect on me, and all reverence is lost; but I do seriously admire age when it is not ashamed to let itself be seen, and look on it as something sanctified and holy, having passed through the fire of its passions, and being on the verge of the grave.

"I once (said Byron) found it necessary to call up all that could be said in favour of matured beauty, when my heart became captive to a *donna* of forty-six, who certainly excited as lively a passion in my breast as ever it has known; and even now the autumnal charms of Lady — are remembered by me with more than admiration. She resembled a landscape by Claude Lorraine, with a setting sun, her beauties enhanced by the knowledge that they were shedding their last dying beams, which threw a radiance around. A woman (continued Byron) is only grateful for her *first* and *last* conquest. The first of poor dear Lady —'s was achieved before I entered on this world of care, but the *last* I do flatter myself was reserved for me, and a *bonne bouche* it was."

I told Byron that his poetical sentiments of the attractions of matured beauty had, at the moment, suggested four lines to me, which he begged me to repeat, and he laughed not a little when I repeated the following lines to him:—

"Oh! talk not to me of the charms of youth's dimples,
There's surely more sentiment centred in wrinkles.
They're the triumphs of time that mark beauty's decay,
Telling tales of years past, and the few left to stay."

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

The True Memorials of the Dead.—The Successor of Leslie, Town Councils, and the London Press.—Literature a Step to Public Employment, backwards.—The Judicial Award.—Conservative Recipe to make a Vote.—The Ballot.

THE TRUE MEMORIALS OF THE DEAD.—M. BARRUEL, a French chemist, proceeding on the known fact that the human blood contains a certain portion of Iron, has found that, from the remains of any ordinary individual, enough may be collected to form a handsome medal of that material. It is ingeniously suggested that these medals should be made in memory of the deceased: they would be capable of receiving an inscription, would be durable, portable, and being, in their nature, a part of the dead, and of a nearly imperishable quality, would certainly strongly recommend themselves as forming the best and most consolatory memento of human affections. A widow would wear her husband's heart's-blood about her neck: a pious child might preserve among her jewels the blood from which she was sprung in the purest and most concentrated form: families would keep the blood of their ancestors in caskets and cabinets, and better than pedigrees, better than registers, or county histories, would be a series of blood-medals of the true stock preserved through a series of generations. Every Roman family used to keep the funeral orations of their forefathers, together with their busts or images; but, by the contrivance of M. BARRUEL, an identical part of an individual may be perpetually preserved in memory of the entire man, and on the face of it be stamped such a character as his immediate descendants shall think he deserved. Thus far is modern science about to proceed; there is no reason why it should not go a good deal farther. The making a bowl of the skull, being a Scythian practice, is held to be barbarian—perhaps with reason, when these bowls are applied to the purposes of promiscuous wassail; but should they be preserved, marked by Combe or other successor of Gall, mounted with silver and gold, arranged in glass cases, and inscribed with name and age and connexions, they would form fine scientific memorials, and in case of the solemn meetings of the family, birth days, memory days, and even days of high and private festivity, they may be drawn from their cases with great propriety, and devoted to the purpose of holding generous liquor, or at least for passing once round some ancestral toast or venerable name. The flesh, cellular tissue, and fatty substance of the human frame are found, after being buried a short time in certain grounds, to run into a very peculiar and beautiful de-

scription of wax, resembling spermaceti: this was a discovery made in removing a Paris churchyard: candles were made of the substance and observed to burn with a peculiarly brilliant and beautiful hue. Now of this *homociti*, tapers might be made, deposited in labelled drawers in an apartment in the house of each head of a family, and certain quantities used for lighting up the family meetings, the celebrating of birth-days and other solemn and yet cheerful occasions. Burning your grandfathers, as the Turks say, would then be no vain joke.

But the solemn uses of the dead to the living would not end here. The family surgeon should minutely examine every cadaver—should report on the disease of which he died—of any remarkable points in the conformation, of his tendency to this or that disease. These should be bound up in volumes for the instruction of posterity. Then of the bones phosphorus might be made: this would make a most appropriate illumination of the dead apartment. The intestines are well adapted for the formation of strings for musical instruments. Of these *Æolian* harps should be constructed and placed in the windows of the mausoleum we have imagined; if pictures, casts of countenance, or preserved features, according to the New Zealand fashion; caskets of hair for numerous generations; even costume, favourite dresses, or even portraits of favourite horses, or stuffed forms of favourite dogs, were preserved, what an interesting place might be formed, whether for family meetings or as a retreat for private reflection! Here the archives of the family would be preserved, the letters and memoirs of such ancestors as had left them, with copies of wills. The moral uses to which a sacred place of this sort might be put are numerous, and, as a matter of taste even, or as a memorial of affection, it far exceeds *Père la Chaise*, or any other attempt to improve the old and clumsy method of burying. The Greek and Roman method of inclosing the ashes in urns was a graceful scheme, but falls far short of what may be expected from the progress of modern science.

THE SUCCESSOR OF LESLIE,—TOWN COUNCILS—AND THE LONDON PRESS.—It seems that the successor of Leslie is to be a youth of twenty-two, whose principal claims consist in the toryism of his friends and relatives. The appointment of learned professors resting with a Town Council is one of the many anomalous absurdities that we trust will soon cease to disgrace our institutions. A municipal reform must come next after church reform. The claimants to the distinguished and lucrative Professorship of Natural Philosophy are principally Sir David Brewster, of scientific notoriety,

Mr. Galloway, of the Military College at Sandhurst, and Mr. Forbes, a son of an opulent banker in the town, and we doubt not a clever lad. His claims, however, would never have been entertained for one moment, had he not been of a certain powerful Tory family. To Sir David Brewster local objections were got up, and it is possible that some weight might be duly attached to them. What, then, was the duty of the Town Council. Poor men! they can, of course, only judge from the comparative value of testimonials: those of Mr. Galloway, putting the authority of Brewster out of the question, were of the most triumphant description. First, he is a teacher who has fascinated even the staff of Sandhurst for ten years; next, he is a man of the most extensive mathematical knowledge, and generally a master of the science of natural philosophy,—not a speculator on the clouds, like Mr. Forbes, whose celebrity seems meteorological; and, again, he is an admirable English writer, as is proved by his able papers in both the *Edinburgh* and *Foreign Quarterly Reviews*. In the former work he is the worthy successor of Playfair. The duty of the Town Council was clear enough; but then, on the other hand, the son of an opulent and influential Tory banker must naturally possess claims which, in addition to the “inherent love of science,” which Herschel speaks to in his testimony, are not to be resisted by any Town Council on earth.

In this election not an Englishman is a candidate; it is understood that there an Englishman would have had no chance; and indeed never had in Scotland. The chair was indeed offered to Herschel, but then Herschel was going abroad. On the other hand, a Scotchman in England has so many chances in his favour, that it would be, at any time, dangerous to take the long odds against him. The Scots have not the English throne, they only had, but they have the Peers; they had the Commons one way or the other; the colonies are theirs in tail; and, above all, the press is their familiar arm-chair; we had almost said their *chaise percée*. If the press is ever unanimous, it is in favour of some Scotsman: does he publish a book?—there is a reverberating echo of praise like the notes of a trumpet in the lakes of Killarney: his exploits in any other way are equally sure of fame. Scotland, in comparison of this country, is, in all respects, contemptible; and yet we would challenge any list of names, containing those of beneficial post-holders,—beneficial whether for honour, for profit, or patronage,—and sure we are there would be found a majority of Scotsmen. In the army, that is to say, an arduous as well as honourable service, the Irish come in for a fair share. In the colonies, where money is to be made, the preference of

Scotchmen is a most notorious joke. With regard to the Press of London, from causes that might be explained, it could, we think, be proved, that it is governed three parts by Scotland: this does not mean that the Editors are three parts Scotsmen, but many more than the mere Editors have powerful influence in a paper: there are sub-editors and other subordinates, who, in their own departments, are supreme. In the London press, what is not Scotch, (with a few remarkable exceptions,) is Irish—so much for the fourth estate. Few persons will venture to dive into the mysteries of these matters, for he might share the fate of the bear in the fable, who put his rude paw in the hornet's nest.

LITERATURE A STEP TO PUBLIC EMPLOYMENT—BACKWARDS.—Between the maxims of the French governing powers and the English, a very remarkable difference exists in this, that literature in France is a step to public employment and public confidence—in England, it is a step, but a step backwards. Aptitude as shown in books is hailed in France and instantly applied; in England, it is lamented. A person seeking public employment in this country would suppress his materials for a book: in France, he would hasten to publish his work, and confidently reckon upon the effect. This remark is made, as the commentator on *Men and Things* by two facts, or supposed facts. The first is, that Fontanier, on the publication of his *Travels in Turkey*, was immediately appointed consul at Trebizond, on the sole ground of his excellent book. This book of travels, which we read *professionally* on its appearance, we had occasion to recommend as an able work, and as entitling its writer to public confidence: but how many excellent and similar works have been and may be published in this country, without attracting for one moment the attention of the governing powers, or, in other words, how much talent, experience, and ability are lost to the national advantage, because our rulers have hitherto proceeded on the grand principle of self-seeking alone, and in fear and trembling of the Press. The other fact we will not vouch for, as it reaches us but at second-hand. The most valuable work on the United States in the English language, is that just published by Mr. James Stuart; and yet we are told this work never would have seen the light had not the author despaired of promised public employment. This means, that government does not like people who publish,—they are afraid of them. Mr. Stuart, therefore, with a due knowledge of his men, kept his book back until he saw family or borough interest preferred: then he published his excellent book,—the book, of course, precluding all expectation, which it was understood had expired.

Aptitude, unfortunately, has never been the guide of our Government in their distribution of employment, or England would have stood in a far different position, whether at home or abroad: in fact, the question has always been, after the selection of the man, whether he was such as could keep up even the appearance of doing his duty. If aptitude were the qualification of office, there is no better test than a man's book,—and so the French think. A book was published lately in England, quite as good, and more remarkable, than Fontanier's, which, in France, would have instantly called the author to office,—we mean the Turkish travels of Slade; and had we been in a position to pick and choose public servants, that man would have been instantly seized as a prize; as it is, he will probably only be injured by his work. As for ourselves in this matter, we know as little of Slade as Fontanier: we never even "saw any one that had seen them;" but we have had the honour of "reviewing" their productions.

THE JUDICIAL AWARD.—Louis XVI. used to have sham sieges got up for the practice of his army and the amusement of himself and Madame Maintenon. The siege of Antwerp is 'a vast improvement' of modern times. Better exercise for the French artillery—nicer practical lessons for the young Vaubans of the day could not be devised than the siege of so famous a fortress as the citadel of Antwerp, with all Europe for spectators. The thing was unique: nobody was at war; all were at leisure to look on: it was a species of duel between an army and a castle; or rather a chastisement—a punishment—in short the execution of a judicial award. Amateurs and idlers flocked about the siege; watched the trenches; followed the shells with their eyes; crowded the roofs of the theatres and lofty buildings to see the sight; to see Gerard do justice on Chassé; just as the mob flocks to the precincts of Newgate when the New Drop is called into action, and Jack Ketch proceeds to execute the judicial award of the Old Bailey. It was altogether the most anomalous transaction in all history. There never was such a spectacle: it was neither sham nor altogether in earnest. Chassé did not do all the mischief he might; and yet he slaughtered a good deal. He knew the ceremony was soon to end; but that it was necessary to make a considerable bluster: the termination was certain, but must be decent. Dutch valour demanded that a certain number of French must die. French honour required the evacuation of the citadel: so that Dutch valour and French honour were bombing and balling each other according to the most approved precedents in the science of attack and defence. A few were cut off on both sides, but then the

rest went away very much instructed. Fine sayings of dying corporals, and fine doings of brave officers wanted sadly renewing in France. The generals were losing the art of bolstering bulletins and forgetting the camp language—the *blague* as it is called, or with us the ‘blarney’ of the field. Then the little boys of the Belgian artillery-school had never seen a gun fired; and the only siege the young Duke of Orleans had been present at was that of Paris, when stormed by his father’s ordonnance. Royal games at war have usually been carried on on a far more extravagant scale: it is now seen that the Kings may be amused at a very moderate rate of slaughter.

Wherever there is a spectacle there are sure to be shoals of English. Our countrymen have been flocking to the siege of Antwerp as they do to Vesuvius when in action; and they have, by their absurdities, contributed their share, as John Bull always does, to the amusement of the company. The taking prisoner a reporter for a London paper in the trenches, for instance, was a circumstance to make a man laugh in the jaws of death. War always has its *ludicra* as well as its *seria*, but the catching a Paul Pry taking notes in the trenches, seizing his pen instead of his sword, and marching him up to head-quarters as a prisoner of war, is an incident for Liston alone. Mathews was ill, poor fellow, or he ought to have been sent out at the national expense to the siege of Antwerp to pick up eccentricities for the amusement of the town this season.

CONSERVATIVE RECIPE TO MAKE A VOTE.

—“Take a labourer, upon whom you can depend, grant him a lease of his cottage and garden during his life, provided he continues to occupy it. Let the rent be a shilling, but take a promissory note from him for twenty pounds, payable with interest on demand, and you will have a sure vote for the next election.” True so far; there is one ingredient which, if thrown into the mess, would altogether spoil the dish—the Ballot. But observe, the amount of the promissory note:—why 20*l*.? why not 10*l*. or 40*l*.? simply because 20*l*. involves the forfeiture of personal liberty; for 20*l*. the British law permits a man to be torn from his family, his business, his pursuits—in short, to be utterly ruined in body and mind, and therefore the Conservatives fix upon this security for the due performance of their dirty work.

Of all iniquitous and barbarous legal provisions, one of the worst is that which condemns a man to imprisonment for the crime of getting into debt to the amount of 20*l*.—a crime, by-the-bye, in which there are two parties, where one punishes the other. It gave us pleasure to read in the report of a late case (Russell and Atkinson,) an instance of gross oppression, in which a young lady was sent

to gaol on a claim for which the jury only awarded one-fifth of the amount, that that able and accomplished lawyer, Mr. Pollock, took occasion, in repelling the conduct of his client, to state, “he sincerely hoped that, except in very peculiar cases, the power to arrest would soon be done away with altogether!” This is a declaration most honourable to the barrister and most disgraceful to the law. And it is quite in character with the Conservative practice to pick out all the baser parts of our institutions to prop up their correct influences.

THE BALLOT.—No question was ever more simple than this; none ever more complicated, by being mixed up with fallacies. The Ballot is a mechanical arrangement, by which a voter gives his vote in such a manner that none but himself knows the way in which he has voted. There is no good object to serve, as regards the public, that the vote should be known: as regards the man himself, if he wishes to be known, he has the power of communicating the fact.

Voting for representatives is a public duty. If it is duly performed by the ballot, where is the harm of the ballot, as far as the public is concerned? All public duties should be performed at the least possible private mischief: this the ballot effects.

Much has been said of a rhetorical character as to the un-English character of the proceeding. It is neither English nor un-English. If a man may not be injured by its being known how he has voted, or is regardless of the injury, he may declare his vote as loudly as he pleases. True, his declaration wants the confirmation of the poll-book; but the public is not called upon to keep a book for the purpose of testing private veracity.

Much also has been said on the evil of enabling men to break their promises with impunity. These promises will cease to have any value under the ballot, and no one will ask for that which is valueless. This, it is to be hoped, will do away with canvassing—an ancient absurdity. What good purpose is to be served by asking a man for his vote?—he will give it to the Member he most approves; and his being asked by six can make no difference on the grounds on which an elector forms his opinion. It is not to be supposed that a man is to be influenced by himself being shaken by the hand, and his wife or daughter being kissed or chucked under the chin, more especially as this graciousness is bestowed by each candidate—on each elector. An honest elector ought to despise the cajoleries of canvassers, and ought to be protected from the intimidations of their supporters. Nothing more need be said of the ballot, than that there is every thing to be said for it, and literally nothing against it.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"ALIENA NEGOTIA CENTUM."—HORAT.

ODE TO THE GOLD-HEADED CANE,

*Borne successively by Radcliffe and Mead,
and, passing through the hands of Dr. Bailie,
presented by his Widow to the College
of Physicians.*

Tu pius lætis animas reponis
Sedibus, virgæ que levem coerces
Aured turbam.

HAIL, fearful minister of fate !
Caduceus of our palmy state
That Mead and Radcliffe bore !
Oft shall the pilgrim bend the knee,
And gaze with filial seal on thee,
And think of days of yore !

What hallow'd spot beheld thee stand
A leafy stem on India's strand,
The mighty jungle's pride !
No sound disturb'd the sultry brake,
But rushing pard, or gliding snake,
Possess'd thee side by side.

Ah me ! thy venerated neck
The coil of silk no more shall deck !
(So on th' Asclepian stem
The Epidaurian serpent wound :)
Oh, golden days of looks profound,
And many a learned hem !

To shake the wig's ambrosial curl,
Were now to cast the precious pearl
To undiscerning swine !
The magic of the chariot wheel
Inscarnate they no longer feel,
Nor ask thy aid, or mine !

Save here and there the scanty few,
To ancient faith and physic true,
Who deem if Halford's skill
And Warren's eye be vainly tried,
That death shall scarcely be defied
By potion or by pill.

But come ! look up ! thou hast thine eyes ;
Before thy fane what columns rise,
What splendid Hall expands ?
Above, around, what learned lore
Embrown the light descending o'er
Thy Radcliffe's *ruffled* hands ?

Some, as they scan thy stately mould,
(One almost shudders to behold !)
Their grasp, profane, extends !
Forbear, degenerate ! and know
That Radcliffe's cane is like the bow
None but Ulysses bends.

Farewell ! though under lock and key,
Great emblem of authority,
And lonely in thy glory ;
That golden halo round thy head
Long on thy shrine its rays shall shed,
And tell thy ancient story.

*Lines written at the close of a late Autumnal
Evening at the Sea Side.*

ΑΥΤΟΝ ΕΠΙ ΟΙΩΝΤΑ ΠΟΝΤΟΝ.—HOMER.

By the deep blue lake of some southern bay,
When far-off sounds are heard
Of light guitar, or the boatman's lay,
Or cry of the wild sea-bird ;

When the western wave is stirred by the breeze,
And many a snow-white sail
Spreads its swan-like breast to the summer seas,
Or swells with the fresh'ning gale ;

When the northern blast rends its wintry shroud,
And the deep and low sea growl,
Or measured beat of the surge, comes loud
In the pause of the tempest's howl ;

There be sounds that blend with many a mood
In life's inconstant scene ;
For the young in joy—for the soul subdued—
Or the hope that yet is green !

But to sit *alone*, on the watery shore,
In the gloom of the stilly air,
When the wide sea space the eyes explore,
Nor boat nor sail is there ;

Oh this is the time for the joyless one,
In autumn's fading light,
To gaze on the glance of a *sinking sun*
That bursts on the shores of night !

Lines on a Melancholy Journey through Greece.

Patris quis erul
Se quoque fugit ?

UNKNOWN, untried, the troubled mind
In other lands would refuge find
From cares that still pursue :
Alas ! by fond illusions led
Forth from the home of sorrow fled,
We fly not sorrow too !

In every clime pernicious skill
Hath Memory to awaken still
The bosom's agony :
She holds us with a viewless chain,
And bids the pang be felt again
Of griefs that never die !

Where mosques mid Doric ruins rise,
And mark those pure pellucid skies
With slender minaret ;
Or where Albania's warriors wait
Round Ali's interdicted gate,
In groups that none forget ;

On Phyle's rock to freedom dear ;
Or where Larissa's milk-white steer,
Drags the Thessalian plough,
From Pindus to the Apennine
The broken heart is doomed to pine,
And breathe the fruitless vow !

THE MUSICAL SNUFF-BOX.

THOU, that from the polished shell,
 Dear to Jove, as poets tell,
 Canst thus engage the captive sense,
 Tell us what thou art, and whence?
 As on Memnon's magic stone
 By morning sunbeams played upon;
 Or, as the harp that winds surprise,
 Breaking forth in plaintive sighs
 Oft as its trembling chords are press'd
 By airs that woo from East or West,
 Comes some mysterious influence o'er thee?
 (For human eyes in vain explore thee.)
 Or of that old *Cicadian* † house
 That loves to sing on summer-boughs
 Of many a stately Tuscan tree,
 Say, dost thou boast thyself to be?
 Haply, at warm Midsummer night,
 Lead'st thou the revels, dainty sprite,
 Held at that ancient trying place
 By Herne's old oak on Windsor chase?
 Or art related—tell us, Peri,
 To him that wrote the *Barbiere*?
 Or to that minstrel of the heart—
 Apollo's darling child—Mozart?
 Come! set thy little lyre a-going
 In streams of mimic-music flowing;
 With not one note that halts or lingers,
 (Though not a mortal sees thy fingers!)
 And give me back those happier hours
 When first I marvell'd at thy powers
 Where rushing Rhone, with waters blue,
 Fair Leman's lake delights to woo;
 And new excitements' cheerful day,
 And summer-skies, and mountains grey,
 And Umbria's vales before me lay! FLACCUS.

To the Editors of the New Monthly Magazine.

GENTLEMEN.—Under the circumstances which have come to my knowledge since I forwarded the answer to the letter of your correspondent, on the subject of Sir Richard Birnie, I do not regret its non-appearance. It is not my wish to hurt the feelings of any human being, but there are cases where public duty imperatively requires that all private feelings should be disregarded. In stating what I did of Sir Richard Birnie, I stated my belief, and am willing to abide by it: the statement was not unadvised, though merely taken as one instance from a heap of similar examples which might have been brought forward. Had your correspondent contented himself with simply denying the statement, the matter might have rested upon its own merits, and our respective credibility.

Sir Richard Birnie was a favourite of the fourth George. Upon that showing I leave the matter for the judgment of the public.

But your correspondent has gone out of

* *Grata Testudo Jovi.*

† *Cicada*, the *Terris* of Anacreon, *Cigala* of the Italians.

his way—in legal phrase, has “travelled out of the record.” By the italics in the last paragraph of his epistle, I presume that he means, in the phrase of Sampson, “to bite his thumb at me.” One word, then, on this subject, for one word will suffice. The insinuation that “his address is at my service,” might, in ordinary cases, mean more than meets the ear; but it becomes a phrase without an import, when addressed to a writer who is but a voice. I have invariably refused to relinquish the veil which I have chosen to wear, from a conviction of its utility for public purposes,—and I shall scarcely break through my resolve, for the pleasure of conversing with your correspondent, especially upon a point on which my mind is already made up.

I am, Gentlemen, yours, &c.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

January 12th, 1833.

We have read with much pleasure the story entitled “*Miserrimus*,” which, at first printed for private circulation, is, we perceive, now about to be given to the public at large. It is full of nerve and power; and, though exaggerated at times, both in its conception and its tone, abounds in subtle and piercing views of the darker and more tragic passions. If we can spare the space, which we scarcely however hope, we shall recur to it again. In the meanwhile, we hail with a cordial welcome a writer of so much promise.

A letter addressed to Lord Stormont and Sir James Scarlett, upon the late election at Norwich, has been published by Mr. Bacon, the able editor of the “*Norwich Mercury*,”—a gentleman, who, from his general information, wise and well considered opinions, and (when the occasion demands) felicitous and striking powers of composition, is no common honour to the periodical press of the country. This letter lays bare the whole mysteries of that most discreditable election;—and to the man who should tell us the Reform Bill ought to be a final measure, we would not desire a better answer than will be found in this brief history of an election for members to serve in the first Reformed Parliament, for one of the largest cities in the empire! Some admirable remarks on the effects of corporate rights occur in the letter, on which we propose shortly to found an article.

Our able contemporary, the “*Atlas*,” has very justly reproached us for not having specially exempted that journal from a general stricture on the vague and indiscriminating criticisms that have been heaped upon Mr. Tennyson's promising but unequal productions. We can assure our contemporary that we are not insensible to

the discerning spirit that pervades its reviewing department, and especially its freedom from the current vice of periodical literature—viz. the dominating influence of a *clique*.

Will any gentleman, well acquainted with the practical operations of the Bell and Lancaster Schools, the theory of Pestalozzi, and, above all, the application of the Lancasterian system to the higher branches of education (the classics and the sciences), oblige the Editor of this work by any voluntary communications on the subject? It is one into all the facts of which he is very laboriously examining; and he takes this opportunity of requesting all possible information, and any valuable suggestions. He need not add that communications of this sort can scarcely be anonymous.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS LATELY DECEASED.

ADMIRAL SIR THOMAS FOLEY, G.C.B.—

ADMIRAL Sir Thos. Foley, G.C.B., Rear-Admiral of England, and Commander-in-Chief, died at Portsmouth, in the 76th year of his age. This highly distinguished and most meritorious officer served as a Lieutenant of the Prince George, the flagship of Admiral Digby, at the time his present Majesty was a Midshipman of that ship, and was in her in Rodney's action with Count de Grasse; and in 1782 was made a Commander in the *Britannia*, armed ship, at New York. He subsequently commanded the *Atalanta*, 14 guns, on the same station; was promoted to post rank on the 21st of September, 1790; and at the commencement of the war, in 1793, obtained the command of the *St. George*, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Gills and subsequently that of the late Sir Hyde Parker. In the memorable battle off Cape St. Vincent, February 14, 1797, the deceased bore a distinguished part, as Captain of the *Britannia*, carrying the flag of the late Sir Charles Thompson. Soon after that important event he was appointed to the *Goliath*, 74, detached from the fleet off Cadiz, to reinforce Sir Horatio Nelson's squadron in the Mediterranean; and on the glorious 1st of August, 1798, he had the honour to lead the British fleet into action at the battle of the Nile. The French commenced the engagement, and in two minutes the *Goliath* returned their fire, and then doubled their line, and brought up alongside of the Conquerant, the second ship in the enemy's van. In less than a quarter of an hour Captain Foley completely dismasted his opponent, and afterwards assisted in subduing the ships in the rear. In this conflict the *Goliath* had 21 killed, and 41 wounded. Sir Horatio Nelson, on his de-

parture for Naples, left Captain Foley to assist Captain Hood in guarding the coast of Egypt. The *Goliath* afterwards sailed for the coast of Italy, to rejoin Sir Horatio, and was subsequently employed at the blockade of Malta. Towards the latter end of 1799, Captain Foley returned to England, and in the following year we find him commanding the *Elephant*, 74, attached to the Channel fleet. On this service he continued to be employed until the spring of 1801, when he was ordered to the *Cattegat*, to join his old commander, Sir Hyde Parker. The *Elephant* joined the fleet on the 26th March, and soon after received the flag of Lord Nelson; and in the battle at Copenhagen, the loss she sustained was 10 killed and 13 wounded. Captain Foley continued on the Baltic station until the month of August, 1801, when he returned to England. The *Elephant* was soon after put out of commission. Lord Nelson held the character of the deceased in the highest estimation, and entertained a strong feeling of friendship towards him. In October, 1807, Sir Thomas received the appointment of a Colonelcy of Marines, and on the 28th of April, in the following year, he was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral. In the spring of 1811 he succeeded the late Sir George Campbell as Commander-in-Chief in the Downs, which office he held during the remainder of the war; and was appointed to succeed Sir Robert Stopford, on the 22d April, 1830, as commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth. Sir Thomas was nominated a K.C.B. on the 2d January, 1815, and received the insignia of a G.C.B. on the 6th May, 1820, and was appointed Rear-Admiral of the United Kingdom on the 14th of June, 1831. He received the gold medal for each of the two general actions in which he was engaged prior to that off Copenhagen.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE R. BINGHAM, K.C.B.—This distinguished officer died at his house in Cumberland-terrace, Regent's-park. He entered the army in 1793, when he was appointed an ensign in the 96th Foot: Lieutenant in the same regiment, 1795; Captain 81st Foot, 1796; Major 82d Foot, 22d July, 1801; Lieutenant-Colonel 33d Foot, 1805; Colonel in the army, January, 1810; Major General, 12th August, 1819.—Sir George served one year and a half in Corsica, and on board the fleet in the Mediterranean; eight months in Minorca; and in Portugal and Spain. He was present at the battles of Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, and the Pyrenees. He also served some time as second on the staff at St. Helena; June 12, 1824, he was appointed Colonel-Commandant of the 2nd battalion of the rifle brigade, in the place of Sir Thomas Sidney Beckwith, deceased; and the dissolution of the gallant General again occasions a vacancy in the com-

mand of that corps. Sir George Bingham was appointed a Knight Commander of the Bath for his services; and he had also the honour of wearing a cross and one clasp for his services in the field. At his death he was the General Officer in command of the Munster district; but extreme ill health compelled him to return from Ireland, and he was about to relinquish the appointment when he died.

WILLIAM BRAY, ESQ.—This venerable antiquarian, who lived to enter his 97th year, was a younger son of Edward Bray, Esq. of Shere, in Surrey. He was educated at Rugby; and remembered the Duke of Cumberland's marching by Dunchurch to meet the Pretender. At the age of sixteen, having a very slender provision, he was placed in the office of Mr. Martyr, the principal attorney at Guildford. In 1763 Mr. Evelyn, of Wotton, obtained for him a situation at the Board of Green Cloth at St. James's, which introduced him to the society and friendship of several persons distinguished by rank as well as abilities. In 1803 he was elected Treasurer, having been many years a Fellow, of the Society of Antiquarians. His first publication was "A Tour in Derbyshire and Yorkshire;" of which a second edition was called for. In 1801, on the death of the Rev. Mr. Manning, who had begun to compile the "History of Surrey," Mr. Bray undertook to complete it; and, notwithstanding the labour of such a task, and the variety of his engagements, he published the first volume in 1804, the second in 1809, and the third and last in 1814. At the conclusion of this work he was in his 78th year; and he had entered his 80th when he began to digest and prepare for the press the well-known "Memoirs of Evelyn." He made the transcripts from the original MS. journal himself, and rose for that purpose, during the summer, at four o'clock in the morning. He was more than 90 when he retired altogether to his house at Shere, where he continued to occupy himself with antiquarian and literary pursuits, and occasionally with professional business, to the day of his death. His frame of body was not robust, but it was entirely free from all infirmity. During the whole of his life he slept very early hours, and took a great deal of exercise on horseback. It is not unworthy of notice that, although he was for seventy years the principal partner in a most extensive law business, and always lived in the most unostentatious manner, he made but a moderate addition to his paternal estate. On the death of his elder brother, the Rev. George Bray, he succeeded to the manor of Shere, which had been the property of Sir Reginald Bray, Minister of Henry the 7th, and had descended lineally to Mr. George Bray from Sir Edward Bray, the brother of Edmund Lord

Bray, whose male issue failed. The family is of Norman origin, having been traced to Le Seigneur de Bray, who came to England with the Conqueror.

DR. ANDERSON, OF HAMILTON.—This distinguished physician died during the past month. He was universally known in the town and neighbourhood of Hamilton, and as universally respected. Of a friendly and social disposition, and possessing great goodness of heart, with unassuming manners, his actions were regulated by the principles of an enlarged benevolence, and a desire to benefit his fellow-creatures, in whatever rank of life they might be placed. Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, he was appointed by the present Duke of Hamilton, then Marquis of Douglas, first surgeon of the Royal Lanarkshire Militia, when he had scarcely passed his College examinations; which situation he retained till his death, having secured the respect and confidence of his Grace, and the esteem and good-will of all who knew him. His practice as a surgeon was extensive, and the general success of his treatment, and the popularity of his name, are sufficient evidences of his great skill and personal worth. Indeed, both his professional and personal character stood very high in his immediate neighbourhood; and of late years his Grace the Duke of Hamilton had chosen him as his medical adviser. Dr. Anderson's mental faculties were at all times in a state of great activity, and as an author he enjoyed much local favour. His large work, the "Historical and Genealogical Memoirs of the House of Hamilton," is well known to every one connected with that noble family; and for more than two years previous to his death, he was, we believe, engaged upon a "Statistical History of Lanarkshire," which would have been a very interesting and important publication, had he lived to complete it. He likewise contemplated writing a "Genealogical History of the Robertsons of Struan." His collection of materials for the former work is very valuable, and we trust that his MSS. may yet be preserved and carefully arranged for publication. Dr. Anderson possessed an antiquarian turn; and, in the peculiar line of literature which he selected for himself, he was distinguished for sound and pertinent information, deep research, untiring perseverance, a clear comprehension, and a ready and perspicuous style. When the cholera broke out a short time ago at Hamilton, Dr. Anderson's anxiety and attention to the sufferers were arduous and unremitting. He had scarcely recovered from the fatigue and excitement of that melancholy occasion, nor from the shock caused by the death of his eldest daughter, when he caught cold at the public

dinner lately given on account of Lady Susan's marriage, which, with previous debility, brought on inflammation in the brain, which terminated in his death. His memory in the neighbourhood of Hamilton will long be remembered with respect, and his loss will not easily be supplied.

MR. JAMES BALLANTYNE.—Mr. James Ballantyne, the eminent printer, died at his house in Hill-street, Edinburgh, having been several months in a declining state of health. The loss of this amiable and accomplished man, though for some time looked forward to as an event that could not long be postponed, will not fail to create a deep sensation in his own circle of society, and in the literary world in general. Mr. Ballantyne commenced his career as a printer, it may be said, hand in hand with Sir Walter Scott as an author; and the relation thus established between them has only been broken by their almost simultaneous removal from this sublunary world. It was at his native town of Kelso that Mr. Ballantyne commenced business; and, although not bred to the trade, he very soon displayed such an unwonted taste in the productions of his press as rendered his name generally known, and paved the way for his establishment soon after in Edinburgh, where he ever after continued. The whole of the writings of Sir Walter Scott were printed by Mr. Ballantyne; and to the taste of that gentleman the public is indebted for many emendations in the works of the illustrious minstrel and novelist, whose own inattention to not unimportant minutiae rendered such assistance in the highest degree necessary. For many years, moreover, the subject of this brief notice conducted the "Weekly Journal" newspaper, with a degree of good feeling and good taste which the public has not failed to appreciate. To some his manners might appear formal, but this was in general a primary impression. To those who had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Ballantyne, his sincere kindness, or, we may rather say, his impressive affectionateness of manner, appeared the very reverse of formality. Some years ago he had the misfortune to lose his wife, and it was remarked with pain by his friends, that his mind never recovered its wonted tone after that event.

[There is something remarkable in the number of deaths which have occurred during the past year amongst the higher classes, and amongst the eminent persons of Europe. In our own peerage, there have died—the Marquis of Conyngham, Lord Ribblesdale, Lord Berwick, Lord and Lady Tenterden, Lord Donoughmore, Lord Casalis, Lord Thanet, Lord Clinton, Lord Cadogan, Lord Rendlesham, Lord Macdonald, Lord Amesbury, Lord De Clifford, besides others whom we do not at this moment re-

collect, and several younger branches of noble families at early ages. Amongst those distinguished by talents, we have lost—Sir Walter Scott, Sir James Mackintosh, Goethe, Crabbe, Cuvier, Casimir Perier, Charles Butler, Jeremy Bentham, Dr. Bell, the founder of the system of education which has acquired his name, Sir Edward Home, Sir Alured Clarke, Professor Leslie, Colton, Anna Maria Porter, Sir Henry Blackwood, Sir Albert Pell, Sir Richard Birnie, the Bishop of Hereford, Clementi the composer, and young Napoleon. We should not have referred to so serious a subject, but that it really appears to us, taking only a transient glance over the losses the country has sustained during the year, to be infinitely greater in proportion to the population than that of any other twelve months we have before reflected upon.]

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Life of General the Right Honourable Sir David Baird, Bart., G. C. B. K. C., &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London.

THERE is very little for the liberal politician, whatever be his party, to object to in these volumes. The writer's tendencies are indeed sufficiently obvious, but he has not yielded to their influence at the expense of truth and fair dealing. Whigs, both in and out of place, are his aversion, but he treats them with the decorum which becomes a gentleman; and while he condemns their doctrines and practice, he seems to spare them for the sake of the inconsistencies of the Tories, who, when in power, adopted so many of their measures, and actually passed the Catholic Relief Bill, and thus prepared the way for Parliamentary Reform. This moderation may also be accounted for on the ground that Tories and Whigs were alike insensible to the merits and unjust to the claims of the distinguished individual who forms the subject of these pages. We quite sympathize with the indignation which Mr. Hook frequently betrays on this point. Sir David Baird was undoubtedly entitled to the highest honours, and the most substantial rewards, of the military profession. He was one of the best officers the service ever knew, and was beloved, and almost adored by the soldiers, even while maintaining among them the strictest discipline. This accounts for his uniform success when called into action, and for the indomitable spirit with which, when led on by him, the forces under his command encountered the severest privations and sufferings. Yet it was his fate to conquer for others—to endure that others might enjoy—to deserve the laurel, and

then to see it transferred by favouritism to the brow of a junior rival. Lord Hobart, and the Madras government, appear in these volumes in a despicable light,—they are brought before the bar of the public; and with their agent, the initial of whose name, we regret to say, is all that appears, merit the severest reprobation. Humanity and justice were the crimes of Colonel Baird, and they were punished with a vengeance—for with the oppressors there was power. At a subsequent period, having obtained the rank of Brigadier-general, he joined the army under Lord Harris, as Commander-in-Chief; Lord Mornington (Marquess Wellesley), being then Governor-General of India. No sooner had he accepted the office, and taken charge of a brigade, than an inferior officer, Colonel Wellesley (the Duke of Wellington), arrived and took the command. General Baird, having volunteered, was appointed to lead on the storming party against Seringapatam. His courage and discretion in this perilous undertaking, which placed him in the palace of the fallen Sultan, and gave him a right to the command till he could surrender the place to Lord Harris, are beyond all praise; yet, will the reader believe it to be possible! the gallant victor, having had scarcely an hour's repose, was unceremoniously removed to give place to Colonel Wellesley; who, not having shared the danger, was certainly not entitled to the glory.

Before the General Order of Thanks to General Baird, for the decided and able manner in which he conducted the assault, and the humane measures which he subsequently adopted for preserving order and regularity in the place,—before this order could appear, though it was issued on the morning of the next day—the hero, who was the object of it was superseded. While General Baird was proceeding to make further arrangements for the tranquilization of the town, Colonel Wellesley arrived at the palace, bringing with him an order from General Harris to General Baird, directing him to deliver over to him (Colonel Wellesley) the command of Seringapatam, the city which he had conquered the day before, and the conquest of which was to him, above all living men, most glorious;—and, to use the memorable words of the hero himself (found in the copy of a letter in his possession), “Before the sweat was dry on my brow I was superseded by an inferior officer.” The biographer adds, “Deeply did General Baird feel this unexpected blow,—but his regret, though mingled with surprise, we may add, with indignation, partook of no personal feeling of hostility against Colonel Wellesley, whose actual merits he always justly appreciated, and whose future exaltation he always confidently anticipated.”

What the actual merits of Colonel Wellesley, at this period were, we have no means of ascertaining. He had, it is true, the aristocratic merit of being brother to the Governor-general, and the aristocratic assurance to accept from that brother the honour due to his superior in arms; and any man, without much of the power of prescience, might, under these circumstances, have anticipated his future exaltation: the colossal power of the Duke of Wellington, we do not hesitate to assert, rests, as its basis, on the shoulders of Sir David Baird. He might have risen—we doubt not that he would have risen to all his present eminence—even though Sir David Baird had never been unjustly, and more than once, superseded by him; but we regret that the fact must ever stand on record, that even the conqueror of the Great Captain owes his first elevation to favouritism, and to an abuse of power as contemptible as it was unjust.

Colonel Wellesley appears, from this narrative, to have felt that something of moral degradation mingled with his new station and authority; for he had no sooner entered upon it than he wrote “a very handsome note to General Baird, accompanied by Tippoo Sultan’s state sword, which had been found in his bed-chamber, requesting General Baird’s acceptance of the splendid trophy, to which he said he was convinced the Major-General had the best right.”

“The good-natured intentions of Colonel Wellesley in doing justice to his ill-used superior, were, however, crossed by the interference of the Prize-committee, who, in a letter addressed to the Commander-in-Chief, General Harris (who had inflicted the wrong), by General Floyd, its President, stated, that it having been understood that Colonel Wellesley had sent General Baird the state sword of the late Tippoo Sultan, he, the Commander-in-Chief, was requested by the Committee, in the name of the army, to desire that the sword might be immediately returned to them, as it was theirs, and not Colonel Wellesley’s, to give; and General Floyd added (which, it should seem, under the existing circumstances, could not have been a very agreeable announcement to General Harris), that their object in pressing the immediate restitution of the sword was, that they might forthwith fulfil a resolution which they had formed of presenting it themselves to General Baird by the hand of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief himself.”

This letter, coming less in the shape of an appeal than a demand, was answered by the issuing of an order from headquarters, for the General and Field Officers to assemble in General Harris’s tent, where his Excellency “had the pleasure” of presenting the sword to General Baird, “in the name of the army, as a testimony of their high admiration of his courage and conduct in the assault.”

We must refer to the work itself for complete evidence to establish our assertions, that, in the person of General Sir

David Baird, one of the most meritorious officers in his Majesty's service was suffered to live and die without any adequate testimony, from the governments that employed him, to his transcendent worth. By the Tories he was neglected (we speak now of administrations), and by the Whigs he was literally ill-treated. We readily, on this occasion, abandon "all the Talents" to the deserved reproaches of Sir David Baird's biographer. He ought, when all the circumstances of the case are considered, to have retained the Governorship of the Cape of Good Hope; and when the clamor of other, and less distinguished men, were amply satisfied, he ought to have shared in their reward. Yet,

"In 1814, when Sir David was in London, at the time the Emperors and the King of Prussia were on a visit to England, a creation of military peers took place, and Lords Lynedoch, Hill, Beresford, Niddry, and Combermere, as forming the Duke of Wellington's 'Staff,' had titles and pensions of 2,000*l.* a-year each conferred upon them, Sir David, though he handed a plain unvarnished memorandum of his services to Lord Liverpool, was, as usual, passed by with silent indifference."

Mr. Hook shrewdly observes,—and there can be little doubt who are intended by persons in influential quarters—

"It would sound perhaps illiberal to attribute the continuous neglect of Sir David's claims to an interest excited against him in influential quarters; but, certain it is, that the annals of military history do not record a similar instance of inattention or coldness exhibited towards a soldier first amongst the bravest and best,—who never hesitated to put himself in the front of the battle, and who never, where he commanded, quitted the field but triumphantly."

The Second Volume concludes with a well-drawn character of the subject of the memoir, with an extract from which we close our notice of the work:—

"It was in private life that the glories and virtues of his public conduct were traced to their true source, and thus have they been even more richly embalmed in the recollection of many a stranger as well as friend; for the same uprightness of purpose and intention which had inspired him with utter fearlessness in the discharge of his duty, whether in the desert, the council, or the camp, still marked his conduct there. There he was ever seen to seek out for 'the Truth,' and to seek it only that he might be directed by it to that which with him was synonymous—DUTY; or, in the words of one who had many opportunities of observing the workings of his noble mind, 'He seemed, in every case, whether personally interested or not, to be anxious to discover what was right to be done only that he might do it.' Anything like selfish considerations he would never suffer to interfere with this his favourite object; and by a look, 'more in pity than in anger,' would he sometimes show what he felt, when he thought he observed the conduct or meaning of others less influenced by this high principle than himself.

"His respect for religion, and its sacred ordinances, was marked and sincere. He was a devout man; and there might have been observable in him an ever-anxious earnestness to become

more and more acquainted with that scheme of divine mercy on which he felt that his highest hopes must depend; for, if simplicity and pious sincerity of purpose have any virtue, or merit any praise, they seem to have been his, who, in religion, no less than in conduct, appeared to desire to know the truth, in order, as we have already said, to follow it.

"The comfort and support which he received from cherishing and acting upon such principles, were happily manifest in his last sufferings. No murmur—no complaint—escaped his lips; he spoke not of his own distress, he only sought to soothe the spirits of those whose affection called them to witness it. He saw his end approaching, without distraction—without fear—and with all the calmness and dignity which settled hope inspired; and, with a full confidence in the merits of his Redeemer, he waited the somewhat tardy advances of his last enemy, till the appointed hour came which released the spirit from its shattered mansion; and even then the hand of death left untouched the fine traces of the calm and manly bearing of him whose soul had fled."

Gorton's Topographical Dictionary, 3 vols.

We have not for many years been called upon to notice a work so excellent and useful as this Topographical Dictionary of Mr. Gorton. It is one upon which immense labour has been expended, and the public are greatly indebted to the skilful and able writer who has had sufficient moral courage to commence and complete an undertaking, from which the great mass of authors of his ability would have shrunk with terror. Such a publication has been long wanted—the old and now obsolete gazetteers, have been too limited in extent and by no means accurate in their details. Every public man—all who travelled—all who held commercial intercourse with various parts of the country—all professional men, who found it necessary to make frequent reference to towns and counties, with their divisions and subdivisions—in short, all "men of the world," using the term in its largest sense, have long needed precisely such a work as Mr. Gorton has had the industry and the talent to prepare for them. To all such, therefore, we strongly recommend it, as a companion as necessary as their eyes or hands—and if our recommendation be followed in proportion to its value, neither public nor private office, counting-house or library, will be without it. Moreover, it is printed with marvellous care, contains a large number of maps, and a vast variety of information not to be had elsewhere, relative to the changes introduced in Great Britain by the Reform Bill.

Passion and Reason. By Elizabeth Cullen Brown. 4 vols.

As this novel has been some time published, according to our present system of noticing only the works recently set forth, we should not have commented on it, had we not accidentally heard that it is from the

pen of the daughter of the once celebrated, and still well-remembered, Doctor Brown. As a production it belongs to a gone-by school of novels: and its appearing in four volumes, instead of three, the present limitation, is decidedly a disadvantage. Nevertheless, the end and object of the work are excellent, and nothing can impeach its purely moral tendency. As a list of subscribers is prefixed to the first and second volumes, we would recommend those who do not disapprove of the introduction of innocent fictions into their families to add their names forthwith, and thus secure from failure a novel full of good feeling and much experience.

Recollections of a Chaperon. Edited by Lady Dacre. 3 vols.

These volumes, with much of the worst fashionable slang about them, evince no ordinary powers of mind: they unite, in the best passages, strong sense with deep tenderness.

Mrs. Sullivan deserves peculiar tribute from a class of females often ill-used, and never more than tolerated in society—we mean *old maids*, whom she delicately denominates women of a *certain age*.

We have known many in our time, and have often thought of the blight of early affection that *must* have fallen upon them, so to change natures that a few years before were all that we could have wished or imagined. We have known others with the frosts of “a certain age” upon their brow, whose vanity, surviving their moral and corporeal beauty, has rendered them objects of ridicule by a perseverance in the affectations of youth;—to all such we would recommend the study of “Fanny’s kind, conscientious, steady, and honest nature.” Were all old maids such as “Fanny,” we would present a petition to Parliament in favour of celibacy.

The great strength of Mrs. Sullivan’s volumes is in the fine tale of Ellen Wareham. Well conceived, well written, well developed, we hardly know any modern story of its cast worthy to lay by its side. We recommend it to all who wince under the yoke of imaginary wrongs—to all who are sceptical on the fact of woman’s virtue, and her spirit of self-sacrifice—to all who can appreciate moral justice, and feel sympathy with real and undeserved sufferings. We only intreat Mrs. Sullivan henceforth to get rid of two or three French phrases, which, being most hacknied, are most vulgar.

Visit to Germany and the Low Countries.

By Sir Arthur Brooks Faulkner, 2 vols.

Of all travellers commend us to the gossiping one. He who goes everywhere, sees, and recounts all things; no matter how great, no matter how small—touching

and calling into life things that we, by our own domestic hearths, do not so much as dream of, giving them a local habitation and a name, and increasing our store of information tenfold. Had Sterne lived in these days, he might have increased his traveller’s list amazingly. The “Flying Traveller,” who goes to all places, but remains blind to all things; the “Folio Traveller,” who sets out as per commission, and receives his dues. In truth, we might greatly add to the catalogue, by turning over the volumes of any circulating library within the district. We are not disposed to do this; but we are no less bound to confess our obligations to Sir A. Brooke for his entertaining, though somewhat frivolous, volumes. He possesses the happy art of saying a great deal in a few words: he does not indeed affect either profundness or research—his drawings are not finished, but his sketches are pleasant. There is life, and animated life, about him; his heart, moreover, is warm, and though it sometimes betrays him into hasty conclusions, it is of the true and generous sort which puts us into immediate good humour with human nature, and makes us better pleased with the aspect of things in general. Our traveller has revived the Belzoni question with a zeal of the most praiseworthy description; and although we cannot join in all the invectives he heaps upon us poor “shop-keeping” English, yet we confess ourselves ashamed of the fact, as Englishmen, that the widow of this most enterprising man should need, while so much wealth is expended weekly—hourly—upon French kickshaws and meretricious ornaments. A great man is the property of the universe, not of a mere nation; and as such every country under the sun should do him honour. We do not, with all our gratitude for these volumes, see the necessity for the two long chapters, towards the conclusion, denominated “Conduct of Mother Church;”—they look too like a spin-out to finish the work, according to the number of pages, and have little or nothing to do with “Germany and the Low Countries.”

The account Sir Arthur gives of King Leopold’s popularity (*Qy.* unpopularity) is of the most chilling kind. He has, since then, taken unto himself a wife, which, *on-dit* has roused him into activity. Sir Arthur’s estimate of his character is, no doubt, a very correct one; this is not the place to canvass his merits or demerits. Whoever wishes for an opinion formed thereon in the year 1831 will do well to purchase the volumes now upon our table, and we promise them they will derive amusement from their perusal.

Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry. Second Series. 3 vols.

We received the first volume of this

publication time enough to notice it in the December Number of our Magazine; and we rather think it was expected of us so to do; but, though it may be in strict accordance with the habits and peculiarities of Irish publishers, to get out their works by bits and scraps, it does not suit the habits of Englishmen to give *ex parte* statements on the merits of any until they see it all. We have perused these three large tomes, page by page, cutting with a rapidity and earnestness something new to us, in these times, through very stubborn paper, and exclaiming at the completion of our task,—"Well, excellently well done!" Mr. Carlton's pen has been plucked from an eagle's wing;—there is strength, vigour—and, above all—truth, in every story, every sentence, every line, he writes;—truth and truths of the sternest—we had almost said *coarsest* kind—but still truth—shadowed by the cloud, not glowing in the sun-beam.

When we saw the announcement of these volumes, we fancied that the Tale could not avoid being stale and unprofitable; so much had been already written—Sketches—Traits—Legends—Horror—all on the subject of Ireland, Irish failings, and Irish sufferings; we anticipated nothing readable, and said—what, by the way, we say still—"Why does not this gentleman write a novel? he has excellent information—clear and powerful perceptions—strength and activity. We *want* him to write a novel; we wish to ascertain if his constructiveness and imagination are equal to his other qualifications for this trying task; if they are, he will put the best of our *raconteurs* to their mettle." We said this, and we say it still; but we also confess we forgot that Mr. Carlton's drafts on the bank of nature have never been dishonoured;—he is no forger of scenes and sentences;—no maker up of pretty stories and interesting incidents;—the philanthropist may read his productions, and while the page is blotted by his tears, he will see that *single-handed* humanity can do nothing to relieve the distresses of this unhappy land.—The statesman ought to read such books as these; they would tell him more of the true state of the country than ever he yet heard from the lips of her orators, or the despatches of "*The castle hacks*." The only thing our author fails in, is the delineation of female character; his peasants—his priests—his horse-stealers—his alibi swearers—his drunkards—his poor scholars—are not only to the life, but alive upon his canvass; he knows little, however, of the intricacies, and appears almost incapable of appreciating the nature and delicacy, of woman's mind or woman's tenderness: his maidens are all boisterous romps, who give and take kisses, and soap their hair to make it shine. His matrons are keen and calculating, with nothing to

recommend them but a species of animal passion for their husbands and children. And now a word or two to the Hibernian publishers in general.

How is it that the moment you touch an Irish book it falls to pieces?—the cover either disdains any longer to protect the leaves, or the leaves take French *leave*, and decamp of themselves;—the paper is either so thick that it breaks your paper-knife, or so thin that it won't bear the knife at all—half-a-dozen of the pages are wanting at the most interesting part of the narrative, to be sure you find them in the next volume, where they are exceedingly *mal-a-propos*, in breaking off the thread of another story. Then an unfortunate volume is despatched on its travels *solus*—we beg the publisher's pardon, not *solus*—for with it comes a note, stating that the others "were not quite ready, but would soon be on the road."—But why the —, (there!—we were almost moved to wrathfulness), were they not ready? What prevented it? or rather, why should anything prevent it? We are told in the preface that a fire consumed the volumes, or a portion of them, as they first came from the press, but that is no excuse for the blunder which accompanied the publishing. We are convinced that the unbusiness appearance of works issuing from the Irish press is exceedingly injurious to their English sale: they are ten to one more clumsily got up than the American books that are sold cheap, while these Irish "big" volumes are charged at full London prices. We wish Mr. Carlton would send forth a cheap edition, that "Traits and Stories of the Irish peasantry" might be in the hands of the people as well as peers.

Poems, Narrative and Lyrical. By William Motherwell.

We rejoice in this book—cordially, warmly rejoice in it. Taken as a whole, it is far, far beyond the "run of small volumes called poems;"—taken in parts, we mean the best parts, it is powerful—beautiful!

"The wooing song of Jarl Egill" bursts upon us in all the majesty and glory of the old sea-kings;—it comes dark, as the Jarl's own raven—yet bright as the hilt of his sword—

"One wedge of red gold."

It is a succession of pictures—*tableaux vivants*, from beginning to end—each clear and distinct, until, forgetting the tame times in which we dwell, we start from our seat to congratulate "Torf Einar's bright daughter" on her conquest of the "Vikings." We too would be sea-kings! From this spirit-stirring strain we turn to one of far different mood, to one that Robert Burns himself might have been proud to acknowledge.

The ballad of "Jeanie Morrison,"—no

high-bred mongrel ballad, with tenderness on its tongue, but no feeling in its heart—but the most rare of all things to meet with, a genuine love ballad, where the affections gush forth to overflowing, and the words come of themselves until you cannot read them, for the mist spreads over your own eyes, and you feel suffocated with emotion.

"The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we, with nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn
For hours thegither sat,
In the silentness o' joy—till baith
Wi' very gladness grat."

What think ye of that as a picture, gentle reader? Something in the style, or rather in the feeling of "Burns and his Highland Mary," yet without a line or an image of imitation to mar its effect. We wish that our narrow space permitted us to particularize many of the other poems in this gem-like volume, but we cannot indulge ourselves more fully. We are, however, in honesty bound to observe, that in some of the ballads, such as "Elfinland Wud;" there is a straining after quaint and unnatural rhymes, that we should suppose could only emanate from (if such a thing ever existed), a poetical antiquary. What English reader understands—

"Quhan scho was muntit him behynd
(Blyth be herties quhilkis luvie ilk uthir.)" ?

Mr. Motherwell ought to send one of "the Tongues" with his volume to enable us to pronounce such words; nor are we quite sure that we like his "Songs," so designated, as much as his "poems." We speak generally, for there are exceptions. "Song of the Danish Sea-King," "the Cavalier's Song," and some others, are worthy the author of "Jarl Egill." We hope this noble poet will soon again cross the border; he has done much in a little space—he can do much more if so be his pleasure.

The Library of Romance; 1st vol. Edited by Leitch Ritchie.—The Ghost-Hunter and his Family. By the O'Hara Family.

Mr. Leitch Ritchie is a man of great accomplishments, considerable facility, power of fancy, and energy of style. As our motto has ever been, "Live and let live," we wish him all possible success in his Quixotic undertaking—for so we must call it—"offering" as he so generously does, "to all authors, great and small, male and female, known and unknown, a patient and speedy hearing." Patience must be indeed the characteristic of Mr. Leitch Ritchie. "The Patient Editor!" but as to the "speed" that will enable him to "hear"—or "see" the productions his offer must bring

upon him, we doubt! During the past month we have looked into every newspaper obituary, expecting to see some such announcement as the following:—

"We regret to state, that Mr. Leitch Ritchie expired this morning of undigested manuscripts. The Coroner's Inquest returned the following verdict—'Died of Literary Repletion.'"

Or, "We are extremely concerned to hear that the body of Mr. Leitch Ritchie was, after considerable difficulty, extricated from an overwhelming mass of heavy M.S., which the benevolent announcement in his 'Library of Romance' induced a variety of authors to heap upon him; to such an extent was he overwhelmed by their quantity—and, we lament to add, suffocated by their quality." But we suppose it has not come to this: and, truth to say (and we are now serious), we should lament the occurrence of such a catastrophe most sincerely; for we should miss the kind-hearted Editor in many ways; he is so capable of doing all things well, that we are in duty bound to tell all worthy booksellers to keep their eye upon him, as a dangerous person to the old "system."

At this period we have perused the "Ghost Hunter" with feelings of peculiar interest. It is not Banim in his strength—though he is strong still—but it is the "O'Hara Family"—softened and subdued by circumstances—over which even genius cannot triumph.

There is more tenderness, more delicacy shown in the development of female character, than we have ever before met with in the works of this powerful novelist; and the whole tale is so truly dramatic, that we can fancy Miss Kelly the natural representative of Rose Brady—that most simple and affectionate of Irish girls. Banim never conceived a character more finely than the young "Ghost Hunter," Morris Brady; it is a bold and striking outline—but it is only an outline—leaving much to the reader's imagination, and will, therefore, be differently estimated by different persons.

One word as to the author. We have heard that he is ill—in a strange land—and bowed by Poverty. And we say to those to whom God has given much—"Spare of your abundance, and show your gratitude to Literature, by contributing towards the relief of one who has laboured unceasingly for your gratification and improvement."

The Fairy Mythology; Illustrative of the Romance and Superstition of Various Countries. By Thomas Keightley. 2 vols.

The author, in his Preface, honestly avows that this is not a reprint, but a reissue. Be that as it may, we are glad to see the volumes with the advantage of a good bookseller's name at the bottom of the first page; it gives us the assurance that what is really

valuable will be sent into those particular quarters where it will be justly appreciated. We remember having been exceedingly interested in this work when it made its first bow to the public: we are not *quite* sure that we care as much about fairies *now* as we did *then*; but if we love the "good people" less, we certainly do not value Mr. Keightley's labours at a lower rate than formerly, and we have seldom met within such a compass so much research. We recommend them to all who would become acquainted with so delicate a mythology.

The Modern Sabbath Examined.

The object of this treatise is to institute an examination of the arguments usually adduced in support of the doctrine of the perpetuity of the weekly Sabbath, under the Christian dispensation. The conclusion at which the author arrives is, that, however expedient and excellent, both as a religious and political institution, the observance of one day of rest in every seven may be, the arguments in *disproof* of any Sabbatical law under the Christian economy are, in his opinion, complete and irrefragable. Logicians say that no man can prove a negative; but the author's meaning evidently is, that no scriptural grounds can be adduced from the New Testament for transferring the obligation respecting the seventh day of the week, imposed upon the Jews by the fourth commandment of the Decalogue, to the Christian dispensation, with a change of the day from the seventh to the first; that, in fact, the command for sanctifying the Sabbath was one of those positive precepts peculiar to the Jewish polity, which, therefore, necessarily ceased to be obligatory when the Mosaic dispensation was fulfilled, and merged in the Christian.

The treatise is written with great moderation, care, and skill. We were somewhat surprised not to observe in it any reference to the well-known work of the Archbishop of Dublin on this subject. Dr. Whateley contends that the Christian obligation to observe Sunday as a day peculiarly sacred to the duties of religion, is derived, not from the Bible, but from the ordinances of the Christian Church, which is, in effect, the conclusion of the author before us. With this difference, however, that he does not seem disposed to give quite so much value or authority to the decrees and ordinances of the church, at least as binding on the consciences of men, as his Grace of Dublin very naturally wishes to ascribe to them.

The Entomological Magazine, No. II.

We are well pleased to see a second Number of this admirable work, and to inform our readers that it is no whit inferior

to the first. Among the papers, (which are, however, mostly of a scientific character), we find some of general interest, more particularly one on blight, by Rusticus, an extract from which will tend more to recommend the Magazine than any commendation of ours:—

"Now for the moth. This is a beautiful little creature; its wings are studded with silvery shining specks as though they were inlaid with precious gems. It is the most beautiful of the beautiful tribe to which it belongs, yet, from its habits not being known, it is seldom seen in the moth state; and the apple-grower knows no more than the man in the moon to what cause he is indebted for his basketsful of worm-eaten windfalls in the stillest weather. To find the moth in the daytime, the trunks of the apple-trees should be carefully looked over; or, if your orchard be surrounded by a wooden fence, it may frequently be found sitting against it with its pretty wings neatly folded round it. Towards evening, in fact, just at sunset, it begins to move, and may then be seen hovering about the little apples, which, by the time the moth leaves the chrysalis, the middle of June, are well knit, and consequently fit for the reception of its eggs, which it lays in the eyes, one only in each, by introducing its long ovipositor between the leaves of the calyx, which form a tent above it that effectually shields it from inclemency of weather or any other casualty. As soon as the egg hatches, the little grub gnaws a hole in the crown of the apple, and soon buries itself in its substance; and it is worthy of remark that the rind of the apple, as if to afford every facility to the destroyer, is thinner here than in any other part, and consequently more easily pierced. The grub, controlled by an unvarying instinct, eats into the apple obliquely downwards, and by thus avoiding the core and pipe in no way hinders its growth; at first it makes but slow progress, being little bigger than a thread; but, after a fortnight, its size and its operations have much increased; it has now eaten half way down the apple, and the position of the hole at the top, if the apple continue upright or nearly so, is inconvenient for a purpose it has, up to this time, been used for, that is, as a pass to get rid of its little pellets of excrement, which are something like fine sawdust or coarse sand; another communication with the outer air is therefore required, and it must be so constructed as to allow the power of gravity to assist in keeping it clear; it is, accordingly, made directly downward towards that part of the apple which is lowest, and thus the trouble of thrusting the pellets upwards through the eye of the apple is saved, and a constant admission is given to a supply of air without any labour. The hole, however, now made is not sufficiently open for an observer to gain, by its means, any knowledge of what is going on within; this is only to be obtained by cutting open a number of apples as they advance towards ripeness; the hole is, however, very easily seen, from its always having adhering to it on the outside an accumulation of the little grains which have been thrust through. Having completed this work the grub returns towards the centre of the apple, where he feeds at his ease. When within a few days of being full fed, he for the first time enters the core, through a round hole gnawed in the hard horny substance which always separates the pips from the pulp of the fruit, and the destroyer now finds himself in that spacious chamber which codlings, in particular, always have in their centre. From this time he eats only the pips, never again tasting the more

common pulp which hitherto had satisfied his unsophisticated palate; now nothing less than the highly-flavoured aromatic kernels will suit his tooth, and on these, for a few days, he feasts in luxury. Some how or other the pips of an apple are connected with its growth as the heart of an animal with its life;—injure the heart an animal dies;—injure the pips an apple falls. Whether the fall of his house gives the tenant warning to quit, I cannot say, but quit he does, and that almost immediately; he leaves the core, crawls along his breathing and clearing-out gallery, the mouth of which, before nearly closed, he now gnaws into a smooth round hole, which will permit him free passage without hurting his fat, soft, round body; then out he comes, and, for the first time in his life, finds himself in the open air. He now wanders about on the ground till he finds the stem of a tree; up this he climbs, and hides himself in some nice little crack in the bark. I should remark that the fall of the apple, the exit of the grub, and his wandering to a place of security, usually take place in the night time. In this situation he remains, without stirring, for a day or two, as if to rest himself after the uncommon fatigue of a two yards' march; he then gnaws away the bark a little to get further in out of the way of observation; and, having made a smooth chamber big enough for his wants, he spins a beautiful little milk-white silken case, in which, after a few weeks, he becomes a chrysalis, and in this state remains throughout the winter, &c. &c."

This writer seems thoroughly to have investigated the subject on which he treats, and his communications are rendered as useful to the horticulturist as they are interesting to the general reader, by containing invariably an account of the most efficacious mode of expelling the various descriptions of blight by which our orchards and gardens are so often rendered unproductive. The other contributors to the present number are the Rev. C. S. Bird, M.A., F.L.S., Francis Walker, F.L.S., A. H. Haliday, M.A., John Curtis, F.L.S., George Wailes, and George R. Waterhouse; and we must not omit to mention that it also contains a neatly-coloured copper-plate engraving of insects.

Selections from the Choric Poetry of the Greek Dramatic Writers. Translated into English Verse by J. Anstice, B.A.

These translations are from the pen of the accomplished professor of classical literature in King's College, London. They are executed apparently with great facility, and in general are spirited and elegant as well as faithful. The copiousness of illustration in the notes also bears ample testimony to the varied acquirements of the professor in those lighter fields of modern literature, which so gracefully combine with and adorn the severer studies which are requisite to constitute a good classical scholar. The selections embrace a very large proportion of the choral parts of such of the Greek tragedies as remain to us. Of Aristophanes there is but a single brief specimen. In all we miss, of course, the extra-

ordinary power and seeming originality of poetic thought which used so to astonish and delight us in Shelley's specimens of this kind; but it would be very unfair to try Mr. Anstice, or indeed any living man, by such a standard. The defect of the book, if we must, in the exercise of our critical vocation, point out a defect, is the want of a connected form, or a definite purpose. It is a book of fragments, resembling rather the note book of a poetical student than the work of a professor designed and prepared for publication. Nevertheless, it is a very pleasing little volume, which well deserves to be in the hands of every student of the Greek tragedies.

Sermons. By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A. &c.

Mr. Stebbing's Sermons, like all the other works we have seen from his pen, evince the good sense and the good feeling of their author. The present volume contains twenty-two discourses, on a variety of subjects—selected, we presume, from those which he has preached in the course of his duty, as alternate morning preacher at Saint James's Chapel, Hamstead Road. They are plain, practical discourses, soundly and earnestly written, and such as, without possessing any very great claims on the score of either profound theological knowledge or lofty or impassioned eloquence, are yet perhaps not the less fitted on that account to be useful in the ministration of parochial duty, or suited to the closet of the private Christian. Were we to particularize any, where we were pleased with all, we should say that the sermon on the "Pursuit of Happiness," was one of those which we have read with especial pleasure, and not, we trust, without advantage.

Bellegarde; the Adopted Indian Boy. 3 vols.

There is a quiet and intelligent vein throughout these volumes, which proves them to be the production of no ordinary person. We never met a novel more free from meretricious ornament, from false excitement, from vulgar prejudice, than "Bellegarde." It is a sound, rational book, containing much information about America, and a sufficient quantity of romantic incident to justify any young lady in "falling" desperately in love with the hero. There is a long and well-written introduction, setting forth, what we believe is now pretty generally admitted, that Mrs. Trollope was a lady of vivid imagination, to whom the love of slander awarded a station—and the "Quarterly" a bellows!—seeking to puff the "elderly gentlewoman" into respectable notoriety, forgetful how long it was since they had ceased to be either respectable or respectable themselves! But

we are tired of such trolloping stuff, and recur with pleasure to a more true and interesting picture of America and American habits—recommending to all who would cultivate a kindly acquaintance with our transatlantic neighbours a careful perusal of “*Bellegarde*.” The scene is laid in Canada, during a period of great excitement; and the principal character is, as the title denotes, an Indian boy—with the natural passions, but also the natural affections, of the savage race from which he has sprung. The heroine is a beautiful creation. The other actors in the drama are a mixture of English, French, and Indian, and their combined efforts succeed in maintaining throughout the interest of a powerfully-conceived tale. It is not however in the story that consists the chief merit of the volumes. The author has opened and explained a series of new and striking pictures of American life, habits, and peculiarities, such as are certainly not to be met with elsewhere. He has moreover a very intimate knowledge—but a kindly knowledge—of human nature; and there is a fine moral in all he writes. Divested of the interest of fiction, it would still be a valuable book; with it, it is both valuable and interesting. Whoever he is, it is evident that much of his life has been spent—and profitably spent—among the scenes he describes, and it is also obvious, that the persons he paints are not the creatures of imagination. That they have “lived and moved and had their being,” we have no doubt. The lessons they have taught have not been lost upon the observer. He has used them for his purpose; but that purpose is a most excellent one—to inculcate virtue—to teach how errors may be avoided, and how excellencies may be imitated.

The Book of Beauty. By L. E. L.

We have headed this exquisite volume according to our own notions of propriety, and openly tell Mr. Charles Heath he has displayed a want of gallantry in calling the annual *Heath's Book of Beauty*; his only merit consisting in selecting from the works of Boxall, the Misses Sharp, Stone, and other artists of eminence, portraits of the most beautiful females they could either copy or imagine. He has given occasion to some wag to rebaptize it *Heath's Harem*.” With perhaps two or three exceptions he has chosen wisely. The plates are well calculated to become popular; and if not in the highest style of art, are generally speaking of great excellence. Beautiful as the portraits may be, the great charm of the book rests upon its claims to literary distinction. We have long been acquainted with Miss Landon as a true and unpassioned poet: we marvelled much at the graphic sketches, and the

shrewd and vivid knowledge of human nature, set forth in her novel of “*Romance and Reality*,” we had read an occasional prose tale of her's in the annuals,—but still we were unprepared for the varied talent exhibited in “*L. E. L.'s Book of Beauty*.” The first story is one of great originality and imagination: a worthy successor to the “*Arabian Nights*,”—as wonderful as “*Aladdin's Lamp*,” but steeped in sorrow! The second, called “*The Talisman*,” is perhaps the best written in the volume; the style is more polished; we do not meet with little abrupt sentences, that frequently break up a pleasant dream, and which a little attention could so easily soften and harmonize. The description of London, as seen from Waterloo Bridge, and the feelings excited by the view of our great city, are finely and classically portrayed. The conclusion of the story is effective and highly wrought—“*The Knife*” is a tale of strong interest, and powerful dramatic effect, essentially different from the other two we have particularized, but perfect in its way; the contrast between the male and female gypsy is natural and affecting. We cannot enter into the poetic merits of the volume, or dwell longer upon its prose; enough that the “*Book of Beauty*” is worthy of the genius and industry of one of the most extraordinary and meritorious writers of our time.

LITERARY REPORT.

“*Tales of Poland*,” from the pen of Mrs. Charles Gore, are announced for early publication.

Mr. D'Israeli, we understand, is about to publish a new work in three volumes.

Literature and Art.—According to the supplement to “*Bent's Literary Advertiser*,” which contains a list of the new books and principal engravings published in London during the year 1832; it appears that the number of books is about 1180, exclusive of new editions, pamphlets or periodicals, being eighty more than in the year 1831. The number of engravings is 99 (including forty portraits), fifteen of which are engraved in the line manner, fifty-seven in mezzotint, seven in chalk, nine aquatint, and eleven in lithography. The number of engravings published in 1831 was ninety-two (including fifty portraits), viz. eighteen in line, fifty mezzotint, ten chalk, five lithograph, six aquatint, and three etchings.

We are informed that the public may shortly expect from the pen of Mrs. Lee (late Mrs. Bowditch) a Biographical Memoir of the late Baron Cuvier. Mrs. Lee enjoyed the intimacy of the Baron for many years.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT-GARDEN.—THE pantomime having “gone off” as usual, to the satisfaction of the manager and the audience,—*Puss in Boots*, or *the Miller's Son*, has gradually but fairly given place to other, but scarcely more attractive pieces. With the exception of a clever play—for it can be

described neither as tragedy, comedy, or farce—the novelties at Covent-Garden have been very rare. Our readers may give their own interpretation to the word. Mr. Jerrold's *Nell Gwynne*, has had a run, and very deservedly so; for albeit not of the higher class, it is, by comparison, excellent—better than aught we have seen of late years, and of far greater merit than either of the dramas the author had previously written. Mr. Jerrold has formed a just estimate of the character of Mistress Eleanor; he has entered with much tact and judgment into the peculiar spirit of the times—has made his arrangements with a shrewd eye to dramatic effect—and has introduced his “persons” with considerable skill. His language if neither elegant nor powerful, is sensible at all times, and often witty. In short he is a good but not a first-rate dramatic writer; and if he be successful he has earned and deserved success. The popularity of *Nell Gwynne* however offers another inducement to abler men to write for the stage. If the public are more than satisfied with Mr. Jerrold—we rejoice that it is so—how much greater are the chances in favour of many who have been deterred, by circumstances that cannot long exist, from the employment of their talents in a similar way. Mr. Knowles (!) and Mr. Jerrold (!) are now “at the top of the tree!” The story of *Nell Gwynne* is well known—and it has been repeated of late in all the newspapers. We need not relate it here. The actors did their best. Miss Taylor, as the Dame, Mr. Jones, as the Merry Monarch, and Keeley, as Orange Moll, played their parts to admiration. The Drama has kept its place,—and is likely to be repeated often throughout the season. It is stated, however, that Mr. Jerrold has been engaged—received a commission as the artists say—to produce a sequel—being other acts to follow the acts we have already seen,—and that Mistress Eleanor is to be introduced upon the stage in her character of mistress to Charles the Second; the stage and the cottage giving place to the ball-room and the court. If Mr. Jerrold does this Mr. Jerrold will do wrong. He is unfitted for such a task—both by nature and habit. His thoughts, his readings, and his observations, have all been directed into another channel. It is perhaps wrong to say a man cannot do that which he has never attempted—but if we could augur failure of any writer in such a case, it is of Mr. Jerrold. “We pray him avoid it.”

DRURY LANE.—*Harlequin Traveller, or the World Turned Inside-out*, the production of Mr. Peake, did much for Drury Lane, but Mr. Stanfield's Diorama did more; and together they have contributed to preserve the theatre for a short while longer,—a matter about which the managers seem to be marvellously indifferent. The newspaper press during the last few weeks have had more occupation in rating Captain Polhill for want of courtesy—or rather for gross folly and injustice—than in criticising the performances at his house. One and all, it would appear, have had something to complain of: the great complaint being that, from all who do not say only “sweet things” of the theatre, he either withdraws or withholds the privilege (if it can be so called) by which admission is obtained, for purposes of business, without expense. He has reaped his reward,—his theatre is neglected, and he is untroubled at least by a press of one description.

ADELPHI.—This little theatre is deservedly successful. Mr. Yates does not pretend to enter into competition with the large but almost deserted houses of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, but he is gathering in the harvest while they are only

picking up the scattered blades of corn. He has had a pleasant and profitable pantomime, and, although he keeps his stock pieces a little too long before our eyes, they do not appear to grow stale, but attract as many as his theatre can hold. Mrs. Yates is still to be seen in *Henriette*,—and may be seen twice or thrice without wearying. She is, to our minds, second only to Miss Kelly in the walk she has chosen.

THE STRAND THEATRE.—Miss Kelly has opened the Strand Theatre under peculiar circumstances. The Lord Chamberlain “has taken her by the hand,” contributed money and influence to forward her plans, and extended to her several privileges for which others might have asked in vain. She deserves it all. Her excellent character as a woman, and her unrivalled talents as an actress, demanded from the “high in office” the utmost aid and patronage they were enabled to give. Her undertaking is an extraordinary one—such as only a woman of strong mind and remarkable abilities could have attempted in the first place, and rendered successful in the next. Of her “Dramatic Recollections,” she is herself the only heroine—performing the parts of *Mrs. Parthian*, *Mrs. Miffy*, *Mrs. Matlocks*, *Mrs. Drake*, and so forth, with wonderful effect, and with a power of lungs almost supernatural. Many of her stories are admirably told, and there is no small sparkling of wit—enough at least to keep the audience in excellent humour, although there are no jokes that are questionable, or allusions that ought to make a woman blush. We have had but one opportunity of attending her theatre; we shall visit it again during the coming month, and report upon it at greater length.

FINE ARTS.

THE new Society of Painters in Water Colours have recently had several meetings, the object of which has been to direct public attention to the circumstances under which their exhibitions of last year took place, and to form some plan for bringing their works forward under auspices more favourable; to procure, in short, contributions from the professors and patrons of art, so that they may not again suffer a pecuniary loss. They have a just claim for the assistance they ask for and expect. The old Water Colour Society, it is known, is an exclusive body—its profits are considerable, and each member has a due share. They are very limited in number, and whatever be the merits of a brother artist, he has no chance of being classed among them until a vacancy occurs. We do not quarrel with their system; they have an undoubted right to do as they please; but we maintain that another society, adopting no such restrictions—but open to all, and instituted for the benefit of all—has greater claims upon public support. The water-colour draughtsmen have done much to render England the envy of other nations, as far as art is concerned. Our continental neighbours dispute our pretensions to superiority in oils, but readily admit they have not yet approached us as painters in water-colours. To preserve this pre-eminence, our artists should be encouraged. Patronage is almost necessary to an artist's existence. His works must be seen to be appreciated. And unless he has the means of exhibiting them, they must rot and he must starve. We are, therefore, happy in being enabled to lay before the public the plans of the new Society of Painters in Water Colours. We sincerely wish it success, and shall do all in our power to promote it. We extract the following from a report of the proceedings on the 8th instant, at a meeting held in the Freemasons' Hall:—

Mr. Joseph Powell was called to the chair, and read the report drawn up by the Secretary to the Committee of Management appointed two years since; this report was of some length, and gave a very clear and satisfactory statement of their proceedings to the present time. It fairly pointed out what might be considered imperfections in their system, with the remedy for them founded on actual experience. It strongly inculcated the necessity of strict unanimity, and an entire obedience to the rules deliberately formed for the direction of its members, without which it would be vain to expect prosperity—gave an exact statement of receipts and expenditure at the exhibition at their gallery, No. 16, Old Bond-Street, as well as the general expenses; and having eloquently eulogised “the public press” for its generous and judicious advocacy of the fine arts at all times, but particularly for its approval of the liberal principles upon which this Society is founded, and upon which it has heretofore been conducted,—it also gratefully acknowledged the liberality of the noblemen and gentlemen who had contributed towards its funds; and closed by recommending a new committee of management, the time for which the former committee had been elected having expired. This recommendation was agreed to, and the new committee was chosen by ballot, from amongst the *artists only*, as being the most proper persons to conduct the affairs of their own profession.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.—SIR J. HERSCHEL read observations of Biela's comet; we give the following extract:—“It was not,” says Sir John, “till about 8^h sid. time, on the night of the 4-5th November, that the clouds were sufficiently dispersed from the comet's place to allow a view of it. Being then, however, at a much greater altitude than when seen the night before, it was proportionally brighter, and was, indeed, a very fine and brilliant object. The trace of a tail or branch in the same direction as previously observed, though extremely feeble, was now unequivocal, and the central point not to be overlooked. It had not, however, the appearance of a star, but seemed more analogous to the central point in some nebulae, such as that in Andromeda, which is probably only nebula much more condensed than the rest. The comet's diameter could not be estimated under 5'; and some degree of nebulousity was suspected even beyond that limit.” From these observations, Sir John Herschel is of opinion that the approximate place of the comet must have been AR. 10^h 15^m 34^s; decl. + 7° 36' 34". Interpolated from Henderson's Ephemeris, and computed from Damoiseau's Elements, it is AR. 10^h 12^m 30^s; decl. + 8° 7'.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Mr. Aikin read an essay on the liquids used for artificial light, and the manufacture of lamps. The lecturer began this *illustration* with some observations on the manufacture of oils, animal and vegetable, and noticed the beautiful light produced from naphtha, a mineral oil, or fluid bitumen—or, less technically, coal-tar—the use of which is almost peculiar to Britain. Filaments of flax, cotton, or other fibrous substances, form the best medium for obtaining light with oil; though asbestos, amianthus, and platina wire, are sometimes used; so that the substance need not necessarily be flaccid, but solid, burning by capillary attraction. Oil lamps are of the greatest antiquity—Moses speaks of them; but the ancient Greeks, according to Homer, were

unacquainted with their use. The halls of Menelaus were lit by torches; and Penelope herself went to bed by torch-light! To the Romans, on the contrary, the lamp was well known, as appears from Pliny, and the great variety of antique specimens obtained from Pompeii and Herculaneum. A number of these relics of ancient art, from the common clay vessel, resembling in shape a glass-blower's shoe-lamp, to the elegant bronze device, were placed on the lecture-table: among the latter was the lamp used by Napoleon Buonaparte in the camp and the library; it was dug from the ruins of Pompeii or Herculaneum, and its classical associations must, in the mind of the Emperor, have counterbalanced its inconvenience. This lamp is of a boat-like shape, with a serpent gracefully curving over it, and forming a sort of handle. Mr. Aikin noticed the peculiarities of the lamps now in use. The bird-fountain lamp, so called because it resembles those pretty crystal vessels attached to bird-cages, burns by atmospheric pressure; air being excluded from the reservoir, the liquid contained in it does not descend and escape at the orifice below. Such lamps do well enough when affixed to walls; but the fountain casts every object behind it in the shade, if it be placed in any other situation. The Argand lamp, invented fifty years ago by M. Argand, is the greatest improvement in lamps: it burns, as most people are aware, by a current of air passing through a cylinder in the middle of the wick, by which means the natural inferiority of light produced from oil is made superior to that from candles.

LECTURES ON THE EAR.—Mr. Curtis has recently delivered a series of lectures on the diseases of the ear. The lecturer took occasion to remark, that nearly twenty years had elapsed since he delivered his first course on the anatomy, physiology, and pathology of the ear; and he was happy to find that the mode of treatment pursued at the institution, which had relieved above 15,000 patients, had not only been successfully employed in this country, but also in France, Germany, and America: and that much light had been thrown on otorrhoea, and deafness and dumbness—diseases of the most formidable character. Many discoveries had been made by chance, many from observation; and of the latter class was the important one he had now the pleasure of communicating to the profession, viz. that in treating cases of deafness conjoined with amaurosis, or gutta serena, frequently the worst species of blindness, he had, by attending to the local and constitutional treatment, while removing the deafness, frequently succeeded in restoring sight; without the pain and uncertainty of an operation; and from what he had seen during his long and extensive practice in diseases of the ear, he was convinced that remedies of a similar nature were equally efficacious in those of the eye, if had recourse to in the incipient stage. At the conclusion, the lecturer traced the connexion of the nerves of the eye and ear; and remarked on the important function of the ganglionic plexus of nerves, and particularly on the great sympathetic, which by its communications with the principal parts of the body, exercises a leading influence on the organs of hearing and sight; and the derangement of which is often the cause of disease connected with the semilunar ganglion and solar plexus. As illustrative of his views of disease, he exhibited some rare and valuable preparations of the eye and ear, which excited much interest. The whole lecture was highly instructive and gratifying.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.—The origin and use

of the Round Towers of Ireland has been a topic of speculation and literary controversy to writers of all countries, from the days of Giraldus Cambrensis, who flourished in the twelfth century, to the present.

In their anxiety to arrive at some satisfactory elucidation of the subject, the Royal Irish Academy, in December, 1830, proposed a premium of a gold medal and 50*l.* to the author of an approved essay, in which all particulars respecting them was expected to be explained.

On the 17th of December last, they decided on the point by awarding the gold medal and 50*l.* to George Petrie, Esq., and a gold medal to Henry O'Brien, Esq.

The theories which those two gentlemen advocate are directly opposed. Mr. Petrie's is not a new one—it is that which Montmorenci supported before, viz.—their being repositories for valuables belonging to the early Christian institutions. Mr. O'Brien has broached an entirely novel thought, carrying his researches to an era long anterior to Christianity; proving the existence of those structures before the light of revelation ever dawned; opening up the antiquities of the whole ancient world in illustration of his hypothesis; and connecting the edifices with the celebration of certain rites, the most interesting and engrossing in the whole compass of human occupations. As to the exact nature or accuracy of his proofs, we are not at liberty yet to pronounce: his book, at all events, is a novelty.

We understand that both essays are to be published.

VARIETIES.

Interesting Relic.—A boat, shaped somewhat like a canoe, 12 feet in length, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ in breadth, and obviously made out of a solid piece of black oak, was dug up, about three weeks ago, at Moss-side, by the tenant's sons, while employed in stubbing and levelling an elevated spot of ground, with an eye to the future operations of the plough. Moss-side is on the estate of Mable, and the relic in question has been gifted to Mr. Howat, the proprietor, who will be happy to preserve it for the inspection of the curious. The tree seems to have been $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet in thickness, and the excavation is as near as may be $1\frac{1}{2}$ foot. At both ends two small holes had been bored or ground into the wood, for the purpose, very probably, of dragging the boat with ropes. The timber on the outside is much decayed, but within it appears to be pretty fresh, and the boat, when found, was little more than two feet beneath the surface, where it rested, fore and aft, on a little hillock of stones. Tradition says of Lochar—

“First a wood, and then a sea,

Now a moss, and aye will be;”

and little doubt can exist that the same remark may be applied to Mable moss. An aged person, who resides near Moss-side, remembers when a friend of his found an anchor embedded in the flow. This happened a great number of years since; and an old woman with whom we conversed, records the following remarkable story, which was current nearly half a century ago. Previous to her womanhood, a party of sailors from the Nith, made a voyage to Norway, and while on shore one day met a veteran tar, whose age was computed at a hundred years. On learning that they were from Scotland, he eagerly enquired what port they sailed from, and the moment the word Nith was mentioned, remarked, “I knew it well, and many a time have anchored

in my younger days at the Ironclench of Traqueer.” And this, it appears, was the ancient or former name of the place where the boat was found.—*Dumfries Courier.*

The Sinking Fund.—By an official statement made by the Lords of the Treasury it appears that the net revenue of the country for the year ending on the 10th October last, over the expenditure, was 467,391*l.* 9*s.* 7*d.* The Commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt have in consequence given notice that in the present quarter, ending on the 5th April next, one-fourth part of this excess of revenue will be appropriated to the liquidation of the debt in the following manner:—A sum of 100,000*l.* will be appropriated in the purchase of Exchequer Bills; 11,818*l.* 8*s.* 1*d.* in the purchase of Stock; and 4,999*l.* 11*s.* 1*d.* will be applied to pay off the Bank of England for certain advances made by the Directors to pay off dissentients to the reduction of the Four per Cent. To the amount to be invested is added 2,943*l.* interest on donations made for the reduction of the national debt. The purchases of the Commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt have been suspended since the 10th January in last year. In the previous quarter there were invested, on behalf of the Sinking Fund, 173,818*l.* 8*s.* 9*d.*, the Lords of the Treasury having certified that the income of the country over the expenditure for the year ending the 6th July, 1831, was 1,895,273*l.* 15*s.* 3*d.* Of this sum one-fourth of the amount, or 473,818*l.* 8*s.* 9*d.* was invested in the quarter ending January 5, 1832, in the following manner:—There was applied in the purchase of Exchequer Bills 400,000*l.*, in the purchase of Stock 72,911*l.* 12*s.* 4*d.* and to pay the Bank for advances made to pay the proprietors of the Four per Cent. Stock, who dissented from receiving $3\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent., 906*l.* 16*s.* 5*d.* The last purchases of the Commissioners for the reduction of the Debt, previously to the suspension of the investments on behalf of the Sinking Fund, were in the Three and a Half per Cents. of 1818, at 89*½*. The purchases made on the recommencement of business were in the same Stock, at 95*½*.

Signal Lanterns.—Captain N. de Coninck, of the Royal Danish Navy, has invented a lantern to be used for signals, that is said to give a much more brilliant light than those at present employed for that purpose. The light is obtained on the Argand principle, without the use of glass, by conveying a current of air through the lantern. The lamp will contain sufficient oil to last several hours, and is perfectly secured by the construction of the lantern from the effects of bad weather. We hear that they have been tried, with complete success, in a gale of wind. In addition to the brilliant light obtained from the application of the Argand burner, Captain Coninck has applied a circular reflector, which considerably increases the light. The above officer has also applied the same principle to the construction of deck lanterns, eight or ten of which, when placed amidships, are sufficient to give light to the guns on the deck of the largest man of war. The light is so well secured from external effects, that it withstands the concussion produced by the firing of the guns, which so frequently extinguishes the light in the common lantern. The efficacy of his lanterns has undergone a severe trial on board two Danish frigates. For this purpose the lantern was suspended from the muzzle of the gun, which was fired with the lantern in that position. A common lantern placed by the gun was immediately extinguished by the concussion of the first discharge, while the new lantern remained steady during fourteen successive discharges, when it

was extinguished by the united effects of the concussion and the great vibratory motion it obtained.

We understand that Sir David Brewster has made two very remarkable discoveries, which promise to be of some use to science. In a new salt discovered by Dr. William Gregory, viz., an oxalate of chromium and potash, he has detected the extraordinary property that one of its images formed by double refraction is of a bright scarlet, while the other image is of a bright blue colour. In examining the pure liquid, anhydrous nitrous acid, prepared in the manner which is supposed to yield it in its purest state, he found that the acid actually consisted of two separate fluids, one of which was heavier than the other, and possessed a much higher refractive power. When the two fluids were shaken they formed an imperfect union, and separated again on being allowed to remain at rest. What the second fluid is remains to be investigated; it may perhaps turn out to be an entirely new substance. Its physical properties are now under investigation.

From official returns, published in the calendar for 1883, it appears that on the 1st of January, 1832, the population of our kingdom amounted to 20,454,176 souls: the births in the year 1831 were—males, 42,760; females, 40,310: total, 83,070. The deaths, in the same period—males, 38,210; females, 34,667: total, 72,877. Excess of births 10,193, which is an increase of nearly one-half less than in 1830.

The following is the amount of cattle, sheep, pigs, and horses, imported into Bristol from Ireland during the last year:—In 1832, 67,961 pigs, 3,639 sheep, 5,327 cattle, 217 horses. In 1831, 92,759 pigs, 12,943 sheep, 7,274 cattle, 161 horses.

The length of the paved streets and roads in England and Wales is calculated at 20,000 miles! that of the roads which are not paved at about 100,000 miles. The extent of the turnpike-roads, as appears by Parliamentary documents, in 1823, was 24,531 miles.

In the seven years from 1723 to 1729 the exports from Ireland to Great Britain amounted, according to Sir Charles Whitworth's work, to 2,307,722*l.*, whilst in one year, 1829, the amount of goods and live stock exported from the port of Waterford alone, according to evidence given before the Irish Committee, was 2,136,934*l.* In 1801, the aggregate official value of the exports of the produce or manufacture of the United Kingdom from Ireland was 3,350,000*l.*, whilst in 1825 it had increased to eight millions and a half. Since 1824, in eggs alone, there have been exported from Dublin only, to the value of 273,000*l.* distributable among the poorer classes.

Factory Children.—A very voluminous Report of the Committee appointed last Session to inquire into the state of the children employed in mills and factories, with a view to regulate their amount of labour and their hours of necessary rest, has just been published. The inquiry occupied about forty days, and produced an extensive body of evidence; from which, even in the depositions of witnesses interested in the continuance of the present system, there appears abundant reason for Parliamentary investigation and legislative interference. The cruelties practised on children to make them work beyond their strength, or to exhaust their frames by premature fatigues, are as legitimate subjects for legislation as the regulation of slave-labour in the West Indies. The reason for interference in both cases is the same—namely, that neither the infants in the factories nor the bond-men in the plantations can protect

themselves, and therefore ought to be protected by special laws of the state. Were free agency allowed to either, the claim both of the Colonists and Manufacturers to be "let alone" might command our forbearance, if not our sympathy.

Discovery of an ancient Burial Ground.—The workmen on the Leeds and Selby Rail-road, in digging the excavation diverging from the London and York Turnpike, through the tunnel formed by the bridge near South Milford, have this week opened a burial-ground, concerning which there is no tradition. In the Doomsday Survey there are four chapelries mentioned as belonging to Sherburn: one of these was on the same line of road, at the extremity of the township, on the way to Barkston-Ash, the foundation of which the old inhabitants can recollect, but it is not known where the other three chapelries were situated; this, probably, was the cemetery of one of them. That Sherburn was a place of consequence, in the time of the Saxon Heptarchy, is certain from the fact that it gave title to a Bishop; for we read that Aldhelm (brother to Ina, King of the West Saxons), Abbot of Malmesbury, was made "Bishop of Sherburn" in the year 709: his palace was near the site of the present church, which is one of the finest situations in the county, and the groundworks of which, together with the moat, the baths, stable-yard, &c. may still be distinctly traced.

Spring Assizes.—The following is a list of the Judges, with their respective circuits:—

MIDLAND.—Lord Chief Justice Denman and Mr. Justice Bosanquet. HOME.—Lord Chief Justice Tindal and Lord Lyndhurst. WESTERN.—Mr. Justice J. A. Park and Mr. Justice Littledale. NORFOLK.—Mr. Baron Vaughan and Mr. Baron Bolland. OXFORD.—Mr. Justice James Park and Mr. Justice Taunton. NORTHERN.—Mr. Justice Alderson and Mr. Baron Gurney. NORTH WALES.—Mr. Baron Bayley. SOUTH WALES.—Mr. Justice Paterson.

Christmas at Hereford.—In the county of Hereford some of the Romish and feudal ceremonies are yet practised. On the eve of Old Christmas-day there are thirteen fires lighted in the corn-fields of many of the farms, twelve of them in a circle, and one round a pole, much larger and higher than the rest, and in the centre. These fires are dignified with the names of the Virgin Mary and the twelve Apostles, the lady being in the middle; and while they are burning the labourers retire into some shed or outhouse, where they behold the brightness of the Apostolic flame. In this shed they lead a cow, on whose horns a plum-cake has been stuck, and having assembled round the animal, the oldest labourer takes a pail of cider, and addresses the following lines to the cow with great solemnity:—

Here's to thy pretty face, and thy white horn!
God send thy master a good crop of corn,—
Both wheat, rye, and barley, and all sorts of grain,
And next year, if we live, we'll drink to thee again.

After which, the verse is chanted in chorus by all present. They then dash the cider in the cow's face, when by a violent toss of her head, she throws the plum-cake on the ground; and if it falls forward, it is an omen that the next harvest will be good; if backward, that it will be unfavourable. This is the commencement of the rural feast, which is generally prolonged till the following morning.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Shower of Fire.—A singular phenomenon presented itself lately in some parts of France, particularly in the department of Orne, in the neighbourhood of Argentan. Several times, and during two whole hours, the atmosphere, which was calm, became filled with an innumerable quantity of vivid sparks, forming a sort of shower of fire. The appearance was most striking between four and five o'clock in the morning. The same phenomenon was witnessed about Caen, where, however, it excited less apprehension than at Argentan. It is said that in some places the same sparks were seen to alight upon the ground; but no trace of them have any where been found; and it is probable that the phenomenon really took place in the upper regions, the appearance of having descended being most likely an optical illusion.—*Medical Gazette.*

Post Office in Paris.—The functionaries employed are a director-general, three administrators, a secretary-general, 680 clerks, and 360 postmen, at an annual expense of 2,082,110*fr.*; the average salary of the clerks is 2,481*fr.* (or 100*l.*) a-year; of the postmen 853*fr.* (or about 35*l.*) per annum. The produce of postage of letters and Parisian Papers was 7,080,000*fr.*, giving a clear income of about 200,000*l.* a year. The number of letters daily distributed, not including government despatches, was provincial letters 28,000, and Parisian letters 15,000. The number transmitted daily from Paris, exclusive of Government despatches, was of letters 60,000, newspapers 58,000. The number of travellers in the mails in 1829 was 60,000, in 1815 only 4,000; the average of speed obtained on the roads of the first section was in 1815 one hour nine minutes per post; in 1829 only forty-six minutes, being an increase in speed of travelling of twenty-three minutes. Out of the number of letters amounting to 68,000,000, conveyed annually by the French Post-office, the remaining dead letters in 1829 was 1,106,000, a proportion of one in sixty-three, of these 508,000 were refused, 200,000 unclaimed, 182,000 to persons unknown, and 70,000 to be called for.

Cholera Medals.—A number of these have been struck off, at the Royal Mint in Paris, for the purpose of being issued to those individuals who distinguished themselves in the cause of humanity during the late epidemic. A list of one thousand names has been drawn up, and the medals are likely to be issued in a short time.

RURAL ECONOMY.

New Zealand Flax.—Dr. Hooker, of Glasgow, has just published an account of the Phormium Tenax, or New Zealand Flax, with a figure of the plant. It seems hardy, for it has withstood the winter of Inverness-shire, in the open border, and has lately flowered near Birmingham. But what we deem most important is, that the trade in this flax with the New Zealanders is greatly increased of late years. According to the statistical returns of New South Wales for 1828, only 60 tons, valued at 2600*l.*, were exported from Sydney to Britain during that year; while during 1830 (according to returns taken from the Custom-house books) the quantities stated as the imports into Sydney for the English market were 841 tons, and in 1831 no fewer than 1062 tons. Its present price in London may be stated at from 15*l.* to 25*l.* per ton, its quality and price varying. The flax is prepared by the natives, and in strength of fibre, and

also in whiteness, far exceeds any analogous material; so that for cordage and canvass it is invaluable. Mr. Busby, civil engineer at Sydney, and a most competent judge, recommends this trade to the fostering care of Government, as being calculated to open a considerable demand for British manufactures, and to yield in return an article of raw produce, "not only valuable to England as a manufacturing country, but indispensable to her greatness as a maritime power; and (he adds, in a spirit with which many of our readers will sympathize), apart from all motives of interest, it is deserving of attention from the opportunities it affords of civilizing and converting to Christianity one of the most interesting races of people which British enterprise has yet discovered in any quarter of the globe."

Domestic Yest.—Persons who are in the habit of making domestic bread, cake, &c., can easily manufacture their own yeast by attending to the following directions.—Boil one pound of good flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt, in two gallons of water for one hour. When milk-warm, bottle it and cork it close, and it will be fit for use in twenty-four hours. One pint of the yeast will make eighteen pounds of bread.

The Teasel.—The teasel, a species of thistle, is propagated by sowing the seeds in March, upon a well-prepared soil. About one peck of seed is sufficient for an acre, as the plants must have room to grow, otherwise the heads will not be large enough, nor in great quantity. When the plants come up they must be hoed in the same manner as is practised for turnips, cutting down all the weeds and thinning the plants to about eight inches distant; and as they advance, and the weeds begin to grow again, they must be hoed a second time, cutting out the plants to a wider distance, so that they may finally stand a foot apart. The second year they will shoot up heads, which may be cut about the beginning of August. They are then to be tied up in bundles and set in the sun, if the weather be fair, or, if not, in rooms to dry. The common produce is about one hundred and sixty bundles per acre. In Essex the seeds of the teasel, caraway, and coriander are sometimes sown together early in the spring. The mode of cultivation is rather singular: the farmer engaging with some labourer to share equal profits, the former provides the land, ploughs it, pays all parish rates, and also for the seed; the latter sows it, keeps it clean by frequent hoeings, cuts, threshes, and prepares it for the market. In the first year the several seeds come up, and when sufficiently grown, are set out with a hoe, and the coriander, which is annual, is ripe before harvest and produces a return from ten to fourteen cwt. an acre; in the second year the teasel yields a load of fifty heads each staff, and the caraways from three to six cwt. of seed; the third year the teasel declines, and the caraway is in perfection, and will yield an equal bulk with the coriander, and most of the teasel will afford a fourth or fifth part of the crop it did the preceding season, by which time the plants are generally exhausted. The caraway and coriander must be handled with great care when ripe. Women and children are employed to cut it plant by plant, which are placed on cloths, and threshed on sail-cloth in the field. The teasel is of singular use in raising the nap upon woollen cloth. For this purpose the heads are fixed round a large broad wheel, which is made to revolve, two men holding the teasel-frame as it is called, and work the cloth as it hangs up in a vertical position, drawing it down in portions as they proceed.

The whole forms an instrument resembling a curry-comb, and which is used in a similar manner to draw out all loose ends of the fibres of the wool.

A model has been exhibited at the Bath Agricultural Society, of a press-roller for forming drills in soils, otherwise too light for the cultivation of wheat, an invention of Mr. Webb Hall, the utility of which that gentleman illustrated by a most able and eloquent speech, which it is impossible to follow little more than briefly.—The wheel (the model at least) is of wood, the edges forming a rather acute angle, terminating in a sharp edge; the wheel being concave from the base of the angle, the axis admits of being loaded with an adequate weight of iron in proportion to the demands of a light soil, it being intended to act by compression to counteract the defective tenacity of the soil. When used, ten of the wheels are fixed on the same axle at six inches or any other distance, and by their progressive motion form parallel drills for the reception of the seed, compressing the land by their own and the added weight, and giving a light soil the quality of solidity sufficient to bear wheat. The preference of this mode to dibbling is founded on its freedom from the tendency to form a pond to hold water and rot the seed, the water being, in this case, equally dispersed along the drill; the intermediate ridges are then levelled with a light drag, and effectually cover the seed, and favour its germination. Among the many advantages noted were—its efficacy in destroying grubs or wire-worm by the compression, which otherwise takes two or three ploughings and then not effectually, leaving the soil loose; and the diminution of labour.

Field-Gardens for the Poor.—At a recent meeting of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society, Captain Scobell read an essay on "Field Gardening by the Poor," at the same rents as larger tenants, as an effectual means of improving their condition in every point of view, and especially in preserving them from the degrading evils of destitution, and inducing habits of industry, and encouraging principles of morality, besides diminishing, if not altogether annihilating, the burden of the poor-rates. He also thought the melioration of their condition, by producing comfort and happiness and habits of prudence, had a decided tendency to prevent imprudent marriages, and thus effectually relieve the apprehensions of the disciples of Malthus and Dr. Chalmers, by keeping within bounds the increase of population. Captain Scobell stated that the average produce of the crops was one hundred sacks of potatoes per acre, and, so far from impoverishing the land, they laid on from thirteen to seventeen full-sized cart-loads of manure per acre. He considered that from forty to forty-five poles of good land formed an adequate allotment for a family of nine or ten persons, and said that he had a prospect of introducing the system, under favourable auspices, in a part of Wiltshire where he had property. In answer to an apprehension of some gentlemen, that the cultivation on their own account might lead them to use dishonest advantages with their employers and others, Captain S. said, that, on the contrary, he had been solicited by those resident in other places to introduce the system as a known preventive of depredation.—Mr. Thomas Davis, of Warminster, confirmed the views of Captain Scobell.—Mr. Webb Hall, in a long and eloquent address, gave his testimony, from long experience, to the good effects of the system. He did not recollect the time when it was not practised by him or his father; and said that he had never known a single individual so benefited to receive one shilling

of parochial aid, and thought it ought not to be restricted to particular classes, but extended as far as possible to all who needed it; that the greatest benefits of the system arose from giving the labourer a sense of security and comfort—a hold on the soil, and a station in the civilized class of society; thus generating a strong tie to the higher classes, and a disposition to protect rather than attack property.

USEFUL ARTS.

Compensating Pendulums.—After the pendulum was applied as a regulator to clocks, and the other parts of these instruments had been rendered perfect in their construction, so great a regularity was obtained, that the variations caused by the expansion and contraction of the rod of the pendulum became sensible. M. Henry Robert, clock-maker at the Palais Royal, and pupil of Braguet, has lately communicated to the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry, a more simple method than that in use for obtaining an exact compensation in pendulums beating the half second. The common method of compensation is to make the rod of the half-second pendulum of a single platinum tube, and the bob of zinc; the difference in the expansions of these two metals is such, that by exact calculations a perfect correction is obtained. He then directed his attention to the pendulum with a wooden rod, for the purpose of using it in ornamental time-pieces, for which the zinc and platinum pendulum (gridiron) was unsuited, from the comparative plainness of its appearance. By a simple and easy device he has so constructed it as to protect it completely from the action of the atmosphere, so that it may now be substituted for the best metallic compensators, in every kind of clock. In the construction of this new pendulum, M. R. profiting, on the one hand, by the well-known property possessed by the wood of the fir-tree, of preserving its length unaltered in all changes of temperature, has been enabled to confine his attention simply to its tendency to warp by the absorption of moisture from the atmosphere, and to prevent this, encloses the rod made of this wood in a metal box; the expansion of the bob corrects that of the tube. This simple pendulum unites all the requisites of a good compensator, while at the same time it may be put together with ease; it takes up little room, is of a very simple form, and may be placed in the most beautiful models where the pendulum is exposed to view.—*Academy of Sciences.*

Removing Acid from Papers used in Lithographic Printing.—Most of the paper used in copper-plate and lithographic printing has an acid re-action; due, doubtless, to the processes of whitening, or to the alum used in its manufacture. This acid soon injures the texture of the lithographic stones, and after, at most, thirty impressions have been taken, the stone greases, to use the expression of the workmen, and the impressions are imperfect. M. Jourmar, remedies this greasing of the stone in a very simple way:—he passes the paper, intended to receive the impression, through weak lime-water, which neutralizes the acidity; he leaves it through the night thus wetted and matted, and on the following morning either dries it, or takes off the superabundant moisture; keeping that degree of softness which the printing requires.—*Mémoires Encyclopédiques, &c.*

Preservation of Wood.—A method of preserving building timber from decay has long been a desideratum. The attempts hitherto made have

not, however, been attended with success. Timber for ship-building is subject to a peculiar species of decay, called the *dry rot*,—a method of preventing which would be exceedingly valuable. At the meeting of the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry, on the 21st of December, 1831, Mr. Bréant, Assayer of the Mint, and an able chemist, exhibited several pieces of wood of many inches square and several feet long, which had been prepared by him according to a new process, which is expected to preserve them from every species of decay. The details of the method have not been made public by Mr. B.; he has merely stated that the wood is soaked in saline solutions and in oily and resinous matters. These substances penetrate so completely throughout the mass of wood, that when one of the blocks exhibited before the Society was sawed in half in presence of the members, it was found to be thoroughly impregnated with them even to its very centre. Mr. B.'s process requires but two or three days for completion, even in blocks of wood of a large size. If further experience confirm what science has thus suggested, the difficult problem of the preservation of wood may be considered as solved. Mr. B. states that he will shortly be able to furnish timber of all sizes prepared in this way.—*Academy of Sciences.*

Blasting Rocks under Water by means of a Diving Bell.—Three men are employed in the diving-bell: one holds the jumper, or boring-iron, which he keeps constantly turning; the other two strike alternately quick smart strokes with hammers. When the hole is bored of the requisite depth, a tin cartridge, filled with gunpowder, about two inches in diameter, and a foot in length, is inserted, and sand placed above it. To the top of the cartridge a tin pipe is soldered, having a brass screw at the upper end. The diving-bell is then raised up slowly, and additional tin pipes with brass screws are attached, until the pipes are about two feet above the surface of the water. The man who is to fire the charge is placed in a boat close to the top of the tube, to the top of which a piece of cord is attached, which he holds in his left hand. Having in the boat a brazier, with small pieces of iron red hot, he drops one of them down the tube, this immediately ignites the powder, and blows up the rock. A small part of the tube next the cartridge is destroyed; but the greater part, which is held by the cord, is reserved for future service. The workmen in the boat experience no shock; the only effect is a violent ebullition of the water arising from the explosion; but those who stand on the shore, and upon any part of the rock connected with those blowing up, feel a very strong concussion. The only difference between the mode of blasting rock at Howth and at Plymouth is, that at the latter place they connect the tin pipes by a cement of white lead. A certain depth of water is necessary for safety, which should not be less than from eight to ten feet.—*Repertory of Patent Inventions.*

The production of steam water on the surface of melted iron is very slowly affected by heat, although it explodes violently when the same fused metal is dropped it. A series of experiments were made on the time required for the evaporation of the same quantity of water successively poured into a massy iron cup, at first raised to a white heat, and then gradually cooled by the addition and evaporation of the water. The first measures of water were longer in being evaporated than those subsequently added, in consequence of the reduction in the temperature of the iron, until this temperature reached the

evaporating point, when the water was suddenly thrown off in a dense cloud of steam. Below this temperature, the time required for the complete evaporation of the same measure of water became longer in proportion as the iron was cooler, until it fell below the boiling point. These results may be accounted for from the circumstance, that when the metal is at the higher temperature, the water placed on its surface is removed from contact with it by a stratum of interposed steam. It is, therefore, requisite, that water should be kept in close and constant contact with the heated metal, in which it is contained, in order to obtain from it in the shortest time the greatest quantity of steam.

New Rollers for Inking Lithographic Stones.—The rollers used in lithography for inking the stones consist generally of cylinders of wood, covered with calf skin, and stuffed with carded wool. Besides the inequalities which the surfaces of such rollers present, the seam uniting the two sides of the leather makes a ridge which spoils the uniformity of the inking, particularly when large stones are used. This has hitherto been a great obstacle in the progress of the lithographic art. This ridge has been reduced, and practice had taught a method of concealing, in part, the defects necessarily attendant upon the use of rollers with seams; but the inconvenience and many defects still remain to be remedied. M. Tudot conceived the idea of making rollers of round plates of different substances, cut with a punch, then threaded together on a cylinder of wood, pressed forcibly one against the other, and polished or trimmed. He has tried in this way chamois leather, calico, and calf-skin. This last material answered best, and furnished rollers which were soft without seams, and which distributed the ink uniformly. M. de Lasteyrie, a competent judge in these matters, observes that the ordinary (seamed) rollers are very quickly worn out, while those of M. T. will not be exposed to the operation of the same causes of wear and tear, and will, therefore, greatly outlast the others.

Mode of Fixing and Varnishing Drawings.—To fix pencil or chalk drawings, they should be washed in water in which a small quantity of isinglass has been dissolved. Any colourless glue will be available. Skimmed milk is used for the same purpose by some, but isinglass is preferable.

To varnish the same drawings after having fixed and thoroughly dried them, pass over them a coat of spa, or colourless spirit varnish; and, when perfectly dry, a second. These two will be sufficient.

The isinglass-water must be applied lightly, and never passed twice over the same spot until the first coat be dry, otherwise the drawing will become smeary. Care, also, must be taken to clear the drawing from every particle of dust before commencing the operation, and to preserve it from the same afterwards, till it be perfectly dry; otherwise in the former case it will be cloudy and smutty, and in the latter the particles will so adhere as never to be removed. Finally, the brushes also must be perfectly clean. A better plan of passing over the isinglass wash than by means of the brush, is, to pour it into a flat vessel, such as a dish, and insert the drawing into the composition, laying the paper flat immediately afterwards. This will preclude the chance of its becoming smeared, which, in the case of drawings of considerable vigour in touch, or of powerful shading, will occasionally happen to the most cautious user of the brush.

Zinc Milk Pails.—Among the patents lately taken out in America, one is for a process for extracting cream from milk by the use of zinc. It is said that if zinc be put into the milk pail, or the milk be put into a vessel made of that substance, the same quantity of milk will yield a greater proportion of cream or butter.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE REVENUE.

Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain, in the Years ended on the 5th of January, 1832, and the 5th of January, 1833, showing the Increase or Decrease on each head thereof.

	Years ended January 5th.,			
	1832.	1833.	Increase.	Decrease.
Customs,	£15,336,715	15,559,882	223,167	
Excise,	14,330,875	14,657,221	326,346	
Stamps,	6,547,475	6,515,344		32,131
Post Office,	1,391,006	1,323,000		68,006
Taxes,	4,864,342	4,493,885	79,543	
Miscellan.,	81,598	59,853		21,745
Total,	£42,552,011	43,069,185	629,056	121,882
Deduct Decrease,				121,882
Increase on the Year,			546,169	

Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain, in the Quarters ended on the 5th of January, 1832, and the 5th of January, 1833, showing the Increase or Decrease on each head thereof.

	Quarters ended January 5th.,			
	1832.	1833.	Increase.	Decrease.
Customs,	£3,528,723	3,887,306	358,583	
Excise,	4,265,574	3,966,488		299,086
Stamps,	1,618,770	1,575,955		42,815
Post Office,	328,000	338,000	10,000	
Taxes,	1,981,262	1,902,823		78,439
Miscellan.,	21,207	34,729	13,522	
Total,	£11,743,536	11,705,301	382,106	420,340
Deduct Increase,			382,106	
Decrease on Quarter,				38,235

Compared with the last year, it appears, therefore, that the Revenue is increased by 546,169l., although the quarter just ended exhibits, as compared with the corresponding quarter of last year, a decrease of 38,235l. The deficiency occurs principally under the head of Excise, which was last year swelled by a large amount of Candle Duty, repealed in the course of the session. There is also a deficiency in the Stamp Duties and Taxes; but the Post-office and Miscellaneous show an improvement, and the Customs have increased by the rather extraordinary sum of 358,583l. Under all circumstances, considering the difficulties we have lately encountered, the agitations of the Reform Bill, and the obstruction of our trade with Holland, we must undoubtedly agree with the officials of the Treasury, that the prospects of the country are far from discouraging. The increase of the Customs is peculiarly gratifying, because it indicates revival of commerce and mercantile speculation, but still we are not quite reconciled to the falling off of the Excise and internal consumption in a quarter which boasts of a general election.

THE ELECTIONS.

CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.

ENGLAND.

Cambridge, City—Mr. G. Pryme, Hn. T. S. Rice
 Cheshire, North—Mr. E. J. Stanley, Mr. W. Egerton
 Cornwall, West—Mr. E. W. Hendarves, Sir C. Lemon
 Cumberland, West—Lord Lowther, Mr. Edward Stanley
 Derbyshire, North—Lord W. Cavendish, Mr. T. Gisborne
 Devonshire, South—Lord J. Russell, Mr. J. Belteel
 Durham, South—Mr. J. Pease, Mr. J. Bowes
 Essex, North—Sir J. Tyrell, Mr. A. Baring
 Glamorganshire—Mr. C. Talbot, Mr. J. Dillwyn
 Hertfordshire—Sir J. S. Sebright, Mr. N. Calvert, Lord Grimston
 Isle of Wight—Sir R. Simeon
 Kent, East—Mr. J. Plumptre, Sir E. Knatchbull
 Kidderminster—Mr. R. Godson
 Lancashire, South—Mr. G. W. Wood, Lord Molyneux
 Lincolnshire, East—Hon. C. A. W. Pelham, Sir W. A. Ingilby
 Montgomeryshire—Rt. Hon. C. W. W. Wynn
 Montgomery—Mr. D. Pugh
 Norfolk, East—Mr. J. Wyndham
 Northallerton—Mr. G. Ross
 Northamptonshire, North—Viscount Milton, Lord Brudenell
 Oxford University—Sir R. H. Inglis, Mr. T. G. B. Estcourt
 Poole—Rt. Hon. Sir J. Byng, Mr. B. L. Lester
 St. Albans—Sir F. Vincent, Mr. G. H. Ward
 Shropshire, South—Hon. R. Clive, Earl of Darlington
 Somerset, East—Mr. W. G. Langton, Mr. W. P. Bridgstock
 Somerset, West—Mr. E. Sandford, Mr. C. Tynte
 Suffolk, West—Mr. C. Tyrell, Mr. H. Parker
 Swansea—Mr. J. H. Vivian
 Tavistock—Lord W. Russell, Lt.-Col. C. Fox
 Thirk—Sir R. Frankland
 Totness—Mr. J. Parrott, Mr. J. Cornish
 Warwickshire, North—Sir J. E. Wilmot, Mr. W. S. Dugdale
 Wenlock—Hon. G. Forester, Mr. M. Gaskill
 Yorkshire, West—Viscount Morpeth, Mr. G. Strickland

IRELAND.

Antrim, C.—Hon. Gen. O'Neill, E. of Belfast
 Armagh, C.—Vis. Acheson, Colonel Verner
 Athlone—Mr. J. Talbot
 Cashel, B.—Mr. James Roe
 Cork, C.—Mr. F. O'Connor, Mr. G. S. Barry
 Down, C.—Vis. Castlereagh, Lord A. W. Hill
 Downpatrick—Mr. J. W. Maxwell
 Dundalk—Mr. W. O'Reilly
 Dungannon—Hon. J. T. Knox
 Enniskillen—Hon. A. H. Cole
 Fermanagh, C.—Viscount Cole, Gen. Archdall
 Galway, C.—Mr. J. Daly, Mr. T. Martin
 Kilkenny City—Mr. D. Sullivan
 King's County—Lord Oxmanstown, Mr. N. Fitzsimon
 Kinsale—Lieut.-Col. Stawell
 Limerick, C.—Hon. R. H. Fitzgibbon, Hon. Lt.-Col. O'Grady
 Londonderry, C.—Sir R. Bateson, Capt. Jones
 Londonderry, City—Sir R. A. Ferguson
 Meath, C.—Mr. H. Gratton, Mr. M. O'Connell
 Monaghan, C.—Mr. L. Perrin, Hon. C. Blayney
 Newry—Lord Marcus Hill
 Queen's County—Mr. P. Laylor, Sir C. H. Coote
 Waterford, C.—Mr. J. Galwey, Sir R. Keane

SCOTLAND.

Aberdeenshire—Hon. Capt. Gordon, R. N.
 Ayrshire—Mr. Oswald
 Andrew's, St.—Mr. A. Johnstone
 Clackmannan and Kinross—Rear-Adm. Adam
 Dumbartonshire—Mr. C. Colquhoun
 Inverness, B.—Colonel Baillie
 Inverness-shire—Right Hon. C. Grant
 Kincardineshire—General Arbuthnot
 Kirkwall, B.—Mr. James Loch
 Linlithgow, B.—Hon. C. A. Murray
 Montrose, B.—Mr. H. Ross
 Orkney and Shetland—Mr. G. Trail
 Paisley—Sir J. Maxwell
 Perthshire—Lord Ormelie
 Perth—Mr. L. Oliphant
 Renfrewshire—Sir M. S. Stewart
 Roxshire—Mr. J. A. Mackenzie
 Roxburghshire—Capt. Hon. G. Elliot
 Stirlingshire—Vice-Adm. Hon. C. Fleming
 Sutherlandshire—Mr. R. M'Leod

THE COLONIES.

THE IONIAN ISLES.—Lord Nugent, First Lord Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, arrived at Corfu, on the 29th November, and on the following day published a Proclamation, speaking of the reform of abuses, good laws, and an independent Legislature. The Noble Lord was received by the inhabitants with unbounded marks of respect and admiration, to which the constant devotion of his talents to the liberty and prosperity of his country entitled him. Mutual congratulations were everywhere heard on the blessing which Providence had bestowed on those islands.

WEST INDIES.

JAMAICA.—Return of all manumissions in Jamaica between the period commencing with the first registration of slaves in 1817, to the 28th June, 1826, distinguishing gratuitous manumissions from such as are paid for:—

Period.	Paid for.	Gratuitous.	Total.
From June 29, 1817 } to June 28, 1818 }	261	587	848
1819	224	356	580
1820	211	337	548
1821	266	366	632
1822	178	287	465
1823	209	236	445
1824	197	246	443
1825	208	238	446
1826	107	208	405
	1951	2831	4782
*1827	231	217	448
1828	232	249	481
1829	281	259	540
1830	277	239	516
	2972	3795	6767
1829, not stated how manumitted	5		5
1830 ditto		ditto	3
Total			6779

* The returns from 1826 to 1830 are abstracted from a list of manumissions transmitted to the Colonial Department by the Governor.

The following estimates of the value of our West India Colonies are taken from the report of the select committee of the House of Lords, recently published:—

BRITISH COLONIES.

Jamaica	£58,125,298
Barbadoes	9,089,630
Antigua	4,364,000
St. Christopher	3,783,800
Nevis	1,750,100
Montserrat	1,087,440
Virginia Islands	1,093,400
Grenada	4,994,365
St. Vincent	4,006,866
Dominica	3,066,000
Trinidad	4,932,706
Bahamas	2,041,600
Bermudas	1,111,000
Honduras	578,760
	£100,014,864

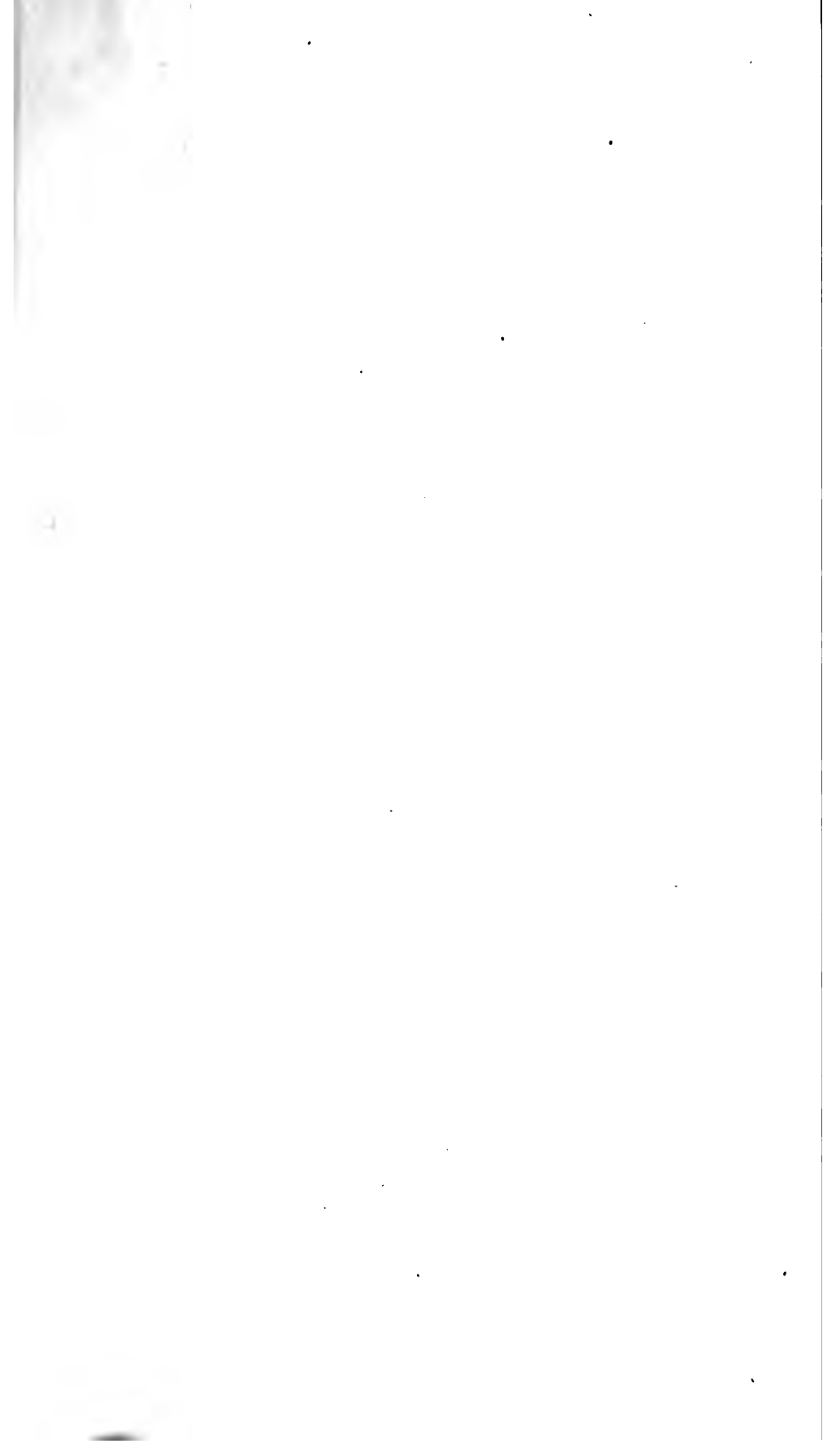
CEDED COLONIES.

Demarara and Essequibo	18,410,480
Berbice	7,415,160
Tobago	2,682,920
St. Lucia	2,529,000
	£31,037,560

So that the whole amount is less than £131,052,424

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Wines' Two Years in the American Navy, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s. bds.
 Hansard's Debates, 3d Series, Vol. XIII. 5th of Sess. 1831-2, 11. 10s. bds.; 11. 13s. 6d. half-bound.
 Marshall's Naval Biography, Vol. IV. Part I. 8vo. 15s. boards.
 Dr. Chalmers on the Supreme Importance of a Right Moral to a Right Economical State of the Community, 8vo. 2s. 6d. sewed.
 Wright's Inferno of Dante, 8vo. 15s. cloth.
 Taylor's Life of Cowper, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cloth.
 Republic of Letters, 4 vols. 12mo. 11. 6s. cloth.
 Georgian Era, Vol. II. 8vo. 8s. cloth.
 Annual Biography and Obituary, Vol. XVII. (1833), 8vo. 15s. boards.
 Auldjo's Sketches of Vesuvius, 8vo. 9s. bds.
 My Village versus Our Village, by the Author of Barney Mahoney, fcp. 8s. boards.
 Hints to a Fashionable Mother, by a Physician, 18mo. 2s. cloth.
 Recollections of a Chaperon, by Lady Dacre, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
 Domestic Portraiture, Memoirs of the Richmond Family, 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.
 Miller's Differential Calculus, 8vo. 6s. boards.
 Keightley's Fairy Mythology, 2 vols. 12 mo. 5s. half-bound.
 The American Theatre, 2 vols. 8vo. By William Dunlap.
 The Origin and Services of the Coldstream Guards. By Colonel Mackinnon, 2 vols 8vo. with Embellishments.
 The Life of Sir William Hoste, Bart. R. N. By Lady Harriett Hoste, 2 vols. 8vo.
 Sense and Sensibility—Standard Novels—Vol. XXIII.
 America and the Americans. By a Citizen of the World, 1 vol. 12s.
 Annual Biography and Obituary for 1833.
 Sacred History of the World. By Sharon Turner, F. S. A., 8vo. 14s.



THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE POLITICIAN. No. XII.

THE LAST PETITION FROM THE IRISH PEOPLE TO THE ENGLISH MINIS- TERS AND THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

Ever yet that Bill has passed which takes from a people oppressed with grievances the right to petition, suffer us respectfully to address you,—not in armed numbers—not in nightly associations,—but through this subtle and bodiless medium; forcing our *complaints* upon you, not obtruding ourselves; somewhat, as it were, forestalling what you are about to make us: *Vox, et præterea nihil*,—a voice, and nothing more; but a voice of wailing and of dread, whose warning may perhaps haunt you years hence, when you may be desirous of reviving that which you are about to destroy—the affection and confidence of a whole nation. The man who passed his life in the pursuit of his own shadow, was wise, compared to you! You are about to engage in a chase yet more fruitless. The Law is the shadow of Power—the Co-operation of the People is the substance. You are about to divide the two, so naturally inseparable; and the utmost you can do with the shadow is, to strive henceforth to unite it to the body from which you now so wantonly divorce it!

Let us state our complaints to you. For many centuries we have been oppressed and impoverished; a large portion of us are ignorant and breadless. Placed under your care, it was for you to educate and feed us. These duties have been neglected: injuries have accumulated—angry passions been inflamed; and, instead of revering a master, we have learned to tremble—but tremble frowningly—at a tyrant. This is to be lamented;—but whose is the fault? The fault is not with us. Education forms the child,—legislation forms a people. Your legislation makes the crime, and then punishes it: it is at once the first seducer and the king's evidence!

But crimes abound in Ireland; you must punish the criminals. No matter by whom the criminals were made, it is clear that they must not carry destruction to the innocent. We allow this. We see these predatory associations of reckless and wretched men, with the same terror that inspires you. We pity them, perhaps, more than you; for we see the temptation—you only the crime; but we are equally willing to condemn. The Whitefeet and the Rockites must be put down. You must snatch the knife and the brand out of the ruthless hands of men who are joined together for the purposes of plunder and revenge: nay, we ask you to assist us in this; for the guilt of these criminals stands between us and justice;—it has been the excuse for the delay of redress and the perpetuity of abuse. When we have murmured against tithes, we have been answered by laws against Whiteboys. Whatever our distress—our poverty—our wrongs,—still, while these banditti exist, we are told that the honest cannot be relieved, because the guilty must be punished. Alas, what logic! But let it pass: we will not pause to arraign it. These offenders, then, stand between us and justice: we are more anxious than you that they should be punished—that they should be exterminated. Make laws against them,—crush, destroy them. In this, Ireland will co-operate with the law;—in this, the Political Unions—the Agitators—O'Connell himself—will assist you. Pass even extraordinary laws against the guilty; but do not suspend all law for the guiltless. This is what you are about to do. Let us consider.

In the first place, PETITIONERS are not guilty. You acknowledge that we, the unoffending part of us, have many sufferings—that we have some wrongs. How can we represent those sufferings to you, or express those wrongs? By petitions—by petitions alone! You have taken away from us all other power. We have no Legislature of our own: the Aristocracy—are Protestant—the Magistracy—are biased against us;

for religion with us has been, as it always will be where the Church is of one persuasion, and the people of another, the parent of hatred—not of love. In our own natural protectors, years of struggle and of passion have made us behold our relentless foes. We have, then, no guardians—no Court of Appeal but your Legislature. To you respectfully we would come with our wrongs; and you are now about to cut off from us that appeal. You confess the wrongs, but you will not allow them vent;—YOU ARE GOING TO TAKE AWAY FROM US THE RIGHT TO PETITION. Does this law,—we ask you humbly,—does this law touch the guilty alone?—does it touch the guilty at all?—does it touch the Whiteboy and the robber? No; it falls upon the guiltless,—it falls upon the assailed, not the assailer,—it falls upon the farmer, the peasant, the trader, the clergy themselves. The Whiteboy does not petition; he has gone beyond that stage of complaint. The honest man petitions,—not the robber: it is not to your peaceful halls that banded marauders carry their complaints. Will you leave us no other appeal but theirs? Have we no choice between silence and the sword? Pause, then,—pause, we entreat you. Discriminate between complaint and aggression: do not stifle the voice while you bind the hand. No complaint is so dangerous as that which may not speak; no wrongs are dangerous while they have a vent. You see, then, that the law which takes away the right to petition does not afflict the guilty alone;—it afflicts the innocent alone.

Pass we to your other enactments.—You propose to institute a Court-Martial in the place of a Court of Law.

Will your Court-Martial punish only the guilty?—We beg to refer you to former times, when the Insurrection Act—when the Military Law was in force. In that unhappy and awful day, were the guilty alone punished?—Do not all men who are cursed by the remembrance of those measures, recall them with a secret shudder?—Yes; even those who supported those harsh and vindictive decrees, do not support their effects—they acknowledge that the general state of society, thus robbed of its simplest laws, was that of suspicion and terror—of spies and informers—of a general confusion of innocence and guilt. I call upon the English people to imagine a whole county—its legal courts numbed and silenced—armed men, schooled in the haughty aristocracies of discipline, sitting in judgment upon offences of insubordination—Ensigns under age enduring wisdom with a uniform—and Lieutenants, summoned from the grave occupations of flute-playing and billiards, to bear upon their shoulders the responsibility of epauletted justice! You tell us, these gallant men are impartial—that

they are strangers in the land—that they know not one party or the other, Protestant or Catholic, Orangeman or Whiteboy:—that they are thus untinged by local prejudices, and have no previous prepossessions to bias the weights of justice. False persuasion!—Do not the Military, wherever they are quartered, mix with the provincial gentry?—do they not necessarily associate with the Orange Protestant and the partial Magistrate?—do they not inevitably take their notions of the country, which they know not themselves, from the reports of those with whom they alone mix?—“Respectable men, our informants,” they will say to each other, “who can have no interest in distorting facts or irritating their dependents.” Yet these men, respectable though they be, are so partial, that even you yourselves confess the partiality, and suspend their functions partly on that very account. In vain, then, you say that these new judges will be free from bias;—they will take the bias from the very men we most dread,—because, by the rites of hospitality and the custom of our Irish courtesies, it is with those very men they come the most into contact, and by them are the most influenced. They are only the Representatives of the Magistrates, but armed with a sterner power. They are Magistrates, but with swords in their hands and soldiers by their side. Summary justice!—who ever before heard that phrase used against a people?—summary justice, dealt out by wholesale, is but another expression for undeliberating despotism! But the office of the Military is not confined to Adjudication:—recollect that they are to assist the Magistrate in quelling disturbances—they are to attack to-day the very men they may judge to-morrow!—They are thus to be at once plaintiff and accuser. Good God!—and is this to be called an impartial Tribunal?—Men, reeking with the heated passions of an armed struggle, are suddenly to be placed upon the judicial bench—and, we are told, they are cool, unprejudiced, and temperate dispensers of the law!

But this is not enough to content you,—you demand more. You ask for the power forcibly to enter houses at any hour of the night, in case you suspect the inhabitants of those houses to be—what?—*Absent from home!* My Lord Grey, human affections throb the same beneath the squalid garb of an Irish kerne, as under your gorgeous ribbon and glittering star. We have wives, sisters, daughters. At any hour of the night!—mark this!—men of coarse habits, and new to the gross superiority of vulgar power, heated with authority and liquor, may forcibly enter the houses of defenceless peasants,—and, if the man be absent, what protection is there for the women? We speak of no improbable horrors. When

this law existed before, we know that outrages of the most humiliating character—outrages that make the cheek burn and the heart sick, were perpetrated under shelter of this midnight prerogative of lust! Nay, there were instances; and we challenge examination of a fact, acknowledged in the Irish House of Parliament;—adduced without denial—but, some few days since, in your own House of Lords;—there were instances—in which the smaller gentry (men, not like the high-souled and cultured gentlemen of England) but bad with an infinite copiousness of those vices which much idleness begets upon petty power, took advantage of this very law to pander to the worst passions by the most atrocious means—in instances in which the husband or the brother was *suspected*, and the price of safety was wrung from the sister and the wife;—instances in which the father was actually transported, in order that there might be no protector between the violator and his prey! These are Facts—they are well known. Englishmen! let them not be dumb to you! These facts are known.—Tell me, then, does this law fall only on the guilty? *Are our women guilty?*—In what have they offended? Alas! this Law does worse than fall upon the innocent—it tempts the unholy desires of men *wilfully* to represent the innocent as guilty;—it does not leave justice to smite through error alone,—but it gives a motive to slander, and suborns the witness by the bribery of his own lusts.

But these are not evils enough to inflict on Ireland:—the change of the venue—the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act—the—have mercy upon us! be merciful!—What vestige, what shred, of Liberty do you leave us!—other Rulers before you have, indeed, sapped and damaged, from time to time, the Temple of our Constitution—they have pierced the wall and broken the Pillar;—but you are about to tear from us the whole roof and leave us no shelter amidst the ruins. There is but one instance of a similar madness—and the man who exemplifies it was blind! My Lord Grey, you may read his fate, as well as his strength, in the Holy Book!

And now, what is the object of these extraordinary powers?—Why do you demand them?—Let us come honestly to the cause. Do not attempt to blind the English People by asserting that it is only for these predatory associations,—it is not only for the purpose of putting down a herd of rustic Carbonari—you do not suspend the law because the Whitefeet defy the law.—No! What statesman ever took away the Constitution of a country because there were robbers in its fields and mountains! As well might you have suspended the Habeas Corpus Act in England, because of the fires of Kent—or denied the right

of petitioning to Manchester because there were risings in Norfolk. No! you have a wider—a more comprehensive method in your madness. You desire to put down *Political Associations*—you desire, not so much to attack the robber, as to stifle the Question of the Repeal. You talk of Whiteboys—but your conscience whispers you, “O’Connell!” It is to quell one man that you suspend the liberties of a whole nation. Is it not so?—deny it if you can—you cannot deny it! Then confess it, and let us see how by these laws you will succeed.

Why do some of us clamour for a Repeal? Because they think that otherwise they cannot have good legislation. What is the obvious way to answer them? Prove that without a Repeal good legislation can be effected. What so easy,—so obvious. But you have begun, you say, the system of good legislation, and you point to the amendment of the Jury Laws, and your Church Reform. We grant it;—you have proposed Reforms,—now *try* them. You say that such reforms will not satisfy us. Why give them to us, then? Shall we be better satisfied by the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and the spectacle of a sabred Judge upon our benches? But such reforms *will* satisfy us. Give them but the trial. You do not do justice to yourselves,—you do not do justice to the experiment of conciliation. By sending us at the same time two boons of so opposite a nature, our gratitude, that would make us cheerful and contented with the benefit, is merged into indignation and dismay at the more than counterbalancing infliction. Your Church Reform,—your Jury Laws,—would be great benefits of themselves,—they would fill us with hopes for the future; we should tread lightly and with glad looks along our rough and stony ways, if at the same time you did not dash the benefit with wrong, turn the hope to fear, blacken the gratitude into—vengeance, shall we say?—no! God forbid that last extremity,—but into feelings more enduring and less to be soothed than even those of revenge. What are the redress of two grievances, to the law that forbids us even to complain to you of the million grievances that remain? What is the future removal of ten bishops, to the present removal of the Constitution itself? What is an act that amends the Jury Laws, to the act that forbids us any jury at all? Pause, then, we beseech you,—even if you obtain these powers,—pause again before you use them. Give us for the first time, a fair and full and free experiment of kind and paternal measures, unsullied—unthwarted—unpoisoned—by these dark and terrible companions. When—say the ancient Platonists—Chaos lay rude and formless,—when the elements warred with each other, and night was

black and rayless over all,—there was one power (born before the chaos) which, breathing gradually over the shapeless void,—formed it into the beauty and the harmonies of life;—it was the power of Love. There seems to us an allegory beneath this thought more masculine and noble than may strike the vulgar. Why may it not be a type of the disorders of states themselves wrought into peace and light by the same Catholic and Universal Power?

But from whom comes this blow? We did wrong to attribute a peculiar spirit of harshness to the Secretary for Irish affairs. His offence is light beside that of his colleagues:—he is a foe, but at least he is not a deserter. Who was it, in 1801, when in the House of Lords it was debated whether or not a law, that only makes a part of these laws,—the Irish Martial-Law Bill,—should be continued—who was it that entered his solemn protest against the legality and expediency, under *any* circumstances, or at any time, of granting such an authority and passing such a Law? Who was it that signed a protest—running in these words—the first name upon the record, “DISSENTIENT!”

“Because it appears to be useless and unadvisable to attempt to provide for possible cases of extreme necessity by legislative acts, since the effect of such cases is to supersede all legal provisions. A state of things in which the ordinary course of law and justice in a civilized country must be suspended *cannot be legally supposed!*”

“If it were true that in particular districts such terrors prevailed that juries could not be found to do their duty in the trial of offenders, and if in such circumstances it became unavoidably necessary to resort to other courts and to other forms of proceeding, it does not follow that new and exorbitant powers should be given to such courts, much less that offenders under trial, or in custody of the civil magistrates, *should be removed from thence, and brought before a Military Tribunal.*”

“We will not consent to rest such dangerous and arbitrary powers in *any hands, and least of all in Courts Martial, in the constitution of which no care is taken to exclude the effects of levity and passion.*”

Who was it signed that protest? Who poured forth his eloquent vituperatives against the proposition for Martial Law for Ireland? My Lord Holland,—it was you! You, a minister now;—you, a supporter,—an originator, perhaps, of these very laws, even a single one of which formerly seemed to you beyond even the power of circumstance to excuse!

I allow that too close a consistency may be demanded of statesmen; different times require different measures, but this inconsistency defies excuses,—its proportions are

so huge that no garment can conceal them; for here you assert that no time would justify these measures, and, in point of fact, the present time is not comparable in danger—in political excitement—to that of 1801, when the ashes of rebellion were still warm, and when France threatened you with invasion in whatever side was unguarded. Inconsistency do I call it; its proper name is perfidy! And yet even this may be outdone by the treachery of one who, having higher powers of good, has greater responsibilities in evil. Who was it—who, in the progress of the same Bill in 1801, through the House of Commons—who was it that, now denying inquiry into the expediency of these laws, demanded inquiry then? Who was it that last week defended merciless laws, by the assurance that they would be placed in merciful hands—and vaunted the virtues of the Viceroy?—the same man who, in 1801, said thus: “The noble Lord had talked of the character of the present Lord-Lieutenant—but he would resist the general principle, that a measure was good because it was in good hands!” Who was it that last week selected from all conceivable jurisdictions a Court Martial as the best?—the same man who, in 1801, said thus:—“Would the Noble Lord say that Courts-Martial were infallible in Ireland, and there could be no ground to censure their proceedings?—the fact was notoriously otherwise: a man had murdered a poor fellow in his mother’s arms to which he had pursued him: he was tried by a Court-Martial, and acquitted.” Who was it that last week demanded Martial Law for the suppressing of Whiteboys?—the same man who, in 1801, deeming such an excuse too monstrous even for a Castlereagh to propose, said—“The noble Lord talked of the inveteracy of Jacobinism; but there had been in Ireland the Whiteboys, and parties bearing other names not less virulent. *Those parties might as properly have been brought forward as proofs of the necessity of this measure as the Jacobin spirit the noble Lord had talked of.*” Who was it—we will adduce but one more of these collatings of a man’s present self with his former self—who was it that allowed no policy for Ireland save concession in 1801, and demands a despotism in 1833?—the same man who in the former period said *thus*:—“If Jacobinism was licentious out of place, in place it was tyrannical in filling the country with terror and coercion.” “Who,” you cry, O people of England! “who,” you cry, “was this rash, inconsistent!”—hush! it is a man round whose venerable head the respect of England yet clings—a man in whom many virtues may atone for one offence—a man for whose conduct England must appeal as an excuse, from Philip drunk with power, to Philip sober by the abstinence from its seductions!—Yes, my Lord Grey,

you are that man! At the same time that you have crowned your brilliant life with the accomplishment of your early pledges to the liberty of England, beware, lest you sully the crown with the indelible reproach of treachery to promises equally solemn, for the liberties of Ireland!—You amend the legislature of one county!—is it in order to make its first act the suspension of the law for the other?

You desire to put down the Political Associations—to stifle the voice of O'Connell—to suppress the clamour for a Repeal!—But will these laws enforce your wishes?—Not in the least!—What gives strength to the eloquence of the Agitator?—the sense of wrong. What makes Ireland demand a legislature of her own?—the conviction that she cannot obtain justice from the legislature of England. While these feelings exist, you may put down Associations, but only for the moment—the instant you remove the pressure, terrific will be the rebound! You cannot govern Ireland for ever by suspending her laws. Grant that military force silence, it will not quell, our discontents—they will break out “in some hour of treacherous calm,” or, what is worse, they will go on-increasing till they become universal—till palliatives and gradual remedies are in vain—till the rich and the educated will be driven from our shores, and the whole population, being one horde of desperate men, will hear no councils but those of despair.

Ministers of the Crown, who does not see through your motives in desiring to put down Political Associations in Ireland while you allow them in England? Who does not see that you are governed (perhaps unconsciously to yourselves) by the selfishness of passion? O'Connell has offended you by his complaints,—the English O'Connells supported you by their praises. You would resort to all means to crush your enemy at Dublin, for the very same Associations that you lauded your friends for incorporating at Birmingham. Are these passions of official or individual revenge, so little worthy your great names and your high repute, to actuate the policy of statesmen? Is a people to be enslaved because a Minister has been offended? O'Connell, perhaps, did you wrong when he predicted that you would continue unjust in Ireland,—the estimation of a prophet is in proportion to the truth of his prophecies; had you falsified the last, you would have destroyed the power of the first. You will now make O'Connell more formidable than ever, for you will make it impossible to disbelieve him!

Oh! with what grace will the Right Honourable Secretary return to Ireland, preceded by the fasces of these laws—the fasces! it is a felicitous metaphor, that emblem of the executioner and the criminal

—that pomp of authority which invested the penealties of death, and which, an emblem of terror in itself, was woven from rods to scourge, containing in the centre of them an axe to destroy! Heralded by these tokens of your tenderness to Ireland, what grateful shouts—what overflowing blessings will follow your envoy through the streets of Dublin! The Right Honourable Secretary is young, his career is but commenced;—let him believe that that is no light load upon a man's heart which is amassed from the curses of a nation! These laws will be passed through the Commons,—they will receive the Royal Assent,—they will lie in the hands of the Ministers, a dread and sanguinary trust. Our voice will then be dumb—we shall have no right to petition! This is OUR LAST APPEAL. People of England! we appeal, then, from your representatives to you;—plead for us—petition in behalf of those who may petition no more—save us by your voice—by your indignant sympathy, from evils too fearful for us patiently to contemplate. Our laws suspended—our grievances silenced—our houses nightly invaded—our women outraged! Consider these things!—your representatives will not;—save us, for you alone can!—Your Ministers will obtain these powers:—tell them, in the name of Humanity, Freedom, and our common God, that they shall not dare to use them!—thrust back the sword into its scabbard,—lay the irresistible and solemn weight of public opinion upon these acts which would outrage all public rights. We may have offended our rulers,—for suffering deals not in courtly phrases; but we have not offended you. Our representatives struggled for your Reform—without them you would not have obtained it.—Had we given our support to the Anti-reformers, where would have been your majorities? If O'Connell's voice has been loud against abuse in Ireland, it has been equally exerted against abuse in England. We have stricken the chain from you—do not, in return, heap upon us all the fetters tyranny ever forged. Our blood has been spilt for you—with you we claim a common triumph in the names of Vittoria and Waterloo. Let it not be said that you only ask us to sow in blood, that we may reap in tears; and that we are to fight for your freedom in order ourselves to be made slaves. These words will go forth through all England—they will penetrate the walls of your cities—they will be found in your Clubs—your Associations—your Institutes. Answer them by petitions to your Parliament—answer them by remonstrance to your Representatives. Upon you alone depend the liberties of Ireland—the efficacy of conciliation—the permanent consolidation of the empire! Preserve your Ministers consistent to their former selves—make your Representatives faithful to

their promises, for our cause is as yet your own—we are not yet divided—*your* Legislators are *ours*.—If they promised extended freedom to you, we have a right to claim that promise as a pledge also to us. To you we direct our eyes—our prayers—our sanguine hopes. Answer, and preserve us!

HORACE A-LA-MODE.

Post (equitem) sedet atra Cura.

THE boat is on the shore,
The boiler puffs and steams,
Ere we embark—a bore!—
Farewell!—and pleasant dreams.

Much hath that man to bear
Who, bent on tour or trip,
Descends *Companion*-stair
To seek *Companionship*.

He of the anxious mind
Should never go on journeys;
Plagues can't be left behind
To agents or attorneys.

Your hundred-horses' power,
Your winds that strain the mast,
Give not the rate per hour,
That beats old Care at last.

Dart, Rocket, and Eclipse
With Tally-ho may vie;
But past all power of whips,
Care sticks—a forest-fly.

He trots your chestnut mare,
He's book'd in every mail,
And pays his inside fare
In coach or roads of rail.

Where soaring high is seen
That plaything of the wind,
Pray ask of *Mr. Green*,
If he leaves Care behind?

Our homes the caitiff dread
(Men call him there *ennui*)
His cups inflame the head,
And point the repartee.

Again he bids us quaff,
And while the heart is wrung,
Join in the joyless laugh,
And follies, said or sung.

And ever thus to each
Must life's dark current flow,
While sages vainly preach?—
My Julia, surely no!

Warm'd by thy sunny smile,
Sooth'd by thy loving breast,
By words; like thine, beguill'd
By hands, like thine, carest.

Enough—a scantier share
Of fortune, peril free,
A truce, at least, with Care,
To him who cares for thee!

POSITION OF INDEPENDENT LABOURERS UNDER THE OPERATION OF POOR-LAWS IN ENGLAND.

WE have obtained a copy of a selection made from the reports of the assistant commissioners sent throughout the country to inquire into the operation of the Poor Laws in England. The inquiry, though hurried and imperfect, has, nevertheless, been productive of a mass of more striking facts in a few months than was accumulated by parliamentary committees during as many years. We have space only for some short extracts illustrative of the bearing of the more cogent portions of the evidence. From this evidence it appears that the fruits of labour are given in greater quantity to those who do not labour, than can be obtained in return for labour by those who labour hard from sunrise to sunset;—and that rude, uneducated people, are expected to continue to toil from the love of toil! The rewards of industry and virtue are claimed as a right by the vicious, and as a right, are awarded to them by magistrates:—yet people are expected to undergo excessive penury, and submit during their whole lives to the restraints of virtue, though they are sure of finding themselves, at the end of their days of independent labour, in a worse situation than those who have given a free rein to every vicious propensity. A sailor may have fought in all the battles of Nelson, or a soldier may have endured all the dangers and hardships of Wellington's campaigns, and at the end of his service, he will receive from his country a pension of sixpence a day: but a thief or a vagabond, can, at any time, by the formality of declaring that he wants it, obtain from a magistrate an order for an equal pension or admission into a workhouse where there is no work; a retreat where he will often obtain better food and more comforts than those with which the veterans of Rodney and Abercrombie, in Greenwich or Chelsea hospitals, are well satisfied. The workhouses of the metropolis are proved to be the receptacles of gangs of thieves. It is stated in evidence that in one workhouse there are not less than thirty known thieves, and that in another parish not less than one hundred and fifty young thieves, and prostitutes receive, under the orders of magistrates, pensions of sixpence each day from the public funds. In the rural districts, the gravel pits contain gangs of the worst of characters, thrown upon the parish by the ignorant administration of the unpaid magistrates. The following extract from the evidence contained in Mr. Cowell's report will serve to exemplify the condition in which the administrators of the Poor Laws have placed the independent labourer throughout the country:—

"Mr. Nash, of Royston, is proprietor and occupier of a farm containing 150 acres, situate a mile and a half from his residence, and in about equal proportions in the parishes of Barhway and Reed, in the county of Hertford. It is what is usually called an outfield farm, being at the extremity of these parishes, and nearly equidistant from Royston, Therfield, Reed, Barhway, and Barley. Mr. Nash entered upon the occupation in 1819, at which time it was held by a Mr. Foster, under a lease for twenty-one years (of which eleven were then unexpired), at a rent of 18s. an acre, tithe free. Mr. Foster employed one man, to whom he gave 9s. a week, two boys, and two horses; and finding it a losing concern, wished to relinquish it, and Mr. Nash took it into his own hands. Mr. Nash employed six men (to whom he gives throughout the year, 12s. a week), two boys, and six horses. In 1829, Mr. Clarke, the overseer of Reed (a respectable man, who occupies half the parish, and has generally managed all its public concerns), told Mr. Nash he could no longer collect the money for poor-rates, without resorting to coercive measures, which he would not do; and that the unemployed poor must be apportioned among the occupiers of land, in proportion to their respective quantities; and that he (Mr. Nash) must take two more men. All Mr. Nash's labourers had been some years in his service, and were steady, industrious men, and he regretted the necessity of parting with any of them. The two men displaced were those who came last into his service (and for that reason only). One was a parishioner of Royston, an excellent workman at any kind of work. He lived near Mr. Nash's house (a great convenience), and his wife superintended a small school Mrs. Nash had established for the benefit of her poor neighbours. The other was John Watford, a parishioner of Barley, a steady, industrious, trustworthy, single man, who, by long and rigid economy, had saved about 100*l.* Of the two men sent in their stead, one was a married man, with a family sickly and not much inclined to work; the other a single man, addicted to drinking. On being dismissed, Watford applied in vain to the farmers of Barley for employment. *It was well known that he had saved money, and could not come upon the parish, although any of them would willingly have taken him had it been otherwise.* Watford has a brother also, who, like himself, has saved money; and though he has a family, and has been laid aside from work for six years, has received no assistance from the parish. After living a few months without being able to get any work, he bought a cart and two horses, and has ever since obtained a precarious subsistence, by carrying corn to London for one of the Cambridge merchants; but just now the current of corn is northward, and he has nothing to do, and at any time he would gladly have exchanged his employment for that of day labour, if he could have obtained work. No reflection is intended on the overseers of Barley; they only do what all others are expected to do; though the young men point at Watford, and call him a fool, for not spending his money at a public-house, as they do, adding, that then he would get work."

Mr. Chadwick, in his report, adduces the following cases as showing the operation of the same system in another part of the country:—

"The case of a man who has worked for me will show the effect of the parish system in preventing frugal habits. This is a hard-working, industrious man, named William Williams. He is married, and had saved some money, to the

amount of about seventy pounds, and had two cows; he had also a sow and ten pigs. He had got a cottage well furnished; he was the member of a benefit club, at Meopham, from which he received 8s. a-week when he was ill. He was beginning to learn to read and write, and he takes his children to the Sunday-school. He had a legacy of about 46*l.*, but he got his other money together by saving from his fair wages as a waggoner. Some circumstance occurred which obliged me to part with him. The consequence of this labouring man having been frugal and saved money, and got the cows, was, that no one would employ him, although his superior character as a workman was well-known in the parish. He told me at the time I was obliged to part with him,— 'Whilst I have these things I shall get no work. I must part with them all. I must be reduced to a state of beggary before any one will employ me.' I was compelled to part with him at Michaelmas, and he has not yet got work, and he has no chance of getting any until he has become a pauper; for, until then, the paupers will be preferred to him. He cannot get work in his own parish, and he will not be allowed to get any in other parishes. Another instance of the same kind occurred amongst my workmen. Thomas Hardy, the brother-in-law of the same man, was an excellent workman, discharged under similar circumstances; has a very industrious wife. They have got two cows, a well-furnished cottage, and a pig, and fowls. Now he cannot get work because he has property. The pauper will be preferred to him; and he can only qualify himself for it by becoming a pauper. If he attempts to get work elsewhere, he is told that they do not want to fix him on the parish. Both these are fine young men, and as excellent labourers as I could wish to have. The latter labouring man mentioned another instance of a labouring man in another parish (Henstead) who had once had more property than he, but was obliged to consume it all, and is now working on the roads.

"Such an instance as that of William Williams is enough to demoralize a whole district. I say, myself, that the labouring man who saves where such an abominable system prevails, is foolish in doing so. What must be the natural effect of such a case on the mind of a labouring man? Will he not say to himself, why should I save? Why should I diminish my present scanty enjoyments, or lay by anything on the chance of my continuing with my present master, when he may die, or the means of employment fail him, when my store will be scattered to waste, and I shall again be made a pauper like William Williams, before I can be allowed to work for my living? This system, so far as relates to the circulation of labour, I am firmly persuaded, can only be put an end to by utterly abolishing the law of settlement, and establishing a uniform national rate, so as to allow a man to be relieved at the place where he is in want, instead of his being pinned to the soil."

Notwithstanding the operation of this system, it appears that in the year 1826, there was no less than 29,000 agricultural labourers, and 8000 small farmers, depositing in savings-banks throughout the country; and that in the savings-banks for the county of Devonshire alone, there were 70,000*l.* deposited by 2000 labourers of the same class, and 41,621*l.* from 800 small farmers. Such is the admirable spirit of independence possessed by a large proportion of the labouring people, and such has been

the mode in which they are dealt with by our legislators and the magistracy! Let us see some of the collections which their care has produced.

The governor of Lambeth workhouse, whose evidence is cited in Mr. Chadwick's report, states:—

"We have the worst of characters in the house, which, in fact, constantly serves as a hiding-place for thieves: we have, I dare say, thirty thieves, all of whom have been in prison for robberies and various offences, and who, we have reason to believe, do commit depredations whenever they are at large. It is a common occurrence to have inquiries made for particular characters at the workhouse, in consequence of offences supposed to have been committed by them. We also have, perhaps, about from twenty to thirty prostitutes in the house. These, the worst characters, can always speak with the best characters: and the forms of the house allow us no means of preventing it. We cannot prevent the thief speaking to the young lad, or keep the prostitute from the young girl who has not been corrupted. There is, unhappily, a strong disposition on the part of such characters to bring others to the same condition. I have overheard a prostitute say to a young girl, 'You are good looking; what do you stay in here for? you might get plenty of money;' and point out to her the mode. Last October, as an experiment, we sent off eight girls to Van Diemen's Land: they were all brought up as workhouse children, and were incorrigible prostitutes. I have evidence that seven of these girls were all corrupted by the same girl, named Maria Stevens. Every one of these girls had been in prison for depredations. One of them had been three times tried for felonies, in having robbed the persons with whom she was in service. Such was the influence which this girl had over them, that they would not consent to go until she consented, nor would they be separated from her, and she formed the eighth of the party. The old thieves teach the boys their ways: a few months ago I took one thief before a magistrate for having given lessons to the workhouse boys, whom he had assembled about him, how to 'star the glaze,' as they call it: that is, how to take panes of glass out of shop-windows without breaking them, or making any noise. In so large a workhouse as ours the youth are never without ready instructors in iniquitous practices. In the spring of the year many of the workhouse boys discharge themselves, and live during the year, we have reason to believe, in no other ways than dishonestly: we know it in this way, that the most frequent circumstance under which we hear of them is, of their being in prison for offences: but they do not care a rush for the prisons; for they always say, 'we live as well there as in the workhouse.'"

"Mr. Mott, the contractor, in giving evidence on the means of employing paupers in the workhouse, alleges, as one of the great obstacles, the constant liability to depredation.

"Even in these employments, however, we are subject to continual losses from mismanagement or depredation. One man we lately prosecuted at the sessions for stealing fifty-one shirts, which he was intrusted to take home, and he was sentenced to seven years' transportation, which, by the way, I may observe, was a promotion to a place where he would obtain more food, if not more comfort, than in the workhouse."

"Are you sure of that?"

"I am sure, from conversations which I have had on the subject with the superintendent of convicts, that the convict receives more bread a-

day than the pauper. Indeed, it is notorious at Gosport, where I have heard it descanted upon by many of the inhabitants, that the convicts receive one ounce of meat per day more than the soldiers set to guard them. I heard it as an anecdote at Gosport, that the convicts being told to do something which they did not like, one of them exclaimed, in the presence of the military guard, 'What next, I wonder! d—n it, we shall soon be as bad off as soldiers.' The convicts ridicule the soldiers; and I have myself seen a convict hold up some food to the guard, saying, 'Soldier, will you have a bit?' Yet the operation of this system in gaols and workhouses was pointed out years ago, and it still continues. The convict's labour is proportionably slight."

"Do you find this state of things, as to punishment, re-act upon the workhouse?"

"Decidedly so; and most mischievously as to discipline and management. The paupers are well aware that there is, in fact, no punishment for them. From the conversation I have had with convicts, it is clear, that confinement in a prison, or even transportation to the hulks, is not much dreaded. 'We are better,' I have heard them say, 'have better clothes, and more comfortable lodging, than we could obtain from our labour;' and the greatest, in fact almost only, punishment they appear to dread, is being deprived of female intercourse. Some months since, three young women (well-known prostitutes) applied for relief at Lambeth workhouse; and, upon being refused, two of them immediately broke the windows. On the moment, the three were given into custody to the police; but recollecting that only two were guilty of breaking the windows, the beadle was sent to state the fact, and request from the overseer, that the innocent person might be discharged: she, however, declared that she would not be separated from her companions, and immediately returned to the house and demolished two or three more windows to accomplish her desire."

An inquiry into the relative condition of the independent labourer; the soldier, the pauper, and the delinquent, was instituted by Mr. Chadwick, who states that he invariably found the honest labourer the lowest in point of condition (though in a position from which he might fall still lower):—

"The indolent pauper the next step above him; the refractory pauper, or the petty delinquent the next step above the pauper, and even in the places most rigidly managed, nearly approaching to the condition, in point of food to the soldier; and the convicted felon rising far above the soldier, the petty delinquent, the pauper, or the industrious labourer. But it also appears to be true, as declared by the refractory paupers, who proclaim their independence of all regulation, that if they get themselves transported for some more grievous delinquency, that they will receive even better treatment. I was informed by witnesses in Berkshire that several of the agricultural labourers who had been transported for rioting had written home letters to their friends, stating that they had never before lived so well, and soliciting that their families might be sent over to them."

"From these and several other accounts of shopkeepers as to the quantity of goods which they supply to the labouring classes, it appears that, supposing the children of the honest labourer eat meat, the quantity consumed by each individual does not, on an average, exceed four ounces each week. The excess of meat consumed in the small parish of St. Giles's beyond the full allow-

ance to adults in Lambeth parish, has been shown to be 4500 pounds annually. From hence it appears that the excess beyond a profuse allowance—the mere waste—by 62 paupers in that small parish, would suffice as a supply of four ounces of meat each to 346 persons, or to 86 families of four persons in each."

"In the comparison of the dietaries, some allowances must be made for the want of completeness in the details, as to the strength of the beer and other liquids forming part of them; but these generally approximate to the allowances of solid food. The general effect of particular modes of living and gradation of dietaries, is proved by the declarations and conduct of those who have tried them all. Nearly all the prison dietaries are twice as good as those of the agricultural labourers; and many of them are much better than the workhouse dietaries. Although the able-bodied pauper does not generally receive so much solid food as the soldier, though he sometimes receives much more, he (the pauper) is on the whole better kept, much better lodged, and does less work. The family of the pauper is much better kept than the family of the soldier. In very few poor-houses have I found any distinction made between the diet of the males and females. In the great majority of the workhouses no distinction is made between the diet of the children and of the adults. From some of the official forms of contract for the transport of troops, it appears that females are allowed, sometimes, only one-half; but, usually, two-thirds the quantity allowed to the males; and that children are only allowed one-half the quantity of females. The latter, probably, approaches to the natural demand for food, and indicates the prevalent extent of waste in the parochial management of the workhouses.

"The following table will show more clearly, at a view, the relation or comparative condition of each class, as to food, from the honest and independent labourer, to the convicted and transported felon, as obtained chiefly from official returns:—

THE SCALE.

I. THE HONEST AGRICULTURAL LABOURER.—

According to the returns of Labourers' Expenditure, they are enabled to get, in the shape of solid food, more than an average allowance of

Bread (daily)	17 oz.	=per week	119 oz.
Bacon	"	"	3
			—122 oz. solid food.

II. THE SOLDIER.—

Bread (daily)	16 oz.	=per week	112 oz.
Meat	8	cooked	56
			—168 " "

III. THE ABLE-BODIED PAUPER.—

Bread	per week	98 oz.
Meat	"	21
Cheese	"	16
Pudding	"	16
		—151 " "

In addition to the above, which is an average allowance, the inmates of most workhouses have,

Vegetables	48 oz.
Soup	3 quarts.
Milk Porridge	3 "
Table Beer	7 "

and many other comforts.

IV. THE SUSPECTED THIEF—

(Lancaster.)

Bread	per week	112 oz. solid food.
M		23

Meat	"	18
Oatmeal	"	40
Rice	"	5
Peas	"	4
Cheese	"	4
Onions	"	2
		—185 oz. solid food.

and 160 oz. potatoes.

(see the Goal Returns from Winchester.)

Bread	per week	192 oz.
Meat	"	12
		—204 " "

V. THE CONVICTED THIEF—

Scotch Barley	per week	28 oz.
Oatmeal	"	21
Bread	"	140
Meat	"	56
Cheese	"	12
		—257 " "

and 72 oz. potatoes.

VI. THE TRANSPORTED THIEF.—

10½ lbs. meat per week	=168 oz.
10½ lbs. flour, which will increase, when made into bread, to about	218
	—386 " "

This is the ladder of promotion for the adroit thief; the mal-adroit, it is true, sometimes ascend a step higher, but then all sorts of sympathy are lavished upon them, and if they repent, they are assured their reward is glorious; and the hangman, with the aid of the ordinary, despatches them, (as the newspapers declare,) "into bliss eternal."

The reports bring out in strong contrast the condition of those on whom sympathy and attention are expended, by ignorant and blindly benevolent people, as compared with those independent labourers, with whose affairs they never interfere, but mischief follows. "Private individuals," says a witness,*

"Do not give more here than 12s. a-week to a day labourer. No distinction is made by private individuals between married and single men; they give them the same wages."

"Is the parish work here piece-work?"

"It is not."

"Then your paupers work less than other day-labourers, do they not?"

"Yes; they work less time, and within that time they do less work. They want a good deal of looking after: they are always on the look-out for me, or for any overseer. There is a superintendent, but he is in fact a pauper, and he is rather easy with them."

"How much less time do your labourers work than industrious labourers who maintain themselves?"

"About one hour daily, summer and winter. They have also opportunities of picking up a shilling by odd jobs in the town."

"Then a pauper with a family gets from your parish the same wages as an industrious labourer; they moreover get their rents paid; they have opportunities of picking up additional shillings, and

* Mr. Chadwick's report.

they work less time, and do less work than the industrious labourer. And they are also relieved from the burthen of looking out for work?"

"Yes, that is the case. Formerly we used to give labourers 1s. 6d. per day, but they complained to the magistrates that it was not enough to support them, and the magistrates recommended that more should be given. The paupers always, when they have not enough, run to the magistrates, and this is a check to the strictness of the overseers."

"What is there to prevent the industrious and independent labourers who have large families throwing themselves on the parish, and placing themselves in the more advantageous situation of paupers?"

"Only the sense of degradation."

"And is not this sense of degradation diminishing?"

"It is."

"What is the characteristic of the wives of paupers and their families?"

"The wives of paupers are dirty, and nasty, and indolent, and the children generally neglected, and dirty, and vagrants, and immoral."

"How are the cottages of the independent labourers as compared to them?"

"The wife is a very different person: she and her children are clean, and her cottage tidy. I have had very extensive opportunities of observing the difference in my visits; the difference is so striking to me, that in passing along a row of cottages, I could tell, in nine cases out of ten, which were paupers' cottages, and which were the cottages of the independent labourers."

"And what chance do you see of dispauperizing any of the paupers?"

"None, with the present generation of them, unless with very severe measures indeed."

"Are there many charitable ladies in your district?"

"Many ladies very charitable indeed, Sir."

"Now, do these paupers, whose wages and residences you have described, receive, in addition to their other advantages of rent-free cottages, easier work for shorter times than independent labourers, and derive advantages from the attentions of charitable ladies?"

"Yes; the ladies are very charitable to them; and are cheated on all sides by them, and imposed upon by piteous stories."

Mr. Isaac Willis, collector of the poor-rates to the parish of St. Mary Stratford Bow, says,

"As a collector I am in the habit of going to the houses of rate-payers, and of seeing how they live. I can state that many of them do not live so well as the paupers in the house, and that a large proportion of them do not live better. All our paupers have good meat dinners three days in the week. Some of the poorer rate-payers have not meat dinners more than once or twice a week; they have to make a dinner of a red herring, or a small piece of bacon, with their potatoes."

"Have you had occasion of seeing the modes of living of those of the labouring classes who receive aid from the parish, or from charities, and of those independent labourers who depend entirely on their own resources to provide for their families?—I have for many years through my district."

"Are the two classes externally distinguishable in their persons, houses, or behaviour?—Yes, they are. I can easily distinguish them; and I think they might be distinguished by any one who paid attention to them. The independent labourer is comparatively clean in his person; his wife and children are clean, and the children go

to school: the house is in better order and more cleanly. Those who depend on parish relief, or on benefactions, on the contrary, are dirty in their persons and slothful in their habits. The children are allowed to go about the streets in a vagrant condition. The industrious labourers get their children out to service early. The paupers and charity-fed people do not care what becomes of their children."

Other witnesses attest this admirable foundation of virtue in a large portion of the poor and independent labourers, who have so long struggled against the corrupting influence of the bounties on indolence, improvidence, and mendicity, which the administration of the poor-laws has afforded. The Reverend H. H. Milman, (the poet,) in a letter to Mr. Chadwick, says, with relation to the poor of St. Mary's, Reading, (Mr. Milman's parish):—

"Another important question you suggested was, how far there is a marked and manifest difference between the pauper and independent part of the labouring population; between those who are habitually supported, either wholly or in part, by the parish funds, and those who maintain themselves by their own industry. How far habits of idleness, intemperance, or mismanagement may have been the original causes which have reduced the lowest of our paupers to parochial support; and how far the dependence upon such support may have formed or confirmed such habits, it may be difficult to say. With the exceptions, however, of decent persons reduced by inevitable misfortune, as is the case with some of our manufacturers, whose masters have totally failed, and who are too old or otherwise incapable of seeking elsewhere their accustomed employment, I should state, in the most unqualified manner, that the cottage of a parish pauper and his family may be at once distinguished from that of a man who maintains himself. The former is dirty, neglected, noisome; the children, though in general they may be sent to school at the desire of the clergyman or parish officers, are the least clean and the most ragged at the school: in short, the degree of wretchedness and degradation may, in most instances, be measured by the degree in which they burthen the parish: unless some few tenements inhabited by the lowest, and usually the most profligate poor—the refuse of society, the cottages in my parish which it is least agreeable to enter are those of which the rent is paid by the parish, and in which the effect of our exertions and of the liberality of the landlords to cleanse, on the alarm of cholera, was obliterated in a very few weeks. The worst consequence, however, of regular maintenance from the parish funds shows itself in the character and demeanour of the young lads who have grown up in such families. They have been accustomed to live in idleness, and in perpetual strife with the overseer, whom it is their constant endeavour either to browbeat by insolence, weary by importunity, or overreach by cunning. They have never felt, they cannot feel the shame or degradation of pauperism; they are utterly insensible of the honest pride of independence. The only security to the parish is that they are in general of dissolute habits, which in the town they can gratify, and are not so much inclined, or are not so often compelled, to early marriages as youth of a similar description in the country parishes."

In another number we shall probably resume the subject; but in the mean time we earnestly request attention to the selections from the evidence, which are printed in an accessible form.

PAUL LOUIS COURIER.

HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

A BIOGRAPHICAL CRITICISM.

Les Vertus en Tontes a Tont.

It has long been my intention to devote some pages of this Journal to the manes of Paul Louis Courier, in the hope of bringing my English readers to a better acquaintance with some of the most remarkable writings, and one of the most extraordinary men that France, in her later day, has produced. Every time has its peculiar representative, and the genius of a single man is often the incarnation of the intellectual character of his contemporaries. There was only one period in the history of France that could have produced Courier,—he is the man of that period. He gathered once more into a focus those rays of light that had been scattered into a thousand vague refractions by the violent effects of the Revolution. He is the sequel to Voltaire. What Berenger is to verse, Courier is to prose. His life is of no less singular character than his works.

Born at Paris, in 1773, the parentage of Paul Louis Courier was exactly that which was calculated to form in after times the derider of the vices of a *noblesse*. His father was a man of some literary pretensions and of competent wealth;—he was a *Bourgeois*—an able, witty, intellectual *Bourgeois*. As such he seems to have mixed in the society of the nobles, and to have very narrowly escaped death for his presumption. A certain nobleman of great rank owed our citizen a large sum of money; it was inconvenient to pay it, so he ordered his creditor to be assassinated. True that he did not allege the debt as a reason for the proposed murder. He gave a more gallant air to the proceeding, and accused the *Bourgeois* of having seduced his wife. A jealous husband in those days was not common;—but then every husband did not owe the object of his jealousy a considerable sum of money.

If M. Courier escaped death, he did not escape banishment; and he felt himself obliged to become an inhabitant of one of the cantons of Toulouse. He gave himself up to the education of the young Paul Louis. Our hero early developed his peculiar genius,—quick, facile, and impatient. He evinced no turn for the mathematics, but a vehement passion for ancient letters. In these his taste was formed on no very judicious model. He was fond of the Rhetoricians, and considered Isocrates a model. In after life his latent genius was no doubt influenced by these youthful studies. You may trace in his writings all the art of

rhetoric, but he studiously avoids its language. He is the only rhetorician in whom simplicity is the most remarkable feature. Those were not, however, the times for Isocrates and rhetoric. The war against France required soldiers for the frontiers, and confined the demand for sophists to the metropolis. Paul Louis entered a school of artillery, and at the age of twenty beheld the young officer hastening to join the armies of the Rhine. Never was there a more singular recruit: with considerable valour of constitution, Paul Louis had already formed a most philosophical indifference to glory. Compelled to be a soldier, he walked the stage as an actor who laughs in his sleeve at the wilful delusion of the audience. He saw the paint on the scene, and heard the voice of the prompter; and when the galleries were shouting applause at the effects, our actor was scrutinizing the tricks which produced them. He mixed among that fiery and passionate army, with its boy soldiers and its stripling leader *, like Jacques amidst the gallant foresters of Ardens, for purposes not theirs, and feeding thoughts they could not comprehend. But he was a Jacques without melancholy.

While his young compatriots, all ardent for the new Republic, strove with each other who should advance the soonest to death for her cause,—while honours showered daily upon their adventurous emulation,—Courier, never shunning danger, but never seeking fame, pursued his separate and strange career,—his genius unknown and his courses uncheered by the triumphs of success. He studied much, but the library of a camp is confined, and it was only among the books which he had read before. His literary patience was of a peculiar sort: he preferred refreshing his knowledge in one point to extending it in others. His diligence was inexhaustible when applied to favourite models; his apathy extraordinary towards subjects which did not naturally allure him. He was conscious of this his intellectual bias, and he speaks of it without affectation. The philosophical nature of his mind made him in politics consult the future rather than the past; he had little love, therefore, for history, and he never mastered its study. The main defect of his mind was what is the rarest in men of genius—it was a lack of curiosity! He had a great tendency to that dispiriting temper which is forever damping your ardour with the question of *cui bono*? Yet in this want of curiosity he was not consistent; and in one point all the other traits of his character seem strongly contradicted. He was passionately fond of antiquities; he would travel miles and court the most imminent dangers for a sight of

* Hoche, the commandant on the Rhine, was twenty-three.

some old ruin. And he wandered from the enthusiastic and ambitious soldiery that now held the territories of the Rhine and the soft Moselle, to pass long hours among the mouldering convents and shattered towers in which the dark memory of the middle ages is preserved. It is assuredly an anomaly in character that a man so indifferent to the history of the Past should be so attached to its relics,—that one so derisive of the feudal pomps should be so wedded to their trophies,—that so little reverence for the essence of antiquity should be united with such homage to its externals. I attribute the inconsistency to early circumstances. As a boy he had been accustomed to antiquarian researches,—his mind outgrew the passion for antiquity, but retained the taste for its remains. We may add to this somewhat of the gratification of vanity; for he was not only a diligent but a learned antiquarian: he was an adept at inscriptions and the erudite mazes of hieroglyphical conjecture; so that his habits of research were probably endeared to him by the self-complacency of a triumphant ingenuity.

In this life—brave without glory, and wise without success—Courier passed two years, feeling himself, in that rapid race of honour where he who died not to-day might be a general to-morrow, distanced by his contemporaries, and growing naturally discontented with his station. In 1795 occurred the blockade of Mayence, and at that very time the elder Courier died. His mother was ill and wretched—Paul Louis left the army—left the blockade—and without leave, and with perfect *nonchalance*, returned to France. His filial affection was not, however, perhaps his sole inducement in hazarding the philosophy of desertion. The hardships endured by the French army before Mayence were exceedingly rigorous; they were by no means to the taste of a man who thought renown was no recompense. "It was wonderfully cold there," said the witty soldier; "I thought myself frozen. Never was there a slighter distinction between a man and a crystallization."

The army proclaimed Paul Louis a deserter. Meanwhile Paul Louis shut himself up, and amused his leisure with translating the oration *pro Ligario*. His friends managed to hush up the matter: the young soldier was grateful,—for it enabled him to give a better polish to his translation. The revolutionary war proceeded to its triumph. The star of Napoleon rose above the horizon: the grave melancholy that belonged to the Conventional moralities was broken up. People rushed into feasts and balls. Paul Louis caught the contagion with an avidity natural to his bold and lively temper; and behold him now the gallant and the man of pleasure! Passionately devoted to women, he gave himself wholly up to their society.

Young, gay, and with a power of social wit rarely equalled, he became the rage at Toulouse. But his ill fortune pursued him from the camp to the chamber; and an unlucky intrigue made Toulouse no longer a place of security. At the age of twenty-three a man without much difficulty forgives himself these offences: I suspect that he manages to console himself with the same ease! Banished Toulouse, Courier resumed his former career, and he set out to Italy to take the command of a company of artillery.

Italy did not present to the gallant spirit of Courier, intoxicated as it was by the adoration of beauty, and the reverence for departed art, those unmingled sources of delight which earlier and later pilgrims have found amidst its ruins. The severe licentiousness of the young Napoleon was lavishly imitated by his coarser followers: the polished inhabitants of Italy met with no dainty respect from the new successors of the triumphant Gaul. Pillage and Rapine devastated the marble cities and the vine-clad plains. And what to Courier was more bitter than all, the noble relics of antique art, "the breathing canvass and the storied bust," were mangled, defaced, despoiled as the avarice or the ignorance of the hardy conquerors ordained.

Too refined and too classical for his colleagues, Paul Courier deplored these excesses in terms scarcely less eloquent than we find in his later and more elaborate writings. His letters (on this subject) to a Pole of considerable attainments, whose friendship he had acquired at Toulouse, are full of his characteristic graces. Byron's indignation at the rape of the Elgin marbles is tame beside that of Courier at the insulting spoliation of the Italian treasures,—Italy's last triumph,—her consolation in art for her degradation in history. The same cavalier and careless bravery that Courier had evinced on the banks of the Rhine, equally distinguished him among the ruins of Rome. Hated as a Frenchman, exposed day and night to the poignard of the assassin, he yet wandered alone and unguarded in the most solitary and perilous places. His love for antiquities (mingled with the growing passion for adventure, and it may be with a certain romance which his perception of the ridiculous would not allow him to own) was his sole guide. He followed it without fear. With his sabre by his side, he traversed the mountains of Italy,—explored the ruins,—braved the banditti;—Salvator Rosa himself was not more reckless of the poignards of the brigands, whom he afterwards immortalized;—if Courier was often surprised by them he invariably escaped. He knew well the Italian language; he was never without a certain bribe to the robber; and, above all, at that happy age, and with

that versatile temper, he possessed the art, better than much gold, which leads us to accommodate ourselves to all men, and supplies the absence of force by the exertion of ingenuity. In the day he sought the mountain passes,—at night he was assailed;—the next morning he pursued his labours. He never feared the robber,—he never avenged the robbery. A certain generous tone of philosophy made him lenient to those wild banditti. He was a soldier, and he murdered by art; was he to be vindictive to those who robbed by necessity?

In this eccentric manner, perfecting his mind, enjoying his life, and advancing *not* in his career, our extraordinary hero passed his Italian campaign: it nearly came to a premature termination.

Paul Louis was one of the division left by General Macdonald at Rome. The division capitulated: it was to quit Rome at a certain hour. "*Allà bonne heure,*" thought Courier; "a last look at the Vatican Library before I depart." What a type of the careless courage of the soldier-student! He repairs to the Vatican—plunges into study—forgets the hour of departure—and quits the Vatican when he himself is the sole Frenchman left at Rome.

It was a calm, clear, and still evening. Nursing his reveries, Courier walked slowly along the streets of Rome. He was recognized as he passed beneath a lamp. A moment more;—a bullet whizzed by him—missed him—and lodged in the body of a Roman woman. In an instant the city was alarmed—the crowd gathered—Courier dashed through the midst of the mob, and reached the palace of a Roman of his acquaintance: through his aid he escaped. He embarked at Marseilles, and arrived at Paris; but not without new disasters. On his road he was despoiled of his baggage and his money; and, what was worse, a pulmonary complaint attacked him, from which he never entirely recovered.

At Paris, however, he renewed his former career of pleasure, but pleasure of a more refined and literary cast. Time had already begun to mellow the Passionate into the Intellectual. He mixed with the learned of his day; he was welcomed by some of the more eminent amongst them. That ambition of a circle, from which no Frenchman is free, animated his powers; and he wrote some works which then were but little known to the public, but are not, for that reason, unworthy of his fame. It often happens among literary men that their best works are neglected, till some *lucky* book gains the author a name; they are then sought for, studied, and admired. Genius revives its own deceased; and the world, once taught to admire an author for one work, lifts the stone from those its neglect has already buried.

From these pursuits and these circles Courier was aroused by a summons to command a body of artillery stationed in Italy, which now lay supine, and seemingly reconciled, beneath the yoke of Napoleon. Among the softer and more poetical characteristics of Courier's mind, his passion for Italy was not the least remarkable. Not Jacopo Foscari himself loved with a more yearning and filial tenderness the bright air and the genial skies of that divine land. Courier cared nothing for the rank they gave him, and everything for the place assigned to it. He arrived, then, in Italy,—arrived in time to witness one of the most singular farces in the history of the world, and which the pen of more than one memorialist has already rendered so amusing. Buonaparte, tired with being Consul, wanted to be Emperor;—he *was* Emperor. He wanted now to know what the army thought about the change: an order arrived for the taking the opinion of the different regiments. These strokes of policy, where it is advantageous to say "Yes," dangerous to say "No," and wise to say nothing at all, usually succeeded. Shakspeare has described their effect admirably in "Richard the Third:"

"They spake not a word;
But, like dumb statues or breathing stones,
Stared at each other."

When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o' the hall, hurled up their cape,
And some ten voices cried, 'God save King
Richard!'

And thus I took the vantage of those few:

'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,' quoth I.

These lines explain tolerably well the nature and the result of the questions put to the French army.

The great trait of Courier's character was—(I can scarcely translate the word)—*insouciance*. We trace it everywhere—in every action. It curbed his military ardour—*tant mieux*; it chilled his patriotism—*tant pis*. He resisted not the proposal: he continued to serve under Napoleon; and he contented himself, *en philosophe et à la Française*, with a fine saying and a witticism—"Etre Buonaparte et de se faire Sire! il aspire à descendre." In fact, the essence of Courier's darker and sterner nature was contempt: where he was not indifferent he despised. "Buonaparte loves his rattle; let him have it! The people will obey the puppet. Poor people!—be it so." This was the spirit with which he viewed the nascent despotism. He had the disdain of Cassius, but not his energy. If he had been a contemporary and countryman of Brutus, he would have said the best thing against Cæsar, but have struck no blow. He subscribed to the new dynasty; and amused himself with painting it in some letters of inimitable satire. His course of conduct in

this has been vindicated,—I think, without success. The Directory, say his advocates, was a wretched government,—feeble and venal. The Consulship had lasted too short a time for trial. What did you lose by gaining an Emperor? The answer is obvious;—you lost *Hope*. A republic purifies itself naturally,—a monarchy only by great efforts. A republic wants but time,—a despotism wants new revolutions. What was to be hoped from a sway like Napoleon's, which crushed the Press, and resolved all the elements of knowledge into—Military Schools? Paul Courier was a philosopher,—he knew these truths;—but he was a philosopher for himself as well as for others. A better excuse for him is in his position. What could he do?—an undistinguished officer in the artillery, what was his consent to, or his rejection of, the empire of Napoleon? We judge too much in estimating the actions of men, and the good they *might* have effected, by the rank we attribute to their intellectual powers, without remembering that it is only when those powers have become acknowledged that their possessors can aspire to play their legitimate part. But patriotism, to be a strong passion, must be a common passion. You cannot inspire the individual, unless you first form the nation; and public integrity in France was at that time at the lowest possible ebb. Despite its false liberty, its laughable citizenship, its terrible republic, France scarcely knew one sound principle of legislation; or, after the extinction of the eloquent Girondists, produced one honourable *corps* of men. Courier himself boasted that he was able to show letters from the most eminent men of the empire, who followed, like dogs, the track of the times.—Republicans—Buonapartists—Bourbonists—according as a shilling was to be gained.—“Men who commence their destiny *en sansculottes*, and finish it *en habits de cour*.” The success of vice is the discouragement of virtue.

In 1808, Courier, having long and vainly demanded leave of absence to revisit his home, gave in his resignation. He returned to Paris, and proclaimed an eternal renunciation of his military trade.

At this time the wild but solemn fate of Napoleon was rapidly hurrying towards its great, but unrecognized close. His destiny was at its height; and the height of some men is the main step to their fall. Scarce returned from Spain, which his presence alone had almost conquered, he now swept on to the armies gathered by the Danube, which he was to lead to the city of the House of Hapsburg. All Paris was in a paroxysm of excitement, and Courier caught something of the contagion. To understand well the character of this singular man, we must consider him as one fond of studying the peculiar phases and aspects of his kind,

scrutinizing rather than sharing their passions. He looked upon the events which engross and absorb the more vulgar, but warmer spirits, with an artist's inquiring eye. The pomp of empire, the laurels of war, the rewards of ambition, were to him but testimonials of human delusion, and food for a just, and not malevolent, satire; yet, at this period of his life, his wonted philosophy seems to have forsaken him, and he became one of the worshippers of the Echo. He had never yet served under Napoleon; he now resolved to do so. He communicated his intention to none of his friends; he repaired secretly to the army. Having once resigned, his re-admission, according to the military rules of Napoleon, was not easy. He gained access to the tent of a general of the artillery; and, without any peculiar station, became once more a French soldier.

Something—(I apprehend, in examining his character, his letters, and the common elements of human nature)—something of sore and mortified feeling, of the consciousness of great powers and a foiled career, had led him to this determination. On his late return to Paris he had found how entirely military reputation engrossed the public voice; his philosophy might, in the main, support him in his obscurity, but not perhaps at all times. *He had had his opportunities, and he had failed!* This was the sole interpretation the public could attach to his career; a bitter verdict to a man of pride and genius, who had not yet found, amidst the depths of an undeveloped intellect, the triumphant answer of self-acquittal. He had arrived too at an age in which a man is often more sensible to mortification than at an early period; the season of promise, at the age of seven-and-thirty, is well nigh over, and the world begins to ask for performance. The love, too, of pleasure—of women and of strange adventure—is cooled; and before we resign ourselves to a calm and obscure life, we are often willing to make one stern attempt than heretofore at glory. Courier, perhaps too, had some sympathy with the genius, if not with the temper and fortunes of Napoleon—the higher minds are attracted toward each other. He thought (this is evident from his letters) that Napoleon might appreciate him. Mocked or slighted by inferior men, he felt his powers, and hoped the penetration of a *great* man might avenge the neglect. Whatever were his motives, Courier joined the camp;—joined—for forty-eight hours! What scenes were crowded into that time.

Hitherto Courier had beheld war by samples, he now beheld it wholesale. Never yet had he seen whole regiments swept away beneath the deadly fires—never yet for his ear had the music of four hundred pieces of cannon rose above a soil of trampled and quivering flesh. Never yet had

he fully comprehended the wide vastness of the desolation of War! He himself speaks of the horror, the pity, the disgust which seized him;—a sort of sickness closed around his senses, which were usually so keen—everything passed before him like grotesque phantasmagoria;—he sank, at last, overcome by exhaustion, at the foot of a tree—he recovered not till he was within the walls of Vienna. From that time he required no further conviction of the scourge of war. The theories of life were faint to the practical experience of those terrible hours; nay, he thenceforward even denied genius to generalship: he contended, that all was disorder, and the result chance. He laughed at the phrase—*the art of war*; a great battle conveyed to him the notion of a chaos incompatible with the providence of an intellectual design.

As he sought the campaign, so he left it—abruptly, silently, and with his usual arrogance, as a free agent. He thought to lose the bloody memory of two days in a land that Nature consecrated to love,—and he sought, once more, his favourite Italy.

He took up his abode at Florence, and renewed his studies in Greek literature. But poor Paul Louis was not born under a lucky star, and he could not even study Greek with impunity. His ill fortune led him to read the pastoral romance of “*Longus*” in manuscript—no trifling affliction in itself—but unhappily, this MS. which was in the Laurentine library, contained a passage to be found in no other printed edition of the tale—nay it supplied a terrible chasm well known to the learned, which has hitherto yawned in a certain part of the romance. Imagine the rapture of the student. With trembling hands he hastened to copy out the passage, and in his ecstasy he contrived to upset the inkstand over the precious passage. The librarians were furious—they swore that he had spoiled the Greek copy on purpose, so that he might pillage its spoils, and be the only one to arrogate the possession. The Frenchman had not perhaps that hardihood of nerve which our periodical critics ultimately bestow upon an English victim. He could not resist unburthening himself in a reply. He addressed this effusion to M. Renouard, Librarian of Paris, and he transferred all the blame from himself to his Italian accusers. His sole crime, he said, was being a Frenchman; and it was not the spilling of ink, but the spilling of blood, that rose in judgment against him. The letter made a noise—attention was riveted to the writer and his inkstand—when lo!—it came out that the copier of “*Longus*” was the deserter at Wagram. From two such crimes there was no easy escape—but however the constitutional dexterity of Courier carried him safe from the result

of his constitutional imprudence. Ink, liable to such accidents, was nevertheless considered too dangerous for use, and he was enjoined upon no account to dip his pen into it again. He obeyed the command during his sojourn in Italy. In travel and in study the years rolled on—peace was proclaimed—Buonaparte was at St. Helena—and Paul Louis Courier was married! Two of these events were important enough to the world, the third was not wholly unimportant to Paul Louis Courier!

From this time the wilder portion of life closed for him. The soldier—the adventurer—the wanderer—were no more. He sat himself down in his paternal vineyards, and commenced, in the beautiful seclusion of Touraine, the date of a more bright career. Inspired by the strong disdain which he felt for the rule, weak and violent, of the Bourbons after the Restoration—Paul Courier in 1816, addressed the two Chambers on behalf of the inhabitants of Luynes, in a short petition of some seven or eight pages, which sufficed, however, to produce a very considerable sensation. This petition is a narrative of the oppression and injustice committed against a village. The narrative of a village was a narrative applicable to all France. When he stated the frivolous grounds of accusation—when he stated the rigour of suspicion—the bigotry of fear—which had converted a village of honest peasants into a herd of discontented and wronged men, he was appealing to the common sense of France, and he was answered at once by the common heart. The style of this petition is simple yet elaborate; biting irony—generous complaint—severe truth—are condensed in periods that remind you of Voltaire, but without Voltaire’s affectation. M. Decazes, Minister of Police, courted this new and formidable writer. Courier, in his visits to Paris, visited his salons, and obtained by that complaisance some good for his fellow villagers and himself. That done, he was no more a courtier.

M. Clavier, an Academician, died. Courier demanded admission into the Academy of Inscriptions. He was rejected—he revenged himself by a letter “*A Messieurs de l’Academie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres.*” This letter contains yet stronger evidence of his powers of irony, than his petition to the two Chambers; but the subject was less popular, and it made less noise. In 1819 he commenced his famous letters to the editor of the “*Censor.*” The publication of these brief and stinging writings brought the name of Courier into every one’s mouth—and inquiry turning, as it is wont to do, when a man begins to attract celebrity,—from the work to the author, found sufficient to interest the public in his person; and thus doubly to

increase the charm and fascination of his genius.

This accomplished traveller, this profound student, lived in an obscure village, affecting and proud to affect the simple life and habits of the peasant. His vineyards and his woods were his chief occupation, and yielded him his revenue. He called himself Paul Louis *Vigneron*—he pretended to no superiority over his fellow-villagers—he was one of them in all but knowledge. His style happily united the two opposite characteristics he assumed—the scholar and the peasant—at once most classical and most familiar; style irresistible alike to the academy and the market-place. No man ever made elegance so popular, or homeliness so elegant. He polished with great labour, but the polish only rendered the diction and the sense transparent to the dullest comprehension. In 1821 appeared the *Simple Discours*. The occasion was this, it was proposed to purchase the Park of Chambord for the young Duke of Bordeaux. This proposition Courier opposed. Hence the *Simple Discours*.

"If, (he begins this incomparable pamphlet) if we had so much money that we did not know what to do with it—if all our debts were paid—our highways repaired—our poor relieved—and our church (for God before all things) restored, and its windows glazed—I think, my friends, that the best thing we could do with the surplus would be to contribute with our neighbours to rebuild the Bridge of St. Aventin; which, shortening by one good league the distance between us and Tours, would augment the price and the produce of land throughout the neighbourhood. That in my opinion would be the best employment for our superfluous capital,—that is to say, whenever we possess it. But to buy Chambord for the Duke of Bordeaux—I cannot agree to it: no not even if we had the means. It would be but a bad scheme, in my opinion, for the Duke himself, for us, and for Chambord. If you will listen to me, I will tell you why. It is a holiday, my friends, and we have time to chat over the matter."

In this familiar manner, Paul Louis, *Vigneron de la Chavonnière*, throws off his biting truths. He confesses that the courtiers are inclined to the purchase; "but our sentiments," saith he, wittily, "are very different from those of the courtiers—they love the Prince in proportion to what he gives them—we in proportion to what he leaves us."

"The notion is entertained (says the government) of purchasing Chambord by the Commons of France, for the Duke of Bordeaux. The notion is entertained—by whom pray? By the Ministry? No; they would not conceal so beautiful a thought, or content themselves with the mere honour of approval upon such an occasion. By the Prince, then? God forbid that his first idea—his first gleam of reason should be of so singular a character—that the desire of our money should enter his young head, even before the passion for sugar plums and rattles! Do the Commons then entertain the agreeable notion? Not ours certainly on this side of the Loire, &c."

How happily afterwards Courier proceeds

to comment on the cant anecdote of Titus!—

"A preceptor—an abbé of the Court, now teaches our young princes the science of history. Be sure he does not forget to make them admire that excellent Emperor Titus, who was so great an adept in the art of donation, that he thought every day was lost in which he did not give something away. So that one never saw him without being made happy—happy, you understand, my friends, with a pension, a sinecure—a handful of the popular money. Such a prince is sure to be adored by all those who are admitted to court, and drive about the streets in their state carriages"—"Le cour l'idolâtrait—mais le peuple! Le peuple! il n'y en avait pas, l'histoire ne rien dit mot. . . . Voilà les élémens d'histoire qu'on enseignait alors des princes."

To my taste this is the most perfect in point of union between satire and logic of all Courier's works. I know nothing like it in political literature—it is a political library in itself. For this production he was of course imprisoned. They punished him for writing truth so well by a fine of three hundred francs, and a confinement of two months. Poor Paul Louis! "Pray God for him!" cries he himself in his address *aux âmes dévotes*,—"may his example teach us never to say what we think of those gentlemen who live at our expense." Courier published a pamphlet relative to his trial, which proved how indomitable wit is against persecution; and the day of his release from prison they brought him up for a new trial for a pamphlet of the most exquisite composition, called "Petition pour les Villageois qu'on empêche de danser." The peasants had been accustomed to dance every Sunday on the usual spot allotted in the French villages to that amusement. The *Préfet* forbade the dance. Courier demands the restoration of the old and harmless pleasure. Nothing can be more touching than his description of the manners, the good order, the improving morality of his poor neighbours; nothing more convincing than his arguments on their behalf. They did not think it quite right to imprison a man for wishing the peasants to dance, so this time they let him off with a reprimand. From that date persecution began its usual result, secrecy; and Courier contrived to publish, but under a mask—a mask which concealed his name but not his genius. I pass over his "replies to anonymous correspondents," one of which, the second, contains more eloquent and pathetic passages than any other of his tracts. I pass over the "*Livret de Paul Louis*," a brilliant sketch, in which, however, the author displays the usual ignorance of a Frenchman on English history, when he observes that literary men have but little knowledge of business, and that Bolingbroke repented of having employed Addison and Steele!—Bolingbroke's bitterest opponents! I pass too over the "*Gazette du Village*," a polish-

ed and most subtle piece of irony. I pass over the few pages contained in the "Pièce Diplomatique," which is supposed to be a letter from Louis of France to the King of Spain, and which at least no Bourbon *could* have written. I come to the most admired—the most laboured—the last of all Courier's writings, the "Pamphlet des Pamphlets." This, I say, is esteemed in France the most perfect and matured specimen of his style. Imagine how wonderful, how expressive that style must be, when we apply the epithets elaborate—finished—even great—to writings scarcely exceeding in length the pages of a newspaper article! For my own part, I still hold to my opinion that the "Simple Discours" is the best and fullest of Courier's works—it has more thought and more wisdom than the "Pamphlets des Pamphlets;"—its wit, too, is more racy, and its diction more striking, if less pure. Anything seemingly English in sentiment was at that day sure to be popular in France; and in this pamphlet Courier supposes an English patriot, to whom he attributes a letter to himself,—excellent, indeed, but scarcely characteristic of the tone of English patriots. The merit of the work scarcely strikes upon an English ear; it consists in the eloquence with which Courier vindicates himself from being a pamphleteer—a term of disgrace in the *bon ton* vocabulary of France—a title not discreditable with us, always excepting the refined judgment of my Lord of Durham, who could find nothing worse to say of Bishop Philpotts of Exeter! To an English reader the vindication loses its charm because we feel no venom in the charge. The conclusion, however, of this tract is deeply impressive; it speaks of the shortness of human life—of the eternity of human improvement—of the feebleness of individuals—of the power of the mass. It hath in it a certain solemn and warning voice, preceding as it did the untimely and bloody end of the bold preacher. It reminds us of the deep pathos of those lines, some of the latest that Byron ever wrote, and to which we link the associations of his own death:—

"Between two worlds life hovers like a star,—
Twixt night and morn upon the horizon's verge;
How little do we know that which we are!
How less what we may be! The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles."

While Courier was thus occupying the mind of the public, and while he employed his more learned hours in the study of his favourite Greeks, he seems to have shared the ordinary fate of genius;—he was no prophet in his own country!

A certain fretfulness and acerbity of temper had come upon him with years; always eccentric in his habits, he became gradually

morose in his humours; he quarrelled with his neighbours, and was at war with his own household. Much is to be said on his behalf, beyond the common and valid excuse for the peevishness of literary men in overwrought nerves and a feverish imagination. The mind wears the body, and the body reacts upon the temper. This is clear—it is inevitable—we require no waste of sentiment upon so plain a matter. Poor Courier had other excuses; he had done much for his village, and his villagers were ungrateful; this wounded him, and justly. He was not too, I suspect, happy in his marriage; he believed he had cause for jealousy; and to a man so proud the suspicion was no light curse. From the gloom of his obscurity went forth a burning light among the nations, but it came from the midst of discomfort, and the hearth of strife;—petty bickerings, and village annoyances disturbed the serenity once natural to his constitution. His very fame produced him but enemies. He had offended the *Valetaille* of France, and France, in his own words, was *le plus valet de tous les peuples*. But the mortification and the harassment were now drawing to a close—the triumph of genius and the exhaustion of the nerves were alike to cease. He beheld before him the apex of his fame; and he stood, while he gazed, upon the verge of the grave.

On the 10th of April, 1825, Courier left his house—he had spoken but little that day—an evident gloom had hung over him. He was borne back to his door a corpse;—within a few paces from his home he had been found, pierced by some secret bullet, and quite dead. His assassin is unknown to this day. The rash enthusiasts of liberty, often the most illiberal of men, laid the crime on the Jesuits, but without a shadow of proof. One nearest and dearest to himself was, not long since, accused of abetting in the murder, and acquitted. A man of low birth, of whom he had been jealous, was, some time after his death, murdered himself; but eight years have passed, and the sentence of life for life has had no formal record. Peace to his ashes!—they will not rest the less tranquilly, nor will the turf above them be less green, because vengeance is still left in the hands of God!

The countenance of Courier was grave and thoughtful; the brow high, broad, massive, and deeply marked; his eye somewhat sunk and melancholy—his mouth sarcastic and flexile. His manners varied at various periods of his life. I have met with some who knew him well, and considered him the most delightful of companions. I have known others who considered him the most repellent. In his later days he had transferred the graces from his habits to his style. Perhaps few men, with advantage to the temper, can begin the career of letters late

in life. It requires several years to harden us to the abuse, the ingratitude, the wilful misinterpretation, and the gnawing slander we endure from our contemporaries and our rivals. In youth we have years to spare to the apprenticeship; in mature age the pride is more stubborn, and the hope less sanguine.

As a writer Courier must rank among the most classical of his language; in vigour, in wit, in logic, he defies all comparison among his contemporaries. They who would learn to what degree the polish and power of style have advanced in France since the peace, should read, not the inflated paradoxes of Chateaubriand, or the extravagant exaggerations of Victor Hugo; but those pages in which Courier has indeed made words things, and in which the plainest truths are conveyed with the most marvellous art. To the strength of Junius he adds the simplicity and the playfulness of Pascal. He fails, however, in imagination, and his thoughts are usually more bold than profound. This is remarkable rather in his literary than his political remains, for popular political writing does not of necessity demand the profound; its merit is often to familiarise, not to invent, truth. In his preface to a new translation of Herodotus, we may especially detect the comparative want of depth in Courier's faculties—comparative, I say, to their power and versatility. He tells us, for instance, that the historical epic must cease for ever when the prose of a language has come to some perfection. He declares that the Greek literature is the *only* one not born of some other literature, but produced by instinct, and the sentiment of the beautiful,—mistakes which could not arise from a want of learning, but from a want of that reflection which stamps even the paradox of a profound intellect; yet the same piece of writing is rich in sentences of beautiful and just criticism. Nothing can be better in its way than his description of courtly translators playing the *petit maître* with the simple language of the Greek;—nothing more true than his warning to his countrymen that the language of poetry is the last to be learnt in academies and courts. "*L'imitation*," he says finely, "*l'imitation de la cour est la peste du gout aussi bien que des mœurs.*"

Courier's style has been compared to that of the Editor of the "*Examiner*;" but Courier is more free and flowing—more adapted to the popular taste—more familiar and simple. On the other hand, he has not the iron grasp—the novel metaphor—the rich illustration, and the careless *depth* of remark which characterise the most standard and philosophic of our living periodical writers. He reminds us, I think, rather of Sidney Smith, but is less broad and more daring. In fact, his manner is so peculiarly and idiomatically French, that the English writer, who closely resembled him, would write ill.

Paul Louis Courier is then no more!—his bright and short race is run;—the various threads of his desultory and romantic life are prematurely and violently cut short. He has left to mankind not only the evidence of what he has achieved, but the belief of what greater results he had the capacity to accomplish. Living in a time of transition, when the people, passing from a brilliant despotism to a gloomy and imperfect freedom, scarcely knew whether to lament the one or to advance the other, his writings tended to destroy the illusion of the despotism, and to instil right notions as to the nature of the freedom. No solemn plausibilities of men or of names deceived him. His mockery respected nothing—save the truth. He incorporated, in the form of his constitutional disdain, the popular contempt for the hollowness and profligacy—the venality and the servility—which marked so strongly the character of the French court; a court of slaves and traitors—of sharpers and of cowards—a court of nobles proud without honour, and subservient without loyalty. By expressing the contempt of the people he made their sentiments known to each other; his genius was as a watchword of union, for it brought them together. The benefit effected by a bold public writer is this—he acquaints the people, by his own popularity, with the exact strength of the popular sentiment; he thus prepares the common mind, though he may not lead it;—he makes the impulse, and Chance the conduct!

LEIGH HUNT'S POETICAL WORKS.

THE collection of Mr. Hunt's poetical works is to those who love poetry for itself, or study its elements as an art, one of the most fortunate of literary events. We shall not now enter into the particulars of the author's life, or arraign that bitterness of critical persecution with which at one time he was assailed. Fortunately he has arrived at that epoch which sooner or later consoles the man of genius for the harassment and the hostilities which attend his earlier career,—that golden time when animosity slackens in its wrath, and enemies insensibly mellow into friends. There is something to all generous minds (and generosity is more common among literary men than justice) sacred in the very thought of misfortune—and we accordingly find even many who were the former assailants of Mr. Hunt's poetical fame, converted at once into its supporters—and merging all harsher recollections in their fellowship with letters, and their sympathy with affliction. In his own touching and beautiful thought, they have fought in the lists with the strong man, but they are the foremost to bind up his wounds in the suspension of the contest.

Far be it from us therefore to recall hostility so nobly atoned for—be they buried for ever in this *Urn*, which is the best and most enduring monument to the memory of a poet whom the world will not willingly let die. One of the most beautiful passages in the eventful histories of genius may be gleaned from the perusal of the mere names attached as testimonials of approbation to this book. Men of all sects in literature—all opinions in politics—are here assembled together in one kindly and fraternal act—and a homage to the common spirit of poetry, has given rise to one of the most lovely effects of the genius of christianity. "Adversity doth best discover virtue," not in ourselves only, but in others—not in the kindness of friends, but the conversion of foes. And the world from time to time exhibits a certain nobleness which keeps alive in us our aspirations for mankind.

Mr. Hunt's "Feast of the Poets," and the "Descent of Liberty," a masque, were published in the years 1814 and 1815, and are dated from Surrey gaol. They show, at least, that imprisonment had not damped the ardour of his mind, and that, amidst every disadvantage, he could write poetry of sufficient beauty and power to entitle him to a niche among his contemporaries. The next year the public were surprised and delighted by the appearance of the story of "Rimini." This poem is now before us in a revised and corrected shape. It is a tale of impulse and power from the beginning to the end, discovering at the same time a delightful play of fancy. It perpetually reminds us of the old Italian poetry, and yet more of the muscular freedom and nerve of Dryden; now and then its revelations open to us a depth and delicacy of feeling, which prove how nobly the author is endowed with all the higher qualifications of his art. We scarcely dare commence the pleasurable task of quotation, for in gratifying ourselves we should greatly trespass the bounds allotted to this department of our work. The very first page comes upon us with all the fresh and fragrant loveliness of a clear spring morning. We extract it,

"The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May,
Round old Ravenna's clear shown towers and bay,
A morn of the loveliest which the year has seen,
Last of the spring—yet fresh with all its green,
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light.
And there's a crystal clearness all about,
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out.
A balmy briakness comes upon the breeze,
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees.
And when you listen, you may hear a coil
Of bubbling springs about the grassier soil,
And all the scene in short—sky, earth, and sea,
*Breathes like a bright-eyed face that laughs out,
openly."*

What beautiful description!—at once so natural and so full of poetry!—so rich, yet so homely!

The description of Evening is scarcely inferior; and throughout the poem Nature appears as in her prime, playing at will her virgin fancies. The poet must have felt all the beauty he so exquisitely describes; but the human interest of the poem is its mightiest charm. We need not inform our readers that the tale develops the gradual progress and final accomplishment of a criminal passion, a mutual passion of wife and brother-in-law, under circumstances which exhibit the principal actors and sufferers in the tragedy rather as the victims of others' vices than of their own depravity. We know not how it was possible for Francesca, even had she been pure as Eve in innocence, not to have been captivated by the youthful Paulo, whom she was first taught to regard as her intended husband, and whom she no sooner saw than loved, especially when the character of the real husband is viewed in contrast with that of his brother. We are far, however, from palliating the guilt by which her unsuspecting nature was insnared,—which was so signally punished by the natural course of events, and which, we think, affords a most impressive moral to the story—a moral the more true to Nature, and the more worthy of her, because it is not inculcated by the poet, and, as he says, was not even thought of by him. It is in this presentment of the "two brothers," that Mr. Hunt puts forth his best powers of description and discrimination. As the interest of the tale increases, we are brought to sympathize with the heart-breaking anguish of the once innocent and happy daughter of Ravenna's lord. If there be any who doubt whether poetical justice has been inflicted upon the culprit, let them read and ponder well the following exquisite passage. It is not indeed in the Don Giovanni style of retribution; but the heart that it does not must be cold as marble:—

But she, the gentler frame,—the shaken flower,
Plucked up to wither in a foreign bower,—
The struggling, virtue-loving, fallen she,
The wife that was, the mother that might be,—
What could she do, unable thus to keep
Her strength alive, but sit and think and weep?
For ever stooping o'er her broidery frame,
Half blind, and longing till the night-time came;
When, worn and wearied out with the day's sorrow,
She might be still and senseless till the morrow.
And oh, the morrow, how it used to rise!
How would she open her despairing eyes,
And from the sense of the long-lingering day,
Rushing upon her, almost turn away,
Loathing the light, and groan to sleep again!
Then sighing, once for all, to meet the pain,
She would get up in haste, and try to pass
The time in patience, wretched as it was;

Till patience' self, in her distempered sight,
 Would seem a charm to which she had no right;
 And trembling at the lip, and pale with fears,
 She shook her head, and burst into fresh tears.
 Old comforts now were not at her command;
 The falcon reached in vain from off his stand;
 The flowers were not refreshed; the very light,
 The sunshine, seemed as if it shone at night:
 The least noise smote her like a sudden wound—
 And did she hear but the remotest sound
 Of song or instrument about the place,
 She hid with both her hands her streaming face.
 But worse to her than all (and oh! thought she,
 That ever, ever such a worse could be!)
 The sight of infant was, or child at play!
 Then would she turn, and move her lips, and pray
 That heaven would take her, if it pleased, away."

Her death must close the extract—

"Her favourite lady, then, with the old nurse
 Returned, and fearing she must now be worse,
 Gently withdrew the curtains, and looked in:—
 O, who that feels one godlike spark within,
 Shall say that earthly suffering cancels not frail sin?
 There lay she, praying, upwardly intent,
 Like a fair statue on a monument;
 With her two trembling hands together prest,
 Palm against palm, and pointing from her breast.
 She ceased, and turning slowly towards the wall,
 They saw her tremble sharply, feet and all,—
 Then suddenly be still. Near and more near
 They bent with pale inquiry and close ear:—
 Her eyes were shut—no motion—not a breath—
 The gentle sufferer was at peace in death."

The reader will perceive in these extracts how different the verse of Mr. Hunt is from that of his imitators—how fresh—how clear—how vigorous. There is this characteristic of his style which is common also to the Tales of Dryden; verses, that from their homeliness and familiarity seem bad if you open the page suddenly upon them—appear well-placed and felicitous when read in connexion with the rest. The seeming want of art is in Mr. Hunt often the highest proof of it, for he, more than most poets, not only of the present day but of our English tongue, consults the whole rather than its parts; and is free from that passion for meretricious and fragmentary ornament which makes the generality of modern poems at once tawdry and unreadable.

If poetry be a quick perception of the beautiful, and a rich power to embody it, we know not any pages that we have lately read where it is to be met with in so glowing an abundance as in those before us. There seems to be in the poet's mind an exquisite persuasion of the better nature of mankind, and the undying harmonies of the world;—his attachment to liberty is enthusiasm, not acerbity,—and seems rather born from his love of mankind than his hatred against their rulers. That "wide-bosomed Love" which Parmenides and Hesiod tell us was created before all things—before the night and the

day—produces in the various world of his poetry all its shadows and its lights,—it is "its first great cause."

You may apply to the colouring of his genius the sweet and most musical lines with which he has described a summer's evening.

"Warm, but not dim, a glow is in the air,
 The softened breeze comes smoothing here and there;

And every tree, in passing, one by one,
 Gleams out with twinkles of the golden Sun."

In the poem of "Hero and Leander" we seem to recognize Dryden himself,—but Dryden with a sentiment, a delicacy, not his own. It is in the heroic metre that the mechanical art of our poet is chiefly visible. He comprehends its music entirely: he gives to it its natural and healthful vigour; and the note of his manly rhyme rings on the ear—

"Loud as a trumpet with a silver sound."

His use of the triplet, if frequent, is almost always singularly felicitous. Let us take the following lines in the "Hero and Leander" as an example:—

"Meantime the sun had sunk; the billow mark
 Across the straits mixed with the mightier dark,
 And night came on. All noises by degrees
 Were hushed;—the fisher's call, the birds, the
 trees;
All but the washing of the eternal seas."

His power of uniting in one line simplicity and force is very remarkable, as in the following:

"Hero looked out, and, trembling, augured ill,
The Darkness held its breath so very still."

And in the strong homeliness of the image below,—

"So might they now have lived, and so have died;
The story's heart to me still beats against its side."

The volume before us contains some translations, which are not easily rivalled in the language. The tone of the original is transfused into the verse even more than the thought is; and the poems, which, while original in themselves, emulate the Greek spirit of verse, (such as the Ephyriads,) are bathed in all the lustrous and classic beauty that cling to the most lovely and the most neglected of the Mythological creations. Nor are the domestic and household feelings less beautifully painted than the graceful and starred images of remote Antiquity. What goes more subduingly to the heart than the author's poem to his sick child? The last stanza has something in it that belongs to that part of tenderness which borders on the sublime:—

"Yes, still he's fixed and sleeping!
 This silence, too, the while;—
 Its very hush and creeping
 Seems whispering us a smile;

*Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parted wings of Cherubim,
Who say—'We've finished here!'*"

From the poems that enrich this volume we go back to its preface—an elaborate and skilful composition, full of beauties of expression, and opening a thousand original views into the science of Criticism. We recommend it as a work to be studied by all who write, and all who (a humbler, yet more laborious task) have to judge of verse. In Criticism, indeed, few living writers have equalled those subtle and delicate compositions which have appeared in the "Indicator," the "Tatler," and the earlier * pages of the "Examiner." And, above all, none have excelled the poet now before our own critical bar in the kindly sympathies with which, in judging of others, he has softened down the asperities, and resisted the caprices, common to the exercise of power. In him the young poet has ever found a generous encourager no less than a faithful guide. None of the jealousy or the rancour ascribed to literary men, and almost natural to such literary men as the world has wronged, have gained access to his true heart, or embittered his generous sympathies. Struggling against no light misfortunes, and no common foes, he has not helped to retaliate upon rising authors the difficulty and the depreciation which have burthened his own career: he has kept, undimmed and unbroken, through all reverses, that first requisite of a good critic—a good heart.

Those who have never read Mr. Hunt's poetry, we beseech, for their own sakes, now to read it. How many false impressions, conveyed by reviewers, of its peculiar characteristics, will be dispelled by one unprejudiced perusal! To those who *have* read it, we can only hold forth our own example. Attached, when we first chanced on his poems years ago, to other models, and imbued, perhaps, by the critical canons then in vogue, we were blind to many of the peculiar beauties that now strike upon our judgment. At certain times there are certain fashions in literature that bias alike reader and reviewer; and not to be in the fashion is not to be admired. But these—the conventional and temporary laws—pass away, and leave us at last only open to the permanent laws of Nature and of Truth. The taste of one age often wrongs us, but the judgment of the next age corrects the verdict. Something in the atmosphere dulls for a day the electricity between the true poet and the universal ear; but the appeal is recognized at last!

* Earlier, because Mr. Leigh Hunt has now no connexion, we believe, with the "Examiner." Among the few who have equalled him in critical acumen, but of a very different species, is his successor in that admirable journal.

LIFE IN DEATH.

[The groundwork of this tale will be recognized by the reader.]

"Who shall deny the mighty secrets hid
In Time and Nature?"

"But can you not learn where he sups?" asked the dying man, for at least the twentieth time; while the servants again repeated the same monotonous answer—"Lord, sir, we never know where our young master goes."

"Place a time-piece by the bed-side, and leave me."

None was at hand; when one of the assembled group exclaimed—"Fetch that in Mr. Francis's room."

It was a small French clock, of exquisite workmanship, and a golden Cupid swung to and fro,—fit emblem for the light and vain hours of its youthful proprietor, but a strange mockery beside a death-bed! Yet the patient watched it with a strange expression of satisfaction, mingled, too, with anxiety, as the glittering hands pursued their appointed round. As the minutes passed on, an ejaculation of dismay burst from Mr. Saville's lips: he strove to raise his left hand with a gesture of impatience; he found it powerless too; the palsy, which had smitten his right side, had now attacked the left. "A thousand curses upon my evil destiny—I am lost!"

At this moment the time-piece struck four, and began to play one of the popular airs of that day; while the cord on which the Cupid was balanced moved, modulated by the fairy-like music. "He comes!" almost shrieked the palsied wretch, making a vain effort to rise on his pillow. As if the loss of every other sense had quickened that of hearing seven-fold, he heard the distant tramp of horses, and the ring of wheels, on the hard and frosty road. The carriage stopped; a young man, wrapped in furs, sprang out, opened the door with his own key, and ran up the stairs, gaily singing, "They may rail at this earth: from the hour I began it,

I have found it a world full of sunshine and bliss; And till I can find out some happier planet, More social and bright, I'll content me with this."

"Good God, sir, don't sing—your father's dying!" exclaimed the servant who ran to meet him. The youth was silenced in a moment; and, pale and breathless, sprang towards the chamber. The dying man had no longer power to move a limb: the hand which his son took was useless as that of the new-born infant; yet all the anxiety and eagerness of life was in his features.

"I have much to say, Francis; see that we are alone."

"I hope my master does not call this dying like a Christian," muttered the house-

keeper as she withdrew. "I hope Mr. Francis will make him send for a priest, or at least a doctor. People have no right to go out of the world in any such heathen manner."

The door slammed heavily, and father and son were left alone.

"Reach me that casket," said Mr. Saville, pointing to a curiously carved Indian box of ebony. Francis obeyed the command, and resumed his kneeling position by the bed.

"By the third hand of that many-armed image of Vishnu is a spring, press it forcibly."

The youth obeyed and the lid flew up, within was a very small glass phial containing a liquid of delicate rose colour. The white and distorted countenance of the sufferer lighted up with a wild unnatural joy.

"Oh youth, glad beautiful youth, art thou mine again, shall I once more rejoice in the smile of woman, in the light of the red wine cup, shall I delight in the dance, and in the sound of music?"

"For heaven's sake compose yourself," said his son, who thought that his parent was seized with sudden insanity. "In truth I am mad to waste breath so precious!—Listen to me, boy! A whole existence is contained in that little bottle; from my earliest youth I have ever felt a nameless horror of death, death yet more loathsome than terrible: you have seen me engrossed by lonely and mysterious studies, you knew not that they were devoted to perpetual struggle with the mighty conqueror—and I have succeeded. That phial contains a liquid which rubbed over my body, when the breath has left it seemingly for ever, will stop the progress of corruption, and restore all its pristine bloom and energy. Yes, Francis, I shall rise up before you like your brother. My glorious secret! how could I ever deem life wasted in the search? Sometimes when I have heard the distant chimes tell the hour of midnight, the hour of others' revelry or rest, I have asked, is not the present too mighty a sacrifice to the future; had I not better enjoy the pleasures within my grasp? but one engrossing hope led me on; it is now fulfilled. I return to this world with the knowledge of experience, and the freshness of youth; I will not again give myself up to feverish studies and eternal experiments. I have wealth unbounded, we will spend it together, earth holds no luxury which it shall deny us."

The dying man paused, for he observed that his son was not attending to his words, but stared as if his gaze was spell-bound by the phial which he held.

"Francis," gasped his father.

"There is very little," muttered the son, still eying the crimson fluid.

The dewy rose in large cold drops on Saville's forehead—with a last effort he raised his head, and looked into the face of

his child—there was no hope there; cold, fixed, and cruel, the gentleness of youth seemed suddenly to have passed away, and left the stern features rigid as stone; his words died gurgling in the throat, his head sank back on the pillow, in the last agony of disappointment, despair, and death. A wild howl filled the chamber, and Francis started in terror from his knee; it was only the little black terrier which had been his father's favourite. Hastily he concealed the casket, for he heard the hurrying steps of the domestics, and rushing past them, sought his own room, and locked the door. All were struck by his altered and ghastly looks.

"Poor child," said the housekeeper, "I do not wonder he takes his father's death so to heart, for the old man doated on the very ground he trod upon. Now the holy saints have mercy upon us," exclaimed she, making the sign of the cross, as she caught sight of the horrible and distorted face of the deceased.

Francis passed the three following days in the alternate stupor and excitement of one to whom crime is new, and who is nevertheless resolved on its commission. On the evening of the fourth he heard a noise in the room where the corpse lay, and again the dog began his loud and doleful howl. He entered the apartment, and the two first men he saw were strangers, dressed in black with faces of set solemnity; they were the undertakers, while a third in a canvass apron, and square paper cap, was beginning to screw down the coffin, and while so doing was carelessly telling them how a grocer's shop, his next-door neighbour's had been entered during the night, and the till robbed.

"You will leave the coffin unscrewed till to-morrow," said the heir. The man bowed, asked the usual English question which suits all occasions, of "Something to drink, sir?" and then left young Saville to his meditations. Strange images of death and pleasures mingled together; now it was a glorious banquet, now the gloomy silence of a church-yard; now bright and beautiful faces seemed to fill the air, then by a sudden transition they became the cadaverous relics of the charnel-house. Some clock in the neighbourhood struck the hour, it was too faint for Francis to hear it distinctly, but it roused him; he turned towards the little time-piece, there the golden cupid sat motionless, the hands stood still, it had not been wound up; the deep silence around told how late it was; the fire was burning dead, the candles were dark with their large unsmuffed wicks, and strange shadows, gigantic in their proportions, flitted round the room.

"Fool that I am to be thus haunted by a vain phantasy. My father studied overmuch; his last words might be but the in-

sane ravings of mind overwrought. I will know the truth."

Again his youthful features hardened into the gladiatorial expression of one grown old in crime and cruelty. Forth he went and returned with the Indian casket; he drew a table towards the coffin, placed two candles upon it, and raised the lid: he started, some one touched him; it was only the little black terrier licking his hand, and gazing up in his face with a look almost human in its affectionate earnestness. Francis put back the shroud, and then turned hastily away, sick and faint at the ghastly sight. The work of corruption had begun, and the yellow and livid streaks awoke even more disgust than horror. But an evil purpose is ever strong; he carefully opened the phial, and with a steady hand, let one drop fall on the eye of the corpse. He closed the bottle, replaced it in the casket, and then, but not till then, looked for its effect. The eye, large, melancholy, and of that deep violet blue, which only belongs to early childhood, as if it were too pure and too heavenly for duration on earth, had opened, and full of life and beauty was gazing tenderly upon him. A delicious perfume filled the air; ah, the old man was right! Others had sought the secret of life in the grave, and the charnel-house; he had sought it amid the warm genial influences of nature; he had watched the invigorating sap bringing back freshness to the forest tree; he had marked the subtle spring wakening the dead root and flower into bloom—the essence of a thousand existences was in that fragile crystal. The eye now turned anxiously toward the casket, then with a mute eloquence toward the son; it gazed upon him so piteously, he saw himself mirrored in the large clear pupil; it seemed to implore, to persuade, and at last, the long soft lash glistened, and tears, warm bright tears, rolled down the livid cheek. Francis sat and watched with a cruel satisfaction; a terrible expression of rage kindled the eye like fire, then it dilated with horror, and then glared terribly with despair. Francis shrank from the fixed and stony gaze. But his very terror was selfish.

"It must not witness against me," rushed into his mind. He seized a fold of grave clothes, crushed the eye in the socket, and closed the lid of the coffin. A yell of agony rose upon the silent night. Francis was about to smite the howling dog, when he saw that it lay dead at his feet. He hurried with his precious casket from the chamber, which he never entered again.—Years have passed away, and the once gay and handsome Francis Saville is a grey and decrepit man, bowed by premature old age, and with a constitution broken by excess. But the shrewd man has been careful in his calculations; he knew how selfish early indulgence

and worldly knowledge had made himself, and he had resolved that so his children should not be corrupted: he had two, a boy and a girl, who had been brought up in the strictest ignorance and seclusion, and in the severest practices of the Catholic faith. He well knew that fear is a stronger bond than love, and his children trembled in the presence of the father, whom their mother's latest words had yet enjoined them to cherish. Still the feeling of dutiful affection is strong in the youthful heart, though Mr. Saville resolved not to tempt it, by one hint of his precious secret.

"I cannot bear to look in the glass," exclaimed Mr. Saville, as he turned away from his own image in a large mirror opposite; "why should I bear about this weight of years and deformity? My plan is all matured, and never will its execution be certain as now. Walter must soon lose his present insecure and devout simplicity, and on them only can I rely. Yes, this very night will I fling off the slough of years, and awake to youth, warm, glad, and buoyant youth."

Mr. Saville now rang the bell for his attendants to assist him to bed.

When comfortably settled, his children came as usual to wish him good night, and kneel for his blessing; he received them with the most touching tenderness. "I feel," said he, "unusually ill to-night. I would fain, Edith, speak with your brother alone."

Edith kissed her father's hand, and withdrew.

"You were at confession to-day when I sent for you," continued the invalid, addressing the youth, who leant anxiously by his pillow. "Ah, my beloved child, what a blessed thing it is to be early trained to the paths of salvation. Alas! at your age I was neglected and ignorant; but for that, many things which now press heavily on my conscience had, I trust, never been. It was not till after my marriage with that blessed saint your mother that my conscience was awakened. I made a pilgrimage to Rome, and received from the hands of our holy Father the Pope, a precious oil, distilled from the wood of the true cross, which, rubbed over my body as soon as the breath of life be departed, will purify my mortal remains from sin, and the faith in which I die will save my soul from purgatory. May I rely upon the dutiful obedience of my child to the last wishes of his parent?"

"Oh, my father!" sobbed the youth.

"Extinguish the lights, for it is not fitting that humanity should watch the mysteries of faith; and, by your own hope of salvation, anoint the body the moment life is fled. It is contained in this casket," pointing to the little ebony box; and thus you undo the spring. Leave me now, my

child. I have need of rest and meditation."

The youth obeyed; when, as he was about to close the door, he heard the voice of Mr. Saville, "Remember, Walter; my blessing or my curse will follow you through life, according as you obey my last words. My blessing or my curse!"

The moment he left the room Mr. Saville unfastened the casket, and from another drawer took a bottle of laudanum: he poured its contents into the negus on his table, and drank the draught!—The midnight was scarce passed when the nurse, surprised at the unwonted quiet of her usually querulous and impetuous patient, approached and undrew the curtain: her master was dead! The house was immediately alarmed. Walter and his sister were still sitting up in the small oratory which had been their mother's, and both hastened to the chamber of death. Ignorance has its blessing; what a world of corruption and distrust would have entered those youthful hearts, could they have known the worthlessness of the parent they mourned with such innocent and endearing sorrow.

Walter was the first to check his tears. "I have, as you know, Edith, a sacred duty to perform; leave me for awhile alone, and we will afterwards spend the night in prayer for our father's soul."

The girl left the room, and her brother proceeded with his task. He opened the casket and took out the phial; the candles were then extinguished, and, first telling the beads of his rosary, he approached the bed. The night was dark, and the shrill wind moaned like a human being in some great agony, but the pious son felt no horror as he raised the body in his arms to perform his holy office. An exquisite odour exhaled from the oil, which he began to rub lightly and carefully over the head. Suddenly he started, the phial fell from his hand, and was dashed to atoms on the floor.

"His face is warm—I feel his breath! Edith, dear Edith! come here. The nurse was wrong: my father lives!"

His sister ran from the adjacent room, where she had been kneeling before an image of the Madonna in earnest supplication, with a small taper in her hand: both stood motionless from terror as the light fell on the corpse. There were the contracted and emaciated hands laid still and rigid on the counterpane; the throat, stretched and bare, was meagre and withered; but the head was that of a handsome youth, full of freshness and life. The rich chestnut curls hung in golden waves on the white forehead, a bright colour was on the cheek, and the fresh, red lips were like those of a child; the large hazel eyes were open, and looked from one to the other, but the expression was that of a fiend,—rage,

hate, and despair mingling together, like the horrible beauty given to the head of Medusa. The children fled from the room, only, however, to return with the priest, who deemed that sudden sorrow had unsettled their reason. His own eyes convinced him of the truth: there was the living head on the dead body!

The beautiful face became convulsed with passion, froth stood upon the lips, and the small white teeth were gnashed in impotent rage.

"This is, surely, some evil spirit," and the trembling priest proceeded with the form of exorcism, but in vain.

Walter then, with a faltering voice, narrated his last interview with his father.

"The sinner," said the old chaplain, "is taken in his own snare. This is assuredly the judgment of God."

All night did the three pray beside that fearful bed: at length the morning light of a glad day in June fell on the head. It now looked pale and exhausted, and the lips were wan. Ever and anon, it was distorted by sudden spasms,—youth and health were maintaining a terrible struggle with hunger and pain. The weather was sultry, and the body showed livid spots of decomposition; the beautiful head was still alive, but the damps stood on the forehead, and the cheeks were sunken. Three days and three nights did that brother and sister maintain their ghastly watch. The head was evidently dying. Twice the eyes opened with a wild and strong glare; the third time they closed forever. Pale, beautiful, but convulsed, the youthful head and the aged body,—the one but just cold, the other far gone in corruption,—were laid in the coffin together!

TO AN INCONSTANT.

I LOVE thee not as once I did!
Thy bloom of beauty is not gone;
The same soft languor droops the lid
Of eyes too sweet to look upon;
The pearly light, that loved to play
Amid the darkness of thine hair,
Still loves with lustrous change to stray
And sparkle radiantly there;—
And yet, my love is lessen'd so,
I love thee not as I could do!

There is not less of angel grace
In every aspect of thy form;
The smiling sunshine in thy face
Might still make wintry deserts warm;
Thy honied words,—no music lives
Is sweet enough thy voice to wed,—
The eager ear its sound receives,
And loves the tone, what'er is said;—
And yet, my love is lessen'd so,
I love thee not as I could do!

And must I tell the reason why,
And shade the brow where shines my day?

Thy heart is mine while I am by,
Another's if an hour away !
Thy beauty's constant, but thy mind,
Oh nothing is so prone to change ;—
The eagle's wing—the wandering wind
Have not so wide and wild a range !—
This—this my love has lessen'd so,
That I love not as I could do ! C. W.

JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. NO. VII.

"I NEVER spent an hour with Moore (said Byron) without being ready to apply to him the expression attributed to Aristophanes, 'You have spoken roses;' his thoughts and expressions have all the beauty and freshness of those flowers, but the piquancy of his wit, and the readiness of his repartees, prevent one's ear being cloyed by too much sweets, and one cannot 'die of a rose in aromatic pain' with Moore, though he does speak roses, there is such an endless variety in his conversation. Moore is the only poet I know (continued Byron) whose conversation equals his writings; he comes into society with a mind as fresh and buoyant as if he had not expended such a multiplicity of thoughts on paper; and leaves behind him an impression that he possesses an inexhaustible mine equally brilliant as the specimens he has given us. Will you, after this frank confession of my opinion of your countryman, ever accuse me of injustice again? You see I can render justice when I am not forced into its opposite extreme by hearing people overpraised, which always awakes the sleeping Devil in my nature, as witness the desperate attack I gave your friend Lord — the other day, merely because you all wanted to make me believe he was a model, which he is not; though I admit he is not *all* or *half* that which I accused him of being. Had you dispraised, probably I should have defended him."

"I will give you some stanzas I wrote yesterday (said Byron); they are as simple as even Wordsworth himself could write, and would do for music."

The following are the lines, —

TO —.

"But once I dared to lift my eyes—
To lift my eyes to thee;
And since that day, beneath the skies,
No other sight they see.

In vain sleep shuts them in the night—
The night grows day to me;
Presenting idly to my sight
What still a dream must be.

A fatal dream—for many a bar
Divides thy fate from mine;
And still my passions wake and war,
But peace be still with thine."

"No one writes songs like Moore (said Byron). Sentiment and imagination are joined to the most harmonious versification, and I know no greater treat than to hear him sing his own compositions; the powerful expression he gives to them, and the pathos of the tones of his voice, tend to produce an effect on my feelings that no other songs, or singer, ever could. — used to write pretty songs, and certainly has talent, but I maintain there is more poesy in her prose, at least more fiction, than is to be met with in a folio of poetry. You look shocked at what you think my ingratitude towards her, but if you knew half the cause I have to dislike her, you would not condemn me. You shall however know some parts of that serio-comic drama, in which I was forced to play a part; and, if you listen with candour, you must allow I was more sinned against than sinning."

The curious history that followed this preface is not intended for the public eye, as it contains anecdotes and statements that are calculated to give pain to several individuals, the same feeling that dictates the suppression of this most curious episode in Byron's London life, has led to the suppression of many other piquant and amusing disclosures made by him, as well as some of the most severe poetical portraits that ever were drawn of some of his supposed friends, and many of his acquaintances. The vigour with which they are sketched proves that he entered into every fold of the characters of the originals, and that he painted them *con amore*, but he could not be accused of being a flattering portrait painter.

The disclosures made by Byron could never be considered *confidential*, because they were always at the service of the first listener who fell in his way, and who happened to know anything of the parties he talked of. They were not confided with any injunction to secrecy, but were indiscriminately made to his chance companions, — nay, he often declared his decided intention of writing copious notes to the Life he had given to his friend Moore, in which the whole truth should be declared of, for, and against, himself and others.

Talking of this gift to Mr. Moore, he asked me if it had made a great sensation in London, and whether people were not greatly alarmed at the thoughts of being shown up in it? He seemed much pleased in anticipating the panic it would occasion, naming all the persons who would be most alarmed.

I told him that he had rendered the most

essential service to the cause of morality by his confessions, as a dread of similar disclosures would operate more in putting people on their guard in reposing dangerous confidence in men, than all the homilies that ever were written; and that people would in future be warned by the phrase of "beware of being *Byroned*," instead of the old cautions used in past times. "This (continued I) is a sad antithesis to your motto of *Crede Byron*." He appeared vexed at my observations, and it struck me that he seemed uneasy and out of humour for the next half-hour of our ride. I told him that his gift to Moore had suggested to me the following lines:—

"The ancients were famed for their friendship,
we're told,
Witness Damon and Pythias, and others of old;
But, Byron, 'twas thine friendship's power to extend,
Who surrender'd thy life for the sake of thy friend."

He laughed heartily at the lines, and, in laughing at them, recovered his good-humour.

"I have never," said Byron, "succeeded to my satisfaction in an epigram; my attempts have not been happy, and knowing Greek as I do, and admiring the Greek epigrams, which excel all others, it is mortifying that I have not succeeded better: but I begin to think that epigrams demand a peculiar talent, and that talent I decidedly have not. One of the best in the English language is that of Rogers on —; it has the true Greek talent of expressing by implication what is wished to be conveyed.

'—— has no heart they say, but I deny it;
He has a heart—he gets his speeches by it.'

This is the *ne plus ultra* of English epigrams." I told Byron that I had copied Roger's thought, in two lines on an acquaintance of mine, as follows:

"The charming Mary has no mind they say;
I prove she has—it changes every day."

This amused him, and he repeated several epigrams, very clever, but which are too severe to be given in these pages. The epigrams of Byron are certainly not equal to his other poetry, they are merely clever, and such as any person of talent might have written, but who except him, in our day, could have written *Childe Harold*? No one—for admitting that the same talent exists, (which I am by no means prepared to admit) the possessor must have experienced the same destiny, to have brought it to the same perfection. The reverses that nature and circumstances entailed on Byron, served but to give a higher polish and a finer temper to his genius. Circumstances, in marring the perfectibility of the man, had perfected the poet, and this must have

been evident to all who approached him, though it had escaped his own observation. Had the choice been left him, I am quite sure, he would not have hesitated a moment in choosing between the renown of the poet, and the happiness of the man, even at the price of happiness, as he lived much more in the future, than in the present, as do all persons of genius. As it was, he felt dissatisfied with his position, without feeling that it was the whetstone that sharpened his powers; for with all his affected philosophy, he was a philosopher but in theory, and never reduced it to practice. One of the strangest anomalies in Byron, was the exquisite taste displayed in his descriptive poetry, and the total want of it that was so visible in his modes of life. Fine scenery seemed to produce little effect on his feelings, though his descriptions are so glowing, and the elegancies and comforts of refined life he appeared to as little understand as value. This last did not arise from a contempt of them, as might be imagined, but from an ignorance of what constituted them; I have seen him apparently delighted with the luxurious inventions in furniture, equipages, plate, &c. common to all persons of a certain station or fortune, and yet after an inquiry as to their prices, an inquiry so seldom made by persons of his rank, shrink back alarmed at the thought of the expense, though there was nothing alarming in it, and congratulate himself that he had no such luxuries, or did not require them. I should say that a bad and vulgar taste predominated in all Byron's equipments, whether in dress or in furniture. I saw his bed at Genoa, when I passed through in 1826, and it certainly was the most gaudily vulgar thing I ever saw; the curtains in the worst taste, and the cornice having his family motto of "*Crede Byron*" surmounted by baronial coronets. His carriages and his liveries were in the same bad taste, having an affectation of finery, but *mesquin* in the details, and tawdry in the *ensemble*; and it was evident that he piqued himself on them, by the complacency with which they were referred to. These trifles are touched upon, as being characteristic of the man, and would have been passed by, as unworthy of notice, had he not shown that they occupied a considerable portion of his attention. He has even asked us if they were not rich and handsome, and then remarked that no wonder they were so, as they cost him a great deal of money. At such moments it was difficult to remember that one was speaking to the author of *Childe Harold*. If the poet was often forgotten in the levities of the man, the next moment some original observation, cutting repartee, or fanciful simile, reminded one that he who could be ordinary in trifles, (the only points of assimilation between him and

the common herd of men,) was only ordinary when he descended to their level; but when once on subjects worthy his attention, the great poet shone forth, and they who had felt self-complacency at noting the futilities that had lessened the distance between him and them, were forced to see the immeasurable space which separated them, when he allowed his genius to be seen. It is only Byron's pre-eminence as a poet, that can give interest to such details as the writer has entered into; if they are written without partiality, they are also given in no unfriendly spirit, but his defects are noted with the same feeling with which an astronomer would remark the specks that are visible even in the brightest stars, and which having examined more minutely than common observers, he wishes to give the advantages of his discoveries, though the specks he describes have not made him overlook the brightness of the luminaries they sullied, but could not obscure.

"You know — of course, (said Byron,) every one does. I hope you don't like him; water and oil are not more antipathetic than he and I are to each other; I admit that his abilities are great, they are of the very first order, but he has that which almost always accompanies great talents, and generally proves a counterbalance to them. An overweening ambition, which renders him not over nice about the means, as long as he attains the end; and this facility will prevent his ever being a truly great man, though it may abridge his road to what is considered greatness—official dignity. You shall see some verses in which I have not spared him, and yet I have only said what I believe to be strictly correct. Poets are said to succeed best in fiction, but this I deny; at least I always write best when truth inspires me, and my satires, which are founded on truth, have more spirit than all my other productions, for they were written *con amore*. My intimacy with the — family (continued Byron) let me into many of —'s secrets, and they did not raise him in my estimation.

"One of the few persons in London, whose society served to correct my predisposition to misanthropy, was Lord Holland. There is more benignity, and a greater share of the milk of human kindness in his nature than in that of any man I know, always excepting Lord B—. Then there is such a charm in his manners, his mind is so highly cultivated, his conversation so agreeable, and his temper so equal and bland, that he never fails to send away his guests content with themselves and delighted with him. I never (continued Byron) heard a difference of opinion about Lord Holland; and I am sure no one could know him without liking him. Lord Erskine, in talking to me of Lord Holland, observed, that it was his extreme good-nature alone that prevented his

taking as high a political position as his talents entitled him to fill. This quality (continued Byron) will never prevent —'s rising in the world; so that his talents will have a fair chance.

"It is difficult (said Byron) when one detests an author not to detest his works. There are some that I dislike so cordially, that I am aware of my incompetency to give an impartial opinion of their writings. Southey, *par exemple*, is one of these. When travelling in Italy, he was reported to me as having circulated some reports much to my disadvantage, and still more to that of two ladies of my acquaintance; all of which, through the kind medium of some good-natured friends, were brought to my ears; and I have vowed eternal vengeance against him, and all who uphold him; which vengeance has been poured forth, in phials of wrath, in the shape of epigrams and lampoons, some of which you shall see. When any one attacks me, on the spur of the moment I sit down and write all the *mechanceté* that comes into my head; and, as some of these sallies have merit, they amuse me, and are too good to be torn or burned, and so are kept, and see the light long after the feeling that dictated them has subsided. All my malice evaporates in the effusions of my pen; but I dare say those that excite it would prefer any other mode of vengeance. At Pisa, a friend told me that Walter Savage Landor had declared he either would not, or could not, read my works. I asked my officious friend if he was sure which it was that Landor said, as the *would not* was not offensive, and the *could not* was highly so. After some reflection, he, of course *en ami*, chose the most disagreeable signification; and I marked down Landor in the tablet of memory as a person to whom a *coup-de-pat* must be given in my forthcoming work, though he really is a man whose brilliant talents and profound erudition I cannot help admiring as much as I respect his character, various proofs of the generosity, manliness, and independence of which has reached me; so you see I can render justice (*en petit comité*) even to a man who says he could not read my works; this, at least, shows some good feeling, if the *petit* vengeance of attacking him in my work cannot be defended; but my attacking proves the truth of the observation made by a French writer,—that we don't like people for the merit we discover in them, but for that which they find in us."

When Byron was one day abusing — most vehemently, we accused him of undue severity; and he replied, he was only deterred from treating him much more severely by the fear of being indicted under the Act of Cruelty to Animals!

"I am quite sure (said Byron) that many of our worst actions and our worst thoughts

are caused by friends. An enemy can never do as much injury, or cause as much pain: if he speaks ill of one, it is set down as an exaggeration of malice, and therefore does little harm, and he has no opportunity of telling one any of the disagreeable things that are said in one's absence; but a friend has such an amiable candour in admitting the faults least known, and often unsuspected, and of denying or defending with *acharnement* those that can neither be denied nor defended, that he is sure to do one mischief. Then he thinks himself bound to retail and detail every disagreeable remark or story he hears, and generally under the injunction of secrecy; so that one is tormented without the power of bringing the slanderer to account, unless by a breach of confidence. I am always tempted to exclaim, with Socrates, 'My friends! there are no friends!' when I hear and see the advantages of friendship. It is odd (continued Byron) that people do not seem aware that the person who repeats to a friend an offensive observation, uttered when he was absent, without any idea that he was likely to hear it, is much more blameable than the person who originally said it; of course I except a friend who hears a charge brought against one's honour, and who comes and openly states what he has heard, that it may be refuted: but this friend seldom do; for, as that Queen of Egotists, La Marquise du Deffand, truly observed—'*Ceux qu'on nomme amis sont ceux par qui on n'a pas à craindre d'être assassiné, mais qui laisseroient faire les assassins.*' Friends are like diamonds: all wish to possess them; but few can or will pay their price; and there never was more wisdom embodied in a phrase than in that which says—'Defend me from my friends, and I will defend myself from my enemies.'

Talking of poetry, (Byron said) that "next to the affected simplicity of the Lake School, he disliked prettinesses, or what are called flowers of poetry; they are only admissible in the poetry of ladies, (said he,) which should always have a sprinkling of dew-gemmed leaves and flowers of rainbow hues, with tuneful birds and gorgeous butterflies." Here he laughed like a child, and added, "I suppose you would never forgive me if I finished the sentence, sweet emblems of fair woman's looks and mind." Having joined in the laugh, which was irresistible from the mock heroic air he assumed, I asked him how he could prove any resemblance between tuneful birds, gorgeous butterflies, and woman's face or mind. He immediately replied, "have I not printed a certain line, in which I say, the music breathing from her face, and do not all, even philosophers, assert, that there is harmony in beauty, nay that there is no beauty without it? Now tuneful birds are musical; *ergo*, that simile holds good as far as the face, and the butter-

fly must stand for the mind, brilliant, light and wandering. I say nothing of its being the emblem of the soul, because I have not quite made up my mind, that women have souls; but, in short, flowers and all that is fragile and beautiful must remind one of women. So do not be offended with my comparison.

"But to return to the subject, (continued Byron) you do not, cannot like what are called flowers in poetry. I try to avoid them as much as possible in mine, and I hope you think that I have succeeded." I answered that he had given oaks to Parnassus instead of flowers, and while disclaiming the compliment it seemed to gratify him.

"A successful work (said Byron) makes a man a wretch for life: it engenders in him a thirst for notoriety and praise, that precludes the possibility of repose; this spurs him on to attempt others, which are always expected to be superior to the first; hence arise disappointment, as expectation being too much excited is rarely gratified, and in the present day, one failure is placed as a counterbalance to fifty successful efforts. Voltaire was right (continued Byron) when he said that the fate of a literary man resembled that of the flying fish; if he dives in the water the fish devour him, and if he rises in the air he is attacked by the birds. Voltaire (continued Byron) had personal experience of the persecution a successful author must undergo; but *malgré* all this, he continued to keep alive the sensation he had excited in the literary world, and while at Ferney, thought only of astonishing Paris. Montesquieu has said '*that moins on pense plus on parle.*' Voltaire was a proof, indeed I have known many (said Byron), of the falseness of this observation, for whoever wrote or talked as much as Voltaire? But Montesquieu, when he wrote his remark, thought not of literary men; he was thinking of the *bavards* of society, who certainly think less and talk more than all others. I was once very much amused (said Byron) by overhearing the conversation of two country ladies, in company with a celebrated author, who happened to be that evening very taciturn: one remarked to the other, how strange it was that a person reckoned so clever, should be so silent; and the other answered, Oh! he has nothing left to say, he has sold all his thoughts to his publishers. This you will allow was a philosophical way of explaining the silence of an author.

"One of the things that most annoyed me in London (said Byron) was the being continually asked to give my opinion on the works of contemporaries. I got out of the difficulty as well as I could, by some equivocal answer that might be taken in two ways; but even this prudence did not save me, and I have been accused of envy and jealousy

of authors, of whose works, God knows, I was far from being envious. I have also been suspected of jealousy towards ancient as well as modern writers: But Pope, whose poems I really envy, and whose works I admire, perhaps more than any living or dead English writer, they have never found out that I was jealous of, nay, probably, as I always praise him, they suppose I do not seriously admire him, as insincerity on all points is universally attributed to me.

"I have often thought of writing a book to be filled with all the charges brought against me in England (said Byron); it would make an interesting folio, with my notes, and might serve posterity as a proof of the charity, good-nature, and candour of Christian England in the nineteenth century. Our laws are bound to think a man innocent until he is proved to be guilty; but our English society condemn him before trial, which is a summary proceeding that saves trouble.

"However, I must say, (continued Byron,) that it is only those to whom any superiority is accorded that are prejudged or treated with undue severity in London, for mediocrity meets with the utmost indulgence, on the principle of sympathy, 'a fellow feeling makes them wondrous kind.' The moment my wife left me, I was assailed by all the falsehoods that malice could invent or slander publish; how many wives have since left their husbands, and husbands their wives, without either of the parties being blackened by defamation, the public having the sense to perceive that a husband and wife's living together or separate can only concern the parties, or their immediate families; but in *my case*, no sooner did Lady Byron take herself off than my character went off, or rather was carried off, not by force of arms, but by force of tongues and pens too; and there was no crime too dark to be attributed to me by the moral English, to account for so very common an occurrence as a separation in high life. I was thought a devil, because Lady Byron was allowed to be an angel; and that it formed a pretty antithesis, *mais hélas!* there are neither angels nor devils on earth, though some of ones acquaintance might tempt one into the belief of the existence of the latter. After twenty, it is difficult to believe in that of the former, though the *first* and *last* object of one's affection have some of its attributes. Imagination (said Byron) resembles hope—when unclouded, it gilds all that it touches with its own bright hue; mine makes me see beauty wherever youth and health have impressed their stamp; and after all I am not very far from the goddess, when I am with her handmaids, for such they certainly are. Sentimentalists may despise 'buxom health, with rosy hue,' which has something dairy-maid like, I confess, in the sound, (continued

he)—for buxom, however one may like the reality, is not euphonious, but I have the association of plumpness, rosy hue, good spirits and good humour, all brought before me in the homely phrase; and all these united give me a better idea of beauty than lanky languor, sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, and bad health, and bad humour, which are synonymous, making tomorrow cheerless as to day. Then see some of our fine ladies, whose nerves are more active than their brains, who talk sentiment, and ask you to 'administer to a mind diseased, and pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,' when it is the body that is diseased, and the rooted sorrow is some chronic malady; these, I own (continued Byron), alarm me, and a delicate woman, however prettily it may sound, harrows up my feelings with a host of shadowy ills to come, of vapours, hysterics, nerves, megrims, intermitting fevers, and all the ills that wait upon poor *weak* women, who, when sickly, are generally weak in more senses than one. The best dower a woman can bring is health and good humour; the latter, whatever we may say of the triumphs of mind, depends on the former, as, according to the old poem—

'Temper ever waits on health,
As luxury depends on wealth.'

But mind (said Byron) when I object to delicate women, that is to say, to women of delicate health, *alias* sickly, I don't mean to say that I like coarse, fat ladies, *à la Rubens*, whose minds must be impenetrable, from the mass of matter in which they are incased. No! I like an active and healthy mind, in an active and healthy person, each extending its beneficial influence over the other, and maintaining their equilibrium, the body illumined by the light within, but that light not let out by any 'chinks made by time;' in short, I like, as who does not, (continued Byron,) a handsome healthy woman, with an intelligent and intelligible mind, who can do something more than what is said a French woman can only do, *habille, babille*, and *dishabille*, who is not obliged to have recourse to dress, shopping and visits, to get through a day, and soirées, operas, and flirting to pass an evening. You see, I am moderate in my desires; I only wish for perfection.

"There was a time (said Byron) when fame appeared the most desirable of all acquisitions to me; it was my 'being's end and aim,' but now—how worthless does it appear. Alas! how true are the lines—

'La Nominanza è color d'erba,
Che viene e va; e quei la discolora
Per cui vien fuori della terra acerba.'

And dearly is fame bought, as all have found who have acquired even a small portion of it,—

'Che seggendo in piuma
In fama non si vien, ne sotto coltre.'

No! with sleepless nights, excited nerves, and morbid feelings, is fame purchased, and envy, hatred, and jealousy follow the luckless possessor.

*'O ciechi, il tanto affaticar che giova ?
Tutti tornate alla gran madre antica,
E il vostro nome appena si ritrova.'*

Nay, how often has a tomb been denied to those whose names have immortalized their country, or else granted when shame compelled the tardy justice. Yet, after all, fame is but like all other pursuits, ending in disappointment—its worthlessness only discovered when attained, and.

*'Senza la qual chi sua vita consuma
Cotal vestigio in terra di se lascia
Qual fummo in aere, ed in acqua la schiuma.'*

"People complain of the brevity of life, (said Byron), should they not rather complain of its length, as its enjoyments cease long before the half-way house of life is passed, unless one has the luck to die young, ere the illusions that render existence supportable have faded away, and are replaced by experience, that dull monotony, that ever comes too late? While youth steers the bark of life, and passion impels her on, experience keeps aloof; but when youth and passion are fled, and that we no longer require her aid, she comes to reproach us with the past, to disgust us with the present, and to alarm us with the future.

"We buy wisdom with happiness, and who would purchase it at such a price? to be happy, we must forget the past, and think not of the future, and who that has a soul, or mind, can do this? No one (continued Byron), and this proves, that those who have either, know no happiness on this earth. Memory precludes happiness, whatever Rogers may say or write to the contrary, for it borrows from the past, to imbitter the present, bringing back to us all the grief that has most wounded, or the happiness that has most charmed us; the first leaving its sting, and of the second,—

*'Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice,
Nulla miseria.'*

Let us look back (continued Byron) to those days of grief, the recollection of which now pains us, and we shall find that time has only cicatrized, but not effaced the scars; and if we reflect on the happiness, that seen through the vista of the past seems now so bright, memory will tell us that, at the actual time referred to, we were far from thinking so highly of it, nay, that at that very period, we were obliged to draw drafts on the future, to support the then present, though now, that epoch, tinged by the rays of memory, seems so brilliant, and renders the present more sombre by con-

trast. We are so constituted (said Byron) that we know not the value of our possessions until we have lost them. Let us think of the friends that death has snatched from us, whose loss has left aching voids in the heart never again to be filled up; and memory will tell us that we prized not their presence, while we were blessed with it, though, could the grave give them back, now that we had learnt to estimate their value, all else could be borne, and we believe (because it is impossible) that happiness might once more be ours. We should live with our friends, (said Byron,) not as the worldly-minded philosopher says, as though they may one day become our enemies, but as though we may one day lose them; and this maxim, strictly followed, will not only render our lives happier while together, but will save the survivors from those bitter pangs that memory conjures up, of slights and unkindnesses offered to those we have lost; when too late for atonement, and arms remorse with double force because it is too late." It was in such conversations that Byron was seen in his natural character; the feeling, the tenderness of his nature shone forth at such moments, and his natural character, like the diamond when breathed upon, though dimmed for a time, soon recovered its purity, and showed its original lustre, perhaps the more for having been for a moment obscured.

BANKING IN ENGLAND.

* * We cannot pledge ourselves to a concurrence with the opinions expressed in the following article upon a subject that seems to us beset with numerous difficulties, and demanding the maturest deliberation; but the great knowledge of our correspondent on the question, and the great talent evinced in his remarks, cause us not only to insert his communication, but to recommend it to the especial notice of our readers.—EDITOR.

EVERY trade was called a "mystery" in the days of Elizabeth. The diffusion of correct information in modern times has removed the veil from most of the occupations by which men seek a livelihood or court the sunshine of fame. The experiments of the laboratory are no longer looked upon as magical operations. Every boy knows, or may easily become acquainted with, the process by which the steam-boat is urged on the waves against wind and tide, and the heaviest carriages are impelled along the rail-road with the speed of the arrow. Mr. Babbage has disclosed to the world the secrets of the factory and the printing-house, the foundry and the mine. But there is one very obvious subject which he has not touched—the production of money. We are most of us in the habit of

frequently receiving and paying away coin and notes, either of the Bank of England, or of some private establishment; yet it may be affirmed with truth, that we are all, with few exceptions, ignorant of the elements of the currency, of which coin and notes constitute the principal ingredients. The trade which supplies those instruments of general circulation is to us still a "mystery;" money may be said to be so far like the wind, since no one knoweth whence it comes, or whither it goes.

The ignorance that prevails upon this subject is not, however, to be wondered at, when we consider that it has been hitherto treated by writers whose sources of information were of necessity extremely imperfect. The real influence, for example, of a new issue of notes by the Bank of England upon a mass of mixed currency already in operation, can only be judged of by the results of a variety of minute inquiries regulated by the strictest conformity with facts and dates. If the commercial transactions of the country be, at the period of that issue, rapidly augmenting, it will be as rapidly absorbed without leaving any decided trace behind it. But if the enlarged issue be coincident with a marked decline in trade, it will probably be felt injuriously throughout many branches of industry. In order to ascertain the precise extent of the evil, the state of the markets must be known up to the moment preceding the issue, and then it must be seen whether such issue was voluntary on the part of the bank, or rendered inevitable by the demands of the public. The exchanges, and the state of the bullion and deposits in the hands of the bank, are thus necessarily introduced into the investigation, before a proper decision can be made; and it may happen that an enlarged issue of bank notes which injures one class of the community shall be beneficial to another. Such an inquiry as this shows the great extent and variety of detail, over which an author treating of the currency must travel, before he can arrive at sound conclusions upon most of the questions which must pass under his review.

No man, perhaps, in this country, has thought more profoundly upon every topic connected with the currency than Mr. Thomas Tooke. It may be said to have occupied almost all the leisure hours of his long and honourable mercantile life. His early treatises upon it were received as authorities until he himself discovered in them numerous inaccuracies, which arose, almost wholly, from his having been imperfectly informed as to dates. In his evidence given last session before the Committee on the Bank Charter*, he confesses his mistakes with a frankness that does him great credit. Mr. Mushet's tracts upon the currency have

also been received with implicit confidence for several years. But Mr. Tooke demonstrates that, however conversant Mr. Mushet may have been with the amount of the bank circulation at different periods, he "absolutely knew nothing at all of the commercial circumstances" by which that circulation was occasionally contracted or enlarged.

It was not, in fact, until the Report of the Committee on the Bank Charter was published, that we possessed an authentic collection of data with reference to the subject of the currency, as well as the peculiar trade by which it is chiefly supplied. The volume in which that report, and the minutes of evidence appended to it are contained, is one of the most valuable publications that ever emanated from a committee of either House of Parliament. Abilities of the most distinguished order are displayed throughout every page of it, as well by those members who undertook the examinations, as by the witnesses who answered them. The reader has the benefit of sifting a great variety of opinions upon every topic connected with the circulation, and of comparing them with a series of accounts printed in the appendix, in which the real condition of the Bank of England is now, for the first time since its establishment, unreservedly disclosed. Several country bankers, and directors of joint-stock banking companies, who were examined by the committee, entered into copious details as to the mode in which their business is managed, and from the whole evidence we may derive a complete insight into the trade of banking in England and Wales—a branch of industry of great national importance, concerning which no information equally clear and satisfactory had ever before been submitted to the public. We conceive that we shall perform a duty not unacceptable to our readers, if we state in a familiar way a few of the leading points, which the weight of the evidence appears to us to establish.

It is admitted on all hands that our immense commercial transactions could not be carried on with convenience, even for a single day, through the medium of a circulation exclusively metallic. It is also a position, no longer to be disputed, that if the currency were purely metallic, it would be in no degree more exempt from the alternations of rise and fall in value, as compared with articles which form the materials of commerce, than if it consisted partly of gold, and partly of paper convertible into gold at the option of the holder. The value of the circulating medium, whatever that medium may be, is the creature of the general state of trade. If goods be in great request, prices rise; and a greater proportion of the currency is demanded for the purchase of those goods,

* Bank Report, 3832.

† B. R., 334C-43, et seq.

which is a proof of the comparative depreciation of its value. The contrary takes place when prices fall, and thus the state of trade is the immediate agent of the alteration in either instance.

It cannot, however be denied, that if banks be permitted to issue their paper *ad libitum*, and if that paper be accepted by the public, cases may occur in which the value of the currency may be materially affected by circumstances not legitimately linked with the general operations of commerce. Examples of this serious evil were numerous in the years 1824 and 1825, when the Bank of England, and many (though by no means the whole) of the country banks, issued to excess—reproducing those disasters against which the history of speculation in this country was supposed to have furnished the most striking warnings. But no experience seems capable of teaching prudence to new generations, save that which they acquire during their own career. Even that dearly bought precaution is not at all times proof against strong temptation, and it will therefore become the duty of the legislature to provide a permanent safeguard against a power of this description—a power which enables banks of issue to confound the most reasonable calculations of commercial men, and to plunge them into ruin.

A distinction is to be carefully taken between banks which issue their own paper, and banks which merely take deposits from their customers, and circulate the notes of the Bank of England or of other issuing establishments. As to banks of mere deposit, the public should be left to deal with them or not as they may think fit. A depositor selects his banker, and the affair does not differ from a transaction between two persons in any other trade whatever. But the moment a banker begins to issue notes of his own manufacture, it is the province of the legislature to take care that he shall not inundate his neighbourhood with paper, which may not be really convertible into gold. Persons engaged in trade have not always, practically speaking, the option of refusing a country bank note. A customer gives it perhaps in exchange for goods, and the trader cannot disoblige those who deal with him by asking questions as to the solvency of the banker whose note is placed on his counter. Therefore the public should be protected, as far as it is possible, not only from spurious paper, but also from those excessive issues by which imprudent bankers sometimes endanger and destroy a degree of credit which would have been sufficiently safe if restrained within proper limits.

It is manifest from the evidence, that the country banks, many of which belong to gentlemen of high character and great property, have been productive of incalculable advantages to several interests within

the range of their respective localities. In the agricultural districts they frequently lend money to farmers and drovers upon mere personal responsibility, and a knowledge of their characters and circumstances. To those establishments also thousands of manufacturers are indebted for the means, that have enabled them to contend successfully against difficulties which pressed upon them in consequence of the combinations of workmen, and of violent alterations in the market of the world. If the country bankers were to be all deprived of the power of issuing their own notes, many of them would of necessity cease to afford the accommodation by which they have hitherto frequently sustained the trade and agriculture of their neighbourhood. Besides it appeared that during our "three days" of interregnum in May last, the notes of more than one country banker were preferred by the people to those of the Bank of England. It is not necessary to do violence to the habits from which preferences of this description arise, or to impair the usefulness of country banks by preventing them from creating their fair portion of the currency, provided only that their issues be placed under efficient control.

With this view some of the witnesses proposed that those country bankers only should be allowed to issue notes, who should give security for them to the state by lending to it at a certain rate of interest an adequate sum of money. Such an arrangement as this would put an end altogether to the existence of country paper. It would in fact impose upon a banker the necessity of providing doubly for the payment of his notes: first, he would have to pay them by the deposit of security with the state, and, secondly, he must pay them whenever the holder chooses to present them for cash. This is not reasonable; neither is it necessary. It would be much the preferable mode to place the whole banking trade of the kingdom (so far as the issue of notes is concerned) under the supervision of a "board of currency," as suggested by several of the witnesses. To this board returns should be made weekly of all issues, and it should be empowered to publish those returns at its own discretion. The returns should embrace the state not only of the "circulation," but also of the "deposits" and "assets" in the hands of each bank of issue, and we have no doubt that, without giving the board any further control, or enabling it to act in any shape with an inquisitorial character, the mere prospect of regulated publicity, without injuring sound establishments, would soon separate the chaff from the grain. The actual publication would inform the note holders and depositors of each banker of the precise value of his credit, and it would then be in their power to decide for themselves both as to

circulating his paper, and permitting their property to remain in his possession.

It would be an essential part of the duty of the board to communicate to each bank weekly, the state of the whole bank circulation of the kingdom. They would thus enable each establishment to regulate its issues by a principle common to all, and they would moreover keep the stream of the currency full, at the same time that they would tend to confine it within its natural limits, and to prevent the dangers of an overflow.

Whatever may be thought of some ingredients in the joint-stock bank system, which was authorized under the act of 1826, it is not to be doubted that in some towns in the manufacturing districts, establishments founded by the authority of that act have been productive of advantages. These advantages have been rendered, however, peculiarly apparent in Manchester and Liverpool, in neither of which places do they issue notes of their own. They transact their business entirely through the medium of Bank of England paper, having found that the general dislike to local notes, which has for many years prevailed throughout Lancashire, was an insuperable obstacle to their success, had they attempted, as they originally intended, to make a struggle against it. So long as they do not issue notes, the public can be in little danger from those, or from similar institutions. As the law now stands, each individual partner is responsible for the liabilities of the company to the whole extent of his fortune, not only while he remains a member of the firm, but even during a certain period after he has sold his shares, and ceased to have an interest in the concern. This is a circumstance which cannot be very generally known, otherwise much fewer persons would have been disposed to risk their entire dependence for the sake of obtaining a dividend of six or eight per cent upon a few thousand pounds. It might be expedient to alter the law in this respect, and to grant charters to joint-stock companies with responsibility limited to the shares, or even double the amount of the shares of each partner—provided that such companies be absolutely precluded from issuing local notes. Where such notes are issued, the responsibility should remain, as it now is, co-extensive with the means of every individual included in the company.

Another material provision should be added to the law, with a view to prevent the directors of joint-stock banks from making loans to their co-partners, upon the security of their respective shares. It is declared by some of the witnesses, that it is the practice with most of these establishments to lend back to individuals the whole of the sums subscribed by them towards the capital of the bank. With reference to banks of issue, no practice can be more pernicious or un-

just than this; for while it exists, an institution, which apparently possesses a large paid up capital, may in reality have scarcely any capital at all. The subscriptions become fictitious under such a system; but the official representation of their aggregate amount may nevertheless so far impose upon the public as to induce them to take its notes, and thus enable it in fact to trade upon borrowed funds. When a shock comes, the truth is soon discovered, but the consequences will fall upon the public, and upon those members of the company who had no occasion to borrow from it, and whose fortunes will be sacrificed to the schemes of mere adventurers. This should by all means be prevented.

The privileges appertaining to the Bank of England are of a very important character, and one of the main objects of the committee was to inquire, whether or not it would be conducive to the general interest of the country that those privileges should be renewed. The first in point of value is, that the Bank are the only joint-stock-company consisting of more than six partners, authorized to issue cash notes in London, and within a circle drawn around it whose radius extends sixty-five miles. Their next material privileges are that their notes are received exclusively in payment of revenue; that they pay the dividends upon the public stocks; and that they are the bankers of government, whose deposits seldom fluctuate below four millions upon the average. It is obvious that all these privileges combined tend to give so great a degree of credit and of circulation to Bank of England notes, as to make them the source of very considerable profit. But this is not all. The immense wealth which the bank have accumulated, amounting to a sum of nearly nineteen millions sterling, over and above assets sufficient to meet all their liabilities, added to their long connexion with the state, have procured for the establishment so high a character for solvency in the eyes of the country, that although they pay no interest upon deposits either private or public, they hold very large sums of money in their hands which are entrusted to their custody by individuals. A due proportion of these deposits, as well as of those belonging to the public, they of course invest in discounts and other securities; and it is said, though no return has been made on this point, that their income from their various investments, including those which consist of their own property, exceeds the profits which they derive even from their immense circulation. It is a fact worthy of observation that their annual gains, after the payment of all expenses, and after laying by a sum of about 35,000*l.* every year to be added to their "rest" capital, amounts at present to about one million two hundred thousand pounds, a

sum exactly equal to the whole of their original capital.

Upon the first blush of this statement the most unprejudiced reader is inclined to ask, why should any commercial company be allowed to engross to itself such vast profits as these? If the manufacture of notes be so lucrative, why should they not be created by the state for the benefit of the public at large? Monopolies, as Mr. Huskisson said, have grown out of fashion in all trades, and why should an exception be made in favour of the governor and company of the Bank of England? The answers to these questions are by no means obvious; the materials which furnish them are to be found only in the results of patient and dispassionate investigation.

As to the idea of a state paper circulation, we may dispose of it at once by a reference to the history of every state bank that has yet been established. Not one of them ever succeeded in any country to gather around at any considerable credit for any period worth mentioning. The moment that political alarm arises—the very moment at which an accredited circulation is especially necessary in order to prevent that alarm from becoming revolution—the paper of the state would be reduced to the condition of the celebrated French assignats—that is to say, if they were negotiable at all, it would be at a discount of two or three hundred per cent. It is a well-known fact, mentioned by Mr. Easthope in his evidence before the committee,* that for a few hours towards the close of the year 1825, cash could not be obtained for Exchequer bills or for stock. Besides, in this country, the attribute of creating money would be a weapon in the hands of government which might be made use of to the prejudice of liberty. It would be an innovation upon the constitution, which no ingenuity of legislation could harmonize with the ever-active spirit of jealousy by which that constitution is pervaded. If we cannot entrust the government with an arbitrary power in levying taxes, it would be still more difficult for us, looking to our personal rights and privileges, to commit to it the faculty of creating money, the production of which is the very object of taxation.

But then, it is said, the Mint coins money, and why should it not also coin paper? The answer is upon the surface. The Mint does not create the ingots, from which sovereigns are made; nor do those ingots belong to government. The Mint is merely a manufactory of coin, open to all persons who wish to have bullion melted down into sterling money. The manufacture is properly retained in the hands of the state, in order that no gold or silver should be converted into coin which is not of the requisite stan-

dard as to freedom from base alloy. There is therefore no parallel between the two cases.

Then, it may be asked, why should not other companies be allowed to issue notes in London and within sixty-five miles of it, as well as the Bank of England? There is certainly no reason why they should not be permitted to trade in the issue of notes as they do in the manufacture of silk, if there were any real similarity between the two pursuits. The peculiarity of paper issued for circulation is, that by law it must be convertible into gold at the option of the holder, and the question to be really discussed is this—whether, if there were an unlimited number of joint-stock banks of issue in London, they could uniformly keep in their hands a sufficient supply of that metal in order to meet their liabilities?

No objection is made to the Bank of England in this respect. It is not denied that, since the resumption of cash payments, they have uniformly discharged all their engagements. It is true that they were very nearly drained of their gold in 1825, and the recurrence of such an evil is one of the things against which it is the duty of the legislature to provide. But the great objection to the Bank is that they have a monopoly. Let us see then if the existence of monopoly could be destroyed by allowing several joint-stock banks of issue in London.

As we have no gold mines in England, all our bullion comes from abroad, where we purchase it by our domestic manufactures and our colonial produce. But we are not paid by our foreign customers wholly in gold for what we sell them. We are paid in raw silk and cotton and wool, in wine, fruits, and a thousand other articles, which minister to necessity or luxury. In point of fact, we are paid only the excess of the value of our merchandise over theirs in gold bullion, which we bring home. When the balance of trade is in our favour, the ordinary store of our bullion increases *pro tanto*; when the balance, or, in other words, the *exchange*, is against us, we must remit gold abroad to adjust the account.

In order therefore that a number of issuing banks in London should be able to retain in their coffers a sufficient reserve of gold to meet their liabilities, it would be absolutely necessary that they should *all* have an incessant and intimate knowledge of the state of the exchanges. It is obvious that if any one of them were ignorant in this respect, he might be exhausted of his gold in a single day, and gazetted the day following. He cannot, according to the present law, which nobody we presume will succeed in altering, refuse gold for his notes; and if the exchanges be adverse, the merchants who hold his notes have no alternative; they must get them converted into gold, or lose their own credit.

* B. R., 5824.

Now it would not be possible for any number of bankers in London to be promptly and uniformly made acquainted with the state of the exchanges, unless bullion was brought to them by all the merchants in equal portions, or was abstracted from them, in exchange for notes, in equal quantities, which cannot be supposed likely to be done by a number of merchants, each of whom would have his own banker. The only way in which the bankers would gain the requisite knowledge would be by establishing a system of confidential intercourse amongst themselves. The Bank of England are in the habit not only of watching the exchanges, but also of influencing them sometimes*, that is to say, *rectifying* them in favour of this country. Their operations for that purpose have been carried on necessarily with strict secrecy, and have generally been successful. It would be sometimes incumbent upon the proposed new banks of issue in London to carry into effect similar operations; but in order to accomplish their object, they would be under the necessity of acting in co-operation. All idea of competition between establishments confederated for that or for any other purpose would, of course, be then out of the question. But competition between several banks is the main object which those persons contemplate, who seek to dissolve what is called the monopoly of the Bank of England.

Is it to be supposed that such banks, if they were established, would not also enter into an understanding with each other for the purpose of rendering their bullion reserves, which are unprofitable, as small as possible? Would they not further concur in putting down any new rivals, who might attempt to interfere with their trade? Both these results have actually taken place in Scotland and the United States, where there has not been for many years any restriction as to the number of partners in banks of issue. The consequence is that, after having worked their paper into an extensive credit with the public, they have established for themselves a *de facto* monopoly; and they at present retain but a very small proportion of gold, compared to their liabilities, in either country. So much is this the case, that whenever the Scotch Bankers are pressed for gold they are obliged to resort for it to the Bank of England; and as to the American bankers, who still survive the general ruin that was brought upon them some years ago by their deficiency of bullion, they have been obliged to enter into an understanding with their customers that gold is never to be demanded from them to any considerable extent.

It is obvious, therefore, that if gold must

be retained in the country, it can only be kept by a process which necessarily leads to monopoly; and the question is, whether it would be more expedient to divide that monopoly, if we may so express ourselves without a solecism, among many banks, or to continue it in the hands of the single establishment which has now exercised it for nearly a century and a half?

It cannot be doubted that great convenience arises in London, where all the transactions of the world are finally settled, according to the testimony of Mr. Rothschild, from there being one approved paper currency in which those transactions might be arranged. But even if that convenience did not exist, it may be asked what good reason can be produced for making an alteration in this respect? Why break up the monopoly of the Bank in order to confer it upon a number of other banks? The currency has more than once already been sufficiently tampered with. Is there any reason why, for the sake of a mere speculative chance of amelioration, which may end in failure, the interests of the whole country, which are materially involved in this question, should be exposed to new hazards, to fresh panics, perhaps to another 1825? The London bankers, who are all wealthy enough to issue notes if they please, unanimously state that they prefer the present system to any other that could be substituted for it. Those gentlemen are perhaps, of all others, the most competent to express sound opinions on the subject, and they are all adverse to any change, except that which we have already mentioned, of periodically subjecting the affairs of the Bank, as well as of all other banks of issue, to the scrutiny of the public.

We shall only add another observation. The proprietors of the Bank of England amount to about 3150, including several public companies and charities. The stock belonging to these numerous holders is constantly changing hands, and hence the corporation may be said to be open to any person who, possessing property, chooses to embark it in that establishment. It is difficult, therefore, to associate the idea of monopoly, in an odious sense of the word, with a company of which any person may become a partner, whether he be a British subject or a foreigner. If several joint-stock banks were established in London, it would be impossible that they could be more open to the public than the Bank of England.

THE DEATH OF HOFER.

"Florence, Jan. 20.

"DEAR LADY * * * * *

"Do not you already begin to repent that you commanded me to write to you on

* B. R. 213, 223.

my return to Italy? I passed two entire months in Germany, and like the people. Of the country you know as much as I do—people who paid more attention to it have described it better than I could. In passing I saw Waterloo—an ugly table for an ugly game, played badly both by loser and winner. At Innsbruck I entered the church in which *Andreas Hofer* is buried. He lies under a plain slab, on the left, near the door. I admired the magnificent tomb of bronze, in the centre, surrounded by heroes, real and imaginary. They did not fight tens against thousands—they did not fight for wives and children, but for lands and plunder—therefore they are heroes! My admiration of these works of art was soon satisfied,—which, perhaps, it would not have been in any other place. Snow, mixed with rain, was falling, and was blown by the wind upon the tomb of *Hofer*. I thought how often he had taken advantage of such weather for his attacks against the enemies of his country, and I seemed to hear his whistle in the wind. At the little village of *Landro*—(I feel a whimsical satisfaction in the likeness of the name to mine)—the innkeeper was the friend of this truly great man—the only great man that Europe has produced in our days, excepting his true compeer, *Kosciusko*. By the order of *Bonaparte*, the companions of *Hofer*, eighty in number, were chained, thumb-screwed, and taken out of prison in couples, to see him shot. He had about him one thousand florins, in paper currency, which he delivered to his confessor, requesting him to divide it impartially among his unfortunate countrymen. The confessor, an Italian, who spoke German, kept it, and never gave relief from it to any of them,—most of whom were suffering, not only from privation of wholesome air, to which, among other privations, they never had been accustomed, but also from scantiness of nourishment and clothing. Even in *Mantua*, where, as in the rest of Italy, sympathy is both weak and silent, the lowest of the people were indignant at the sight of so brave a defender of his country led into the public square to expiate a crime unheard of for many centuries in their nation. When they saw him walk forth, with unaltered countenance and firm step before them—when, stopping on the ground which was about to receive his blood, they heard him, with unfaltering voice, commend his soul and his country to the Creator,—and, as if still under his own roof, a custom with him after the evening prayer, implore a blessing for his boys and little daughter, and for the mother who had reared them up carefully and tenderly thus far through the perils of childhood,—finally, when in a lower tone, but earnestly and emphatically, he besought pardon from the Fount of Mercy for her brother, his betrayer,—many smote their

breasts aloud; many, thinking that sorrow was shameful, lowered their heads and wept; many, knowing that it was dangerous, yet wept too. The people remained upon the spot an unusual time; and the French, fearing some commotion, pretended to have received an order from *Bonaparte* for the mitigation of the sentence, and publicly announced it. Among his many falsehoods, any one of which would have excluded him for ever from the society of men of honour, this is perhaps the basest; as, indeed, of all his atrocities, the death of *Hofer*, which he had ordered long before, and appointed the time and circumstances, is, of all his actions, that which the brave and virtuous will reprobate the most severely. He was urged by no necessity—he was prompted by no policy: his impatience of courage in an enemy, his hatred of patriotism and integrity in all, of which he had no idea himself, and saw no image in those about him, outstripped his blind passion for fame, and left him nothing but power and celebrity.

"Believe me,

"Dear Lady * * * * *

"Your very obliged
and obedient servant,

"WALTER S. LANDOR."

THE FORSAKEN TO HER FATHER.

By Thomas Haynes Bayly.

Oh, name him not, unless it be

In terms I shall not blush to hear:

Oh, name him not, though false to me,

Forget not he was once so dear.

Oh, think of former happy days,

When none could breathe a dearer name;

And if you can no longer praise,

Be silent, and forbear to blame!

He may be all that you have heard;

If proved, 'twere folly to defend:

Yet pause ere you believe one word

Breathed 'gainst the honour of a friend.

How many seem in haste to tell

What friends can never wish to know!

I answer—once I knew him well,

And then, at least, it was not so.

You say, when all condemn him thus,

To praise him leads to disrepute:

But, had the world censured us,

Father! he would not have been mute!

He may be changed, and he may learn

To slander friends, as others do:

But if we blame him, we in turn

Have learnt that hateful lesson too!

Desertion of myself, his worst,

His only crime perhaps may prove;

Shall he of all men be the first

Condemned for being false in love?

The world has never yet denied
Its favour to the falsest heart ;
Its sanction rather seems to guide
The hand again to aim the dart !

You hate him, Father, for you know
That he was cruel to your child.
Alas ! I strove to *hide* my woe,
And when you look'd on me, I smil'd :
But on my faded cheek appears
An evidence of all I've felt :
I pray'd for strength, but falling tears
Betray'd my weakness as I knelt.

Oh ! hate him not : he must have seen
Some error, that was never meant !
And love, you knew, hath ever been
Prone to complain, and to resent !
Hate him not, Father ! nor believe
Imputed crimes, till they are *proved* ;
And *proof* should rather make us grieve
For one who once was so beloved.

CORPORATION REFORM.

Two circumstances point equally to the necessity of the application of new principles to Corporations ;—first, the evils into which the old system has fallen ; and, secondly, the institution of municipal forms of government where new societies have, as it were, been created by the boroughs erected under the Reform Bill. That ministers are prepared to admit this necessity has already appeared in Lord Althorp's judicious motion for a Committee of Inquiry.

There exist, in England and Wales, at this moment something more than one hundred and sixty corporations. These are variously elected,—variously conditioned by charters bearing all dates, from John to James II., and consequently the peculiar impressions of the times and occasions under which they were granted. They are most of them more or less connected with the choice of members of parliament, some having possessed (until the passing of the Bill) the entire power, others enjoying, in connexion with this greatest result, the right of electing new members when vacancies occur. The franchise is conferred in many ways ; some can, moreover, increase at will the number of voters, or, on the contrary, delay or suspend the admission of persons justly entitled to their freedom ;—all of them have one common property ; they are elective in some shape or other ; their powers of jurisdiction are alike various. All have more or less judicial power—some can try even cases of life and death ; upon most of them devolve the care of the local police and the trust of the local charities. We are now reduced to speak rather of the powers delegated to these authorities before than since the passing of the Reform Bill. But, whatever alterations may have been effected by

this measure, they touch only the choice of members of parliament, and, though infinite were the abuses that belonged to that privilege, the evils which remain,—moral, social, and political,—are certainly not less extensive.

In discussing these powers and differences, the principles may perhaps be reduced to five ;—

1. The exercise of the franchise in the choice of representatives in parliament ;
2. The mode of electing or constituting the corporate body itself ;
3. The local jurisdiction ;
4. The local police.
5. The management of charities, together, in some instances, with the distribution of the poor-rate.

The circumstances of the times have stimulated and directed public opinion far more perhaps towards the connexion between corporate powers and franchises and parliamentary elections, than to the other points. For this is the more general concern—the remaining considerations are local. And it might be laid down as a rule, that wherever there is a corporation influence, that influence is unfairly exercised ; by which we mean to say, it is exerted either to favour the individual interest of the candidate, or the personal interest of those who wield the power of the corporation, or both, in utter oblivion, or in direct violation, of the principles and objects for which the representation of the people, and the franchise which determines that representation, are bestowed. This has been proved in numberless cases of petitions against the returns of members ; but to put the matter beyond dispute, we shall cite some of the most curious and amusing, through the last seventy years, embracing so long a period of time with a view to demonstrate how complete and inevitable is the tendency towards corruption,—how rooted the practice.

The petition against the return of Sir Thomas Rumbolt and Sir Francis Sykes for the borough of Shaftesbury was presented after the election of 1774. "Evidence was given," says the reporter, that "money, to the amount of several thousand pounds, has been given among the voters, in sums of twenty guineas a man ; and the persons who were intrusted with the disbursement of this money, and who were *chiefly the magistrates of the town*, devised very singular and very absurd contrivances in hopes of being thus able to conceal through what channel it was conveyed to the electors. A person concealed under a ludicrous and fantastical disguise, and called by the name of *Punch*, was placed in a small apartment, and, through a hole in the door, delivered out to the voters parcels containing twenty guineas each : upon which they were conducted to another apartment in the same

house, where they found a person called Punch's Secretary, who required them to sign notes for the value received; these notes were made payable to an imaginary character, to whom was given the name of *Glenbuckel*. Two of the witnesses swore that they had seen Punch through the hole in the door, and that they knew him to be Mr. Matthews, an alderman of the town! and, as the counsel for the petitioner had endeavoured to prove, an agent for the sitting members."

"The counsel for the sitting members proposed to call Matthews himself to prove an *alibi*; but the committee resolved not to admit the evidence.

"On the part of the petitioner several witnesses were called to prove declarations of voters, who, at the poll, had taken the bribery oath, that they had received Punch's money.

"Many discussions on the whole have passed during the sessions of 1775 and 1776; the writ was suspended—resolutions were passed to the effect that there was the most notorious subornation of perjury practised, and the most corrupt and wilful perjury committed; also resolutions against Sykes and Rumbold, and six others, as the promoters and suborners; and a bill to disfranchise certain persons, and for preventing bribery and corruption in the borough was brought in; yet, strange to say, a subsequent motion for a prosecution of the two first named gentlemen by the Attorney-General was negatived. All the orders for the bill, prosecution, &c. were afterwards discharged, although Mr. Mortimer, the member declared to be duly elected, had obtained verdicts for penalties against Mr. Sykes for twenty-six acts of bribery to the amount of 11,000*l.* at the Dorchester assizes in 1776."

A petition was presented to the House of Commons against the return of Mr. Gowland for the city of Durham, on the ground that the mayor and confederate aldermen (residing at a distance from the city, and most of them unknown to the wardens and companies,) even after the teste of the writ of election, and during the very time of the poll, unduly admitted a great number of persons to the freedom of the said city, in order to procure, at any rate, a majority of votes for Mr. Gowland; and that, notwithstanding repeated applications were made to the mayor by the petitioner and his agents, for an inspection of the corporation guild book, and for a list of the pretended freemen so made and admitted as aforesaid, he, the said mayor, refused both; and that, at the late election, which began on the 7th of December last, the aforesaid mayor illegally, and contrary to his duty as returning officer, admitted the votes not only of the occasional freemen above-mentioned, but also of many other persons who offered and

ought to have been admitted to vote for the petitioner; and that, notwithstanding the number of such occasional voters amounted to upwards of two hundred, yet the pretended majority for the sitting members upon the close of the poll was no more than twenty-three: and that, to complete the design of these unwarrantable practices, the aforesaid mayor hath unjustly, and contrary to the duty of his office, returned the said Mr. Gowland as duly elected as representative for the said city. The votes thus made and the election were both set aside.

In the midst of this career of iniquity, an anecdote stands upon record not less honourable to an individual than generally illustrative of our subject. It occurs in the history of the elections of Newport:—

"On the death of Lord Holmes, an attempt was made by Sir William Oglander and some other gentlemen to deprive his Lordship's nephew and successor, the Rev. Mr. Troughar Holmes, of his influence over this corporation. The number of the body was at that time twenty-three, there being one vacancy amongst the aldermen, occasioned by the recent death of Lord Holmes. Eleven of them continued firm to the interest of the nephew, and the same number was equally eager to transfer that interest to Sir William Oglander and the Worsley family. A Mr. Taylor of this town, one of the burgesses, withheld his declaration, and, as his vote would decide the balance of future influence, it was imagined that he only suspended it for the purpose of private advantage. Agreeably to that idea, he was eagerly sought by the agents of each party. The first who applied is said to have made him an offer of 2000*l.* Mr. Taylor had actually made up his mind to have voted with his party; but the moment his integrity and independence were attacked, he reversed his determination and resolved to give his suffrage on the opposite side. That party, however, like their opponents, being ignorant of the favour designed them and of the accident to which they owed it, assailed him with a more advantageous offer. He informed them that he had but just formed the resolution, in consequence of a similar insult from their adversaries, of giving them his support; but since he had discovered that they were both aiming at power by the same means, he was determined to vote for neither of them; and to put himself out of the power of future temptation, he resolved to resign his gown as a Burgess of the corporation, which he did the next day."

Even the bodies corporate of our great seats of learning, Oxford and Cambridge, have not been quite pure.

In 1767, the then mayor of Oxford, and some of his corporate brethren, proffered by letter to re-elect the sitting members for a certain sum of money, and declared, on the contrary, that, unless this stipulation was agreed to, the members certainly should not have the support of these worthies. The letter was read in the House of Commons, the writers taken into custody, committed to Newgate, and, previous to their discharge, severely reprimanded on their knees by the Speaker.

The case of Cambridge is more recent and not less notorious. One of the alder-

men contrived to obtain the power of appointing a large body of electors, and by this means threw the borough into the hands of the Duke of Rutland. The individual in question once contrived to be returned himself, and by his management the members for Cambridge Town were, up to a very late period, solely and entirely the nominees of his Grace.

But such instances of corruption, so openly profligate, so utterly disdainful of moral rectitude and public opinion, are at an end, and they are quoted merely to show the natural and inevitable event of intrusting power to such bodies, where even the worthiest individual in his own private life and circumstances is but too apt to take shelter under the general coverture. We may, however, adopt the summary laid down in the work from which we have extracted the facts already related.

"It appears almost through every case which has come before the House of Commons that corruption prevails, and that the influence of magistrates and corporations is generally exerted to destroy the freedom of elections,—that freemen and burgesses are admitted or refused their admission by corporations with little or no regard to claims legally and justly founded, but merely to suit the purposes of whatever party the leading men in each city or borough may find it their interest to espouse;—and even the poor-rates in scot-and-lot boroughs are corrupted into engines of despotism. The taxing a number of persons who have no right, and omitting another description who possess or occupy rateable houses, has been the means of giving a colourable majority in many elections."

Proceed we to present effects, which will be found to be included under the other heads above recited.

In our last Number * we noticed a pamphlet published by Mr. Bacon, the editor of the Norwich Mercury, under the title of "A Letter to Lord Stormont and Sir James Scarlett," by which a strong light has been thrown upon the motives and the end of the exercise of corporation powers. What is therein stated of Norwich applies to most other corporate bodies. The personal consequence and interest of the corporators connected in the last resort with the return of the members of parliament, are the incentives to all the civic contentions, all the moral deprivation which obtain through such influences. *The root of the evil, it is shown, lies in the nature of the constituency, and, above all, in the frequency of municipal elections.* In the city above-named, it should seem, there are always three elections for corporate offices (common councilmen, sheriff, and mayor) every year; and one more, upon the average, from the death or secession of any of the twenty-four aldermen. The results have been a constant antagonist array of political opposition, the continual excitement of party virulence, and a struggle for power supported by corruption of every sort,

—bribery, direct and indirect, and even the misapplication of the public charities and the poor-rates to the purposes of election patronage,—general and public objects neglected or compromised,—individual and party feuds perpetuated, to the injury alike of the interests of the city and the intercourse of the citizens. Mr. Bacon supports these strong allegations by the evidence of facts that seem indisputable; and one or two of his anecdotes, while they carry the proof up to its very source, will illustrate the matter as well as amuse the inquirer:—

"I was standing in the road of the village where I lived, about twenty years ago, when I saw a man personally known to me approaching at the head of between thirty or forty of as ragged a crew as I ever beheld. The man accosted me civilly. 'Who are your friends,' said I, 'G——?' 'My chickens, Sir,' said the fellow; and it appeared these were honest freemen of the city, from a neighbouring coop, where, under the custody of this keeper, they had been fasted for nearly three weeks, lest they should be lured away and taken into keeping by the opposite party. This practice has been regularly resorted to, as the publicans of Horsford, Drayton, Mulbarton, and other villages adjacent to Norwich well know. I can also state positively, that powerful opiates have been frequently administered in their drink, to drench the senses of these poor wretches, (one man was put to sleep during the entire day of election and the night succeeding,) and even their clothes taken away whilst they were asleep, to secure their adhesion. The story of the sleeper involves a curious complication of ingenious device and of want of principle in the high, and the adherence to it in the low. The wretched object was a poor old man, whose party and personal attachment to Mr. Foster could not be shaken. But as he was eternally tormented and beset, it was no difficult matter, especially as the poor love good eating and drinking almost as well as their betters, to persuade this man 'to go to a friend's house in the country'—the common phrase for cooping. The opposite party accordingly lured him away under this false pretence. On the morning of the election, a man with a blue and white cockade drove up, and announcing himself as Mr. Foster's brother, took the poor devil, who was in an agony of delight at the honour, to Norwich. Just before they arrived at the gates, it was proposed that they should have a little refreshment before going to poll. To this there could be no objection. They stopped at the first public house. The posset was drugged with sufficient potency, and W. F. slept till next morning on the seat he first sat down on. Upon awaking, he inquired for Mr. Foster's brother, and said he wished to go up and vote, when he was turned out of the house, with the comfortable assurance that he had been cooped by the opposite party and put to sleep during the whole day of the election. I could recite I know not how many instances of similar deceptions, effected, however, by various devices. The drunkenness, the force, the infamy of every sort that has been in continual employment, it is impossible to exaggerate. The death of men during these Saturnalia has been no uncommon event. It has now grown into a set phrase; and if one of them die, the partisans coolly inform each other that 'a chicken has dropped off his perch.' Can anything more plainly declare the heartless recklessness of such demoralizing practices?

"I was in a party of volunteer officers many

* See "Lion's Mouth."

years ago, when one came in and related the following occurrence, in which he had just been engaged. Passing over St. Miles' Bridge, he found two opposing bodies of partizans at high despite, (this was on the night before the election,) contending for the drunken carcass of a voter. The person in question, looking over the bridge, discerned by the lamp-light a dyer in a boat, whom he knew to be attached to his own side. Without the slightest hesitation he mingled in the press, and, while the rest were engaged in the affray, dropped the insensible man over the bridge into the boat, and returned to enjoy the confusion that arose when the victors in the strife discovered that the body for which they had been fighting was gone. It is well known that men have, at no very remote date, been seized and confined in wherries on the broads of Norfolk; and the late Alderman Crisp Brown was only rescued from such an act of violence by making his escape into the house of a gentleman in the street in which he resided.

"I shall cite one more anecdote, which a living leader of your own party can, if he pleases, confirm. A ward election was about to take place on the eve of an expected election for member of parliament. The nominees of the ward considered the most important, waited upon the relation of one of the sitting members, and assured him in the strongest terms that to win the ward election was indispensable to his relation's success in the coming contest.* Upon this assurance a cheque for twelve hundred and forty or fifty pounds (I do not exactly remember which) was handed over to the party. The member was ousted by a great majority, and the gentleman who advanced the money was told with the utmost nonchalance by the very same persons, that his relation never had the slightest chance of being re-elected."

If it be asked how all this mischief we have described is accomplished, the details are thus to be made out, not alone as relates to Norwich, but to most corporate towns. The local jurisdiction is committed to the hands of the magistrates, who are, and must be, in some measure bound up with these subjects of dispute brought before them. A. is charged with an assault upon B. The one or the other belongs to the same or to the opposite party with the magistrate, or he works for the friends or connexions of the municipal judge. He has obliged or offended, or may oblige or offend, the party with whom the magistrate acts. In places where the recurrence of elections affecting not only the party, but the personal interests and feelings of those who sit upon the judgment-seat, there must always be, and therefore there is, a constant leaning to the complainant or the defendant. In multitudes of cases servants have been tried at sessions for stealing the goods of some of the magistrates upon the bench, their relatives and friends, or their

partners in trade. Such anomalies are contrary to the spirit of justice and the laws, and they hold out no safe and no ordinary temptation. The choice of the officers of the police, and their direction, vests also in the magistracy. It is notorious that, in general, these offices are bestowed for party services and from party motives; and when the power, petty as it appears, tremendous as it is, over the poor wretches who are its objects is considered, it is quite clear that such feeling ought never to enter into or attach to such a choice or such an office. Now it is no less certain that the causes which have led to the elevation of the officer will supply motives for his conduct. He is always a zealous, often a violent partizan. He trades upon party spirit,—it is the aliment upon which he subsists; and he employs his official power leniently, or severely where it can be safely done, with a view to conciliate the further favour of his employers. In many instances the most active instruments in administering the bribery at municipal and general elections are known to be the officers of the corporation. Nor does this objection appertain to the lower classes of officers alone. When legal appointments belong to the corporation, recorder and stewardships, town-clerks, chamberlains, and treasurers, the same motives prevail in the choice. It is a fact, that in some instances, these places are the subject of a pecuniary speculation. As thus:—An office under the court is worth 300*l.* per annum, and is granted for life. "I can only obtain it," says a keen young lawyer, "by supporting my party. If I disburse 1500*l.* in party contests, I shall realize 20 per cent. upon my outlay, and the present incumbent is declining in years or health." If his decision is made, his purse opens to the demands of party, and he becomes personally first the active and interested, and at last the violent and reckless instrument of all the corrupt enterprises of party purposes. These are not fancy portraits, they are drawn from life, and from many more than a single subject.

In like manner, the charities and poor-rates of a corporate city are liable to misapplication. The highest and basest branch is, perhaps, the treasurerships and charities. The corporators of the greatest influence have these posts of honour and emolument. The profit is ordinarily derived from the interest upon the balances they hold. Hence it becomes an object to obtain possession of the annual proceeds of the rents and other funds as soon and to retain them as long as possible. We have known an annuity from 200*l.* to 400*l.* per annum, the property of a single hospital for the aged, remain in a family during nearly a century. We have known balances of 1000*l.*, 2000*l.*, and even larger sums belonging to public charities,

* We can state, from other sources of information, that, at all Norwich elections, municipal and general head-money, under the pretext of lost time, varying from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 1*l.*, is uniformly paid; and, if refused, would compromise the party for ever. It is a no less curious fact that, in this large constituency, not fewer than three-fourths of the whole apply for this douceur.

employed by treasurers in their own trades, and even bankrupts who have been permitted to remain aldermen retaining large sums in their possession without security.

The introduction of the objects of charitable foundations into these last and most comfortable retreats is also a political engine of no slight effect. Mr. Bacon states, and we can confirm his relation by other instances, that promissory notes have been given for weekly allowances for a vote till a vacancy occurred in these institutions. And this leads to the development of the manner in which parochial relief may be, and often has been, misapplied. The pauper, if he be a known thorough-going partizan, is relieved with more readiness and to a greater extent than an opponent. In large towns, where vast sums are raised for such purposes, it is *not* easy to calculate the influence this practice confers; for it acts not only directly upon the individual pauper, but upon his fellows, and those who fear to be his fellows, through his report and through the contrast. A, a Tory, is relieved instantly; B, a Reformer, is first visited, and then perhaps scantily assisted, or *vice versa*. What is the natural, the necessary inference? Why, that the applicant takes the easiest and readiest passage to the favour of those who sit in judgment upon his case, and who, in truth, inflict upon him and his family or spare them a certain degree of privation and suffering.

A similarly partial exercise of patronage runs through the public works executed under the supervision of such courts. There are proofs of corporations furnishing articles of consumption to workhouses, though expressly forbidden, by the private acts of their constitution, under heavy penalties. Jobs have been made for master workmen of all descriptions, who employ large numbers of persons—especially on the eve of an election. All this is perfectly natural. Persons entrusted with power will use it in general according to their impulses and interests; and stretch to their own ends the strict rule of right.

"For," says the pamphlet we have quoted, "it is of little moment which party possesses corporation power, but it is of the utmost that party purposes should not be sustained by public means and authority. If justice is to be administered only by one party, it is but too possible that it may be granted only to one party."

And this brings us to the remedy. A mind of extraordinary patience, research, and learning, has been recently engaged on this inquiry. Sir Francis Palgrave has put forth a tract upon Corporate Reform, wherein, after an argument upon the case, in more than one form, he has drawn up and inserted a bill for the prevention of these evils, and the uniformity of Corporation government. We have already said, "*the root of the evil*

lies in the nature of the constituency, and in the frequency of municipal elections." This doctrine, we find, is confirmed by Sir Francis:—

"It is scarcely possible," he says, "to offer any argument in favour of a reform of our existing corporations more cogent and convincing than that which results from the idea usually suggested by the term corporation, an idea wholly at variance with the original intent of the word. Consult the charters incorporating the borough of *Dale*,—you will find that the king intended to give a legal existence to one united community of 'mayor, bailiffs, common council, and burgesses,' the latter including all the substantial householders of the town. The law seeks to incorporate them all into one 'body politic,'—all having similar interests,—all drawing the same way,—all working together for the preservation of the borough's peace, and the promotion of the prosperity of all the inhabitants. Such was the pristine theory of incorporation; and, for many ages, the practical effect of our corporate institutions corresponded with their theory. The privileges of the citizen were his pride and his delight. But now the idea suggested by the word 'corporation' is wholly changed. If any one speaks of the corporation of the borough of *Dale*, he thinks only of the *governing body*. The word, as people usually receive it, describes only the mayor, bailiffs, and common council, who are assumed to be *always opposed to the main body of the burgesses, and still more to the main body of the inhabitants*. Pray mark this; the two portions of the community, the ruling classes and the ruled classes,—incorporated by law, but *disunited by interest and feeling, are always drawing different ways, and disturbing the peace and tranquillity of the borough by their mutual dissensions and animosities*.

"These sources of discord do not afford any reason for attempting to subvert a system productive, on the whole, of the greatest advantage to our country. But they do suggest the necessity of speedily rectifying abuses which occasion much uneasiness and some danger to the whole community. Whatever places the people in opposition to their local authorities deprives those authorities of the power of administering efficient justice. The very foundation of the state is undermined, and the legislature should meet the evil without delay, by declaring on the statute roll that 'great and manifest abuses have arisen in the government and administration of municipal corporations, by which their efficacy has been diminished and their stability endangered.'

"The first step towards a reconciliation of interests between the rulers and the community would be to declare that every inhabitant household (under such regulations as may be thought advisable) should, as such, be entitled to his freedom."

Here the real principle is mooted, and the true question arises; namely, whether, under the altered forms and opinions of men, these early modifications of society can be efficaciously revived? Whatever may have been the deserts of corporations in producing the results described by Sir Francis Palgrave in his letter to Mr. Hallam, whether "the constitution has or has not been upheld by these local and independent administrations," it appears there is now no need of any such championship, the constitution is protected by a wider and more powerful advocacy.

Neither can we disagree in the general principle with Sir Francis Palgrave, when he says, "Give respectability to municipal institutions, render corporate rights a test of character, and you will always secure a supply of candidates for the stamp which the institutions afford." But how to effect this? Experience emphatically declares, that all the suggestions and arrangements, which during ages of experiment have been tried, are ineffectual—nay, worse, they have corrupted alike "the rulers and the ruled" in almost every instance—an unshunned consequence which proves the universal nature of the causes by the very same processes. For the same reasons we cannot coincide either in his details or in some of his inferences. Sir Francis says, "Municipal institutions, local jurisdictions, properly organised, and for these our ancient popular courts supply the best models, afford the only practicable method of satisfying the demand for cheap justice now so loudly urged." There is reason to doubt, in spite of the paradox, whether justice can be administered so cheaply by the agency of an unpaid, as by a stipendiary magistracy. To all corporate bodies is attached a host of lawyers and officials in the shape of recorders, stewards, town-clerks, chamberlains, chief-constables, mayor's officers, mace-bearers, and numberless other titles, all of which, except perhaps the very highest, receive emoluments, and large emoluments, from the corporation funds, to say nothing of perquisites. In some corporations the nominal salary of these officers is comparatively very low, while large amounts are drawn from fees. We can name one where the town-clerk is paid a guinea for each attendance at every meeting of the trustees of every charity; four such sometimes take place in one morning from eleven to two o'clock. He commonly sends a deputy, who has also a salary from the court, and pockets his four guineas, which are deducted from the funds of the charities. It is scarcely possible to obtain a knowledge either of the income or the expenditure of bodies corporate, and especially of the real proceeds of such offices. These, indeed, are but the staff of the generals; but they are not only more expensive, probably, but less compact,—under less control,—and ever infinitely more ready for party purposes than paid and legally responsible moveable police. In most cases, all these officers, who are engaged in the lower but most active departments for the protection of the persons and property of the burgesses, are removeable at the pleasure or on the assumption of office, when they are frequently removed by the new chief magistrate for mere party reasons. Hence the continuity of the man's habits and dependences is broken; hence party supersedes principle; the con-

stable chosen is the most zealous partizan at an election, local or general; and (a circumstance of no slight importance) two bodies of expectants are created in absolute hostility to, and ever upon the watch to contravene, each other. The more direct and palpable facts and arguments which show the tendency there must always be to give a bias to the decisions of magistrates interested for or against prosecutors or criminals; the intimate ties and connexions of commerce, relationship, acquaintance, and, above all, party opinions, which prevail in comparatively small societies, have been already set forth. They do not certainly show themselves often, in great violations of public or personal rights, but that they continually act to produce partial judgments, no one who has studied the workings of human passions will ever be disposed to question.

We will admit, fully admit, the justice of Sir Francis Palgrave's position, that "if you in any wise injure the moral character, the influence, or the respectability of the ruling portions of society, those below them immediately receive a corresponding detriment and harm." This is true, but how does it apply to the question before us? In a manner directly the reverse of the sense in which he wishes it to be understood. Corporators ("the ruling portions of society") have injured, and must probably continue to injure, their own "moral character, influence, and respectability" *de facto*, by the means they must employ (adhesion to a party) and their contingent deprivation in order to obtain office and to preserve it peacefully and pleasurably to themselves. It was sufficiently notorious, before the publication of Mr. Bacon's letter to Lord Sturmont, though not perhaps so universally understood, that seats in corporate assemblies are always obtained, according to the rule, for the contrary is the rare exception,—namely, by corrupt means. Mayors and aldermen, bailiffs and councils, are distinguished in their localities by their party associations; they demean themselves to all sorts of party strife, party intrigue, and party bribery, for the sake of this rank and its attendant privileges, and they must do so or go without them. All this is as well known to the inhabitants of corporate towns as the way to the town-hall, and it is no exaggeration to say, that such offices are now held "in unutterable contempt." How often do we hear complaints that the inhabitants of the highest worth cannot be induced to support the respectability of corporations by taking office? In truth such complaints are almost universal. And why? Because the degradation, the animosities, the expenses implied in reaching office deter most men of honourable notions from the attempt.

Sir Francis assumes, that because the last parliament rejected the Clause of the Reform Bill, which by gradually rescinding the franchise by birth and servitude, would "have prepared the way for the abolition of corporate privileges, the legislature has pronounced its solemn decision in favour of the conservation of these bodies." We speak from authority when we say, that the framers of the Reform Bill regret that decision. They repent their own subsequent concession of the clause, and esteem it amongst the most fatal errors. The matter is formally argued in a late number (CXII.) of the "*Edinburgh Review*," and in an article to which report attaches an author of the highest exaltation.

"The worst part of the Bill," says the Reviewer, "was all along felt to be the continuance of the *Freeman's* right of voting. That class is, beyond doubt, the very worst to which the franchise could have been entrusted: more especially that portion of it that obtains the right by inheritance; those who become free by apprenticeship are, generally speaking, of a better description; being persons of industrious habits, and some substance. But those who have the right, merely because their parents had earned it, are as little likely to deserve it, as the descendants of men ennobled for their merits are to possess the same qualities: this is, indeed, the worst form of hereditary title; it has none of the few safeguards which exist in those of a higher description, while it has all their drawbacks. It must be recollected, that in the old boroughs, the habit of receiving bribes had become general and inveterate. All sense of shame was extinguished by its prevalence; the whole caste of freemen deemed it part of their privileges to be bought and sold; and men, even in other respects of reputable character, were often found accessible to this customary corruption, at least in its more mitigated form of head-money. When the body of freemen generally were habituated to such practices, a great number of them were sure to be found in each place sunk in the lowest state of venality and corruption—selling themselves for a price, or, like cattle, bartered by wholesale dealers in the crime. It is beyond all question clear, that the late elections have exhibited instances of bribery among the freemen, on a scale that would have done credit to the worst days of the old system."

Mr. Bacon's pamphlet confirms this by instances, and indeed the fact cannot be denied. But how then was the legislature blinded? The legislature is composed of men of the same feelings and the same interests that belong to us all. They were about to return to a constituency in a greater degree consisting of these very freemen, and they looked forward to the consequences. It is believed that one of the present members for York, who was thrown out in the former contest by a brother reformer, when every thing favoured his election, owes his seat to having voted against the clause which his quondam successful adversary supported.

Proceeding to the details, the apparatus through which Sir Francis Palgrave proposes to regenerate corporations appears

much too complicate and elaborate for the occasion. The question resolves itself, in our mind, into far simpler principles and far simpler means. Three purposes are to be answered—local police, charitable trusts, and the management of the poor. These are separate and separable offices and duties, and they ought to be separated, because they require entirely different attributes of character and attainment. We do not say that the same individual may not make a good police magistrate and an honest guardian of the public money; but the two things have no necessary or even implied connexion. The first of these offices, we maintain, is to be executed more impartially, more firmly, more consistently, and lastly, even more cheaply, by a stipendiary magistrate than by a corporation, with its attendant train of officials.* The second should be entrusted to the burgesses most respected for probity, intellect, and property. The third to men of action and energetic minds, and whose ways of life lead them to an immediate acquaintance with the occupations and habits, the industry and idleness, the honesty, or the deceit of the applicants for relief. Opulent men will seldom sacrifice their ease or consent to harass their feelings to the extent that attendants on such duties demand. It is true, Sir Francis has, in his bill, invented very minute sub-divisions of inspection and control. But is his plan practicable? Is it not destroyed by its very subtilization? He takes it for granted that

"The mischievous power hitherto possessed by the ruling bodies of corporations, the power of misapplying the corporate funds for the purpose of defraying the electioneering expenses of a favourite candidate, is at length restrained. And no real valid reason can be given why these bodies should not be wholly prohibited from managing the common stock of the community, otherwise than for the benefit of the community."

We have shown that he is in error. This mischievous power is still in full, though (to a certain extent) in covert action; nor is it easy to invent any means of precluding its misapplication† to the purposes of those

* A return of the expenses attending the maintenance of the police, and the business of the corporate body itself, should have been ordered together with the inquiries made in the late circular from the Home Office; these are very material, if not the most momentous items in the consideration of the propriety of reconstituting the old and creating new bodies corporate.

† Many charitable foundations are restricted with respect to the objects, for example, the candidate for admission into an hospital we could point out, must be of a certain age, a certain trade, and an inhabitant of a certain quarter of the town. A man was recently admitted merely on party grounds, who could conform to no one of these qualifications; objection was taken by a corporator. You are probably right, said the dons; but such appointments have been often

in whose hands it is lodged. It can be extinguished by removing (the Reform Bill does it) all paupers from the franchise; so far as relates to that class. But the influence given by the distribution of charitable funds, by the power of appointing to offices of emolument, and by the employment of tradesmen, it is next to impossible to subvert so long as it is vested in permanent corporations.

"If, instead of viewing corporations as vital portions of the commonwealth, all parties of the legislature have considered these institutions merely as the convenient depositories of parliamentary interest," the mischief is done: ages must revolve before a pure animus can be instilled. The frequent recurrence of municipal elections and their baneful consequences seem to have escaped the view of our learned author, and indeed of most other people. Yet this is amongst the greatest evils; and its pernicious agency would of course be augmented, should the duration of parliament be shortened, all the corruption of municipal being referable to the root of general elections. In support of this opinion, we need only recur to the state of the city of Norwich; nor does Norwich stand alone. These contests train the more affluent inhabitants of boroughs to eternal hostility, eternal intrigue, eternal animosity; the lower classes to eternal demoralization.

Having thus ended our irksome but important task of objection, it will be inquired what we have to propose? Our answer is to simplify the administration of the several duties we have classified, and to adapt them to the objects.

First for the police: it appears to us that a responsible stipendiary magistrate answerable to and amenable by the government on any well-supported evidence of the abuse of authority, is the most likely to be at once impartial and efficacious, both as regards the prevention and the punishment of the misdemeanors and crimes which legitimately fall under such jurisdiction. Secondly, in regard to charitable funds,—trustees chosen from the most respectable citizens for stated periods, say three or five years, by householders paying a certain rent, appear to be most likely to stand above all temptation. And these should be restrained from the receipts of any emolument, directly or indirectly, arising out of the proceeds of the charities, either by

treasurerships, the performance of work, or any other sinister methods. Auditors ought in all cases to be superadded, not elected, from persons not belonging to the body; the accounts ought to be published in the local journals.

Thirdly, the levy and distribution, and poor-rates would be most properly entrusted to a board consisting of one or more inhabitants of each parish, according to the numbers of its population, to be elected annually at the vestry, by those parishoners who contribute to the rates: this would secure a locally informed and an active court of administrators.

To such simple divisions and regulations would we reduce municipal government. Nothing short of the positive abolition of bodies corporate can rectify the various abuses which have arisen from their present constitution, and from the misapplication of the property submitted to their direction.

And to set the matter in the plainest light, we shall finally recapitulate our principles and our inductions.

1st. The original design of these institutions having passed away, and their universal tendency having been found to be the corruption of those holding or electing to corporate offices, they now exist under the total loss of public estimation.

2d. To endeavour to revive this estimation is perfectly useless, because the progress of manners has entirely changed the notions of society; because the pagantry has become absurd, and the election and administration corrupt; and lastly, because it is next to impossible to continue the form, without subjecting it, in the execution, to the same obstacles.

3d. A classification of duties appears to be desirable, and it is especially important to adopt the functionary to the function.

4th. A division of powers seems most likely to obtain the end, the simplest, readiest, and most impartial government.

5th. A constituency, whose elective competency should be based upon higher degrees of property, and embrace a wider extent of numbers, and must form the foundation of an improved representation; elections to be less frequent where the duties, such as the distribution of charitable funds, can be placed under strict laws and effectual control, annual where trusts, like the distribution of the poor-rates, are implied.

By means, even so simple, might be avoided that admixture of municipal elections with general representation, which acts so fatally upon the society, the interests, and the morals of corporate towns. The grand object of desire and of contest, if not absolutely removed, would be at least resolved to its own elements, passions, and temptations.

made, and we shall make this; if you can set us right legally, pray do. You know the course in such a case; the corporation funds would be employed to defend the parties against an individual, who, of course, would not incur the expense of an application to the Court of King's Bench. This is a great, a frequent, and a crying evil; it is the most effectual mode of deterring those who seek justice from its pursuit.

THE WONDROUS TALE OF ALROY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VIVIAN GREY."

WE have received these volumes somewhat too late to afford them and their gifted writer so prolonged a criticism as we could wish. The time has gone by for us to criticise the former works of Mr. D'Israeli; to point out the faults and beauties of "Vivian Grey"—the racy and felicitous satire of "Ponponilla," (a work to which the world has not yet done justice)—or the various errors which marred the excellent conception of the "Young Duke." Of "Contarini Fleming" we have, within the last few months, recorded our opinion; it is the highest and the most matured of Mr. D'Israeli's novels; a work in which he has begun to learn that an author is an artist. The novel before us is not without glaring faults, but it is full of all sorts of beauties. The Tale of Alroy is a kind of prose opera; the same gorgeousness of scene—the same floridity of sentiment—the same union of music, pageantry, and action, that allure us at the King's Theatre—dazzle, and sometimes almost fatigue us from their very brilliancy, in the volumes now before us. Debarred the stage in its present state, for which the talents of the author are peculiarly suited, Mr. D'Israeli embodies stage effect in a romance. Hence much of a certain startling and meretricious abruptness of style, which we cannot persuade ourselves to admire; hence, too, much of a poetical rhythm—evidently *intended* by the author (and not the result of negligence)—which, in the midst of a prose work, runs with a displeasing sweetness on the ear. Many of the sentences glide into "regular metre," as the following, (we break the words printed as prose into blank verse)—

"Or sail upon the cool and azure lake
In some bright barque, like to a sea-nymph's shell,
And followed by the swans."

"There is no lake so blue as thy blue eye,
There is no swan so white as thy round arm."

"Or shall we lance our falcons in the air,
And bring the golden pheasant to our feet?" &c.

Such instances occur perpetually, and often the verse is really so fine that it is a thousand pities it should be mistaken by that Mons. Jourdain, the Public, for prose; still more is it a pity when what would be a beauty in verse becomes a fault in prose. Mr. D'Israeli has, we know, his own opinions in this respect, and denies that it is a fault. We cannot at present spare the space for a dispute—we adjourn the question. A very little additional trouble would have concocted these prose volumes into a tale in verse, and verse of no ordinary power, melody, and diversitude; and perhaps

ten years ago we should have been criticising the poem—as fifty years ago we should have been crowding to the tragedy—and this day we are reviewing the romance—of Alroy, the ambitious aspirant to the Eastern Thrones. The subject is conceived with great boldness—the plot is perfectly original—it is essentially and even superbly dramatic. An Israelite of the name of David Alroy, who existed in the middle ages, assumed to himself the ambition of a king, and the sanctity of a Messiah. Assembling the Jewish tribes inhabiting the vicinity of the Mount of Chophta, he taught them to obey, to believe, and to make war. It is the career of this bold impostor that the author has traced. The dullest reader will perceive how rich are the materials he has employed—how full a scope the narrative presents for stirring adventure and for gorgeous description. The author, too, is no fireside delineator of fancied pictures. He has visited the vast plains and the mighty ruins, the burning deserts and the mystic rivers he describes; he assists his imagination by his memory. In selecting extracts from the work, we are made the more susceptible of its genius and its defects; it is too *achingly* brilliant—it wants repose; every page of the narrative is loaded with poetical adornment. We make extracts at random, sure to chance upon a passage characteristic of the work, and manifesting the powers of the author.

THE JACKAL, THE MARTEN CAT, AND THE LION.

"Night brings rest; night brings solace; rest to the weary; solace to the sad. And to the desperate night brings despair.

"The moon has sunk to early rest; but a thousand stars are in the sky. The high mountains rise severe in the clear and silent air. In the forest all is still. The tired wind no longer roams, but has lightly dropped on its leafy couch, and sleeps like man. Silent all but the fountain's drip. And by the fountain's side a youth is lying.

"Suddenly a creature steals through the black and broken rocks. Ha, ha! the jackal smells from afar the rich corruption of the courser's clay. Suddenly and silently it steals, and stops, and smells. Brave banquetting I ween to-night for all that goodly company. Jackal, and fox, and marten cat, haste ye now ere morning's break shall call the vulture to his feast, and rob ye of your prey.

"The jackal lapped the courser's blood, and moaned with exquisite delight. And in a moment, a faint bark was heard in the distance. And the jackal peeled the flesh from one of the ribs, and again burst into a shriek of mournful ecstasy.

"Hark, their quick tramp! First six, and then three, galloping with ungodly glee. And a marten cat came rushing down from the woods; but the jackals, fierce in their number, drove her away, and there she stood without the circle, panting, beautiful, and baffled, with her white teeth and glossy skin, and sparkling eyes of rabid rage.

"Suddenly, as one of the half-gorged jackals retired from the main corpse, dragging along a stray member by some still palpitating nerves, the marten cat made a spring at her enemy, carried off his prey, and rushed into the woods.

"Her wild scream of triumph woke a lion from his lair. His mighty form black as ebony, moved on a distant eminence, his tail flowed like a serpent. He roared, and the jackals trembled, and immediately ceased from their banquet, turning their heads in the direction of their sovereign's voice. He advanced; he stalked towards them. They retired; he bent his head, examined the carcass with condescending curiosity, and instantly quitted it with royal disdain. The jackals again collected around their garbage. The lion advanced to the fountain to drink. He beheld a man. His mane rose, his tail was wildly agitated, he bent over the sleeping Prince, he uttered an awful roar, which woke Alroy."

This description is full of poetry and power. But the finest scene in the book, perhaps, and a scene full of a very high and dark order of imagination, is to be found in Alroy's successful enterprise for the sceptre of Solomon. To obtain this treasure, he braves the power of the Afrites, these terrible genii of the eastern superstition. And here the author exerts all the power, and calls in all the aid of imaginative poesy.

"In the range of mountains that lead from Olivet to the river Jordan is the great cavern of Gentesma, a mighty excavation formed by the combined immemorial work of nature and of art. For on the high basaltic columns are cut strange characters and unearthly forms, and in many places the natural ornaments have been completed by the hands of the sculptor into symmetrical entablatures and fanciful capitals. The work, they say, of captive Dives and conquered Afrites, for the great king.

"It was midnight; the cold full moon showered its brilliancy upon this narrow valley, shut in on all sides by black and barren mountains. A single being stood at the entrance of the cave.

"It was Alroy. Desperate and determined, after listening to the two spirits in the tomb, he was resolved to penetrate the mysteries of Gentesma.

"A small and bright red cloud seemed sailing towards him. It opened, discharged from its bosom a silvery star, and dissolved again into darkness. But the star remained, the silvery star, and threw a long line of tremulous light upon the vast and raging rapid, which now, fleet and foaming, revealed itself on all sides to the eye of Alroy.

"The beautiful interposition in his favour re-animated the adventurous pilgrim. A dark shadow in the fore-ground, breaking the line of light shed by the star upon the waters, attracted his attention. He advanced, regained his former footing, and more nearly examined it. It was a boat, and in the boat, mute and immovable, sat one of those vast, singular, and hideous forms which he had observed sculptured on the walls of the gallery.

"David Alroy, committing his fortunes to the God of Israel, leapt into the boat.

"And at the same moment the Afrite, for it was one of those dread beings, raised the oars, and the boat moved. The falling waters suddenly parted in the long line of the star's reflection, and the bark glided through their high and severed masses.

"In this wise they proceeded for a few minutes, until they entered a beautiful and moonlit lake. In the distance was a mountainous country. Alroy examined his companion with a feeling of curiosity not unmixed with terror. It was remarkable that Alroy could never succeed in any way attracting his notice. The Afrite seemed totally unconscious of the presence of his passenger. At length the boat reached the opposite shore of the lake, and the Prince of the Captivity disembarked.

"He disembarked at the head of an avenue of colossal lions of red granite, which extended far as the eye could reach, and which ascended the side of the mountain, which was cut into a flight of magnificent steps. The easy ascent was in consequence soon accomplished, and Alroy, proceeding along the avenue of lions, soon gained the summit of the mountain.

"To his infinite astonishment, he beheld Jerusalem. That strongly-marked locality could not be mistaken: at his feet were Jehosaphat, Kedron, Siloh: he stood upon Olivet; before him was Sion. But in all other respects, how different was the landscape to the one he had gazed upon, a few days back, for the first time! The surrounding hills sparkled with vineyards, and glowed with summer palaces, and voluptuous pavilions, and glorious gardens of pleasure. The city, extending all over Mount Sion, was encompassed with a wall of white marble, with battlements of gold, a gorgeous mass of gates and pillars, and garden terraces, lofty piles of rarest materials, cedar, and ivory, and precious stones, and costly columns of the richest workmanship, and the most fanciful orders, capitals of the otus and the palm, and flowing friezes of the olive and the vine.

"And in the front a mighty temple rose, with inspiration in its very form, a Temple so vast, so sumptuous, there required no priest to tell us that no human hand planned that sublime magnificence.

"The portal opened with a crash of thunder louder than an earthquake. Pale, panting, and staggering, the Prince of the Captivity entered an illimitable hall, illumined by pendulous and stupendous balls of glowing metal. On each side of the hall, sitting on golden thrones, was ranged a line of kings; and, as the pilgrim entered, the monarchs rose, and took off their diadems, and waved them thrice, and thrice repeated, in solemn chorus, 'All hail, Alroy! Hail to thee, brother king. Thy crown awaits thee!'

"The Prince of the Captivity stood trembling, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, and leaning breathless against a column. And when at length he had a little recovered himself, and dared again to look up, he found the monarchs were seated; and, from their still and vacant visages, apparently unconscious of his presence. And this emboldened him, and so staring alternately at each side of the hall, but with a firm, perhaps desperate step, Alroy advanced.

"And he came to two thrones which were set apart from the others in the middle of the hall. On one was seated a noble figure, far above the common estate, with arms folded and downcast eyes. His feet rested upon a broken sword and a shivered sceptre, which told me he was a monarch in spite of his disrowned head.

"And on the opposite throne was a venerable personage, with a long flowing beard, and dressed in white raiment. His countenance was beautiful, although ancient. Age had stole on without its imperfections, and time had only invested it with a sweet dignity and solemn grace. The countenance of the king was upraised with a se-

raphic gaze, and as he thus looked up on high, with eyes full of love, and thanksgiving, and praise, his consecrated fingers seemed to touch the trembling wires of a golden harp.

"And farther on, and far above the rest, upon a throne that stretched across the hall, a most imperial presence straightway flashed upon the startled vision of Alroy. Fifty steps of ivory, and each step guarded by golden lions, led to a throne of jasper. A dazzling light blazed forth from the glittering diadem and radiant countenance of him who sat upon the throne, one beautiful as a woman, but with the majesty of a god. And in one hand he held a seal, and in the other a sceptre.

"And when Alroy had reached the foot of the throne, he stopped, and his heart misgave him. And he prayed for some minutes in silent devotion, and, without daring to look up, he mounted the first step of the throne, and the second, and the third, and so on, with slow and faltering feet, until he reached the forty-ninth step.

"The Prince of the Captivity raised his eyes. He stood before the monarch face to face. In vain Alroy attempted to attract his attention or to fix his gaze. The large black eyes, full of supernatural lustre, appeared capable of piercing all things, and illuminating all things, but they flashed on without shedding a ray upon Alroy.

"Pale as a spectre, the pilgrim, whose pilgrimage seemed now on the point of completion, stood cold and trembling before the object of all his desires, and all his labours. But he thought of his country, his people, and his God, and while his noiseless lips breathed the name of Jehovah, solemnly he put forth his arm, and, with a gentle firmness, grasped the unresisting sceptre of his great ancestor.

"And, as he seized it, the whole scene vanished from his sight!

These extracts will suffice to give the reader a notion of the power of language, and the glowing fancy, which are exhibited in the "Wondrous Tale of Alroy." It is a work far more adapted for popularity than "Contarini Fleming." It is full of incident—of stir and passion—of wild and melodramatic adventure. It will doubtless be adapted to the stage, for which it is eminently well suited. Its faults we have already hinted at; viz. a diction too often rhythmical—a brilliancy too often meretricious—an imagination too often exaggerated. But there is always metal beneath its exuberant floridity—the sword of the thyrsus as well as the flowers. To the Tale of Alroy, which occupies about two volumes and a half, is added a story of simpler and less elaborate materials, but upon one of the noblest subjects that ever flashed on the conception of the romance-writer or the poet—viz. the "Rise of Iskander." The two tales form a consistent and harmonious whole—there is a connexion as well as a contrast—between the fall of an impostor, and the rise of a patriot.

We cordially recommend these remarkable volumes to the attention they will doubtless receive: to the common reader, their exciting narrative and glowing diction will be their best charm—to a more examining and critical reader, we beg to observe that to us it seems necessary, in order fairly to

judge the degree of merit to which they attain, to compare them to no every-day standard of romantic fiction. It will not be fair to apply to writings evidently written upon poetical models, the canons only of prose.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

New Literary Association.—Pleasures intended for the Poor.—On Grand Christian Names.—Church Property.—The Danger of Tea-drinking.—Dr. Lardner on Style.—Manners of the South Sea transferred to Cornhill.—The Prevalence of Lying.—Tout est Perdu.—Earl Fitzwilliam and Lord Enderman Waihtman.

NEW LITERARY ASSOCIATION.—Some subscriptions lately started will surely suggest to authors some system of self-relief more satisfactory than an appeal to public charity. Individually there is nothing to be done, corporately much. The relief of bad writers is not intended: the only relief such persons can expect is to be driven into some other mode of gaining a livelihood. What would be said of a shoemaker who could fit no foot, and whose handywork was slovenly and misshapen,—simply that something of a temporary nature should be done for him till he could find another line in which he might be useful. We would speak of authors of acknowledged talent,—men whose works are in request, and who are capable of acquiring a sufficient income. There are many causes why even such men frequently fall behindhand; and, once embarrassed, such is the nature of their profession, that it is highly improbable that they should retrieve themselves. The causes may be indicated thus: literary gains are both uncertain in amount and in time; uncertainty leads to anticipation, debt, and overshooting: it is not always that men are capable of intellectual work; the results of their inspiration are not always lucky; it is not always that an author can safely say what he intends to produce: in the course of moulding his genius will take its own way. Again, men always calling upon their imagination, will find it come when uncalled for,—it will intrude upon calculations; literary men are sanguine; persons like them, too, living much in the ideal world, or, on the other hand, holding the pen of national instruction, are apt to forget somewhat their mundane condition, and order their conduct by intellectual rather than social rank; they are sensitive—nay, quarrelsome; and often far more haughty in their dealings than they can afford. All this must be forgiven them; it comes of their occupation, just as consumption comes of polishing and pointing needles. The question is, whether by any system of mutual assistance literary men may be relieved of their consequences. Take any case—suppose the one of a man

of undoubted talent, like Leigh Hunt, who never could be at a loss for employment if the proceeds of the whole year be taken into account. And yet, coming in as the incomes of literary men do, certain we are that a sure annuity, or a dividend from the funds of half the amount of their gains, would be more serviceable; and glad would he, or, if not he, many others, be to exchange an equal and certain income for one of much larger apparent value. If he had capital to fall back upon in case of temporary cessation—not so—but as he and most other literary men are without any capital save the landed property that lies under the *pia mater*, such an arrangement would be in the highest degree beneficial. If such individual were in arrears, the difference between his certain and his uncertain income might be reserved for their payment;—if happily unencumbered, then the difference would pass to his account, and be laid up a store for that time when the eyes grow dim and the fingers wax stiff. Now this being true in one case, it is true of a thousand, according to their means. The bottom of it all is, that capital is wanting individually, and the problem to be solved is, whether that which is wanted individually can be supplied corporately.

The sketch of a plan has occurred to us.

Let a literary loan and life insurance society be formed; other professions have their peculiar life insurance societies; in this case a new feature is to be added. It is the insurance of incomes under certain circumstances.

Suppose an author comes to the secretary of the society, and shows him that for the last few years he has been in the receipt of five, six, seven, or eight hundred per annum; that his engagements are of such and such a nature, promising a continuation of the same income; and makes it further appear that, falling in as it does, it prevents his accumulating anything, and, in fact, leads him into debt, or, at least, to require credit; and we all know that five pounds ready money is worth full ten in uncertain expectancy. Life being insured in the office, the secretary would have no difficulty in saying, Well, you must live on so much—you shall receive it here monthly, stipulating that you refer every payment, be it of a pound, to your account here. This stipulation is liable to evasion; but the proceeding must be, not a merely legal, but an honourable one: the word of honour would be more binding than a bond among the persons for whose relief we are planning; the penalty, expulsion from the society and exposure of name. Gamblers and stockbrokers get on well together by the aid of honour, surely authors may. Well then, suppose the arrangement made—the literary bank pays the monthly income, and receives the general proceeds and earn-

ings;—five per cent. would be charged on all advances, and, at the end of the year, a portion, say five per cent. be withdrawn for the covering of all losses, and the expenses of the establishment, or for accumulation, to be given as bonuses, or for sick allowances, as might be arranged.

We have mentioned expulsion from the society as a check—this implies a society—yes; the business of the Secretary and the Board would be greatly lightened, and the security of the institution greatly promoted, be excluding all from the advantages of the establishment, who were not members of the society: admission to it being secured only on certain conditions, viz., an entrance fee, an annual subscription,—and, more important than all, proof of having gained a certain sum or income by literary labour.

The grand purpose of such an institution is to relieve the essential cares of a literary life; it might however, be made to contribute to its pleasures. A club might be associated with it—a corresponding association—a library—lectures;—the Athenæum was got up under an idea of bringing literary men together, and of contributing one way or other to the advancement of literature: it is a mere club; its founders never understood the wants of professional literary men, or had grown above them. The Literary Union consists, we believe, more exclusively of authors, but we are not aware that they congregate to any useful purpose: still these clubs might be made useful in the erection of our Literary Bank; and, if patronized by them, it would at any rate stand a chance of being tried.

The approval of such a club as the Athenæum, consisting very much as it does of the wealthier lovers of literature, would assuredly greatly assist in setting the subscription for the capital afloat; though, were the scheme in the hands of good managers, we firmly believe there would be no difficulty in raising two or three hundred thousand pounds, or more. Five per cent. is not easily had for money, and more capital would not be called for than paid that interest, besides a great many collateral advantages that shareholders would possess, or might be made to possess.

This is a plan that requires development and arrangement, such as it is impossible to give it in this form; but it is quite capable of being put in a shape that would stand the examination of a man of figures, besides containing elements that appeal to other organs than those of number.

PLEASURES INTENDED FOR THE POOR.—There has been a good deal of sympathy shown of late for the poor;—some are for providing them with play-grounds, others are standing up for their foot-paths;—the Ten Hours' Bill is a step to the abolition of

the white slave trade; the Sabbath is to be held sacred for the sake of the labourer; and it might be thought, if it were not for the bishops and the beer-shops, that the powerful were about to lead the poor into an earthly Paradise. They are to have walks built by river sides, and open spaces are to be reserved for their exercises,—their ancient paths, by stile and brook and copse, are to be no longer closed against them; their children are not to be permitted to work too long, and they are not to be held to labour too many days of the week. This is all very well, and we find no fault with it; but what poor man has the heart to play as he returns from receiving parish pay: with animal food once or twice a-week, it is well if the labourer has strength to get through his work, much less to play. What cares he for footpaths when they only lead to ill-paid work? if want drives him to poaching, he makes his own way and asks no man's leave. The beauties of nature have no charms for the father who has to keep a family on ten shillings a-week; the hay does not grow for his horse, and the corn is cut for bread almost too dear to buy; he has no cow to feed upon the pasture that looks so bright and green to well-fed eyes. His pleasures are mightily few; one however he has,—the beer-shop,—for there he can go and grumble. Hence it is we suppose that of all the delights spread out and to be spread for the poor man, the only one exactly suited to his wants—the grumbling-shop—is the only one against which there is an almost universal outcry.

Instead of plotting play-grounds for those who are too sad to sport, or preserving bye-paths for those who are almost too weary to go any way but one,—the cut across to the church-yard,—take off taxes, relieve labour from its burthens; let us contrive to make the poor man's home happier, his food more plentiful, his family better clothed and better taught, he will then for himself soon find a nice play-ground for his little ones; and he himself, provided his shoes be good, will hardly care much if he is obliged to trudge by the road rather than the field-path.

ON GRAND CHRISTIAN NAMES.—Nothing will satisfy the Negroes in the West Indies, when they are christening their children, but a long name; the longer the name, the greater the honour: John and George are despised; and a traveller tells us, that he made one poor woman happy, by standing godfather to a little black pudding, to whom he gave the name of Chrononhotontologos. The Americans, on the Western borders, have a fancy to give what are called fine names. Mr. Stuart tells us, that the appellations of all the young ladies in one district end in *a*.

"I remonstrated with Mr. Picket upon the Minerva names of the female part of his family. He defended himself on the ground, that it was now the universal custom of the country, that the Christian names of ladies should end in *A*. His defence is, I believe, generally well founded, but it is singular, that such a custom should prevail in a new country, professing perfect simplicity of manners, or that new families in England, of recently acquired wealth, should almost invariably abandon the far more beautiful and simple names of Mary, Jane, &c., and adopt the fanciful and romantic names of Theodosia, Constantia, &c., which, in nine cases out of ten, only serve to make the nominees ridiculous.

"If the parvenus of England knew how the Newcastles and the aristocracy of England, whose manners they try to imitate, laugh at this practice, they would infallibly abandon it."—*Stuart's America*, p. 376. vol. II.

Mr. Stuart is far from showing his usual good sense here. His remonstrance was quite out of place: Mr. Picket had quite as much right to consult his taste, and make all his daughters end in *A*, as the Duke of Gordon to give all his greyhounds names beginning with *Z*; or the Duke of Grafton all his race-horses with *W*. We dare say, no Yankee ever remonstrated with them on the occasion. The beauty and simplicity of names are altogether arbitrary: Mary and Elizabeth, and Judith, may suit a taste formed on the Puritan model, that is to say, an English and a Scotch taste: the French consider Victoire, Adele, Adriane, or any other such "fanciful and romantic" names, quite as simple, and perhaps as beautiful, as Mr. Stuart does Mary and Jane. In England, our constant adherence to the Puritan names is a proof rather of want of taste and information than any thing else. If the aristocracy have more than others indulged in a variety of names, it is because their connexions have been more various, often foreign, and frequently with persons who could afford to please their fancy. Mr. Stuart seems to think that the laughter of the class he indicates by the Newcastles is a thing to be dreaded: it may certainly be so to those who endeavour to imitate them, if there are such. The aristocracy is undoubtedly powerful, but surely it is not quite so strong as to be able to make the people change their system of names,—and by a laugh too. They who call their girls Constantia, Alathæa, &c., because some of the nobility may own them, deserve to be ridiculed; but they who choose to travel from Jewish to Greek and Latin sounds, because they admire them, or because they call up pleasant associations, we hope would never turn to the red-book, or the pension-list, to see whether the great or the fashionable have had similar tastes. Surely a man may do what he likes with his own!

CHURCH PROPERTY.—Church robbery has begun: we hope it will be followed by corporation robbery next, and then by school

robbery. Church property should provide for the wants of religion,—corporation property for those of police,—school property for the necessities of education. There are few things better known than that the present disposition of church property is injurious to religion,—that corporation funds go to feed, instead of to catch thieves; and that in those schools where the endowments are the richest, there the education is the poorest. If we cannot have a national church so as to embrace all, after the charitable plan of Dr. Arnold, we can take all our thieves in one net, and teach all our boys out of one book: we may have, in short, a general police and a universal education.

When the municipalities are properly formed, every district will have its little capital; this capital will contain its head police office, its head school, its library, and its museum. Education comes of more things than books: one of the causes of the superior humanity of townsmen is their greater familiarity with works of art and the specimens of their fellow-man's ingenuity. The French people receive a good deal of this education in their museums and collections of curiosities, to which people of all ranks have admission. Mrs. Strutt, in her "Six Weeks on the Loire," speaking of the museum at Angiers, says, "A regiment had marched into Angiers that morning, and, before two hours had elapsed, there were at least a dozen private soldiers at the Musée looking at the pictures in respectful silence, and with a discriminating attention which showed that it was not the first time they had been in an exhibition of the kind." Where would they have been in England?—at the public-house; and had there been a museum in the town it would have either been shut against them, or money which they could not pay, would have been demanded at the entrance. As far as books are concerned, the lower orders of France are not better educated than in England; but they have far more self-respect, and receive a sort of education from their museums, collections of natural history, their humanizing dances, and the amusements of their *jours de fêtes*.

If all that aldermen of corporate towns eat and drink on their festival days,—if all the snug little sinecures in their gift,—if all the jobbing which goes to make the fortune of the town-clerk, and the mayor's nephews and nieces,—had been spent for the public good, then not a town of the size of Reading or Doncaster that might not have possessed at this moment a capital collection of pictures, a good scientific museum, all sorts of astronomical and other instruments, an excellent library, a botanic garden, and others of those means of public improvement and enlightenment. In this case our artists would not now be pining by dozens; and the

authors of good books would at any rate always be sure of a certain quantity of sale. At present they are taxed,—otherwise robbed,—they, of all people in the world!—to the amount of eleven copies of each work,—by such institutions as we possess now under the old system of abuse,—that is to say, by Sion College,—a dungeon in the city of London,—by St. Andrews's, ready to sell her share of the plunder for 500*l.* per annum,—by the libraries of Cambridge and Oxford, for the sole use of the monks of either place,—and other similar and far less deserving institutions.

What would not be the humanizing influence of these little capitals of art and civilization? What have we in their stead? A heap of aldermen,—perhaps a dean and chapter, with a cathedral library never entered; a wealthy foundation-school with three charity scholars and four-and-twenty boarders, each paying a hundred a-year; and another large school without any endowment of either wealth or learning, where nothing is learnt because nothing is taught, and the only purpose of which seems to be to consume so much of life. What little art or science or literature such towns possess may be discovered in their secret pining, struggling, dissatisfied talent,—working its way under all kinds of difficulty, and ultimately either escaping to the metropolis, or sinking into the grave. The crime of both our schools and our corporations is, that they not only fail in doing what they attempt, but they prevent the institution of better things. We would put the church money in one heap, the school money in another, the corporation money in another, and apply it according to the lights of this age. The donors did the same in their time; but their ideas are outgrown; the plans of the institutions they founded differ as widely from the wants of their times as their garments they wore, and how the fashion of them would suit our notions of beauty and utility may be seen in the robes of the boys of Christ's Hospital. Their long blue coats, yellow stockings, and shallow caps are as well fitted to their outward as Latin and Greek to the inward man.

THE DANGER OF TEA-DRINKING.—The South Carolinians are famous for their fervid eloquence: the Tariff, combined with the heat of the climate, is the source of much inspiration. General Hamilton, at a late meeting at Charleston, made a speech which was received with rapturous applause.—Among other things, he said, "He had himself made an importation, having made a shipment of rice to the Havanna, and ordered a return cargo of sugar. He would allow his importation to go into the Custom-house stores, and wait events. He would not produce unnecessary collision; but, if our hopes

of a satisfactory adjustment of the question were disappointed, he *knew that his fellow-citizens would go even to the death with him for his sugar.*"—[He was interrupted by an unanimous burst of accord.] "Go to the death for sugar!" In the beginning of the Revolution, the quarrel with England was about tea. The Bostonians went even to the death for tea! It is now a tax on sugar that is to produce a further split in this great continent. It is curious to think, that that great country should always be going to loggerheads about a cup of tea. Tea must be a very combustible material: *We* have had some ill-temper shown on the subject at home, and have put it under a Board of Control. In the shape of slavery, it has kept this country, and its tea, in hot water for thirty years. Pope speaks of a lady who never took a dish of tea without a stratagem; and it seems she was in the right, for it appears a very dangerous thing. America has fought and bled for its cup of tea first, and is now likely to do the same for sugar to put into it; while the ill-blood that has been made here, and the black blood that has been spilt in the colonies, altogether proves a cup of tea to be a beverage brimming with strife and disunion. Its effects may be observed on old maids: tea and scandal are always coupled together: but when nations get to their cups the consequences are more serious. The Bostonians threw some hundreds of chests into the sea, and after having made that enormous cup of tea in the bay with salt water, peace was unknown for many years. Now we shall have a series of combats among hogsheds of sugar, more inflammatory than barrels of gunpowder.

DR. LARDNER ON STYLE.—In awarding the prize to the member of the Mechanics' Institute for the best essay on steam, Dr. Lardner paid the candidates what he considered, no doubt, a high compliment: Dr. Lardner said he had had the pleasure of examining the five essays proposed for the prize, and he could safely say, from a pretty large experience in examining manuscripts, from persons of the highest pretensions, that the very worst of them exceeded the ordinary standard, even in purely literary qualities. Dr. Lardner's experience in examining MSS. from persons of the highest literary pretensions, dates, we presume, from his editorship of the "Cabinet Cyclopædia." The eminent persons who write for that work will hardly be pleased with the Doctor for his unhandsome allusion to the state of their manuscripts. It is to be presumed that the Doctor is speaking of scientific authors, and not of his co-operators, the late Sir James Mackintosh, Messrs. Southey, Moore, and Macaulay; and it is an undoubted fact, that some of the very worst writers in England are men of the greatest science. A

good style is not merely an affair of phrase: the imagination, where there is one, colours every word even of a plain style, and it is the presence or the absence of this faculty which often makes the difference between a good or a bad writer. The cultivation of the exact sciences indisposes the imagination to any other work than the arrangement of quantities; and thus diverts it from all those occupations which invariably tend to fertilize the composition of a writer. The old belles-lettres professors seem to think, that style is to be obtained by studying models of phraseology. This is a mistake: style comes from the mind; the study of models may teach the writer to prune and arrange, but can no more produce good composition, than the gardener can cause a good crop of fruit with his hammer and nails, and bits of scarlet cloth.

THE MANNERS OF THE SOUTH SEA TRANSFERRED TO CORNHILL.—The attempt to assassinate Mr. Mellish, the wealthy contractor, in open day, in the middle of the city, when taken in conjunction with the apparent sanity and coolness of the perpetrator, who never made any attempt at escape, nor yet denied his object for an instant, has been the cause of some surprise and perplexity. The motive seems almost trivial,—a civil injury, such as in great dealings necessarily often occurs between agents and principals, servants and masters. Peaceful people, who value life and never risk it beyond the hazards of a Hackney or Brixton stage, cannot think how, except for the very blackest causes, a man will either shed blood or encounter an ignominious death. The mystery is, however, out when we learn that this individual, who is named Foulger, has been long a master of one of those South Sea whalers,—a species of occupation in which it is almost impossible to engage without acquiring habits of violence and recklessness, or becoming indifferent to life. These vessels go out nominally to the South Sea for oil; but this is the least part of their labour: they trade and barter in every part of the Eastern and Southern world, and very frequently are six or seven years absent. The crew are sharers in the profits, and are, down to the cabin-boy, interested in them. Whether this circumstance contributes to destroy discipline, or whether this effect arises from their long removal from any public opinion but their own,—from their being so long shut up together that they hate each other's very countenance, or to their mixing with so many half-savage nations, and thus becoming habituated to the violent manners and sudden passions of the East; the fact is, that these ships are frequently little else than Pandemoniums. Incessant quarrels take place, the crew is of every nation, and of many where the knife

is the natural weapon of revenge; the pistol snaps across the table for an offensive word,—and confusion reigns till, in some way or other, vengeance is satisfied and order restored. In this sea-republic the master has often to fight, and sometimes to slaughter, for the maintenance of his authority: he has not only mutiny to put down,—he has his cargo to exchange and barter for, and his crew to provide for; and his means of payment are frequently bills on London, which sometimes it is vexatious enough to negotiate; and all this time the natural dangers of the sea, of storms, and shoals, and rocks are not mentioned. After all, these vessels often return with profits on their various merchandize, for the owners alone, of 30,000*l.* or 40,000*l.* One of them belonged to this Mr. Mellish, which he had named after a daughter, and the proceeds of which were promised to her as a dowry. Now fancy one of these men in Cheapside or Cornhill, buffeted about by a crowd more careless of him than the waves of the sea have been—suppose him, money spent, no employment expected, character denied, and suffering under a sense of fancied injury; what is his most obvious remedy? He boils under a temper hotter than Timor, and breathes words more mephitic than Java,—his head turns as if he were reeling in his own cabin,—he grasps his pistol or his knife and goes in chase of his owner, the overgrown contractor, whom he deems to be fattening on his earnings. For a moment the stones of Threadneedle Street and the Poultry burn like the Philippine Islands,—the smell of powder is sweeter than their aromatic gales;—he sees his prize and fires;—it is only a shot;—the skipper was in liquor;—wipes up the blood and put the patient to bed. The Exchange thinks differently about the attempt to assassinate a man worth a million of money. The city is in a hubbub; and such a fuss is made about it that even the skipper says he supposes his pop at the owner will be the death of him.

THE PREVALENCE OF LYING.—Respectable people are much more given to lying than might at first be supposed. There are great numbers of very honourable people who tell a number of lies every day of their lives, and who would not only be shocked at thinking so, but would propose the punishment of death to any one who dared to say so: it is nevertheless most true—in the metropolis, especially true, that not one word is to be believed in ten. Politicians are egregious liars,—sporting men the same; but men do most of all lie when either wine or women are concerned. The passage of a female name through many men's mouths is the foulest of all ways; defilement is the sure fate of the whitest robe and the prettiest feet. Truth is rarer in a great capi-

tal than in the country, for the responsibility is less; persons may—or may pretend to—forget their author in the multifarious communication of London or Paris; not so in either country town or country side: a circumstantial lie which passes here from hand to hand without examination would there collect a crowd, and assuredly be fathered on its originator. Here nobody expects you to remember who told you, and whether it be truth or invention no one inquires, for in either case it answers the purpose of the moment equally well. Among the disgusting falsehoods, those that were lately set afloat about the Duchesse de Berri in Paris, and which have produced so many duels, have been the most profligate. There is no horror that can stain the female character that has not been attributed to her, and that simply because her name was in the dirty mouths of men. We do not even give the inventors credit for political animosity. The universal habit of lying, to speak plainly, and more especially about women, when once their name becomes current coin, is quite enough to account for a quarto volume full of enormities. The man seems to have made a law that the woman shall not share with him any public honour: let her but appear beyond the pale of domestic life, and he instinctively drives her back with obloquy and foul charges. It is an unmanly proceeding; but there is no hope of remedy. With regard to lying in general, much good may be done by simply pointing out the habit, of which many are almost unconsciously guilty.

TOUT EST PERDU.—The newspapers tell us that several members of parliament decline the Speaker's invitations to dinner on account of the dress and etiquette usual on that occasion. This is a very bad symptom: we all know what the chamberlain said when Rollin entered the Tuileries with shoe-strings,—“*Tout est perdu*,”—the revolution was unavoidable. If this innovation is yielded to, it will be a proof of the unfinal nature of the Reform Bill. The next thing will be that lawyers will plead causes in their own hair, and gentlemen go to court in shooting-jackets. Conservatives must make a stand here or never. We now see the wisdom of the choice of Mr. Sutton for Speaker: it was clearly designed that his love of forms and old usages should be placed in the breach to resist this vile conspiracy against all order and decorum.

EARL FITZWILLIAM AND EORLDERMAN WAITHMAN.—The prince and the shopkeeper: what a difference there was a month ago between these two men—each eminent in his way—and now the distinction is but small! If it were desired to pick out of all known men of the last age the two individu-

als who had run a kind of parallel career of distinction, and were yet the most contrasted,—where could better names be hit upon than those of the two who are just now deposited several feet below the bustle of humanity? The distance established in an old society like ours between individual and individual is enormous; nature is altogether controlled, and artificial distinctions are set up of a force stronger even than nature. Had these two men been put together in a republic, Waithman would have been the tyrant of his tribe, and Fitzwilliam would never have moved from the respectability of a steady and amiable citizen. Had they been born under some old monarchy, such as that of Louis XIV., Fitzwilliam, by the force of his rank and birth, would have shone a court star, and might at any one moment have had Waithman bastiled or bastinadoed for a look of impertinence. England is the *juste milieu*: we give each the opportunity of a distinguished career, and yet in all things personal hold them as far as the poles asunder. Publicly, that is to say in controlling the tide of events, there is no doubt that Waithman has played even a more important part than the distinguished nobleman; and yet how high in society the Yorkshire prince has always stood over the Fleet-Street shopkeeper!

How tenderly was the now dead earl nurtured!—what tutors awaited his opening intellect—what grooms, what masters—what doctors watched the development of his limbs—what youthful pleasures were laid at his feet—what a succession was promised!—how he travelled!—into what capitals he was ushered!—and then he reigned as viceroy over a kingdom—became beloved—was suddenly recalled, and the nation went into mourning!—on the day of his sailing out of the bay of Dublin all the bells of Ireland were muffled: it was a national funeral, and they buried their best hopes. He then came home to his Yorkshire palace; to his wide domains; his stud which kings might envy; to tenantry who followed, and met him, and attended in town and country, like retainers of old; and then he had his public day, and, in short, his court, where we have seen a numerous and yet chosen band of the representatives of the richest and oldest country aristocracy of England. In revenue, in power, in worship, in dignity of person, character, and bearing, Earl Fitzwilliam was a prince! he was a prince in bounty, too; tempered benevolence was the daily habit of his mind. He was the regal steward of enormous revenues, which he administered for the good of that portion of the public over which he presided. In this high and equable career he moved with order and reverence for upwards of four-score years. Had he been formed in a stronger mould, he might have gone on for

a score or two of more years, for no vice or passion ever hurried or rendered turbid the fine stream of blood that circulated in his noble frame.

Now look on this picture:—Waithman, a somewhat younger man, was cradled in hardship; education he snatched; nay, he grappled, and wrestled with circumstances for grammar and spelling; he walked into London, and bore his burthen as a linen-draper's porter; by saving and shrewdness, and by demonstration of strong character, he worked his way to a sort of booth-shop, and secured a fair average of passing custom. The bread and cheese being provided for, he turned round to look at his position in reference to his fellow-men: he found that the city was the prey of a privileged class, and that the hogs did not know how they were cheated of their food. He was a member of the livery, and had the right of speech before an assembly—the most invaluable of privileges, before which no abuse can last very long; he spoke out of the honest conviction of his heart, for he had sense and passion, and a deep impatience of wrong: he persuaded a few moulded of the same cast-iron as himself; but from the multitude, the hoppers from the present, the meanly doing-well, the timid and the peaceable,—not to mention the bold gainers by the old Pitt system,—from these he drew upon himself an intensity of obloquy, that none could have stood that was not by nature formed for controlling and enjoying the storm. He went on from municipal to national wrongs,—taking a strong vulgar view of our country's evils; and partly by the aid of an old rump of Beckford whigs, and Wilkes-and-liberty adherents, but principally by his own broad and highly-coloured denunciations, which created partizans, he succeeded in making and keeping up a party powerful in speech, from the days of the French revolution to the days of doctrinal reform,—which we think we are right in saying superseded the old Burdett school of politics about the time of the establishment of the “Westminster Review,”—a work that has had more to do with recent changes than many suppose.

In the meantime, Waithman's business thrrove,—for his strong sense and sharp dealing was as applicable to Manchester goods as to Manchester politics,—and he spoke himself into the Common Council; and his prosperity seemed to justify the shrievalty; and hence the mayoralty, and the membership, and, in short, all the honours the city can bestow; and how dearly earned, by shouldering the world both in public and private affairs! Many are the nights and days of deep chagrin, and stern anxiety, and struggling will, that this man must have gone through in the course of his fight, first, against the difficulties of life, and next

against the bitter hostilities of the political contests of those days. It was then a supposed struggle *pro aris et focis*. Men had been so completely mystified by the authorities of this country, that it was pretty generally deemed that the sacrifice of such an agitator as Waithman would have been a civic virtue. This was our reign of terror. Waithman was, in fact, the city agitator; and amongst his brother citizens he had all the capacities of an agitator. He lived hard, like them, and yet with a sort of rule and mastership over apprentices and journeymen. He loved, too, a social union; was absolute and even sublime, in a sort of broad, overwhelming joke, which gagged and suffocated his opponent; and then he would come down with a common-sense view of a question which overwhelmed both sides as ignorant as himself, but neither half so clever.

His presence was impressive, and yet there was something repulsive in it; he spoke well, for he never appeared to be thinking of speech-making, but of hammering his own notions into a public body. Waithman was honest: he was too proud to be otherwise; he was scarcely liked, for the weapon with which he used to slay his enemies, he used to swing it about in joke, and it gave rude hits. He was not rich, for in order to make wealth—wealth must be the god, and only god. Waithman, on the contrary, thought a great deal more of the machine the Creator had set a-going, and whom men called Waithman, than of any thing the said Waithman could put into a recess the tailor had fabricated in his coat of West of England cloth. No wonder he died under seventy; adamant would have worn out sooner: deduct the tare and tret from this man's constitution, and the result would have given a continuity of life equal to that of the patriarchs of old.

We have sat with both these men at the table, where character shows itself; and conclude as we began, with saying, that nature never made two more different men, and that society, while it made both eminent, yet contrived that their distinctions should be a thorough contrast.

We recommend the consideration of these two different walks in life to our friends in America, as a curiosity, at least to those who will take the pains to consider it: to most thoroughgoing republicans, the idea of a Lord Fitzwilliam will appear a fable.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"ALIENA NEGOTIA CENTUM."—Horat.

Philadelphia, January 4, 1833.

SIR.—Doubtless, before this time, the papers and magazines of your metropolis have

given place to the rumours and disquisitions afloat in our newspapers about the resistance of South Carolina, in relation to the Tariff Laws. I perceive by the "Westminster Review,"—whose liberal tone is very acceptable to intelligent Americans,—that fears are entertained that the union of these states will come to a *split*. These fears are entirely premature. One circumstance which tends greatly to mislead a foreign *quidnunc* with regard to American matters, is the enthusiastic manner in which our political discussions are carried on. Numerous questions have arisen during the existence of this republic, which have portended a *dénouement* far more solemn than this question of nullification, and which have easily been settled. South Carolina is the only state which entertains any such design; and there, I pray you to remember, there is a strong party called *The Union Party*, which is equal, if not superior, in moral power, to the Nullifying sect. There is no fear that any evil will result from the discussion of this topic,—though it is fervently agitated, both by the friends of the union, and the little distracted band of *nullifiers*, as some of your journals call them; at the head whereof stands a man named Cooper,—an Englishman, by the way,—who has never been fairly inoculated with American sentiments, and who has been for some time in bad odour by reason of his ultra-infidel opinions. Some of his colleagues are clever men, but they are lukewarm in comparison with their Magnus Apollo. Congress will doubtless take such measures, and pass such acts, as will comport with their dignity and honour. I am constrained to believe—and I am happy in so doing,—that no *concession* on the part of the Confederacy will be made to the belligerent state, or rather the impotent party of a loyal member of the union. The Tariff Laws will doubtless be repealed—it is but just they should be; as our national debt is on the verge of extinction, and we shall soon have surplus millions in the public treasury. The country, moreover, is in a state of unexampled prosperity; agriculture, commerce, and the arts flourish luxuriantly, and they will continue to flourish, should the system of protection be reduced one-half below the present standard. Let not your full-fed oligarchs lay to their souls the flattering unction that our republican fabric is crumbling into dissolution—or that the form of government which this country has adopted is likely to be broken and laid waste. The entire absence from that glorious instrument, *the Federal Constitution*, of all complexity,—the unadorned features which it presents denying all misconstruction,—will preserve it unsullied for ages. Of this I feel honestly assured, from its peculiar adaptation to the condition of every quarter of the Republic, as well as from a

survey of the encounters and shocks which it has heretofore sustained, without the slightest injury, and with undiminished lustre. The Whiskey Insurrection in this state (Pennsylvania), as it was called, was carried to a far greater length than Nullification has gone or will go. Yet the leader of that affair soon repented him of his evil, and subsequently became Vice-President of the Union, and Minister to the Court of St. James's. The Missouri and Georgia questions have, in their respective turns, arrived at a pitch quite as ominous; yet the storm abated, the winds hushed themselves to rest, and "up in the blue fields of ether, the star-spangled banner of the land waved and glittered in renewed and unbroken sunshine." In truth, the Southern states, by which South Carolina is surrounded, and on whose aid she depended in case of her secession, are all against her, or rather that fraction of her, denominated the Nullifying party. The principles which the beloved and honoured Washington promulgated in his farewell address still warm the bosoms of a majority of his countrymen; and until those bosoms ceased to be moved by the impulses of life will his injunctions be kept in mind.

We have novelties in religion as well as politics. A strange society of enthusiasts, called *Marmonites*, has been formed in Ohio, and the principles of this sect have spread into this state: new neophytes are made continually. Marmonism is, in one respect, like St. Simonianism in France: its believers adopt the idea that a community of property is the right thing; therefore all their moveables, chattels, lands, and tenements are resolved into common stock. Their religion is about two years old. The founder of it, who rejoices in the name of *Smith*, to which he affixes the baptismal of *Joe*, declares that he found certain golden plates, containing the characters from which the Bible called "The *Marmon Bible*" has been translated, in the side of a hill, in the county of Ontario (N. Y.) These, through divine unction, (he is an ignorant *tin-pedlar*,) he caused to be rendered by dictation! Thus he has laid the substratum of his new gospel-standard, to which hundreds of deluded people have flocked—and continually "more come flocking, not with looks down-cast and damp," but full of hope in Joe's promised revelation. He has called together a fine lot of fanatics in Painesville, (Ohio,) who believe all his testimonies, and are as devoted to their leader, as ever were the followers of Johanna Southcott or Jemima Wilkinson. One of their sayings (taken from the golden plates) is, that the world is coming to an end at the close of the present century, and that every portion of it will vanish into chaos, except America! I can assure you that the people of your island and continental Europe are very much pitied by the *Marmonites*. This

humbug-ball will go on for a while gathering strength, until it explodes from the incoherency of its constituent parts. I shall advise you occasionally, of its progress and *material*.

Since the election of General Jackson, (which was violently contested, but which is probably the best, after all,) the country has been engrossed by Nullification and the Tariff Laws. The weather now (Jan. 5) is just like May. All the windows of the houses are open; and I saw, while standing on the cupola of the state-house steeple, at Sandown, that all the squares below me, Independence, Washington, &c., were green as spring, and felt the air as bland and balmy as in that delightful season. The sunsets at this period are magnificent. They have particularly inspired Miss Fanny Kemble, who tells me she has never witnessed anything so gorgeously grand. She has written some beautiful poetry on the subject. The Kembles have met with unexampled success here.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

We have read, with great interest and pleasure a volume by C. Tynte, Esq., M. P., descriptive of the last French Revolution, in which that gentleman was an actor. Were it not a little too late in the day, we should give it a detailed review, as one of the most minute and spirited works we have seen on the subject.

ODE TO THE STONE PILLAR

NEAR CARLTON TERRACE.

THOU longitudinally great,
And perpendicularly straight,
And hard and hollow thing! why stand'st thou
here?

Is it to teach some *lesson* thou dost rear
Thy lofty head, "commercing with the skies?"
In *what* would thy stone sternness make us wise?
Are we to soar, like thee, *above the base*,
Yet aye be steadfast in our stated place?
Still growing less, as more thou dost aspire,
Say, dost thou speak of pride than merit higher?
Art thou a teller of deeds which greatness deck, or
A mere *post mortem* "Teller of the *Exchequer*?"
Is it a *public debt*, or *private debts*,
That thy recording truth before us sets?
On which theme is't thy moral voice descants—
Is it on sterling worth, or *sterling wants*?
Thou art, I fear, but Flattery's handywork,
Being a tribute unto "Royal York."
Thy "royal highness" (ah! too like to *his*)
Prompts us somewhat to stare, somewhat to quizz.
Railing surrounds, above, thy lofty brow,
And passers-by do likewise *rail* below!
That mortal Prince, whom thou to the cherubim
Would'st raise, what record canst thou give of
him?

Of his *great deeds* few words the Muse can dish up—

But, for his *virtues*,—was he not a Bishop? *
He made a credit, though with some few slurs;
He also made such *things* as *creditors*.
He, scorning, *dukefully*, thrift's paltry *frenum*,
For his own ease contracted "*as alienum*."
He was a man, "take him for all in all,"
Who *paid in part* (that part, albeit, small!)
He was—but words are wanting to tell what—
His creditors can tell what he *was not*.
Those hungry souls, to thee, alas! they turn,
To thee, proud Pillar! and beholding, burn.
Thou, cruelly responsive to their groan,
For *money columns* show'st them *thine of stone*!
On thee they gaze, in heart and pocket riven;
Thy summit, preaching *patience*, points to heaven!
Let others praise thee—they can only hate—
Let others vaunt thy form, and cloud-capped state,—

Still, still thou art, to *their* impoverish'd view,
Nought but a huge, insolvent I O U!—
But hold! why bear'st thou not e'en now on high
His figure whom thou art bound to glorify?
Dost thou dislike the company of *bronze*?
Or, art thou to those impecunious ones,
(If, after all, thy granite sides can feel,
And some few grains of *softer* stone conceal)
Those hungered creditors, compassionate?
And so dost wait till they shall *cease* to wait?
If it be so, maintain the just delay,
Till empty hopes shall change to solid pay;
Nor let the statue on thy top be planted,
Until the public voice cry, "York, you're wanted!"
Do so, good Pillar! do as I have said—
So shall my blessing be on thy *bald head*!

G. D.

Two Epitaphs, by Walter Savage Landor.

Qui giace Rospigliosi,
Il gentiluomo della Toscana.
In pessimi tempi poco sperando migliori,
Non abbandonò né l' amico
Né il sovrano né se stesso.
Esigliato, spogliato, proscritto,
Con Ferdinando Granduca stette solo.
Immutabile, inflessibile,
Vidde altri per altri mezzi alzarsi,
E gli compianse.

Passate; e, se degni siete,
Pregate per voi il riposo
Che gode l' uomo giusto.

Qui giace Don Neri de' Principi Corsini.
Oriondo da una famiglia antichissima
Di usuraj stabiliti in Londra,
Esercito anch' esso il mestiere di cambiamoneta,
Cambiando la moneta di Toscana
Per quella di Francia,
Quella di Francia per quella di Austria, &c.
Colpito dal morbo bastonale,
Ereditario nella casa,

* Bishop of Osnaburgh.

E calpestrato dal popolo,
Raccommando a Dio le ossa rotte,
Gli usuraj in vano ricercando per relliquie.
Passate, senza esecrazioni, senza immondizie;
Il luogo è sacro,
Anchè per colui.

PECCHIO AND PUDDING.

"The plum pudding is a sweet compound of flour, eggs, milk, sugar, raisins, brandy, and beef-suit, which is easily digested by means of a ride of twenty miles on a high trotting horse."—*Pecchio's Observations in England*, p. 365, note.

ONLY ride twenty miles on a hard-trotting horse,
And you'll eat a plum-pudding, though greasy and coarse;
Go fourscore miles more on a frisky Welsh pony,
And you'll swallow a sirloin, rank, stringy, and bony;
With a cool hundred more, (which just fifty times four is,)
You'd bolt Pecchio himself, with his wonderful stories.

IGNOTUS.

On a fickle M. P.

Why at his rattling make ye such a bother?—
Know ye not one good turn deserves another?

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

EARL FITZWILLIAM.—THIS venerable, patriotic, and generous nobleman died on the 9th instant at his seat in Northamptonshire. The noble Earl was in his 85th year; he is succeeded in the title and estates by his eldest son, Lord Milton.

Earl Fitzwilliam was born in 1748, and at the age of eight years succeeded to the title and a large fortune, with the expectancy of a still larger, being the presumptive heir to the extensive estates of his uncle, the Marquis of Rockingham. At the age of twelve he was sent to Eton school, where he was contemporary with Charles Fox, Lord Carlisle, and many other illustrious characters. Though he did not display talents as shining as those of some of his companions, he was industrious in the pursuit of knowledge, and possessed an enlarged mind, and much liberality of sentiment. By his agreeable and generous disposition he endeared himself to his fellow-scholars; and his benevolence to the poor and unfortunate, to the widow and the orphan, is said to have been unbounded. His studies he finished at King's College, Cambridge. In 1770, soon after he came of age, he married Lady Charlotte Ponsonby, the sister of the present Earl of Bes-

oroughly; an union which united him more closely with the great Whig families.

With such an education and such principles, Lord Fitzwilliam was decidedly hostile to the war against America. In his opposition to it he displayed equal perseverance and ability. When, at length, repeated disasters had awakened the nation to a sense of the folly and hopelessness of the contest, he redoubled his efforts, and the motions which he made, and the support which he gave to the motions of others, had no small influence in hastening the downfall of the ministry. Under the administration formed by his uncle, the Marquis of Rockingham, Lord Fitzwilliam did not hold any office; but, in his senatorial capacity, he strenuously supported his friends; and when, after the death of the marquis, the court succeeded in producing a schism among the Whigs, his Lordship was one of those who most severely arraigned the conduct of Lord Shelborne, who had been made an instrument in producing that schism. "Does the King need a confessor and a master of the ceremonies, and would he unite them in one," said his Lordship, "let him choose the Earl of Shelborne. I know no one who can quibble more logically, or bow more gracefully." It was the circumstance of Lord Shelborne lending himself to the schemes of the court, which provoked the Whigs to form their impolitic coalition with Lord North. When the united parties accomplished the expulsion of Lord Shelborne, and again obtained the reins of power, Lord Fitzwilliam was intended to be the President of the Board of Commissioners for the management of India affairs, under the celebrated India Bill of Mr. Fox. That bill, however, caused the dismissal of the ministry; and it also destroyed, for many years, the influence which Lord Fitzwilliam had possessed in the city and county of York. Till the year 1793, his Lordship continued to act with the Whigs; and at the period when the Regency question was in debate, he was the person whom they selected to fill the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The progress of the French revolution at length produced another division among the Whigs. While Mr. Fox, Mr. Grey, and many of their friends, believed that England had nothing to fear from French principles; Mr. Burke, Mr. Windham, the Duke of Portland, Lord Spencer, and Lord Fitzwilliam, were of opinion that those principles were fraught with danger to this country, and they accordingly quitted the party with which they had long acted, and lent their support to Mr. Pitt. In 1794, Lord Fitzwilliam was appointed President of the Council, and in the following year he was sent over as viceroy to Ireland. In that unhappy and misgoverned country,

his presence was calculated to be productive of the greatest benefit. Holding one of the largest estates in Ireland, he had always been popular there, for the manner in which he treated his tenants. He suffered no middlemen, or other extortioners, to grind the faces of the poor on his estates; he delighted to see his tenantry prosper, and was ever ready to succour such of them as stood in need of his assistance. It is no wonder, therefore, that his being chosen as viceroy should have given almost universal satisfaction. He was, besides, known to be friendly to the removal of those disabilities by which the Catholics were still degraded and irritated. The viceregal dignity was accepted by Lord Fitzwilliam only on condition that he should be at liberty to take all such measures as were necessary to conciliate the Irish. At the outset everything appeared to be propitious. His Lordship began to put his plans in execution, by removing from office those who were obnoxious to the people, and filling their places by men of unexceptionable character. The nation, in return, gave him all its confidence and affection; and the Commons unanimously voted for the service of government a more liberal supply than had ever before been voted. But the hopes of Ireland were speedily destroyed. The fatal influence of those men whom Lord Fitzwilliam had removed was predominant, and the peace of Ireland was sacrificed to them. His Lordship was recalled, and the day of his departure from Dublin was a day of mourning, and almost of despair, to a vast majority of the Irish. On his return to England, he addressed to his friend, Lord Carlisle, two letters, stating the terms on which he accepted the viceroyship, and severely animadverted on the intrigues which had been carried on against him. These letters were made public, and nearly produced a duel between him and Mr. Beresford, who was the most prominent object of his animadversions.

In 1806, during the short administration of the Whigs, Lord Fitzwilliam was Lord President of the Council. Since that period, his Lordship may be said to have gradually withdrawn from politics. In one instance, however, he came forward in a manner which drew upon him the vengeance of the ministers. After the horrid massacre at Manchester, he was one of those who attended a meeting at York, to call for an inquiry into the circumstance, for which his Lordship was dismissed from the Lord-Lieutenancy of Yorkshire.

ADMIRAL LORD EXMOUTH.—Edward Pellew, Viscount Exmouth, was born 1757, at Dover, where the earlier years of his life were spent. His father, Samuel Pel-
lew, of Flushing, near Falmouth, was a

Cornish gentleman, and in that county his son finished his education. He entered the navy before he was fourteen, and his first cruise was in the *Juno*, Captain Stott, who was sent to take possession of the Falkland Islands. He next went with the same officer, in the *Alarm*, to the Mediterranean, where in consequence of some dispute between his captain, himself, and another junior officer, he and the other midshipman were sent on shore at Marseilles, to find their way home as they could. He next sailed in the *Blonde* frigate; then in the *Carlton* schooner, where he had the first opportunity of distinguishing himself; and his conduct in the battle on Lake Champlain gave earnest of his future career. On his return to England, after the convention of *Saratoga*, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant. From the *Licorne* he joined the *Apollo* frigate, Captain Pownoll, then off the Flushing coast. In an engagement with one of the enemy's cruisers, his captain was killed by his side. The command thus devolving on Mr. Pellew, he continued the attack with unabated spirit, till the cruiser took refuge under the batteries of Ostend, then a neutral port, whose coasts our officers were strictly ordered to respect. On this occasion, the young Lieutenant was made Commander of the *Hazard* sloop. In 1782 he obtained his commission as Post-Captain, and from the *Dictator*, his first ship, was transferred to the *Salisbury* off the coast of Newfoundland. We must pause, on this less active station, to record a double instance of daring humanity; twice did Captain Pellew save the life of a fellow-creature, by jumping overboard while at sea, and rescuing the unfortunate object. The last time deserves especial mention, for he was suffering under, and weakened by, severe illness. The war now broke out with France, and his action with the *Cleopatra*, when in command of the *Nymph*, was one of the most desperate ever fought; ending with the signal defeat of the French ship. Captain Pellew now received the honour of knighthood, and was soon after appointed to the command of the *Arethusa*. It is needless to enter into the details of his coast service, which was equally arduous and active; suffice it to say, that in 1795 the squadron he commanded had taken and destroyed fifteen out of five-and-twenty sail of coasters while the remainder were driven for refuge among the rocks of the Penmarks. The next action, alike courageous and humane, which distinguished this excellent officer, was one which called forth plaudits from enemies as well as friends, and gained him the warm esteem,—the admiration of the whole civilized world. His rescue of the unfortunate crew and those on board the *Dutton*, at Plymouth, was an act of self-devotedness

and heroism such as it would be difficult even among British seamen to surpass, and as well as being engraven on the tablets of history, it afforded a subject for the exercise of an elegant poet's pen. The corporation of Plymouth testified their sense of his noble conduct by presenting him with their freedom. Sir Edward Pellew was soon afterwards advanced to the dignity of a baronet, and appointed to the command of the *Indefatigable*. He next served on the expedition against Ferrol; and in 1802 the *Impeteux*, which he then commanded, was dismantled. About this time Sir Edward was nominated a Colonel of the *Marines*, and in the same year returned member for *Barnstaple*. In the House he distinguished himself by his warm and manly defence of Earl St. Vincent. On the renewal of the war, he was appointed to the *Tonnant*, promoted to the rank of Vice-Admiral, and finally, named to the important office of Commander-in-Chief in India, a situation which he filled with his usual zeal and activity. On his departure for England, he received an address from the merchants, ship-owners, &c., of Bombay, expressing their acknowledgment of the protection he had afforded their trade. Sir Edward Pellew was next employed on the blockade of Flushing, and then appointed Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean during the remainder of the war. In 1814 he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Exmouth, of Canonteign, in the county of Devon; immediately after, he became Admiral of the Blue; and in 1815 was made a K. C. B. On the return of Napoleon from Elba, his Lordship proceeded to his command in the Mediterranean; assisted in the restoration of Joachim, King of Naples; in reducing the rebellious Toulonese; and concluded treaties with Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, for the abolition of Christian slavery. On his return to England, he found that the Algerines had violated the treaty in the most flagrant manner. Government deeming it necessary to inflict signal chastisement on the refractory Dey and his nest of pirates, his Lordship embarked on board the *Queen Charlotte* for Algiers, where it was soon found that to intimidate, threats must be carried into execution. The records of the memorable Battle of Algiers are well known, and the honourable result of the action is duly appreciated. In this action Lord Exmouth was slightly wounded in the leg and the cheek; his coat did not escape so well, it was cut to pieces by grape and musket balls. Lord Exmouth's conduct and bravery were rewarded by the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and he was raised to the rank of Viscount. After Sir Thomas Duckworth's demise he was appointed to the chief command at Plymouth; but since the year 1821, he had retired from

public service. Among the voluntary honours conferred by his countrymen, we must mention that the City of London presented him with a sword, on which occasion he dined with the Ironmongers' Company; a very appropriate compliment to the conqueror of Algiers, as they are trustees of an estate of 2,000*l.* per annum, bequeathed many years since by one of their members, a Mr. Betton, for the ransom of British captives who may be enslaved by Barbary states. Mr. Betton had himself been taken by these ruthless pirates. Twice the officers under his command have marked their esteem by presenting him with pieces of plate; first, the flag-officers and captains in the Mediterranean, and afterwards those of Algiers. But of all the glory he has reaped, and all the tributes which have been accorded to him, Lord Exmouth perhaps valued most the fame which had been derived from his constant exertions to improve the morals, and promote the religious instruction, of British seamen, and the still voice of approbation of his own conscience. In his own person he has shown that the Christian and the Hero are compatible; and he has been indefatigable in his endeavours to impart the same character to his fellow sailors.

The gallant admiral is succeeded in his honours as Viscount and Baron Exmouth of Canonteign, county Devon, by his eldest son, the Honourable Captain Pownoll Bastard Pellew, R.N., whose heir-apparent, by his first marriage with a daughter of Sir George Hiliary Barlow, Bart., is serving as a midshipman in the Royal navy. His Lordship was G.C.B., and Knight of the foreign orders of Charles the Third of Spain, Ferdinand and Merit of Sicily, and William of the Netherlands, and Elder Brother of the Trinity-house, D.C.L. He also enjoyed a pension of 2000*l.* per annum for his naval services, conferred on him by Act of Parliament. In addition to many marks of public approbation, the officers under his command at Algiers presented his Lordship with a superb sword, as a token of their admiration of his conduct.

SIR GEORGE DALLAS, BART.—Sir George Dallas was the only brother of the eminent Judge and celebrated orator, the late Sir Robert Dallas, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. Seldom has a family had the happiness of possessing two relatives equally remarkable for the highest intellectual qualities, blended with that moral excellence by which shining talents are ennobled. Early in life, Sir George having embarked as a writer for Bengal, attracted by his abilities the sagacious eyes of Mr. Hastings, then sustaining, with a mind that triumphed over difficulty, the tottering fabric of our Eastern Empire. Appointed by Mr. Hastings to situations of high trust and

responsibility, which he filled with great distinction, he acquired during his residence in Bengal that perfect knowledge of Indian affairs, and those statesman-like views of Oriental polity, of which, in the course of his future life, he gave such luminous and able expositions. In these posts of honourable elevation he enjoyed, throughout the civil service of the Company, a due celebrity for talent and attainment, while by the natives he was regarded with veneration for the suavity with which he tempered the exercise of his important functions. Shortly after his return to England, Sir George Dallas was united to the Hon. Catharine Blackwood, youngest daughter of the late Sir John Blackwood, Bart. and the Baroness Dufferin and Claneboye. At the exciting period of the French revolution, his accomplished mind was usefully exerted in defending with zeal and talent the menaced institutions of the state; and he became one of the most popular writers in the *Anti-Jacobin*, to which he contributed a series of papers much admired for strength of reasoning, and graceful facility of style. The talent displayed in these and other publications having given birth to an opinion of his capacity for public life, he was invited to offer himself as a candidate to the electors of Newport, which place he represented in Parliament for several years. He frequently spoke with eloquence and spirit in support of Mr. Pitt's administration, obtaining on his first appearance a gratifying success which caused him to be mistaken for his distinguished brother, who was then in the full enjoyment of forensic popularity and renown. The last speech he made in public was delivered at the India House in 1813, when the proposals of the ministry for the renewal of the charter were submitted to the general Court of Proprietors, and was universally considered a masterly display of knowledge, argument, and elocution.

A love of literature and taste for eloquence, which through life he diligently cultivated, rendered the intercourse of this perfect gentleman as delightful as it was instructive. The graces which adorned his social character were such as made him in every circle an object of attraction and interest. A sweet and playful fancy, embellishing every subject that engaged it, imparted to his conversation a peculiar charm. In manner a model of courtesy and refinement, he united a finished elegance with the natural impulse of a disposition fraught with candour, kindness, and sensibility. Of him it may with truth be said, "*suaven sui memoriam reliquit*," for never did a life of virtue leave for sorrowing hearts to dwell upon a purer vein of tender recollection. By his marriage Sir George Dallas had several children, most of whom, in the bloom of youth and early promise, were gathered

before him to the grave. These afflictions, though poignantly felt, were supported by him with a tempered piety that increased, if possible, the attachment and admiration of his deeply sympathising friends. By them and by the surviving objects of his affection his loss will be bitterly lamented, as by all who knew him his memory will be cherished with that sincere and lasting veneration which exalted goodness must inspire.

VICE-ADMIRAL WINDHAM—Was the eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Lukin, Dean of Wells, and was born September 24th, 1768. He entered the navy in 1782, and was promoted to the rank of Post Captain 1795. During the revolutionary war, he commanded the *Standard* 64, and the frigates *L'Espion* and *Thames*; in the latter he captured *L'Actif*, *L'Aurore*, and the *Diable a Quarre*,—all of 16 guns. The *Thames* was implicated in the mutiny at Spithead, 1797, but owing to the firm and judicious conduct of her Captain, was the first ship that sailed, although under orders for the West Indies, a most unpopular station from the prevalence of the yellow fever—indeed he was remarkable for possessing the power of attaching to his person both officers and men, and at the same time maintaining the highest order and discipline in his ship. From the breaking out of the war in 1803, he was appointed to the *Doris*, and subsequently commanded the *Gibraltar* and *Mars*, in which latter ship he conspicuously shared the triumph of Sir Samuel Hood in the capture of four heavy French frigates, 25th September, 1806. He was present at the reduction of Copenhagen, and remained under the orders of Lord de Saumarez until the year 1810, when, on the death of his uncle, the late Right Hon. W. Windham, he returned home, having been in succession to Mrs. Windham heir to his estates. He was last appointed to the *Chatham*, 74, and promoted to the rank of Admiral in 1814. We believe he closes by his death the list of those officers who served in the *Valiant* under the command of his present Majesty. Admiral Windham married in 1801, Anne, daughter to the late Peter Thellusson, Esq., sister of the late and aunt of the present Lord Rendlesham. His personal character was that of an acute, well-informed, open, frank, and good-humoured gentleman. He was in politics a Whig, and much regarded by the large circle of acquaintances, including high persons of all sides, with whom he maintained habits of friendly intercourse. He is succeeded in the estate of Felbrigg by his eldest son W. H. Windham, Esq., one of the Members for the Eastern Division of Norfolk.

MR. ALDERMAN WALTHAM.—This up-

right and active citizen died at his house in Russell Square, on the 6th instant. He was a native of a village near Wrexham, and born of parents of virtuous character, but in humble life. Losing his father when an infant, and his mother marrying again, he was adopted by an uncle, a respectable linen-draper in Bath, and put to the school of one Moore, a very ingenious man, the economy of whose school led all his pupils to acquire habits of public and extemporaneous speaking. Mr. Waltham was afterwards taken into the business of his uncle, and subsequently obtained employment in the same line at Reading and in London. At length, at an early age, he married, and opened a shop at the south end of Fleet-market, whence his activity, crowned with success, enabled him to enter upon the capital premises at the corner of Bridge-street and Fleet-street, where, in multiplied transactions, he always honoured the high character of a London citizen and tradesman. The questionable morality of the war against France, and the great social mischiefs which it occasioned, led him, in the year 1794, to submit a series of resolutions against the war, and in favour of parliamentary reform, to a numerous common-hall; and, on this occasion, he displayed those powers of a natural though unpolished eloquence which baffled prejudice, and defeated an opposition which had been organized by all the influence of the Pitt administration. This spirited measure, which was the first attempt to expose the delusion under which the war had been commenced, laid the foundation of his popularity and repute. He was soon after elected into the common-council, where, for several years, he was at the head of a small minority, opposed to prejudice and corruption, till his perseverance and the gradual effect of annual elections, converted his minority into a majority, and for many years his mind and his principles, not his power or his undue influence, governed the measures of that patriotic assembly. In the British metropolis, he was considered, both at home and abroad, as a main director of those liberal and enlightened principles, for which the City of London, during the last five-and-twenty years, has been so much distinguished, and so justly honoured. The deceased Alderman was at one period of his political life subjected to various prosecutions for libels on the part of the Tories. At a public meeting at Wrexham, Sir W. W. Wynn, with much generosity and right feeling, denied the charges against Mr. Waltham's character, which his enemies had raised against him for base purposes. Mr. Waltham had been four times elected M. P. for London.

JEAN BAPTISTE SAY.—This eminent writer, for a memoir of whom we are indebted

to the "Athenæum," was born in Lyons in the year 1767, and descended from a family of no mean celebrity in the commercial world. They were of the same extraction as the Saye and Sele family: the common ancestor of both being William de Say, who passed over from Normandy under the banners of William the Conqueror.—Say was destined by his family to be a merchant, and the knowledge thus acquired proved of no little avail to him in after life, when he devoted himself to the study of Political Economy. Being introduced to the celebrated Mirabeau, the latter quickly discovered the abilities of his young friend, and employed him in editing the "Courrier de Provence," and continuing his "Lettres à ses Commettans." After this, he was appointed Secretary to Clavière, the French minister of finance. We next find him connected with Champfort and Guingéné in the "Décade Philosophique, Littéraire, et Politique;" which made its first appearance in 1794, and was the parent of the present "Revue Encyclopédique." Champfort was unfortunate enough to fall under the ban of the Committee of Public Safety, and weak enough to destroy himself in prison; Guingéné, too, one of the most elegant of French scholars, was, likewise, confined with his fellow-labourers, Roucher and Andrew Chénier. Say, though thus left single-handed, was too firm to abandon the good work which he had undertaken; and he, therefore, enlisted Andrieux, Amaury, Duval, and others, in his cause. Upon the departure of Bonaparte for Egypt, Say was deputed to select the publications intended for the use of the *savans* who accompanied that memorable expedition; and, when the Hero of the Pyramids found his way back, and invested himself with the dignity of First Consul, he conferred the appointment of Tribune on Say, whose qualifications, as it subsequently appeared, were not peculiarly adapted for such an office. He had a strong aversion for the selfish and arbitrary principles which the government of that day began to unfold, and it has been said, that he could ill brook the growing despotism of its chiefs; in this state of his feelings, Say avoided taking much part in public business, but, happily for science, commenced that study, which forms the basis of his admirable "Traité d'Economie Publique;" a work which not only improved under his hand with every successive edition, but has been translated into most of the European languages. He was now called upon to vote in favour of Napoleon's assumption of the imperial crown; this he resolutely declined, and was in consequence deprived of the Tribuneship, for which some compensation was made to him by the tender of Receiver-Generalship in the department of the Allier. He could not, however, be prevailed on to

enter upon this new office, and nobly excused himself from "combining with the rest to plunder his native land." Thus closing the scene of his official career, he once more embarked in mercantile life, as a manufacturer, but not to the neglect of his favourite pursuit, which he enriched from time to time with a variety of minor publications, all equally tending to throw light and accumulate important facts on the great and difficult science of Political Economy. He was Professor of the School of Mechanics at Paris, where he delivered probably the most useful and perspicuous lectures on the economy of labour and manufactures, which have been ever given; and with these he closed his estimable length of days.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. *Principles of Geology: being an Attempt to Explain the Former Changes of the Earth's Surface, by reference to Causes now in Operation.* By Charles Lyell, Esq., F.R.S., For. Sec. to the Geol. Soc., Prof. of Geol. to King's Coll., London. In 3 vols. 8vo. Vol. I. Second edit. 2. *The Mosaic and Mineral Geologies Illustrated and Compared.* By W. M. Higgins, F.G.S., &c. 8vo.

WHILE we perfectly agree with Mr. Lyell that "the identification of the objects of geology with those of cosmogony" has been the most common and serious cause of retarding its progress as a science, and the principal source of all the errors, absurdities, and confusion which for many years covered it with ridicule and contempt,—we yet are not surprised that firm believers in the Divine authority of the Mosaic account of the creation, and the chronology arising out of it, should have contemplated with dismay a study which, in their apprehension, was a practical contradiction of its statements, and a consequent invalidation of its claims. It would have been but fair if, in the spirit of true religion, which is ever a spirit of calm and patient inquiry, they had deferred their anathemas against geology till they had ascertained the true meaning of the inspired historian, and whether, indeed, there was anything really at variance between his narrative and the discoveries of this science.

But were dogmatists in faith half as anxious to bring their notions to the test even of the authority on which they rely as they are to impose them upon the implicit belief of others, religion and philosophy would mutually sustain each other, instead of appearing so often in a state of implied or avowed hostility. But this, perhaps, is exacting too much from poor human nature. Truth, from the beginning, has been forced to maintain a long-continued struggle with ignorance and prejudice, with error and falsehood. Bigotry and intolerance have

armed themselves against its pretensions; and its advocates have been doomed to utter its vaticinations in sackcloth and ashes, in dungeons and in flames. It was not till the facts of geology, too evidently to admit of denial, established the existence of a former world, that a critical examination of the Mosaic account led to the conclusion that it contains nothing inconsistent with this rational admission. Of this examination Mr. Higgins has given the result. He observes,

"The first chapter of Genesis, which contains all that God has revealed concerning the creation, may be divided into three periods. First, there is a statement that the heavens and earth were formed by God; there is then a description of the earth previous to the days of creation; and afterwards a somewhat detailed account of the order in which the Almighty furnished the world during the six days.—All the sacred writers insist upon the creation of the universe by God; he is the great universal cause from which all things proceeded. Philosophy has discovered that it was the work of an Intelligent Being; but it is revelation alone that can teach his character and attributes."

After suggesting the probable reasons which led the writer of the book of Genesis to commence his narrative with the declaration that "in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," he goes on to remark, "this statement appears to be entirely distinct from all that follows." Having asserted this grand fundamental principle of all religion, he represents the sacred historian as describing "the state of the earth at the time which immediately preceded the days of creation." The passage which, in our version, reads thus—"The earth was without form and void," he says ought to be rendered—"But the earth was invisible and unfurnished." He tells us that—

"Mr. Penn's excellent remarks upon this passage have established this translation. 'That celebrated phrase, *tohu wabohu*, on which fancy and system have so largely and unsubstantially built, is not of certain signification, as has most inconsiderately and unwarrantably been assumed or pretended; for we find the most ancient interpretation of it, as delivered by native translators, uniformly maintained, both in the Jewish and Christian Churches, for above six hundred years after their time: which prescription constitutes as solid and secure an evidence of the primitive signification of the terms as the most punctilious criticism, founded on reason, can require or desire in any language. Those words which our version, conforming to later translators, has rendered "without form and void," are rendered by the oldest Jewish interpreters, *אפסרס; קל אטראקטוארס*,—invisible or unapparent, and unfurnished or unprovided. So, also, they were interpreted by the learned Jew, Philo; and that Josephus, whom Jerome calls "a Hebrew skilled in sacred learning from his infancy," understood the first of these words to signify invisible, is manifest from his paraphrasing it "not coming into view." And Jerome avowedly regarded this as the established interpretation so late as the close of the fourth century; for, in this commentary on the fortieth chapter of Isaiah, he says, "In the beginning of Genesis, where it is written, 'but the earth was invisible and unfurnished,' the other interpreters have translated 'but the earth was void and nothing.'"

"There are two facts which we would deduce from this statement by the inspired historian: that the world was created at some indefinite period before the commencement of the six days; and that it was created at once, without the interference of any secondary causes.

"That the beginning does not refer to the first day spoken of by Moses is certain; for it is not mentioned as a part of the creation in the enumeration of that day's work; but we are, on the contrary, informed, that on the first day it was in existence, though unfurnished and covered with water. The term beginning, therefore, is indefinite, and it may refer to the preceding day, or to thousands of years. To guesses there would be no end; for one would be as authorized to assert the truth of his conjecture as another; and, at last, must leave the decision of the question to the results of an examination into the constitution of the globe.

"This is the province of geology; and from this source only can we hope to decide the question, and to determine the state of the earth during the period which intervened between its creation and the beginning of the six days."

We make no apology for this quotation. Had the enlightened views which it develops been entertained a century ago, geology would, in all probability, have long ere this attained to the eminence of a science. We quite concur with Mr. Higgins in opinion, "that a theory of the formation of the earth ought to be only a detailed description of the Mosaic history,—a finished picture from the outline sketch which the Jewish legislator has given us."

This view of the subject opens free scope to philosophical inquiry; and we are happy to observe that the grand principle of Mr. Lyell's work is in perfect accordance with it. No longer restricted by the term of six thousand years to account for the phenomena which science has to investigate in relation to the appearances of the earth presented to the mind that would trace their origin, and the general laws which have produced them, the geologist may range through millions of ages without exposing himself to the charge of impugning the authority of a divine revelation. "The former changes of the earth's surface may be explained by reference to causes now in operation;" and philosophy and revelation go hand in hand together.

Mr. Lyell has succeeded in furnishing the geological student with the history of the science from the commencement of its rudest hypothesis to the present moment. He has traced with a master-hand all its changes and fluctuations; and has worked out of the whole confused mass a consistent theory. By patient inductions he has established principles, and laid the foundation on which a superstructure will ere long be reared which will defy the vicissitudes of time. He has assumed that the laws of Nature are unchangeable; that the agencies now at work are precisely the same that existed from the beginning, and that they produce the same results. All his

facts and reasonings go to establish this assumption. We scarcely remember to have read a work which compresses so much varied and valuable information into so small a compass; which affords so much delight to the mind, by opening so wide a field for rational speculation and important discovery.

Of his enlarged and comprehensive views as a philosopher, our space will only allow us to present our readers with the following specimen; it shows that the sciences belong to one family, and that they are mutually dependant upon each other:—

“As it is necessary that the historian and the cultivator of moral or political science should reciprocally aid each other; so the geologist, and those who study natural history in physics, stand in equal need of mutual assistance. A comparative anatomist may derive some accession of knowledge from the bare inspection of the remains of an extinct quadruped; but the relic throws much greater light upon his own science when he is informed to what relative era it belonged, what plants and animals were its contemporaries, in what degree of latitude it once existed, and other historical details.

“A fossil shell may interest a conchologist, though he be ignorant of the locality from which it came; but it will be of more value when he learns with what other species it was associated, whether they were marine or fresh water; whether the strata containing them were at a certain elevation above the sea; and what relative position they held in regard to other groups of strata; with many other particulars, determinable by an experienced geologist alone. On the other hand, the skill of the comparative anatomist and conchologist are often indispensable to those engaged in geological research, although it will rarely happen that the geologist will himself combine these different qualifications in his own person.

“Some remains of former organic beings, like the ancient temple, statue, or picture, may have both their intrinsic and their historical value; while there are others which can never be expected to attract attention for their own sake. A painter, sculptor, or architect, would often neglect many curious relics of antiquity, as devoid of beauty, and uninteresting with relation to their own art, however illustrative of the progress of refinement in some ancient nation. It has, therefore, been found desirable that the antiquary should unite his labours to those of the historian; and similar co-operation has become necessary in geology.

“The field of inquiry in living nature being inexhaustible, the zoologist and botanist can rarely be induced to sacrifice time in exploring the imperfect remains of lost species of animals and plants, while those still existing afford constant matter of novelty: they must entertain a desire of promoting geology by such investigations; and some knowledge of its objects must guide and direct their studies. According to the different opportunities, tastes, and talents of individuals, they may employ themselves in collecting particular kinds of minerals, rocks, or organic remains; and these, when well examined and explained, afford data to the geologist, as do coins, medals, and inscriptions to the historian.”

We earnestly look for the completion of this invaluable undertaking, which has hitherto been conducted with such admirable ability.

Of Mr. Higgins's short treatise we would also speak in terms of no light approbation. The following closing paragraph forms an appropriate conclusion to this our brief notice of a science, which, if properly studied, cannot easily be overrated:—

“In investigating the ancient history of the globe, the mind should be separated at once from all prejudices, and the reason should guard it from the influence of imagination. It is a subject which, pursued by an enlightened mind, fixes the attention and delights the reason. If the antiquary can feel an interest in explaining the almost obliterated traces of art and civilization, still greater will be the delight of removing the obscurity which hangs over the history of our globe; and, by deductions from a series of observations, to connect the broken fragments, which are preserved in the word of truth, to direct our investigations and develop its revolutions. Genius may here find its resource, and may expend all its powers with increasing delight. At present we have only an indistinct view of the history of the world we inhabit; but when its various revolutions shall be determined, and the character of its past inhabitants explained, it will present the finest display of Almighty power, and the capacity of human intellect, that literature has ever produced, or science has ever afforded.”

The Inferno of Dante, translated by Ichabod Charles Wright, A. M. 8vo.

We suspect that the “Inferno,” in modern days, has been more talked of than read. This is to be regretted; for, if genuine poetry is to be found anywhere, it flows and brightens along the pages of this remarkable work. We are well aware that perfectly to understand its allusions, to enter into its design, to feel its sublimity, and to relish its beauties, a considerable knowledge of Italian history and literature is previously required. It is certain that no poem, since the revival of letters, has had a more extended and permanent influence in furnishing materials to subsequent poets, in exalting their conceptions, and refining their taste, than the “*Divina Commedia*” of Dante; which yet was considered by his countrymen so erudite and obscure, that an institution was established in Florence for its elucidation, and a public stipend assigned to a person appointed to read lectures on it. The critical dissertations that have been written upon Dante are almost as numerous as those to which Homer has given birth. In what estimation he was held by the father of English poetry, is attested by the pathetic story of “Hugelin of Pise,” in the “*Canterbury Tales*,” which he thus concludes—

“Of this tragedie it ought ynough suffice;

Whoso wol here it in a longer wise

Redeth the grete poete of Itaille,

That highte Dante, for he can it devise

Fro point to point; not a word wol he faille.”

That our readers may enjoy the contrast between the ancient and modern versions of this tale of horror, we present them with extracts from Chaucer, and Mr. Wright's

translation. This also will enable them to form a judgment of the manner in which the latter has executed his task :—

"And on a day befell, that in that houre,
When that his mete wont was to be brought,
The gailer shette the dores of the toure :
He hered it wel ; but he spoke right nought.
And in his herte anone ther fell a thought,
That they for hunger wolden do him dien ;
'Alas !' quod he, 'alas that I was wrought !'
Therewith the teres fellen fro his eyen.

His yonge sone, that three yere was of age,
Unto him said, 'Fader, why do ye wepe ?
When will the gailer bringen our potage ?
Is ther no morsel bred that ye do kepe ?
I am so hungry that I may not slepe.
Now wolde God, that I might slepen ever,
Than shuld not hunger in my wombe crepe ;
Ther n'is no thing, sauf bred, that me were lever.'

Thus, day by day, this childe began to crie,
Til in his fadre's barme adoun it lay :
And said, 'Farewell, fader ! I mote die ;'
And kist his fader ; and diede the same day.
And when the woful fader did it sey,—
For wo his armes two he gan to bite ;
And said, 'Alas ! Fortune, and wala wa !
Thy false whele, my wo, all may I wite !'

His children wenden, that for hunger it was
That he his armes gnowe, and not for wo ;
And sayden, 'Fader, do not so, alas !
But rather ete the flesh upon us two ;
Our flesh thou yaf us, take our flesh us fro,
And eat ynough.' Right thus, they to him seide.
And, after that, within a day or two,
They laide him in his lappe adoun, and deide.

Himself dispeired, eke for hunger starf.

Thus ended is this mighty Erle of Pise ;
From high estat Fortoun away him carf."

Mr. Wright's Translation.

"When I awoke, ere morn its rays had shed,
I heard my sons, who with me were confined,
Sob in their slumbers, and cry out for bread.
Full cruel art thou, if thou canst conceive,
Without a tear, what then came o'er my mind !
And if thou grieve not, what can make thee grieve ?

They were awake : and now the hour drew near
Which had been wont to bring their scant re-
past ;

And each was pondering o'er his dream of fear,
When, from within the dreadful tower, I heard
The entrance underneath with nails made fast.
I gazed upon my boys, nor spake a word ;—

I wept not ; for my heart was turned to stone.
My children wept ; and little Anselm cried,
'What ails thee, father ? strange thy looks are
grown.'

Yet still I wept not—still made no reply—
Throughout that day, and all the night beside,
Until another sun lit up the sky.

But when a faint and broken ray was thrown
Within that dismal dungeon, and I viewed

In those fair looks the image of my own.
Then both my hands, through anguish, did I bite ;
And they, supposing that from want of food
I did so, sudden raised themselves upright,

And said, 'Oh, father ! less will be our pain
If thou wilt feed on us. Thou didst bestow
This wretched flesh ;—'tis thine to take again.'
Then was I calm, lest they the more should grieve.
Two days all silent we remained !—Oh ! thou
Hard earth, why didst thou not beneath us cleave !

Four days our agonies had been delayed,
When Goddo at my feet his body threw,
Exclaiming, 'Father, why not give me aid ?'
He died ;—and, as distinct as here I stand,
I saw the three fall, one by one, before
The sixth day closed ;—then, groping with my
hand,

I felt each wretched corse ; for sight had failed.
Two days I called on those who were no more ;
Then hunger, stronger e'en than grief, prevailed.—
This said, aside his vengeful eyes were thrown,
And with his teeth the skull again he tore,
Fierce as a dog, to gnaw the very bone."

Mr. Wright's introduction is well written, and presents a simple and consistent sketch of the design of this great poem, on which he has lavished so much pains, but in his translation we discover much less of the severe and sublime spirit of the original than we could desire. Mr. Wright has wisely, we think, abstained from entering into the discussion of those minor points, which, notwithstanding all the labour and lore of learned commentators, must for ever remain in obscurity. He justly remarks,—

"To those who take up the '*Divina Commedia*' for the sake of its poetical beauties, the solution of the curious questions which are now at issue in the literary world is of comparatively little importance. An allegorical allusion to this life the poem may, indeed, be supposed to contain ; for if it be true that wicked men on earth are perpetually suffering from the effects of their own evil passions, and that departed spirits, in their separate state of existence, prior to the final judgment, retain their former feelings,—then, in a poem of this description, a resemblance must necessarily exist between the condition of the dead and the living, independent of any design or intention of the author. By the contemplation of departed spirits deriving joy or misery in the next world from their conduct in this, Dante aimed at exciting men to the practice of virtue, and hoped to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living."

Mr. Wright is evidently enamoured of his theme, and his translation is remarkably elegant. He wants spirit and pathos, however ; and Dante, to be understood and felt, must still be read in his native tongue. The great Italian looks not well in his modern English garb.

Nights of the Round Table ; or Stories of Aunt Jane and her Friends. Second Series.
12mo.

The second series of these "*Nights of the Round Table*" is quite equal to the for-

mer. The tales are written with the same moral purpose, and delineate life and manners and general nature with great truth and feeling. "The Quaker Family" is fraught with instruction, conveyed in a style of great simplicity and beauty: we wish it had not reminded us too vividly of the touching story of "Andrew Cleaver," in the "Chapters on Churchyards," and "The Only Son" of William Kennedy;—the resemblance is so strong as greatly to weaken its claim to originality; and though we acquit the fair writer of intentional plagiarism, she ought to have known that the ground had been previously occupied. While "The Quaker Family" is much too long, the remaining tales—"The two Scotch Williams," and "The Little Ferryman"—are as much too short. The last tale, however, is sketched with great power, and some of its delineations are in the author's best manner. We hope to meet her again, and anticipate the pleasure of passing a few more delightful evenings round her social table.

The Works of Robert Hall, A. M., with a brief Memoir of his Life, by Dr. Gregory; and Observations on his Character as a Preacher, by John Foster. Published under the superintendence of Olinthus Gregory, LL.D., F.R.A.S., Professor of Mathematics in the Royal Military Academy. 8vo. London, 1832. Vol. VI.

The late appearance of this volume is to be ascribed to a melancholy event,—the lamented death of Sir James Mackintosh. Sir James was the intimate friend of the late Mr. Hall, and had kindly consented, at the request of Mr. Hall's family, to pay a last tribute to his memory by drawing up a memoir of his life, and a sketch of his character. From the intimacy of such minds what might not have been expected! The eloquent survivor, under the influence of hallowed feelings and tender recollections, giving spontaneous utterance to the emotions of grief and friendship, and raising an imperishable monument to the worth of departed greatness. But, alas! such is the lot of humanity: these gifted and most estimable individuals now repose together in the tomb! Their "purposes are broken off." The duty which Sir James Mackintosh was not permitted to perform, naturally fell upon Dr. Gregory, and he has discharged it with talent and fidelity. The biographer has done justice to his subject, and this is saying a great deal: for Mr. Hall was certainly amongst the most remarkable men of the age. His genius was of the highest order, and his character as a minister of Christianity not only blameless, but exemplary. It was to Mr. Hall that Dr. Parr applied the description which had been given of Bishop Taylor:—"He has the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the acuteness of a schoolman, the profound-

ness of a philosopher, and the piety of a saint." The ablest and best men of all parties since his lamented departure have vied with each other in doing homage to his excellence. But that which by many will be viewed as most honourable to his fame, is a flippant and malignant attack made upon him in a recent number of the "Quarterly Review." The censure of such men is praise indeed. Mr. Hall was an intellectual giant, and they could not measure his dimensions: he was the ardent friend of liberty, and they sickened at the spectacle; he was the enemy of intolerance, and they hated him. Mr. Foster's observations on Mr. Hall's character as a preacher are profound and eloquent. If we do not agree with him in all his opinions and reasonings, we unfeignedly admire his manly independence, his originality of thought. The younger clergy of all our churches would do well to listen to his instructions. Our pulpits would then be better filled, and sermons would not be the dull commonplace things they too frequently are. The portion of the volume which contains Mr. Hall's reported sermons, taken in short-hand, exhibits his eminent powers, but not to the best advantage; and were it not for the unequalled specimens published by himself, posterity would be unable to form any adequate idea of the capacities of his mind. We trust, for the sake of his family, and the spirited publishers of this complete edition of Mr. Hall's works, that it will prove a remunerative speculation. It is certainly the most splendid monument that could have been reared to perpetuate his name, and will be lasting as the language of the country which gave him birth.

The Young Christian's Guide to Confirmation; being Familiar Lectures on the Baptismal Vow, the Creed, the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Lord's Supper, with an Introductory Address to each, intended as a Preparation for young Christians previous to their being presented to the Bishop to be Confirmed. By the Rev. W. T. Myers, A. M., Curate of Eltham, &c. &c. 12mo. London.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge numbers among its publications we do not know how many treatises, exhortations, and homilies, on the subject of Confirmation. We hope that the candidates for this solemnity in the Church of England, especially in the provinces, where confirmation is something very like "a holy fair," will profit by these earnest and continued endeavours of their reverend instructors. Mr. Myers' work comes in among the many, and though the subject is somewhat threadbare, he has really produced a very respectable and useful manuel, which those for whose benefit it is particularly intended would do well to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest." We are not high church-

men, and we hate intolerance, whether in a cathedral or a meeting-house. We are glad to perceive that the tone of the clergy is considerably more moderate than it was a few years since. We hope they will furnish us with books of theology and devotion in accordance with the liberal spirit of the times. We dislike the pride of assumption. The Protestant Church of England and Ireland may, as to its offices, be a very good Church; but it rather surfeits us when a clergyman tells us they are "incomparable." We tell him that judicious revision would make them better; and that, "incomparable" as they are, they must be harmonized and rendered consistent with each other before they will be regarded by enlightened churchmen with unmingled satisfaction.

The Cabinet Cyclopædia. Conducted by the Rev. Dionysius Lardner, L. L. D., F. R. S. L. & E., &c. &c. &c., assisted by Eminent Literary and Scientific Men.—Natural Philosophy.—Treatise on Heat. By the Rev. Dionysius Lardner, L. L., &c. 12mo.

Enthusiasm in philosophy converts science into a religion; the expounder of its mysteries becomes the priest of Nature, and we listen to him with equal reverence and delight. On whatever subject Dr. Lardner employs his pen he writes "con amore;" his earnestness of manner, and entire abstraction from everything but the matter in hand, fix the attention and awaken the ardour of his readers; and they are caught by the philosophical spirit ere they are perhaps aware of its existence. The present "Treatise on Heat" is confirmatory of this remark. It is the first time that this important branch of science has been systematically exhibited in a distinct and separate treatise. Dr. Lardner dwells on its comparative importance, and, we think justly, places its claims above light, electricity, and magnetism, which have each been elevated to the dignity of a characteristic name and place in general physics.

"Light," he observes, "is, so to speak, an object rather of luxury than of positive necessity. Nature supplies it, therefore, not in unlimited abundance, nor at all times and places, but rather with that thrift and economy which she is wont to observe in dispensing the objects of our pleasures, compared with those which are necessary to our being; but heat, on the contrary, she has yielded in the most unbounded plenteousness. Heat is everywhere present; every body that exists contains it in quantities without known limit; the most inert and rude masses are pregnant with it; whatever we see, hear, smell, taste, or feel, is full of it. To its influence is due that endless variety of forms which are spread over, and beautify the surface of, the globe. Land, water, air, could not for a single instant exist as they do in its absence; all would suddenly fall into one rude, formless mass—solid and impenetrable."

And a great deal more the Doctor eloquently deposes on the qualities and virtues

of this universal agent. He *warms* upon the subject as he proceeds; and, having painted it in *glowing* colours, he enters minutely and clearly into all the details of its operations, and gives us all the *light* which its in the power of philosophy to derive from heat.

Biographical Sketch of Joseph Napoleon Bonaparte, Count de Survilliers.

This volume meets the public eye by a somewhat circuitous route. Abel Hugo, first a page, and afterwards an officer, of Joseph Bonaparte in the Spanish campaigns, writes a summary of the events which placed that individual on the throne of Spain. This summary, and many other similar works, furnish the matter of an article in the "North American Review." The article is translated into French by a "Young Patriot;" and reaches us eventually as a separate publication with some addition, in its present form. The visit of the Count to England is, of course, the immediate cause of its appearance. It contains much that is highly interesting; indeed, we have rarely met with a more pleasing record than the detail of the improvement effected, and the evils exterminated, in the accession of Joseph Napoleon to the throne of Naples. He seems to have striven hard to render himself a real benefactor to the people amongst whom his lot was for a time cast. The concurring testimonies of General Lamarque, General Foy, Bernardin de St. Pierre, and General Lafayette, sufficiently show the estimation in which the Count has been held by those competent to judge. It appears from a note prefixed to the volume, addressed by him to the French editor, and apparently of recent date, that he "still adheres with inviolable fidelity to the declaration made by the French people in the 13th year of the Republic (1804), until the moment that the nation shall please to decide otherwise." That declaration, it is well known, established the reigning power in the line and family of Napoleon and his brother Joseph; now, by the death of young Napoleon, the next in succession. He claims it seems "as long as the nation shall not have adopted another form of government." But we refer those who are anxious about the restoration of the Napoleons to the book itself.

The Journal of the Royal Geographical Society in London. Vol. II.

The second volume well supports the character of the Society. It is filled with most interesting matter, and deserves the attention of all who are gratified in observing the ardent mind of man urging him on through every difficulty in the career of discovery and invention. The most careless reader must feel pleasure in examining the

valuable stores placed here before him by the indefatigable exertions of men who have braved every danger and inconvenience to extend the bounds of geographical science. Among the most valuable papers is a View of the Progress of Interior Discovery in New South Wales, by Allan Cunningham, Esq., which gives a most interesting account of the expeditions of Oxley, Hume, the writer, and more recently (in 1829) of Captain Sturt, in order to explore the country generally, and more especially to trace some of its mysterious rivers. Captain Sturt traced the Macquarie far beyond the place where Oxley had hunted it into an apparently interminable morass, and found that it ultimately joins the Darling, a salt-water river, of whose course little is as yet known. The Darling is considered the largest river of New South Wales, and Captain Sturt supposes that it ultimately forms a junction, after traversing the country in a S. W. direction, with the river Moraumbidgee, in the south of Australia. Mr. Cunningham says that not more than one-sixth part of the country it as yet explored. A very curious paper is that on the Valley of Poison, in Java, where, within a circumference of half a mile, the air possesses the proprieties of the well-known Grotta del Cane, near Naples. It is covered with skeletons of human beings and various sorts of animals. Without further specification, where all is valuable, we cordially recommend this volume to our readers.

Macintosh's History of England. Vol. III.

We ought to have noticed the volume before, if it were only to remark upon the lamented loss of him who commenced, but did not complete it. That distinguished individual, whatever may be said of his qualifications for writing history as tried by the two previous volumes, could not have failed, we feel persuaded, in producing a work of which, viewed as a whole, his country would have been proud. His extensive legal knowledge, his devotion to historical pursuits, his ethical turn of mind, his calm and comprehensive judgment, all well fitted him for the work. The faults he has committed arose more from circumstances than from himself. He was not the sort of man to furnish volumes by a given day of a given month, and, when spurred on to make the attempt, it might have been expected that he would sometimes stumble. We feel persuaded that this is the true reason for the complicated sentences, the disorderly collocation of words, &c., of which one finds frequent instances in the previous volumes. If any body should have been foolishly led to imagine from some such passages that Sir James Macintosh could not write English as well, perhaps, as himself, let him turn to the "Vindiciæ Gallicæ," "the Essay on the Law

of Nations," and, perhaps, especially to "the Essay on the History of Ethical Philosophy," prefixed to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and we are quite sure they will be inclined to speak, as Gibbon does with regard to Hume, of those "inimitable beauties" which impress the reader with positive despair of ever being able to rival them.

The Principles of English Grammar. By William Hunter. Glasgow.

This is not such a book as the "Professor of Logic, Moral Philosophy, and Rhetoric, Andersonian University," should have presented to the public eye. Not that there is not much that is valuable mixed up with the mass of information that it contains, but the book, as a whole, can scarcely be pronounced an improvement on its predecessors; while the conceit which palpably pervades it, gives it an air by no means attractive in our eyes. Continual references by an author to his own works are very offensive to our notions of propriety. Mr. Hunter has in this small volume given us no fewer than one-hundred and twenty-six such references. Every where one is met by "See my 'Anglo-Saxon Grammar,'" and the absurdity—we cannot help so characterizing it—is carried to a still higher pitch by the introduction of questions upon the matter of these, in all probability, unknown works. The pupil is asked (p. 5) "how many letters there are in the Anglo-Saxon tongue, and how they are pronounced?" and referred to "my 'Anglo-Saxon Grammar'" for the answer. There are many points which we could discuss with the author did our limits permit. We have, however, only room to say, that we do not see the utility of employing two pages of an elementary work to show us how we articulate the letters of the alphabet; that we do not believe the diminutive termination in "gosling" is *ing*, we conceive it to be *ling*; that we doubt if patriotism and friendship be collective nouns; that the instance Kenriculus (p. 17) does not prove (though brought forward for the purpose) that words ending in *kin* are diminutives; in fact, it would occupy too long to correct a tithe of the blunders of the author and printer together; with errors evidently typographical the book swarms. The only part of it which we can praise is the department assigned to the discussion of offences against propriety and purity of language. Here much may be found that is ingenious.

The Life of William Cowper, Esq.; compiled from his Correspondence, and other Authentic Sources of Information. Containing Remarks on his Writings, and on the Peculiarities of his interesting Character, never before published. By Thomas Taylor. 8vo.

This is the only complete life of Cowper. Hayley's four volumes and Dr. Johnson's

two have chiefly supplied Mr. Taylor with his materials. He says that "he has attempted not only to bring the substance of these six volumes into one, but to communicate information respecting the poet which cannot be found in either of these works." He adds, likewise, towards the close of the preface, that "he has made free use of all the published records of Cowper within his reach, besides availing himself of the valuable advice of the Rev. Dr. Johnson, Cowper's kinsman, to whom he respectfully tenders his grateful acknowledgments for his condescension and kindness in undertaking to examine the *manuscript*, and for the useful and judicious hints respecting it he was pleased to suggest."

While we do not hesitate to say that Mr. Taylor's work is pre-eminently superior to those which preceded it as a faithful and comprehensive record of the great subject of which it treats; and, while we admire the frankness with which he assures his readers that it is chiefly, if not entirely, a compilation, we cannot but reprehend what appears to us the great injustice of purloining so largely from the recent work of Mr. Colburn; and surely it would have become Dr. Johnson, who received from the publisher a very handsome sum for the copy right, to have *hinted* to Mr. Taylor that to embody his own work in his manuscript was far, very far indeed, overstepping the limits prescribed by the law in cases of literary property. Mr. Colburn's consent ought to have been asked and obtained before such wholesale plagiarism had been committed.

Fifty-one Original Fables, with Morals and Ethical Index; Embellished with Eighty-five Original Designs, by R. Cruickshanks. Also, a Translation of Plutarch's Banquet of the Seven Sages, &c. 8vo.

These Fables are of unequal merit. Some of them are excellent. The preface is an exceedingly good essay on the origin, nature, and design of the fable. The Banquet of the Seven Sages is worth all the book besides; and the illustrations are in the best style; as engravings on wood, they are most beautiful specimens of the art in its present advanced state. Can it ever be better?

The Three Histories: the History of an Enthusiast; the History of a Non-Chalant; the History of a Realist. By Mrs. Fletcher (late Miss Jewsbury). Second Edition. 12mo.

The sale of a large impression of this interesting work is no mean evidence of its value in public estimation; and the judgment of the public is seldom wrong, especially when an author has not been puffed into notice by the arts of mercenary booksellers. The present edition of "The Three Histories" reflects great honour upon the liberality of the publishers: the price is reduced one-

third,—from nine shillings to six. It is an elegant volume, and may be placed on a drawing-room table, or given as a present, and will not disgrace the beautiful annuals and other ornamental works with which it may be associated. Mrs. Fletcher's honeymoon is passed, and we hope she will have leisure to resume her literary labours; Mr. Fletcher is not entitled to a monopoly of her admirable talents, who from an enthusiast has become a realist, and will never, we are persuaded, degenerate into a non-chalant.

Schinderhans, the Robber of the Rhine.
By Leitch Ritchie.

We know not whether to criticise this clever production as a romance or a melo-drama, perhaps they mean the same thing; for, after all, a melo-drama is only a wild romance put into more extended action—such is undoubtedly the "Robber of the Rhine" from the commencement to the termination thereof. It might be called a book in a bustle: and yet we hardly know how Mr. Ritchie could have introduced repose, without destroying the brilliant energy with which the volume is animated—it is sparkling and spirited throughout; but we would fain see how the author would have painted in the female characters which at present are too sketchy and vague to enable us to judge if he be skilled in the delicate and difficult knowledge of the female heart.

Lise is a sweet bride for a brigand, and carries our sympathies with her as far as she goes; the lady of the story is more spirited and decided than well-bred gentlewomen are in general; but there is something much more to our taste in the fascinating being who loves the Jew, with a purity and simplicity singularly touching and truthful: this fair girl would have been one of the most skilful and delightful sketches in modern novels, but for the unhappy incident of her kissing the soldier. Lise might have kissed a whole garrison, and there would have been nothing revolting in it. The stately lady herself might have condescended to such a familiarity upon an occasion, and the plea of "state necessity" might justify her as it has done others; but the trembling, loving, delicate creature, who comes upon us "like the breath of the sweet south," could not have submitted to the degradation even to save her husband; she would sacrifice her life joyfully, to procure him a small advantage, but a being, constituted as she is described, could not submit to the pollution of a rude kiss. We are really angry at this incident, because it was in no degree necessary to the development of the story, the escape could have been managed without it, and the ideal beauty of the character preserved. The

men are more perfectly drawn than the women, and the author manages them better: Schinderhannes is the *beau-ideal* of a brigand. We shall love the Rhine and its blue waters a thousand times better for Leitch Ritchie's sake; and, though we have no sympathy with "Peter the Black," inasmuch as he is a species of "Coburg" hero, yet he is of great use to the story,—a dark fore ground, throwing out the gentler parts with good effect. Decidedly, the finest and most successfully delineated character of the whole book is the Jew; the conception and development of that one creation proves the author a man of no ordinary mind, and Mr. Ritchie deserves peculiar praise for the pains he has bestowed thereon; for it is evident, that his talent lies more in the formation of a perfect *whole* as regards action, than in the delineation of character; you feel, in general, that his *dramatis personæ* are come to play their parts, not that the situations arise out of circumstances, for which, as in real life, they cannot always be prepared. Nevertheless, the book, as we have said, is sparkling and spirited, creating a breathless interest, and realising the expectations its announcement excited. We observe the editor does not repeat his invitation to the halt, the maimed, and the blind, to be delivered of their MS. for the benefit of Messrs. Smith and Elder: has one little month taught him wisdom?

The Life of Sir William Hoste. 2 vols.

There is no class of men in the world so justly and so highly appreciated, and yet so little understood, as seamen. We read about them, we occasionally meet with, and mix with them; we look upon them as especially chartered by the Almighty to protect our country and defend it, where only it is accessible to invasion. We respect them, we sympathize with them (as well as we know how). Not a breeze blows heavily over the land that we do not put up a silent, but not less earnest prayer for those who are on the sea;—in a word, there is a warm nook in the heart of every true Briton, that might be called "the sailor's home." And yet, of those sailors, during the greater portion of their lives, how little do we know!

The heroic actions of our seamen occupy only a short period of the most celebrated man's existence; and the long weeks, months, and years, spent by our brave tars on the ocean, are passed under circumstances, and in occupations, with which even now, when so much has been written on the subject, we are only very partially acquainted. We therefore owe a debt of gratitude to every one who adds to our store of information. There is so much good feeling, so much simplicity of heart, mingled with such excellent bravery in every page of these

interesting records, that we cordially thank Lady Harriette Hoste for rescuing them from that oblivion which the name of her gallant husband can now never know.

Sincerely do we lament that he was so soon removed from the scene of much earthly glory. To those who had the advantage of his personal acquaintance, as well as to the young aspirants for naval honours, Sir William's memoirs will prove a most valuable record and monitor.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.—The exhibition of works of art in the Gallery of the British Institution opened early in the month. Taken as a whole, it is the best we ever noticed, although there has not been so large a contribution as heretofore on the part of artists established in reputation. There are, however, fewer inferior productions than usual; and we observed manifest improvement in many of the exhibitors of former years. Mr. E. Landseer, Mr. Etty, Mr. Constable, Mr. Briggs, and Mr. Howard, are the members of the academy who have sent their productions; and among the more eminent of the other contributors are Mr. Uwins, Mr. Knight, Mr. G. Hayter, Mr. Webster, Mr. Von Holst, Mr. Clater, Mr. Hofland, Mr. M'Clise, Mr. Lee, &c. M'Clise's picture of Mokanna unveiling before Zelica, (from Lalla Rookh,) is beyond question the gem of the season. We never recollect a young artist making so great a "sensation," or rising so rapidly to the highest station in his profession, the most envied honours of which he is doubtless destined to share.

The Associated Painters in Water Colours.—We are happy to find that our anticipations have been realized. This society has succeeded in its object; a sufficient sum has been collected among the friends and professors of art, and the exhibition will open in Old Bond-street, early in April.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—We have had a good deal of bustle and novelty during the past month at the "great houses;" but the most delightful treat at this theatre has been the revival, or rather appearance, of Mozart's immortal "Don Giovanni" in an English dress. To Mr. Beazley was assigned the difficult task of translating, or writing, English words to Italian music; thus uniting a gay, bounding, graceful Italian greyhound in the bonds of unlawful matrimony with a stiff, cross, crabbed English bull-dog. Critics though we be, we have not the heart to criticize him or his poetry after such an exertion: he has taste and feeling; but there are some things over which neither taste nor feeling can triumph. It would be much easier to find fault with his poetry than to write better. We therefore dismiss the scrutiny altogether; and for once congratulate the management on the possession of an admirable orchestra. Will Mr. Braham oblige us with his secret for the preservation of perpetual youth? He sang and acted the animated air, "Fin ch' an dal Vino," with a glowing gaiety that warmed every bosom in the theatre. In other portions of the music, the melody, the gentle breathing melody, was wanting, both in his lower and his upper tones; but still he is the Braham, who, like the youth in

Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, "never should grow old." Madame de Meric, whose voice seems capable of every modulation, and is excellent in them all, exerted herself to the uttermost, and did not, when we heard her, suffer a note of the divine music to lose its expression. Her enunciation of our guttural English is admirable, and her conception of the character of Donna Anna was perfection. Mrs. Wood's "Zelina" was in many parts finely sung, but the buoyancy of heart and manner, which constitute the life and freshness of the character were wanting. She did not bound on the stage in all the *abandon* of happy enjoyment; she was too tame, too measured in her movements; in fact, the character is as much and essentially Italian as Shakespeare's Juliet, and requires much discrimination to perform it *comme il faut*, without at the same time violating the proprieties of an English audience. Her "Vedrai Carino" was something to remember as long as we live. Mr. Phillips is too heavy for Leporello; he has more humour than wit in his acting, but there is no English singer now on the stage who could do more justice to the gossamer Italian.* Miss Betts, notwithstanding the host of talent she had to contend with, acquitted herself, as she usually does—well; but we protest against Elvira running away from her convent in pink satin and feathers. There is not one of even Mozart's operas that comes so laden with the golden feelings of our youth as this same Don Juan. And Stanfield's glorious pencil contributed so judiciously to the illusion, that but for our barbarous language, we could have fancied ourselves in sight of the statue, where the soft moon-light touches the scenery with its silver beauty, and sheds its chastened light on all around. The opera altogether is a delightful treat, full of the depth and passion of the great *Maestro*, and yet sparkling with his youthful and bright imaginings. They have had O. P. riots at this theatre; and Captain Polhill's manager speechified without effect until the cause of umbrage was removed.

"The Sleeping Beauty" has been another novelty, or called a novelty, though we most strenuously object to the introduction of any thing but incidental Ballets at a house originally intended for the production of the Legitimate Drama, despite the attractions of Mademoiselle Duvernay, which are certainly of a very high order, both as regards her personal charms and acquired accomplishments. "The Sleeping Beauty" is only an improvement on the "Lions of Mysore"—neither had any business at Old Drury. Got up, as all *spectacles* must be, at an enormous expense, and at variance with the taste of that class of persons who frequent, or ought to frequent, an English Theatre, they may "draw" for a few nights, but in the end can only "draw" down destruction on the heads of their misguided producers. This we should have thought had been already proved; but we have not now to learn that there are those who never grow wise by experience. A Ballet at the Opera, where *Ballets* ought to be, and a Ballet at each of the English Theatres, where they ought *not* to be! we shall see in a little time how it will all terminate! We cannot honestly wish such a system success, particularly as many of our own actors, whose talent lies in their head, not their heels, are pretty nearly consigned to starvation, to enable foreigners to *star*. Nevertheless we detract not from the merit of the fair *artistes*. Mademoiselle Ancellin improves, and is now, part Taglioni—part Heberle. Of Mademoiselle Du-

vernay we think most highly; she possesses grace and elegance, as we have stated, of the highest order; we hope soon to see her at the Opera. The dresses and decorations of the "Sleeping Beauty" are truly superb; and the scenery, when we remember who is the magician (whose pencil has all the qualifications of a fairy's wand) that has produced it, need scarcely be pronounced "wonderful in beauty,"—it could not be otherwise.

COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. Peake has produced a new drama at this theatre, of which, by this time, all our readers have heard: it is called the "Smuggler Boy," the word and character of the *boy* having been introduced to accommodate the piece to Miss Poole, who is an extraordinary mixture of youthful feeling and matured judgment. The plot is as follows: The family of St. Brieux, though noble, has for many years been connected with a band of smugglers on the coast of Brittany. Paul Count de St. Brieux, otherwise Paul the Smuggler, is suspected by the band of treachery. He has been absent eighteen months, has married and had an heir, and has been seen by their spies in regular attendance on the minister at Paris. On his return he is summoned to a meeting of the smugglers, and compelled to place his infant son in their hands as a hostage for his fidelity. The chateau is attacked by the troops of the government, and defended by the smugglers, who escape with the child, leaving the son of the commanding officer of the district among the slain, and thus terminates the first Act. At the opening of the second we find the Count and Countess returned from Gaudaloupe as Colonel and Madame Valry, the Count having sunk his former name and station, and acquired rank and reputation in the army. His own description, as the proscribed Paul the Smuggler, is placed in his hands as Colonel Valry, to be read at the head of his regiment, which is now employed in Brittany to suppress the smugglers, who have again made head. A smuggler boy, called Devilskin, is taken prisoner, but escapes from the troops, and climbing through a window into the house where Madame Valry is staying, implores her protection. He is discovered, but escapes again, flies to his mountains, and ultimately proves to be the lost heir of St. Brieux. The Smugglers are overcome, and their dying chief denounces Paul as the murderer of the young officer slain in Act I. His innocence, however, of that crime is proved by another smuggler, and his subsequent services induce the court and jury to recommend him as a fit object for the royal clemency. Such is the outline of this *legitimate melodrama*, if we may so designate an entertainment containing much broad farce, which is cleverly given by Mr. and Mrs. Keeley. Much as we appreciate Miss Poole's talent, we do not like to see this precocious child forced and dressed into such a part: we would not mar the innocence and happiness of youth by so early an acquaintance with vice; and though we are well aware that the stage is no hot-bed for virtue, yet we would not have a child, and more particularly a girl, thrust into immorality under the very eye of the public. Mr. Haines manifested much talent in his allotted part, and the choruses were in Mr. G. H. Rodwell's best style. It only remains for us to prophesy that the Smuggler Boy will not outlive the season.

The grand spectacle of "Kenilworth" has been produced here, with the tribe of opera dancers and opera dresses. Well may the bills say that it is "from the King's Theatre;" the ballet was most certainly an absurdity worthy foreign growth, but it was a grievous profanation to graft it upon our own beautiful Kenilworth. Darnley, Earl of Leicester, pirouetting before the proud Elizabeth

* Towards the close of the month a Mr. Martin took the place of Mr. Phillips, and made by far the most successful *début* of the season. He has many of the best requisites for the profession.

of England on one leg!—dancing into the good graces of the maiden queen, who loved him not over-wisely, and bounding with a hop-step-and-a-jump, into the susceptible heart of Amy Robeart! What would the manager think of getting up the Reform Bill in the same style of excellence—Lord John and Earl Grey *dos à dos*, while Mr. Cobbett and Mr. O'Connell performed *demi queue de chat* for the amusement of an enlightened audience.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE. At a meeting of this Society held on the 6th instant, the Secretary read a "Dissertation on the origin of the Primitive Sphere of the Greeks," by Isaac Cullimore, Esq. It is well known that the principles whereby Sir Isaac Newton endeavoured to remodel ancient history rest on the description of what is usually denominated "the primitive sphere of the Greeks," furnished by the astronomers Eudoxus, Aratus, and Hipparchus, combined with a tradition preserved by Clemens and Diogenes Laertius, that the sphere was constructed for the use of the Argonauts by Chiron and his contemporary Musæus,—a tradition which is at issue with the evidence of all sober history, and altogether confuted by the fact of the adoption of nearly the same system of asterisms by all civilized nations, from the remotest antiquity. Newton, as well as his opponents, Souciel, Bedford, &c., determined, however, to see nothing but "the history of the Argo and her gallant crew" delineated in the heavens, have therefore identified the ages of the sphere and of the voyage of Jason—the former at the expense of history, and the latter at that of astronomy. History refers this famous expedition to the middle of the thirteenth century before the Christian era; while the description of the sphere answers to the state of the heavens about the middle of the tenth. To the latter age Newton accordingly lowers the voyage of the Argo, and assumes this as a basis for the general shortening of ancient chronology; while Souciel and Bedford, rejecting the evidence of astronomy, raise the sphere to the historical age of the expedition.

The place of the colures being spoken of by Hipparchus as the middle of Aries, Libra, Cancer, and Capricorn (i. e., the 8°, or middle of the constellations), the opponents of Newton have assumed, to support their theory, that the middle, or 15°, of the signs is to be understood—a difference in time of from four to five centuries. Mr. Cullimore, however, proves, both from the coincident voice of ancient writers, and from astronomical calculation, that the 8° was the place of the colures in the sphere of Eudoxus. There Eudoxus himself placed them, in the fourth century B.C., as Columella informs us. There, also, they were placed by Meton and Euctemon a century earlier; and by Sosigenes, Manilius, Columella, Ovid, and Pliny, during the two centuries which immediately preceded and followed the Christian era. It follows that, whatever was the source of this original sphere of the Greeks and Romans, it was adopted by both nations, without any regard to the changes in the longitudes of the stars. The tenth century B. C., to which calculation refers the coincidence of this sphere, with the celestial phenomena, is a complete blank as regards Grecian history and science; and this blank descends below the Olympic era, B. C. 776. Newton accordingly admits that between the Argonautic era and the time of Thales, about B. C. 600, we know nothing of the state of Grecian astronomy. This chasm in the records of science extends to 350

years, according to Newton, and to about twice that time if we follow his opponents; both parties nevertheless assume the observations of Chiron, the traditioned author of the sphere, to have been preserved and transmitted during the whole of it with perfect accuracy.

The present writer consequently takes his stand at the dawn of Grecian astronomy, in the days of Thales, and proceeds to show that this philosopher obtained his knowledge of the heavens in Egypt; and that his pupil, Anaximander, was the constructor of the earliest Greek sphere of which there is the remotest historical trace; the labours of Anaximander being continued by Clearchus, and soon afterwards adopted by Meton and Euctemon, as above. We are thus directed to Egypt as the source whence Thales imported his knowledge of the sphere; and to that nation Herodotus, and all sober historians, refer the *origines astronomica* of Greece. But the Egyptian elements of science could not have been brought into Greece earlier than the first international communication; and this intercourse is known to have begun with the arrival of the Carian and Ionian auxiliaries in aid of King Psammetichus, about the year B. C. 672, a little before the birth of Thales.

What, then, was the state of the Egyptian sphere in this age? We find that the latest delineation of it, of which history has presented any account, was that by King Nicephos the Wise, the immediate predecessor, except one, of Psammetichus, the limits of whose reign fall between the years B. C. 686 and 672.

Mr. Cullimore shows, that, according to principles developed by him in a previous memoir, the Egyptian colures intersected the 8° of the cardinal signs, from the year B. C. 676 to 575—an interval coincident not only with the reigns of Psammetichus, Nicephos, &c., but with the greater part of the lives of Thales and Anaximander. And that this was the last correction of the sphere of Egypt appears from the fact, that Sosigenes, the Alexandrian, who assisted Cæsar in the reformation of the Roman calendar, 600 years later, still placed colures in the 8° of the signs. It follows that the state of the Egyptian sphere, and that of the Greeks and Romans, was identical, from the age of Thales to that of Pliny; and that the origin of the latter has been at length demonstrably detected.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY. The Chevalier Clot Bey was introduced to the meeting by the Chairman, in an energetic speech, which gave an interesting view of the labours of this gentleman, who is a native of France, and now fills the situation of principal surgeon to the Pasha of Egypt, in the costume of which rank he appeared at the meeting. Among other benefits conferred by this individual on Egypt, he has educated three hundred young Arabs in his own profession, one of whom accompanies him. Sir Alexander passed a very high eulogium on the Pasha of Egypt, for the liberal and enlightened manner in which he patronizes the natives of all countries indiscriminately, who can improve in any way the condition and resources of his country. The Chevalier, in returning thanks for his reception by the meeting, expressed his regret that the shortness of his stay in England would not allow him to pay so much attention as he could wish to the institutions of the country; but said, that the high opinion he had formed of our nation was fully borne out by his limited experience. He concluded by offering his services to the Society, on his return to Egypt, in any way they could be made available.

SOCIETY OF ARTS. At a recent meeting of this society, a paper was read by Mr. Aikin on the

gaseous substances used for artificial light and the manufacture of gas. In our notice of this *illustration* we must be very brief. The practical details of the manufacture of gas, with descriptions of the retorts, tubes, tanks, hydraulic-mains, &c. without the drawings, the exhibition of which accompanied Mr. Aikin's discourse, would be uninteresting to the most acute reader. The application of elastic fluid, or gas, to the purpose of affording artificial light is of modern invention, though from an early period its existence was acknowledged; for what is the blaze of a coal fire but the burning of coal-gas? In 1739, a Fellow of the Royal Society first discovered the inflammable nature of coal-tar; in 1746, further advances were made; and, some time after, the Earl of Dundonald obtained a patent for the manufacture of gas and coke; but it may be fairly said, that until its introduction by Mr. Windsor, who lit what was then the Lyceum Theatre in the Strand, and one side of Pall-mall, with gas, the extent of its usefulness as an artificial light was not understood. A chaldron of coal, after remaining about eight hours in the retort, yields from 10,000 to 14,000 cubic feet of gas the difference in quantity arising from the quality of the coal: a loss, varying from 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 34 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., takes place, and it becomes coke. About one cwt. of tar is also extracted, together with a quantity of ammoniacal liquor, from which is made sal ammoniac, and other chemical compounds.

LECTURE ON JACOTOT'S SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.—Two lectures have been given by Mr. Joseph Payne, at the Grove-House, Camberwell, to a numerous and respectable audience, on Jacotot's system of education, entitled universal instruction. The following is an abstract:—M. Jacotot, a native of Dijon, also professor of French, at the University of Louvain, made many interesting experiments, which ended in the establishment of a system embracing these principles. 1. That the pupil should be made as much as possible an agent in his own instruction; he learns under the direction, but not by the explanation of his teacher.—2. That the pupil should be made completely master of one thing (one book, one model, &c.) to serve as a sort of nucleus, around which other things may be collected and retained.—3. That this one thing well known should serve to interpret and explain other things imperfectly or not at all known.—4. That a habit of correct and natural association should be assiduously cultivated.—5. That the mind should in all cases be taught by ascending from facts to principles.—6. That the memory should always be practically considered as the purveyor to the judgment.—7. That the natural faculty of imitation should be extensively exercised.—8. That what is learned should be continually brought into use, i. e. that the principle of reproduction should be in constant operation.—9. That the process of very frequent repetition is absolutely necessary in elementary instruction.—10. That practice makes perfect. The general direction of the system—learn something thoroughly, and refer everything else to it, was explained, and the results of the plans on the continent and in the country, were shown from official reports; accounts of the Lecturer's own successful experiments, &c. An improving note from Lord Brougham was read, as also a letter from an English officer, who had witnessed very satisfactory effects of this system in Halifax, Nova Scotia. The practice of all men of cultivated minds, and great attainments was shown to be in accordance with the principle of the system; the advantages of being "the man of one book" were pointed out, and the old saying, *cave ab*

homine unius libri, elucidated. The process by which the pupil of Jacotot's system is made "the man of one book" was explained in detail, and some compositions of the Lecturer's pupils read. The audience, which, by the way, on the first evening, were put into a thoroughly damp room by the directors of the establishment, evinced by the most marked attention the interest they took in the subject.

VARIETIES.

Expedition in search of Captain Ross.—The following is an outline of the present plan for conducting this interesting expedition:—The expedition is to consist of two officers and eighteen men, part to be engaged in this country and part in Canada, all of them inured to fatigue, and well accustomed to the duties they have to perform. Several of Captain Back's late companions on Sir John Franklin's last voyage have already volunteered to embark on the present enterprise. They will leave Liverpool so as to reach Montreal by way of New York by the 10th of April. Some days will then be spent in engaging Canadian voyagers as steersmen and guides, and in preparing the usual equipment. The route to be pursued is the ordinary one for the fur-traders, by the Outaway, French River, the Great Lakes, Lake Winepeg, &c., to Great Slave Lake, being a distance from Montreal of about 2500 miles, which may, it is expected, be accomplished early in July. The mode of travelling on the lakes is in a large birch rind canoe, which at Fort William will be changed for smaller canoes, adapted for river navigation. At Cumberland House the party will embark in batteaux, which are better calculated for conveying the pemmican. This, which will form their most certain food, is made from the flesh of Buffalo, moose, or reindeer, dried and pounded with a proportionate quantity of fat; and when well prepared it will keep good for years; scraped and boiled in snow water, it forms a palatable and nutritious soup. At Slave Lake, Indian guides and hunters will be obtained to accompany the party to the Great Fishing River. The most eligible spot for winter residence having been selected, a certain number of the people will be appointed for erecting the necessary buildings, and the hunters and fishermen employed to store up provisions, while Captain Back will proceed himself, without loss of time, down the river in a light canoe, with a crew of eight men, well armed. As the river flows through the barren lands of nearly equal elevation with those north of Fort Enterprise, it is expected its course, like that of the Copper Mine, will be interrupted by rapids, or cascades. This cruise will enable Captain Back to survey these, so that on his return to the winter establishment they may construct boats combining the qualities of the river and the sea navigation. As far, also, as the season will permit, Captain Back expects that his visit to the sea will give him an opportunity of communicating with the Esquimaux, and of obtaining, if not intelligence of Captain Ross, at least much information of the direction of his course the following summer. Having passed the first winter, they would start for sea the moment the ice breaks up; and if the opinion which Captain Back has been led to entertain, from an inspection of the maps traced by the Indians, of the mouth of the river between 68 and 69 parallels of latitude be correct, they would then be less than 300 miles from the wreck of the *Fury*, and, under favourable circumstances, little or no doubt can be entertained of their being able

to reach it. If, contrary to their hope, no trace of Captain Ross should be discovered on arriving at the wreck of the *Fury*, and the season should be far advanced, it would be necessary they should retrace their way to winter-quarters; and in so doing they would embrace every opportunity of erecting land-marks and signal-posts on peaks and capes, to arrest the attention of the wanderers to the notes deposited beneath, detailing the position of their fort, and the means adopted for their relief. On the disruption of the ice in the following spring, the expedition would again be on the shores of the Polar Sea, and its researches be resumed in a different direction from that previously taken; every Esquimaux hut would be minutely inspected, in the hope of finding some token of the fate of their countrymen. "The gratification," observes Captain Mack, "which the promoters of the expedition will experience, should even a single British seaman be rescued from a melancholy fate by their means, will amply repay them for their exertions and outlay; while, even if no such happy fortunes should attend their researches, the geographical knowledge that must be obtained, and the scientific information resulting from a course leading nearly over one of the magnetic poles, will, it is hoped, show that the enterprise has not, even in this case, been undertaken in vain."

Agricultural Improvement Institution.—A society has been lately established, and under very high patronage, for the purpose of giving to the destitute, but industrious poor, useful and profitable employment. The society proposes to effect this great good by establishing home colonies on the model of the celebrated Dutch farms at Frederic's-oord. From an estimate lately laid before Parliament, it appears that 15,000,000 acres of land, capable of cultivation, are now lying waste in the United Kingdom. The objects of the society are, to obtain tracts of this waste land by gift, grant, or purchase; to divide the same into small portions, and to let these portions to the poor at a low rent, furnishing to the occupiers such implements and instruction, as shall enable them to bring the land into profitable cultivation, and eventually to repay all expenses incurred by the society, and by continued industry and frugality to acquire a competence for themselves. The first outlay of the society is to be defrayed by subscriptions: and we mention this, because we feel that such a Society is entitled to the support of all who desire, not only for the poor themselves—and humanity requires something from us—but for the moral improvement of society, that the condition of the humbler classes should be improved, and that every able and willing labourer should have the just reward of his industry. Annual subscriptions, as low as ten shillings, are received, and entitle the subscribers to be present, and to vote at all general meetings.

A new route to India.—A Mr. Waghorn, who has been exerting himself to procure a quick communication with India, is about to sail for Malta, from whence he will proceed to Alexandria, in order to make arrangements for crossing the desert to Suez. Should his plan be carried into effect, he calculates that he may be able to reach India within forty-five days after leaving Falmouth.

The commissioners for building new churches have made their twelfth annual report. They state that at the time of their last report 168 churches and chapels had been completed, in which accommodation had been provided for 231,367 persons. Since that time 20 churches and chap-

els have been completed, capable of accommodating 26,361 persons; so that, on the whole, 188 churches or chapels have now been completed, and therein accommodation provided for 257,728 persons, including 142,121 free seats. The commissioners state further that there are 19 churches and chapels now building, and that they have approved plans for building 8 more.

RURAL ECONOMY.

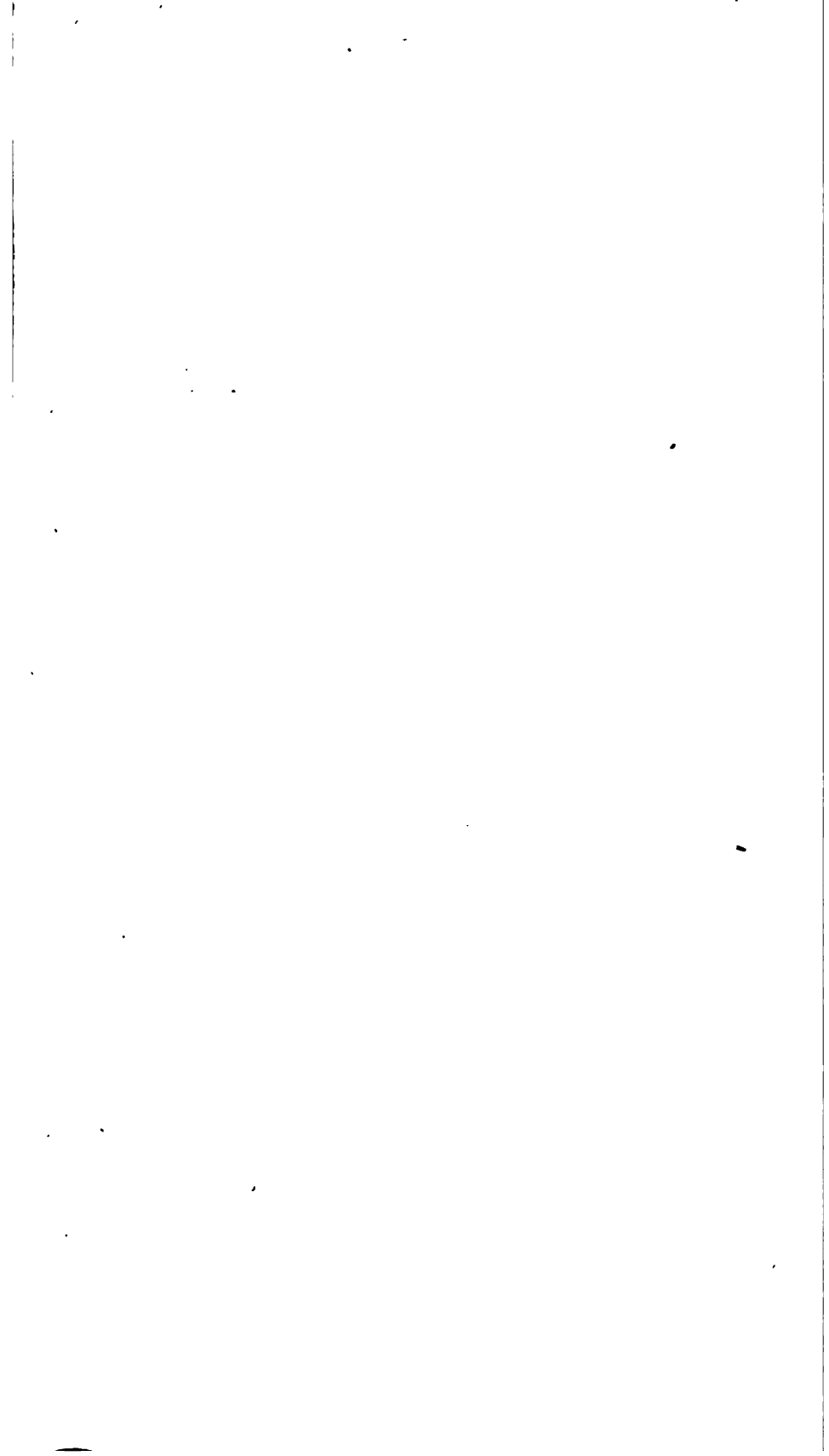
Government have permitted a patent to be taken out for distilling spirits from Mangel Wurzel, which was powerfully resisted by corn-growers and agriculturists. The establishment is upon a large scale at Malden, in Essex, and promises to become a most successful speculation.

Many people destroy their hyacinths by planting them in too much manure. Rotten dung is as injurious to bulbs as a very damp soil. They do best in pots filled with rich light vegetable earth, that has been sifted and kept dry three weeks before it is made use of. When the bulb is put into the earth, about a third part of it should be left above the surface. The plants should be placed in a dry situation, and should have but little water at first, increasing the quantity by degrees till they have done flowering. As soon as the leaves begin to decay, no more water should be given, and when the flowers and leaves are both gone, the bulb should be taken up; and, after it has been carefully cleared of the earth adhering to it, it should be put by, in a dry airy place, till about the middle of September, when it should be replanted, in order that it may flower the following spring.

The *Camellia Japonica*, or Japan rose, is one of the most beautiful as well as the hardiest of greenhouse plants. Like all other plants of the tea family, it is nearly as handsome in its foliage as in its flowers, and its dark green shining and leathery leaves appear to advantage, even among the gayest deciduous shrubs of summer. The *Camellia* will live, and even flower in the open air, but it does best when afforded the protection of glass, though it rarely requires any artificial heat. The trees should be planted in a compost composed of loam, peat, or sand, and decayed leaves in about equal parts, or loam alone will do. The plants should be kept very moist, and not exposed too much to the sun. If there should be any flaws or blemishes in the glass, the sun's rays reflected through them on the leaves of the *Camellias* are very apt to occasion blisters and white spots, which disfigure the plants. When *Camellias* are planted against walls in the open air, a north wall should be preferred to one with a southern exposure, and this is the case with all half-hardy exotics. The reason is, that a south wall brings them too forward, and makes them more liable to be checked by spring frosts or March winds. There are many varieties of *Camellias*, but the colours are always either red or white, or some shade partaking of one of those colours.

USEFUL ARTS.

Preservation of Wood.—A method of preserving building-timber from decay has long been a desideratum. The attempts hitherto made have not, however, been attended with success. Timber for ship-building is subject to a peculiar species of decay, called the *dry rot*,—a method of preventing which would be exceedingly valuable. At the meeting of the Society for the Encourage-



THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE POLITICIAN, No. XIII.

**The present Parliament—Distinctive differences between that, and former ones—Character of its Eloquence and Information—Mr. Attwood's Motion.*

We have changed our old lamp for a new one. The Tories were right. The old lamp, indeed, had its magic and its mystery. It had a spell; and by its spell buildings of magnificence arose. You rubbed it,—and lo! Brighton sparkled with its golden cupolas and Chinese pagodas. You rubbed it,—and lo! solemn in insignificance, Pimlico possessed its palace;—nay, by one of your incantations you sent forth the fantastical Genii of Aladdin, to gild and whitewash the solemn spires and antique towers where Science adores the memory of the Plantagenet.

Gardens blushed with golden and precious fruit,—forbidden, it is true, but still sought after; and, to those who knew its magic power, that antique lamp could show the subterraneous road to the Hesperides of Pensions. You changed away your old lamp. "Alack," said the Tories, "what a foolish bargain you have been making! Your new lamp can never do what your old one did. It's a plain, household, ordinary article, that will only light your way through the dark; and, at most,—rather more lucky than the lantern of Diogenes,—enable you to find a few honest men;—but where is the ancient spell, the long-cherished enchantment? If we want to grope our way to a sinecure—to a very, very little sinecure—who shall illumine the path? The haunt of our earliest and latest hopes is closed to us. Twiss has gone back to the bar;—and there stands our boast of Buckingham, imperfect and unpaid for." Yes, we have changed

our lamp, and the new one is not like the old one.

Are you a stranger, reader, to yon old oaken room, or do you remember it on that memorable night, when Lord John lisped out the ruthless sentence which proclaimed that ruined walls, and ill-patched park-palings should no longer have Parliamentary representatives? Fell destroyer of all that was venerable and sacred! Heartless enemy to the rights of old stones and rotten timber! Careless invader of the immunities which the weather and the worm yet spared! What visions of the olden time—solemn in sinecures and panoplied in pensions—must visit thy midnight couch! Can the cheer of Devonshire House, or the cheers of Devonshire Hastings, repay thee for those sidelong, sad glances, which the ghosts of Gatton, and the spectres of Corfe Castle, cast upon thy lone meditations? Darest thou be alone with the still company that stare upon thee, and say—"Thou hast murdered my Borough,—my own Borough,—my dearly and deeply beloved Borough,—my Borough, for which I gave 60,000l.,—my Borough which got me a Baronetcy,—my Borough which got me a Peerage,—my Borough which got my old aunt a pension, my nephew a sinecure, my sons commissions in the Army. Alas! for thee, Lord John! But you, good reader, with whom our colloquy first began, you perhaps remember—or perhaps you do not remember—those benches on the right of the chair which we refer you to. There sat the Ministry much as you see them; and opposite to the Ministry sat Croker, his keen eye flashing forth a sarcasm which his curled lip caught and cherished; and there was George Dawson, so ardent, yet so gentleman-like, ready to shake your hand as a private friend, or to knock you down as a political opponent; and there was Sir J. Yorke, compressing his powerful voice between the lips that smiled a good-humoured capsizé to the Royal George of the Admiralty; and there was Sir Charles Wetherell, our excellent, comical, short-breeched, and

* We are indebted to a member of Parliament, of some years' experience, for the ensuing remarks, with one or two of which we do not quite agree, but their general bearing seems to us at once new and true.—ED.

sesquipedalian-sentenced Sir Charles Wetherell; and there was Goulburn as he is now; and Herries as he is now; and ———, not as he is now, the solemn shadow of his former portly insignificance—no; there he was then with cheeks distended, like the statue of Æolus; and contained within those round and rosy caverns were the multitudes of “order,” and the myriads of “hear, hear,” with which, in such jocund days of Downing-street expectation, that popular gentleman used to electrify us. Poor Mr. ———! Pause with us, gentle reader, to lament the fate of this interesting young man. Is such to be the bourne of his hopes? the topmost pinnacle of his ambition?—a silent place on yonder radical-surrounded bench! Is he to be like the flower in Tibullus’s garden? Is he to be another of those Hampdens and Sidneys who sleep inglorious in a country churchyard, without any other epitaph than that with which Gibbon recorded the life and death of so many of Rome’s successive Emperors? He shall have cried “order,” and he shall have shouted “hear,”—he shall have shouted “order,” and have cried “hear,” *et his exactis*, will say the monumental marble,—*obit*. On that bench, too,—on that bench to which we now call your attention, reader,—and on which, his hat slouched over his eyes, you may still see him,—sat Sir R. Peel; and there he sits,—*sed quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore*, who carried flame and terror into the Whig camp. Where are his chosen legions, where are many of those sprigs of nobility—the flower of Troy and Toryism?—and where are many of those older adjuncts—the sacred band of Pittites, whose well-practised cheer may here and there be yet—but, oh! how faintly, heard,—

“When through each rank he turns his kindling eyes,
And bids the thunder of the battle rise!”—

Homer’s Iliad.

But few, very few remain; shouldered up into a melancholy corner, they sit, *parva et pallida turba*, obscured rather than protected by the shrunken shadow of their great but powerless leader.

On entering the New House, the first thing which strikes you, is the utter and immediately-apparent break up of all the landmarks of times past. The places almost historically occupied by men, who, from long exercise of the privilege, had acquired a prescriptive right to bore or to bully with impunity, are occupied by new faces. Hardly does a well-remembered voice chime in with the sympathies of your ear. This is the second Parliamentary deluge that we have witnessed: the first swept away General Gascoigne and his famous 42; the second has left the member for Tamworth with a less following than the member for Dublin. He has a sort of

by-place at the corner to the left of the Speaker’s chair, behind which his friends, few and feeble, range themselves. The old Tories, that is, the very old Tories, even now that their faction may be called defunct and gone, preserve in death the separation which made the last scenes of their life memorable; and Sir Edward Knatchbull and Sir Robert Inglis sit on the same side-bench they sat on when their party voted the Duke of Wellington out of office. But that which startles you most, shocking all your conventional feelings, is the strange and almost unholy community of old members and new members, distinguished members an undistinguished members, radical members and Tory members, who sit and assort together on those seats which were of antique usage assigned to gentlemen who had once been blessed with official situations. The Tory ex-Ministers were not able to fill it, and now it is filled by gentlemen of all opinions and of all descriptions. It is necessary to see nothing more than the faces of Sir Robert Peel, and Messrs. Ruthven and Cobbett, side by side, within three feet circumference, in order to say,—“Ay, this House of Commons is decidedly very much changed from the last House of Commons.” We see at a glance that the character of the House of Commons is very much changed; but it requires a little time for closer observation before we can say exactly what the internal causes, as well as the outward symptoms of these changes are. One is startled at coming in by the apparition of Peel and Cobbett in such close fraternity—one member sits down—three new members get up, one after the other—and there is something of a desultory style of confusion that one is not accustomed to, in the tone and manner in which they address you. One is struck, by a want of regularity—by a want of discipline, if I may so express myself, in the manner of conducting the Parliamentary battle. It is not a well-sustained fire kept up from the most commodious heights, and supported by the best engineers and artillery of two contending squadrons. A gun is fired here—and a gun is fired there—none of the fixed rules of war are observed, and every soldier seems more intent on discharging his piece than on gaining the victory. When a troop of gentlemen entered the House, returned by the boroughs of a particular party, and almost wearing the badge or uniform of that party upon their backs, the place of each gentleman in that party was assigned to him—he was brought forward or he was kept back—he was a part of his party, and nothing of himself; and all the leading men being party men, the tone they adopted was the tone of the House. But your boroughs are gone, and with your boroughs parties are gone likewise. No man is brought in by a great-

er man, or to serve under a greater man than himself—he is the great man then in his own conceit, as in the conceit of his constituents—he walks into the House of Commons with the same magisterial strut that he stepped forward on the hustings, and says in his self-complacent air, *plaudite civis!* There is an individuality about a member of the House of Commons now that there never was before: an *ipse ego* as it were, which, while it has its disadvantages in discussion, has its advantages in division; and renders it impossible for any ambitious individual, so to unite and to rule others, as to feel sure that he has a band, which, seeing with *his* eyes, and hearing with *his* ears, will enable him either to overthrow or to support an administration as it may suit his purpose.

The greater number of men now brought into the House, are no longer what was called promising young men, but rather old men, who have fulfilled many of their early promises; they are not brought in there to make their fortunes, but rather because their fortunes are made—they do not devote themselves to a political career, but rather close, by politics a career, that has been devoted to other pursuits—they have more local knowledge than their predecessors, less general information—they are more accustomed to look at things in detail, less accustomed to regard them in gross—they know the village, the town, the county better, the kingdom perhaps not quite so well. In questions of a common and simple kind their judgment will be a clear and a correct one—in questions of another kind, those parts which may be called the more metaphysical, the more sublime, or the more complex, are likely to escape, or to be but superficially exposed to, their observation. They well understand the economy of saving, which is mere retrenchment, better than the economy of profitable expenditure, which is laying out a capital to produce an advantageous return—they will be hardly sensible to the moral magnificence of our Indian Empire—they will be quickly alive to the smallest commercial advantage of our poorest colony—they will enter at once into the miseries of the English pauper—they will be slow to feel the sorrows of the expatriated Poles—they may not be sufficiently scrupulous in defending (what is often worth defence) a constitutional form or an abstract right; but the Minister must have more than the eloquence of Demosthenes, that can persuade them to accord an ill-earned pension or accede to an unnecessary tax. Among these sturdy countenances and stout figures, you may not find many Hampdens who would die on the field; but you will meet a vast number of Humes, who would go so far in rebellion as to refuse to pay taxes:—and the Government found it more difficult to defend

the Governorship of the Tower, than to place Ireland under the sword of the sub-lieutenant.

We are not of the opinion of Burke, who, in speaking of such men “as vulgar and mechanical politicians, who think of nothing but what is gross and material,” says, “that so far from being qualified to be the directors of the great movements of the Empire, they are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine.”

The diffuse and philosophical mind of Burke inspired him with an extraordinary contempt for all that was commonplace and cramped. His language is far stronger than ours would be; but even we are quite sure that, respectable as they are, your elderly gentlemen just launched from the workshop or the counting-house, are not the proper persons to take the helm of affairs in a state, the interests of which are so widely spread, the power of which is so deeply and abstrusely planted, as our own. A knowledge of local details is necessary, if it be only to form a general truth. But it is a more general philosophy that extracts from each fact its essence, and forms thereof those universal precepts, which tend to the common happiness of mankind. The manufacturer at Manchester, and the manufacturer at Spitalfields, and the agriculturists in Norfolk, may all form a pretty shrewd guess as to what may tend to their immediate disadvantage or prosperity; but their view will be frequently microscopic, even as far as it regards themselves, and an insulated interest is always the utmost limit of their political horizon.

It is to be hoped, therefore, as well as expected, that such persons will rest satisfied with the simple power of representatives of the people; and in that situation, their local knowledge, their accurate and intimate acquaintance with particular branches of national industry, will form a proper and efficient check to those who, governing with more comprehensive views, do still require to be curbed and restrained by a sensibility to partial and temporary influences, which the brief career and transitory condition of mankind forbid us to neglect.

The Tory argument against Reform, which had many illustrious examples for its support:—viz., that the greatest statesman had been returned by the rotten boroughs—was met by our assertion and belief, that the people now, a wiser and better people than their ancestors, would be able and desirous to choose some men of the order of mind and class of information that the aristocracy had astutely chosen for the management of public affairs. We do not easily believe that men are born statesmen, or that political information can be obtained but by many years of devotion to political knowledge: as none will be qualified for success at the bar or the church who do not make

law and divinity, and legal and clerical eloquence their constant and unwearying study, so none will be qualified to succeed in the yet more difficult career of governing their fellow-men, who do not make the science of government their constant pursuit. Politics must be a profession—what Reform should do is to make it an honest one. This is the people's affair, and let the people look to it! It is their business to show the same wise and fostering attention to talent wherever it is to be found to fight the battles of the community, which an oligarchy formerly showed, when it enlisted a Canning or a Tierney to fight the battle of a party. If the influence of wealth, and the eloquence of beer are to be predominant in the minds of the popular constituencies—the stone walls which we have disfranchised were the best means of procuring members of Parliament of the two. A venal mob is not likely to return a more honest, or so intelligent a man, as an ambitious peer; and if the representative is of necessity to be corrupt, the narrower the sphere of corruption among the represented, the better. Hertford and Liverpool are as filthy, corrupt channels to the House of Commons, as Gotton and Sarum; and if we could persuade ourselves that our people in general were like those generous and grateful persons, who denounced the idea of voting any longer for Mr. Duncombe, because they thought they had ruined him, we should be heartily sick of the farce of continuing such disgusting and brutal assemblages of a drunken populace as those which have been collected under the pretence of choosing, without fee or reward, a fit representative to serve in Parliament.

If the people wish to keep with credit to themselves that power which the legislature has now vested in their hands, let them, we repeat, carefully look to it. If they do not choose men who are capable of acting and reasoning on sound and statesmanlike principles—and who, sufficiently independent to be without any other profession than that which Parliament affords, are still not lost in those luxuries, or raised to that elevation, which sinks them below, or carries them beyond the conduct of official business—if they do not do this—they will find their affairs strangely mismanaged, or they will be managed as heretofore, by a small knot of wealthy individuals, who, uniting together under the name of the Conservative Club—or under any other name, will make a purse for returning the most talented of their partisans—by means even more prejudicial to the morals and spirit of the country than those which were formerly adopted.

If we wanted a proof of the manner in which the class of gentlemen we have alluded to—is likely with even the most upright intentions to err on subjects of gen-

eral policy—we should refer to Mr. Attwood, their chief and their type, and his motion “for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the causes of the existing distress.”

Mr. Attwood's committee would, in fact, have been a committee on the currency, since, as that gentleman has adopted the idea, that the only relief to the country would be the robbery of the creditor and the destruction of credit; and as he, being the mover for the committee, would have the nomination of its members, it is quite clear that his view would have been their view, and the people would doubtless have become pre-eminently prosperous under a committee, the first sitting of which would have operated as a law of universal arrest. If, however, the object and the research of the committee had in reality been as wide and as general as Mr. Cobbett supposed them likely to be, what would have been the consequence?—the relief of any one distress?—no;—the most plausible excuse that could be devised for not relieving any. The House of Commons is—as Mr. Warburton very properly observed—the committee for inquiring into the general distress of the nation, and every member of the House has now the power of bringing forward any particular grievance or distress which comes more peculiarly within the scope of his knowledge and information.

But name Mr. Attwood's House of Commons,—and you at once annihilate the House of Commons that is now sitting. Should any member get up and require a tax to be removed or a monopoly abolished,—should he wish the people to be better educated by removing the impositions on knowledge, or better fed by improving the present system of poor-laws,—should he speak of the malt-duties, or the corn-laws,—the Chancellor of the Exchequer is ready with a never-failing answer,—“A committee is sitting to discover the causes of distress, and until we see the report of that committee it will be absurd (so indeed it would) to take any step to alleviate the evils you complain of, evils which the committee, in its inscrutable wisdom, may declare to be no evils at all.” And what perfect babyism this inquiry after the causes of distress which lie on the very surface of society! Does not every man know that excessive and unequal taxation,—severe and ill-administered laws,—an increasing, unemployed, uninstructed, and starving population are the grievances that we have to cure, and that cheap justice, cheap knowledge, and cheap provisions are the benefits we have to aim at? It may indeed require a very curiously concocted body to discover that the receiving our debts in paper, which are due to us in gold, would make us wise, wealthy, and contented. But the existing

House of Commons, with all its faults, is quite wise enough to see the miseries we have pointed out; and all the people desire is, that it should devise a method of getting rid of them. Your inquiries are insults and mockeries;—give them remedies, and they will thank you. Mr. Attwood, with his inquiry, reminds us of the philosopher who, when his house was in flames, gave no orders for preserving it by the simple prevention of cold water, but sat down to inquire into the causes and properties of fire.

If the House is different from what it was, the character of the eloquence of the House of Commons has also differed very considerably from what it was in the time of its predecessor. It has become more passionate,—more popular;—an arithmetical figure produces less effect,—an oratorical figure more; declamation is more necessary, and clatraps more successful;—the quiet, conversational, and, as it was called, gentleman-like style of speaking, has deepened into a broader, bolder, and more rhetorical and hustings-like manner.

For this there are many reasons:—in the first place, the audience in other times rarely consisted—when matters of business came on—of more than fifty or sixty members, and the subject of debate was discussed across the table as between one gentleman and another. But now it is just when these matters are discussed that the fullest attendance may be expected, and, as there are no silent constituencies, so we have but few silent members. The discussion then is maintained, not across the table and among a few, but from one side of the house to the other, and among many. The voice must be louder, the action more powerful, and the whole manner swells into something more than that of the simple man of business. Again, the nice ear of a polished and lettered aristocracy is more apt to be shocked by faults than to be struck by embellishments; and the same cause, viz. a less delicate audience—which has favoured the romantic school on the theatre in France—is likely to be favourable to a more passionate mode of oratory in the English House of Commons. Add to this, the feelings of the people are now brought more directly to bear upon all questions under discussion, because every body represents the people, while the greater number of Irish, and not Irish-Englified members—that are lately come into Parliament, and the frequency of Irish debates, will also most probably contribute to change our Attic style into something more Ionian. It is possible, moreover, that in an assembly of men where facts are more generally known, the simple statement of facts in debate will have less value. Formerly the House was left without an answer to two

or three cyphers of Mr. Hume, and everybody was in raptures with Mr. P. Thomson's speech upon shipping, because of shipping almost every body but Mr. P. Thomson was utterly ignorant.

This was the case formerly, but now there are so many *Counter Humes* and so many *Counter Thomsons*—and as the talent the most rare in an assembly is generally the most appreciated, so a higher value will be set upon general reasoning and a less one upon arithmetical details. Thus the general taste of the assembly will very probably act as a counterbalance to the tone of mind likely to prevail among its individual members, and, as the last House of Commons, possessing little practical knowledge, was corrected in this respect by the importance attached to those by whom this knowledge had been acquired, so the present House of Commons, possessing little general information, will rectify its deficiency by an inverse inclination. To sum up, then, the present House of Commons presents features exactly contrary to those which the superficial observer would have expected. It was the customary cry, "Oh! there will be no vulgar oratory in a Reformed Parliament!"—it is exactly that quality which obtains the most applause. Every one supposed it would be a quiet, decorous, orderly assembly—it is testy and impatient to a degree without a parallel. And why is this?—simply because it is a better attended, that is, a *more numerous* assembly than ever! Consequently, it more resembles, than before, a popular meeting, which is ever unfriendly to details, and averse from reasoning. Its very faults are to be found in the conscientious punctuality with which its members attend their duties.

SCYPHAX.

NORTH AMERICA.*

THERE are two points of view in which America may be looked at by travellers, and the character of their reports turns very much upon which point is taken by the observer. This will account for the strange differences that exist in books on that country. Captain Hall disapproves of every thing: Mr. Stuart finds no fault. Both travellers are British gentlemen of good motives and honest intentions. The truth is, that Captain Hall referred all he said to his own feelings. Mr. Stuart tried to discover which were the feelings of the Americans. "How should I like this?" said Captain Basil Hall. Mr. Stuart asked, himself, "How do they like it?" Now this is a very important distinction. It may be very

* Three Years in North America. By James Stuart, Esq. Second Edition. Edinburgh. Cadell. 1833.

safely asserted that no English gentleman, unless indeed caught very young, can sit down in America with any real satisfaction. Though he may profess the most republican sentiments, though he may have the most liberal notions respecting the rights of men, and never treat a fellow-man, of whatever rank and condition, without the respect due to a man, still if he have been bred up in all the artificial distinctions of an old aristocratical country, and with such refinements as an ancient society, like old housekeepers, always contrive to get about them, he will never be easy in a newly-settled state founded on true republican principles. Take a Highlander from his mountains, and set him down on the flats of the Isle of Ely, will he be content? No, the lake and the crag, and the distant line of blue hill, are with him essential beauties of nature; he can with difficulty allow that there is any merit in a field of wheat forty bushel to the acre. The member of an aristocratical society comes to be proud of its inequalities, and will even glory in its injustice. Foreigners have been astonished in listening to the proud expressions of satisfaction with which Englishmen of the middle classes have expatiated on the privileges of the aristocratical game laws. In the same way non-commissioned officers have been found to glory in the great gulf which separates themselves from the king's officers. Where command exists, it is some consolation to poor humanity to consider that it is not an equal to whom submission is made: that it is some one whom nurture, opinion, and education have combined to distinguish from the common herd. In America, a gentleman has to sit down at table with his own servant; it is not improbable that, if the servant have the more popular manners, he will have most respect paid him; nay, generally speaking, the servant must be preferred, for he looks up to the republicans, while the master is looking down with contempt on the whole party, and, at any rate, expecting their subservience. It is almost a proverb in this country, that a man is judged pretty much by his coat; this is a test that makes an insensible impression upon those who are far from holding there is any virtue in new broad-cloth. What then will be the uncomfortableness of a man who suddenly appears among a busy population, where appearance is held utterly worthless, nay, where the nicest external distinctions would rather excite a laugh than promote a deference? Suppose such a person, long accustomed to observances, sitting down to dinner, and his waiter drawing a chair near him; suppose his stage-driver turning out the sheriff of the county, as Mr. Stuart did, would he ask him to dinner, as was done by this meritorious traveller? Suppose him accosted by a party of well-informed mechanics in jackets on board a

steam-boat, and in no respect valued except for the information he gave them, would not all this, and much more of the same kind, greatly perplex the best specimens of Englishmen? This is only a very slight odour of the disagreeables a contented Englishman has to encounter.

If his speculations extend to matters of government he is equally shocked. Any ordinary letter of introduction will procure an interview with the president; the authorities are generally in trade, and the elections of all kind are settled with less fuss than goes to the choice of a coroner or even a churchwarden. The imposing is altogether wanting in America; in Europe most countries have it, and some few are great in that species of delusion.

The States are no country for the few; it is a land of the many. Every one who has looked upon the institutions of Europe must see that the only question is of the few; it is of the few that it is spoken when it is said such is the way with our neighbours.

Mr. Stuart is a man who visited America under peculiar circumstances: he had probably good reason to be dissatisfied with our mode of treating deserving citizens of liberal opinions. When he left Scotland he had long maintained a war with the Tories, during which he found his substance crumbling away under Tory exactions, and, perhaps, his temper somewhat turned against the unfair distribution of honour and profit in his native land. With no pleasant reminiscences of his native land, he sought America as a country supplying an agreeable and easy retreat. He was like the admiral that burnt his transports as soon as he had disembarked; he was determined not to look back. Mr. Stuart never thought of Britain while he was in America. Captain Hall always asked himself, now what will they think of this at home? what would Mr. —, or Lady —, say, if she was obliged to submit to this?

The merit of Mr. Stuart's book is, that he looked upon the country with more than an absence of prejudice, with a good nature and a good sense that did not even desert him in the uncivilized west, where he was sometimes compelled to inform landlords that they had at least mistaken their vocation.

Mr. Stuart's book, looking at it merely as a book, is not of *first-rate* excellence,—regarding it as the report of a private and trust-worthy gentleman on the United States, it assuredly is. A book-maker, or travel-writer, ought to have a picturesque style, an imagination, a lively sense of the characteristics of society, and a taste for nature in all her forms: in all or most of these qualities Mr. Stuart is to seek. He is a sensible, observing, intelligent, liberal, and good-natured man; he knows good

society in its Scotch provincial form, and anxious to gain authentic intelligence about the country he visited, he has put down all he said in a general way, and has compiled along with his journal all the different documents, advertisements, and papers he could collect; information, therefore, is the order of his day; and he gives it, often, however, in a crude form—the change, however, is rather against the book-maker than the traveller. He who really wants intelligence about the States will acknowledge the book to be indispensable—the critic will weigh it in all its essences, and find all wanting. Admirable critic! We will deceive no one; this work is proceeding to a third edition—and deserves it; and yet it is almost the only book deserving such success that has of late got it. We shall soon hear a cry of disappointment; it is no light affair for the book-clubs. It is too full of small change of intelligence, and too deficient in the great features of strong and impressive writing to make a sensation round the country tea-table. There is no romance here; and yet the experience in the latter part of the second volume traverses a country which some men, let us instance Chateaubriand, nay, even a hero of the Sports of the Forest as Lloyd, or an amateur, such as the author of the "Wild Sports of the West," would have made famous for all time—in all such emergencies Mr. Stuart runs to quotation. This we understand: it is not that he does not feel the virtue of the scenes he observes, but, unaccustomed to write, and very long in the habit of admiring waters, he picks out the pleasant passages of such authors as Flint as the most natural mode of expressing himself.

In all practical and business matters Mr. Stuart seeks no aid; he is at home. Look, for instance, at his valuation and appreciation of the prospects of a farmer of a certain capital who determines upon settling in Illinois or Indiana: look again at his calculations of the expense of living in all parts of the States; his views are always those of a settler, determined, like any other wise man, to overlook small objections.

We have learnt that this was not a calculated book: there are books of which the reader says as of a late mineralogical professor in one of the universities, why he has as much to say of a stone as another man of his first-born. Here it is clear that the book is an accident; the man does not travel to make a book, but having travelled and arriving at home, and on conversing with his friends, and on seeing what there is produced in his way, all of a sudden finds that, in his own portfolio, he has that which his countrymen desire, if not for profit, at least for pleasure. Mr. Stuart's book, and it is pleasant to be able to spread the truth in spite of slander and puffery, is not an amus-

ing book; but it has no qualities to recommend it to the idle readers of the day, and yet it is the work alone, which, of all those that have been written, enables us to extend an arm across the Atlantic, and shake hands heartily with our dear brother Jonathan; he should be our son, but there are those who maintain he is our uncle.

THE BILL OF BELIAL.

A POLITICAL ALLEGORY.

*Redentem dicere verum
Quid velat?*

THE following legend, in point of authenticity, rivals the greatest number of similar compositions; in utility it exceeds them all.

In the forty-third year of Elizabeth, a holy man, who had lived in the utmost seclusion from the world, since the time when, he then being a young novice, his monastery was delivered up to a favourite of that scourge of anchorites, Henry VIII., had a wonderful vision which he left in writing for the benefit of posterity.

Instead of mounting upwards, as it usually happens, our good monk found himself transported to the infernal regions. Aware of his downward course, he shuddered at the idea of beholding the various torments of the wicked; yet he comforted himself with the hope of seeing King Henry VIII. writhing under the operation of fire, applied according to the most approved manipulations of infernal chemistry. But to his great surprise he found himself in a grand saloon, furnished with numerous seats, and not very unlike the House of Commons. His invisible conductors placed him in a gallery, from whence, by the red glare of numerous torches, he could see the whole place, and hear whatever might be said at the farthest end.

The monk had not been long seated, when a crowd of spirits rushed in without much ceremony, and occupied the benches on both sides of a chair and table, which stood at the head of the room. Soon after this, a spirit, with a Medusa head-dress, supposed to be meant for a wig, took the chair. The beings who composed the assembly were unquestionably the same that, about sixty years after this vision, (and perhaps from some verbal report of it,) were described by Milton as filling up Pandæmonium. The identity of the place cannot be doubted. The members of the assembly had neither tails nor horns, nor was there anything hideous or terrific in their appearance. What language they actually spoke cannot be ascertained; yet the holy monk understood them as plainly as if they had been using his native language.

The subject of that evening's discussion happened to be "The State of England."

Great alarm (as the first speaker stated) had prevailed in the infernal regions in consequence of the prospects of the British nation. Light had rushed in upon it like a flood; a large mass of property had been taken out of the hands of useless drones, and the spirit of enterprise and commerce was collecting strength with alarming rapidity. "That nation," said the speaker, "if allowed to proceed on the path now opened to it, will certainly ruin the remnants of our much-weakened empire. The people of England are bold, persevering, and not easily turned away from their purposes. They have given a mortal blow to our faithful allies the monks and the Spaniards*. The commercial activity of the English will scarcely know any limits for many years. Industrious habits will spread down to the lower classes; and where industry prevails, vice does not thrive. I move, therefore, that a fresh army of tempters be sent up into the heart of that improving country; that 'Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood,' excite priests of all denominations to preach persecution and mutual hatred among Christians; that he stir up the pride both of the Pope and his dignitaries, as well as the conceit of the Protestant controversialists, each of whom wishes to be a Pope; that a civil war be prepared by this means, &c. &c. &c.; that Belial, who, by allowing a virgin queen on the throne of England, appears sadly to have neglected his department, exert himself in the promotion of vice among the higher classes, since the lower will be too much engaged in, and exhausted by, labour, to afford the abundant harvest of souls which this empire has hitherto annually reaped; that—"

The monk could not remember the remainder of this speech. He tells us only that there was in it much abuse of the diabolical heads of different departments for allowing England to rise so rapidly towards that point of temporal happiness which seems most favourable to the diffusion of knowledge and virtue.

Fortunately, however, he was so deeply impressed with Belial's reply, that he has preserved us a very accurate account of his diabolico-political views in regard to these kingdoms. He represents that spirit as he was afterwards described—

"Graceful and humane :

A fairer person lost not heaven : he seemed
For dignity composed and high exploit.
But all was false and hollow ; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels."

On the occasion we speak of, Belial rose

with a smile in which it was difficult to perceive whether it expressed the most refined politeness, or the most perfect contempt.

"During the long course of our warfare with heaven," said the able and eloquent Spirit, "I have invariably been under the deepest sense of the inefficacy, not to say absurdity, of the leading politics of our empire. Though mankind accuse us of deceit and subtlety, rage and violence have always been our guides. We send up numerous bands of semi-barbarian devils—armies of spiritual cossacks, who, instead of promoting and establishing our interests, only fatigue, harass, and shock the best portion of the sons of Adam, giving them a disgust of our dominion, finally leading them indirectly to permanent improvements. There might be some excuse for this conduct while we were dealing with people but little removed from the savage state. But in spite of all our efforts, the progress of light, though slow, is steady, and has changed the face of the world. Are we so ignorant as to suppose that vice and evil, in their nakedness, can attract mankind? Nevertheless, we proceed in the old-fashioned course. We call every thing by its proper name, though that name be most odious to man, except when brutalized or rendered furious by passion. One single measure of enlightened policy was adopted many hundred years ago at my suggestion, and the results have been more favourable to this our kingdom of darkness than the most sanguine temper could have conceived. I appeal to you, as the best witnesses, my fellow rulers of darkness! The violent party amongst us attempted to drown infant Christianity in its own blood. I told them they were blind; but I was not believed till Christianity had spread beyond all possibility of suppressing it. When, however, you threw yourselves upon my wisdom,—[*We did not extirpate Christianity,* from the opposition benches.] It is true, very true, we did not succeed in extirpating Christianity; but did we not poison it to the very roots? How was this accomplished? Was it by the preposterous method of recommending the worship of Mars and Venus? Ridiculous! Advise men to be lewd and cruel; to be in fear for the honour of their wives and daughters; to hasten to cut each other's throats, and be in perpetual dread of an ambitious and conquering power!—what is this but absolute insanity? No: Christianity was poisoned by inducing emperors to take up *religious truth* (that is, their own party) under their protection: by suggesting to the priesthood the advantage of engaging the secular power in favour of religious truth. As religious truth means for each man his own convictions on subjects out of the reach of experimental proof, Christians could not fail to sanctify all the most violent passions under

* Alluding to the discomfiture of the *Armada*, which had taken place thirteen years before this subterranean meeting.

the name of faith. Glorious—(forgive me this burst of exultation)—glorious, indeed, have been the fruits of that scheme! Man became the most implacable enemy of man throughout Christendom. Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, were converted into all-atoning virtues, when let loose against those who defended their *truth*, their *orthodoxy*. Human blood was shed in torrents, while those who made it flow from the veins of the honest and sincere supporter of his own *truth*, from the bosom of tender females who took their purest affections for theological *truth*—all raised up their ensanguined hands to heaven, and thanked Him, whom we never name in this place, for the opportunity he had given them of destroying his enemies. Let me ask those among you who daily 'traverse the earth,' whether the fruits of this my scheme are exhausted, or whether there is not the fairest prospect of reaping them in abundance for centuries to come?

"But I ask pardon for allowing myself to be carried away from the subject of our present discussion. I will make amends by entering upon it without further preambles.

"You are aware how nearly we have neutralized Christianity, by consecrating the angry and proud passions of man under the name of zeal for *religious truth*. The step which I have to recommend to our Assembly for the purpose of preparing the downfall of England is analogous to the one just-mentioned. Do I need to use disguise among you? Or should I stop to cull the softest and most delicate words and phrases, in order to prevent (what I most earnestly wish to prevent in regard to men)—to prevent, I say, your being shocked? I hear *No* from every part of the House. My plan then is simply this—to poison *charity* and *benevolence*. (Immense applause.) Yes, my friends, to make *charity* and *benevolence* the inexhaustible sources of vice and crime, and to banish them from millions of souls by the simple means of *compelling* them to exert those favourite virtues; to extinguish gratitude among the poor, by the very regularity and profusion of the arms given them; and compassion among the rich, by a well-grounded fear that they may soon be reduced to a state in which they must depend upon the compassion of others. I will not, however, dwell any longer in generalities. Here I hold in my hands the heads of a Bill, which, if it meet your approbation, I engage to get passed into law by the English Parliament. I have drawn it up in our own language; that is, calling things by their proper names; it shall, however, be my business to translate it into the language of *charity* and *benevolence*, of *national honour*, and all the other phrases most acceptable to men, and, in that state, I will recommend it

to the English Government. Be not discouraged, if at first my scheme does not perform all that I have promised. The 'Poor Laws'—so shall my Bill be called in the upper regions—will rapidly develop themselves into all the consequences of evil which I hereby engage to bring about; and whatever may be the length of time in which they are destined to accomplish the ruin of the British empire, not one year will pass without showing the rapid and uninterrupted progress of the measure towards that happy conclusion. (Hear, hear, hear.)

"The Bill which I have the honour to propose is as follows:—

"Whereas it has become apparent, that the island known on the surface of the earth by the name of Great Britain, is making most alarming strides towards wealth, peace, and happiness;—that industry, sobriety, and prudent foresight are likely to spread among the labouring classes of that people, under the influence of liberty and commerce;—that the generous temper of its inhabitants will bind the lower to the higher classes by means of *free* donations from the wealthy to the poor;—that a diminution of vice and crime, and an increase of virtuous habits, will, with awful certainty, follow this state of things, producing great injury to this our Great Empire of Darkness;—

"Be it enacted, and it is hereby enacted,—

"I. That for a more effectual abolition of charity and benevolence, the great mass of the English nation shall be *compelled by law* to give as much, and, in many cases, more than they can conveniently give to the poor; so that, in paying to the tax-gatherer what they might have been induced to give for the gratification of kindness, they shall have all their worst passions excited:

"II. That to increase this evil moral tendency, the said people shall have both an opportunity and inducement to rejoice in seeing their neighbours *compelled* to be as *charitable by law* as themselves:

"III. That for the discountenancing of industry, forethought, and independence, all men who neglect these virtues shall have a legal claim to an indefinite portion of the property of those that practice them:

"IV. That in order to diminish affections, kindness, and the feelings of gratitude between the nearest relatives, the forced charity of the English nation shall be so distributed as to show to parents, husbands, and children, that it is folly, under such circumstances, to toil for the sustenance and comfort of those for whom they may fully and permanently provide by deserting them; and to this practical demonstration of the folly of *providing for one's household*,* shall be added the spiteful feeling, that to toil for the support of parents, wives, and children,

* St. Paul.

is only saving so much money to the richer neighbours:

"V. That to encourage and spread idleness, drunkenness, and every kind of intemperance, a permanent provision shall be made for every man who throws away and mispends his earnings, and that this provision shall extend to the last day of every profligate man or woman; in a word, that destitution, in whatsoever manner brought on, shall be a lawful claim to a portion of the property of the industrious:

"VI. That to discountenance chastity, such a provision shall be made for bastards, that women may consider them a source of income:

"VII. That to prevent accumulation of property among the labouring classes, wherever there may be a competition for labour, the improvident shall be preferred to those who are known to have saved any money; that the latter shall be allowed to live hard, and the former shall be assisted with money, and every thing contributing to ease and comfort, so as finally to break down all spirit of independence:

"VIII. That to secure, in the highest degree, the effect of the aforesaid enactment, all magistrates and overseers shall take care that the diet of paupers, and their maintenance in the workhouse, or anywhere else, shall be superior to that of honest and industrious labourers, though not equal in comfort and abundance to that of convicts:

"IX. That for the discouragement and depression of the Church, tithes shall be made rateable, or subject to the tax, for the maintenance of the poor, as above described, so that farmers may absorb as much as possible of the maintenance of the clergy in part of payment to their own labourers:

"X. That, whereas a *blessing* was pronounced upon the multiplication of mankind, when that multiplication is not, as among beasts, the result of blind appetite, but is brought about under the guidance of reason and foresight, this blessing shall be turned into a curse, by persuading people, that to follow a mere animal instinct is a virtue, and to bring human beings into existence, without providing for their maintenance and education, is a meritorious act; for, in fact, the law will have provided an inheritance for every child born into the world, at the expense of those who have saved and accumulated wealth to any amount, and till the property of the whole island shall be devoured by the multitudes thus made heirs of it, no child can be said to be unprovided for; and consequently it will be impossible to prove to those that marry in what is called an improvident manner, that they are improvident at all, for they see clearly that their children, to any number, cannot possibly be destitute."

Reader! we will not pursue this sport,

for it is, indeed, a melancholy one. We have thus far indulged in irony, because we thought that nothing can so effectually remove the delusion which makes people blind to the ruinous consequences of the Poor-Laws, as divesting them of the appearance of charity, benevolence, and generosity, by which they have deceived this nation. We think we have made it evident, that, if the invisible enemy of mankind himself had devised a refined method of obstructing, and finally ruining, the bright prospects which were opened to this nation in the reign of Elizabeth, the system of poor-laws would have answered his purpose better than any other. The practical effects of the laws, which are ignorantly called the *pride of the nation*, appear in a most appalling form in the evidence collected by Parliament, and, still more, in that of which the Board of Commissioners on the Poor-Laws are about to publish some extracts. Every one of the evils, moral as well as economical, which we have embodied in a supposed bill, conceived in a truly diabolical spirit, is fully proved, in that evidence, to arise from the poor-laws. The extracts from that most valuable mass of practical information will soon appear before the public. It will then be the duty of every honest man, whose opinion can have even the least weight, in private or in public, to make himself acquainted with the facts which have come to light upon this most important subject. The moral and political life of this great nation depend on the turn which public opinion shall take in regard to the poor-laws.

In order, however, not to delay some useful information on this matter, it has been thought advisable to publish the evidence delivered before the Committee of the House of Lords (in 1831) by a gentleman who, possessing a most accurate knowledge of the evil effects of the poor laws, has devoted his talents and efforts to the practical correction of their tendency. The evidence therein subjoined is that of the Rev. Thomas Whately, Rector of Cookham, in Berkshire. That evidence has been selected in preference to all other, because it shows how much may be done by a single man of intelligent and upright views, as well as firmness of character, in counteracting a most desperate evil. The conduct of Mr. Whately may be set forth as a safe and encouraging example to all who, being concerned in the administration of the poor-laws, may be sincerely desirous to serve their country, and not to betray its interests for the selfish purpose of gaining popularity at the expense of the nation, or with the pitiable object of indulging a morbid benevolence—a benevolence which injures the interests of the industrious and virtuous part of the community, to pamper the low luxuries of the idle and profligate. It is only the day preceding

that on which the preface is written, that, casting a glance over the newspapers, we found the following fact in one of the reports of the "Morning Chronicle." We copy only the substance of the paragraph:—"Yesterday (March 5th, 1833) at least a dozen persons appeared at Queen-square Office, St. Margaret, Westminster, summoned for the non-payment of poor-rates. The arrears of these persons amounted to 80*l*. Some time was allowed them by the magistrates. Distress warrants were granted against several who, at the expiration of the respite which had been given to them, had failed to come forward with the money. Upwards of 100 inhabitants have been summoned for a similar cause to this office during the last two months."

This is an instance, taken entirely at random, of the daily distress and mischief occasioned by that *national* charity which robs the industrious in order to maintain the indolent. The inhabitants of Westminster who were thus harassed, and perhaps ruined by the operation of the poor-laws, must be either completely insensible to their own interests, or (what unfortunately cannot be expected) must be heroic examples of virtue and independence, not to conceive that it is folly to struggle against poverty. Let them renounce industry and labour, and they and their families will be immediately provided for, at the cost of such idiots as continue to live upon the fruits of their own industry.

THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE.

IN 1721, one hundred and twelve years ago, the great diplomatic work of the time accomplished itself; and Europe, agitated on all sides, saw the most mortal enemies, George of Hanover and the Stuarts—the court of Madrid and the Court of Vienna—the disciples of Luther and the disciples of Molina—unite to confer the sacred scarlet on the Priest of the Roués. The Cardinal de Rohan, the Abbé de Tencin, the Bishop de Sisteron, were enjoying, in the simple language of the time, "*un avant goût de Paradis*." Dubois had purchased a cardinal's hat, which had only cost France eight millions of francs: that of Mazarin's brother had been more expensive.

"Le prêt des troupes a manqué nèt. Cependant des qu'il s'agit d'engagement pris par M. le Cardinal de Rohan, je voudrais pouvoir me vendre-moi même fusé-je acheté pour les galères. . . . J'envoie à M. de Rohan une lettre de change de dix mille pistoles, et je me suis engagé en mon propre nom pour deux cent quatre vingt mille livres." This was the language of the minister, who talked, as a matter of course,

of leaving the army unpaid and unprovisioned, for the purpose of purchasing a paltry dignity for himself; and talked of this to a Frenchman—to a French gentleman—as a transaction known to a cardinal of one of the most noble houses of the country he was misgoverning and betraying. The minister was corrupt, the ambassador was corrupt, and his object was to corrupt those he was sent to. How clear, even at this distance of time, can we see these wily and reverend gentlemen of the Church gliding from palace to palace—whispering here, smiling there, and agitating with an earnest pensiveness the comparative importance of a bag of pistoles and a vote for the Pope; for it had been boldly decided by the Bishop of Laffitan, at the death of Clement XI., that the simplest mode of success was to buy the conclave at once, and to give the tiara to him who agreed to give the hat.

Such was the spirit which animated the diplomacy of 1721. This was 112 years ago, in which year the embassy at Rome alone cost France rather more than all the expenses of her foreign department in 1832, i. e., according to M. Bignon's report, 7,502,000 fr.

So much for representative governments and for public accounts; but that which surprises us is—that with the vast decrease that has taken place in the expenses of diplomacy, there has not been an entire and total change in its system. When the weightiest affairs of state were canvassed at a supper, and conducted in a quadrille—when peace or war depended upon a well-turned compliment to a prince, or a prince's mistress—and a becoming manner, and a graceful carriage, and an agreeable smile were the appropriate weapons of controversy, in those pink-satin official cabinets in which a Duchesse de Falari, or a Madame du Barri, agitated the grave interests of humanity—then indeed, as all political power was social power, it was wise to choose those who were to represent us from those who could carry into the boudoir or the drawing-room the greatest power to do so with advantage, and to give them, moreover, all necessary means of influencing that "vast polished horde" who bow before a good cook, a brilliant saloon, and a costly entertainment. But great is the change that has taken place in most of the courts of Europe since the period of which we are speaking. The affairs which were lispingly discussed in the lady's chamber are now seriously debated in the representative assembly; and the secrets timidly uttered round the fauteuil of the minister are publicly printed in the daily papers. The nation is no longer circumscribed within the limits of a court; it is necessary, then, that diplomacy should become acquainted with the nation itself. The state is no

is only saving so much money to the richer neighbours:

"V. That to encourage and spread idleness, drunkenness, and every kind of intemperance, a permanent provision shall be made for every man who throws away and mispends his earnings, and that this provision shall extend to the last day of every profligate man or woman; in a word, that destitution, in whatsoever manner brought on, shall be a lawful claim to a portion of the property of the industrious:

"VI. That to discountenance chastity, such a provision shall be made for bastards, that women may consider them a source of income:

"VII. That to prevent accumulation of property among the labouring classes, wherever there may be a competition for labour, the improvident shall be preferred to those who are known to have saved any money; that the latter shall be allowed to live hard, and the former shall be assisted with money, and every thing contributing to ease and comfort, so as finally to break down all spirit of independence:

"VIII. That to secure, in the highest degree, the effect of the aforesaid enactment, all magistrates and overseers shall take care that the diet of paupers, and their maintenance in the workhouse, or anywhere else, shall be superior to that of honest and industrious labourers, though not equal in comfort and abundance to that of convicts:

"IX. That for the discouragement and depression of the Church, tithes shall be made rateable, or subject to the tax, for the maintenance of the poor, as above described, so that farmers may absorb as much as possible of the maintenance of the clergy in part of payment to their own labourers:

"X. That, whereas a *blessing* was pronounced on the multiplication of mankind, when that multiplication is not, as among beasts, the result of blind appetite, but is brought about under the guidance of reason and foresight, this blessing shall be turned into a curse, by persuading people, that to follow a mere animal instinct is a virtue, and to bring human beings into existence, without providing for their maintenance and education, is a meritorious act; for, in fact, the law will have provided an inheritance for every child born into the world, at the expense of those who have saved and accumulated wealth to any amount, and till the property of the whole island shall be devoured by the multitudes thus made heirs of it, no child can be said to be unprovided for; and consequently it will be impossible to prove to those that marry in what is called an improvident manner, that they are improvident at all, for they see clearly that their children, to any number, cannot possibly be destitute."

Reader! we will not pursue this sport,

for it is, indeed, a melancholy one have thus far indulged in irony, because thought that nothing can so effectively move the delusion which makes people to the ruinous consequences of the Laws, as divesting them of the air of charity, benevolence, and generosity which they have deceived this nation into thinking we have made it evident, invisible enemy of mankind himself, devised a refined method of obstructing finally ruining, the bright prospects were opened to this nation in the reign of Elizabeth, the system of poor-laws have answered his purpose better than other. The practical effects which are ignorantly called the *poor-laws*, appear in a most apparent evidence collected by the Poor-law Commissioners on the Poor-laws, still more, in that of which to publish some extracts. Evidently, evils, moral as well as economic, we have embodied in a system conceived in a truly diabolical manner, proved, in that evidence, to be the duty of every honest man, to poor-laws. The extracts of a valuable mass of practical soon appear before the public, and will be the duty of every honest man to be acquainted with the facts to light upon this most important question. The moral and political situation depend on the turn which shall take in regard to it.

In order, however, to give useful information on this subject, thought advisable to present the following delivered before the House of Lords (in 1834) who, possessing a most accurate knowledge of the evil effects of the poor-laws, voted his talents and his authority in correction of their tenets. The following is therein subjoined is the speech of Mr. Whately, Rector of St. Paul's Cathedral. That evidence has been presented to all other, and much may be done by a more intelligent and upright administration of the law, and a more desperate evil. The only way may be set forth by the following example to all the administration sincerely desirous and not to betray the purpose of gaining the good of the nation, or indulging a morbid leniency which injures the industrious and virtuous, to pamper the idle and profligate.

	Brought forward	£83,850	5,900
Sweden	Envoy-Extraordinary	3,000	400
	Sec. of Legation	500	
Bavaria	Envoy	3,600	400
	Sec. of Legation	500	
Sardinia	Envoy	3,600	800
	Sec. of Legation	500	
German Diet	Minister-Plenipo.	2,600	300
	Sec. of Legation	400	
	Attaché and German		
	Translator	200	
Wurtemberg	Minister-Plenipo.	2,000	300
	Sec. of Legation	400	
Saxony	Minister-Plenipo.	2,000	300
	Sec. of Legation	400	
Tuscany	Minister-Plenipo.	2,000	300
	Sec. of Legation	400	
Switzerland	Minister-Plenipo.	2,000	250
	Sec. of Legation	400	
Greece	Minister-Plenipo.	2,000	200
	Sec. of Legation	400	
Mexico	Minister-Plenipo.	3,600	400
	Sec. of Legation	600	
	First attaché	200	
Columbia	Minister-Plenipo.	3,600	400
	Sec. of Legation	600	
	First attaché	300	
Buenos Ayres	Minister-Plenipo.	3,000	300
	Sec. of Legation	500	
	Agent	1,000	
	Salaries	£124,150	9950
	House Rent	9,950	
		£134,100	
Chili	Minister	5,900	
	Secretary		
Peru	Minister		
	Secretary		
Guatamala	Minister	5,900	
	Secretary		
Banda	Minister		
	Secretary		
		£140,000	

Now, we will take this list, and first look at it, since that is the fashion, on the simple score of ordinary retrenchment. The most obvious thing that should strike the gentlemen of the Committee was, that since (whatever may be the expenses of our own country) the expenses of an English gentleman abroad are the expenses of another gentleman; so, in knowing what we gave as sufficient to our ministers on the continent, it would be wise to ascertain what was given to the ministers of other powers.

It was simple and natural to expect this degree of information in the Committee; and yet we will venture to say, almost on our own individual knowledge and information, that not one knew the cost of the French, the Austrian, and the Russian diplomatic service. We will take the Russian service, the one best paid after ours, as a model; and we will venture to say, just glancing our eye down the preceding columns, that there is no Russian diplomatist who shall not confess, that even if we choose to preserve our system upon the same plan as at present, still we shall be able to reduce between 30,000*l.* and 40,000*l.* from this 140,000*l.*

We will begin by leaving France, Austria, Russia, and Turkey as they are now.

Spain	£1000 from 6000
Russia	1000 &c.
Washington	1500
Naples	1000
Portugal	1000
Brazil	1000
Belgium	600
Holland	600
Denmark	100
Bavaria	600
Sardinia	1500
Greece	1200
	£11,100
Wurtemberg	2,400
Tuscany	2,400
House Rent	9,950
Instead of	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} £13,500 \\ 5,900 \\ £19,400 \end{array} \right\} £10,000 \quad 9,400$
	£35,250

In all the courts in which we have diminished the salary, it still remains as high, and in some instances higher, than that given by other governments. The ordinary salary of the Russian minister at Madrid is 4000*l.*; and at Berlin, where the chief part of the Russian minister's duty is ostentation, since there is a military diplomatist residing there also, that cabinet, less economical than any other when an object is to be obtained, allows their minister but 4000*l.*, to which we are reducing ours. To the two missions we have erased we should have added another, 'Saxony.' Saxony and Wurtemberg, in adopting the name of kingdoms, are the mere magni nominis umbræ—perfect nonentities, as independent states; while it is still more ridiculous to send any one to be present at their insignificance at home, since we have a minister expressly appointed to see them arrayed in all their feebleness at the Diet. The farce of a minister at Florence is only relieved by the part being assigned to Mr. Seymour, the most able of the rising young men in the service, and the one therefore on whom all the business resulting from the late transactions in Italy has devolved; but it is too absurd to have three ministers in Italy, in order that, if any business should by chance occur there, one of the three may be able to transact it. Prince Gortchakoff, the Russian chargé d'affaires at Florence, has 600*l.* a year, and there is no sort of political necessity to have a resident at all. Greece we have reduced from 2400*l.* to 1200*l.* because we conceive, in the present unsettled state of that country, where no kind of representation is required, an active and intelligent young man, who took it as his first step from a secretaryship of embassy, would be quite sufficient; more especially considering, that we have a governor in the Ionian Islands and Malta, a minister

at Naples, and an ambassador at Constantinople, from whom he might always, in particular cases, receive instructions. Nine thousand nine hundred and fifty pounds we have deducted from house rent, because the salaries, as we have left them, are quite sufficient to meet that charge. M. Pozzo de Borgo, at Paris, has his house found him; but then he has but 9000*l.* a year, and is obliged to keep a daily table for those gentlemen attached to his mission. The South American missions, (with the Albanian consul, for whom we see no necessity,) already cost 13,300*l.*, and 5000*l.* more is allotted for visionary empires in America yet unborn. In the present uncertain state of that part of the world, and the more probable utility of consular than diplomatic agents, that 10,000*l.* per annum, exclusive of the 3750*l.* allotted to the Brazils, would be amply sufficient; which sum we would leave it at the discretion of the minister, according to the varying destiny of these daily dying dynasties, to distribute and bestow. And thus, if our sole object were saving, we have, merely taking the ostentatious court of Russia as a model shown that an enormous decrease in expenditure might be effected, and this without cutting off the miserable perquisites of clerks and persons of inferior grades, as is usually the plan, but from the ambassadors and ministers themselves, whom, however, we still suppose, in the allowances we give them, to be dependent on their salaries for support. If saving then were our paramount object, here are upwards of 36,000*l.* which we defy any man at all acquainted with the matter to deny might fairly be obtained to the public; no great sum, perhaps, but at all events one far greater than the miserable 4000*l.* to which such a solemn sacrifice of principles was made in the election of the present Speaker; but we did not commence this article with that limited view of economy before us. One mode of economizing, as we have said, the public service is, by rendering the public service more efficient. 10,000*l.* or 12,000*l.* spent in the capital of France is a sum which this country ought not to compare with the advantages which might be procured by that sum wisely spent there; and here we come back to the theory, or rather to the fact, we set out with. France is no longer to be met in a drawing-room—the engines of its power are not to be wielded, the secrets of its policy are not to be discovered there. Be closeted for two hours in the most confidential manner with the monarch; hold a whispering discourse, of the most private nature, in yonder corner with the prime minister; let either of them tell you all they *mean* to do, you are as ignorant as ever until you have learnt what they *really can* do. Learn the state of the finances, the state of the army, the disposition of the people; if you know them well, you

know all about peace or war that the first man in the kingdom can tell you. Do you wish to ascertain the result of any commercial proposition you have to make? Do not go to M. Thiers or Mons. D'Argout; feel the pulse of the manufacturing districts which will suffer, and of the consuming population that will gain by it; ascertain whether the bias of opinion in the country is in your favour; what number of deputies in the chamber are enrolled against you; and, when you have done this, sit down and write your dispatches. What we want to know is, not whether 11,000*l.* is too much to allot to our diplomacy in Paris, but whether that 11,000*l.* is spent in the most useful and advantageous manner.

At the head of the Paris embassy is Lord Granville, a high-bred and distinguished nobleman, and possessing all those advantages of station and education which might fit him for his office. Mr. Hamilton Hamilton, a gentleman of fair acquirements, who has seen much service, is secretary of the embassy; Mr. Ashburnham, a well-informed and well educated man, is paid as attaché; and then there are other gentlemen attached to the embassy without receiving any salary. These attachés happen to be well-informed; have seen a good deal of the world, and been employed at various courts. One would imagine then that there is sufficient talent combined here to do a good deal, if well employed—now how is it employed? What they have to do, is simply to copy dispatches, and every talent they have, beyond that of writing legibly, is lost to the public. Could not these gentlemen be employed differently? Would not one, the youngest in the service, be sufficient to do all the business of copying? But not only does an attaché do nothing, but it is presumed that, because he is an attaché he is unfit to do any thing. For instance,—

The government have wished to enter into some commercial arrangement with France. It has been thought desirable to have a report of the state of commerce in France. Is this embassy, costing the country so much, and possessing so much ability, which costs the country nothing—is this embassy incapable to negotiate this arrangement? to make this report? If it is incapable to do this, it is a disgrace to the country that sends it forth! If it is not incapable, which, knowing the persons it is composed of, we must suppose,—why, in the name of Providence, send Dr. Bowring and Mr. Villiers, with five guineas a day, to do what might be done just as well without them! Not that they are not able men, and well worth their five guineas a day, but they are doing that which others there are capable of doing, and are paid to do.

But the answer might be, if it so happen, by chance, that the gentlemen attached to

the embassy at Paris are better informed than gentlemen in that situation in general, and therefore capable of doing more than copying dispatches, it does not follow that this is always likely to be the case; on the contrary, people who are paid nothing are generally capable of doing nothing, and therefore we proceed upon a general principle, and suppose these gentlemen to be as ignorant as those who preceded them were, and as those who succeed them are likely to be. There may be some truth in this; but the question then is, whether the 11,500*l.* given to the embassy at Paris might not be so given and distributed as to procure a certain supply of much greater and more useful talent for business, together with all the social advantages, which we do not mean to despise, that are connected with the present system.

The chief fault which strikes us after the observations we have been making is, that the only person presumed to have any capacity in an embassy is the ambassador; he is the only person who receives a considerable salary, and this salary is surely beyond all the sober wants of his station. But the business which devolves upon him for his salary is, after all, a very insignificant one. He has to give soirées, and to hold conversations with ministers, and out of a variety of reports and assurances to frame dispatches. But the information he collects is generally caught upon the mere surface of society; all he pretends to occupy himself with is the news of the day; and if the minister of foreign affairs in England were to arrive at his hotel and to say—"Now, what is the position of France? what is the actual state of her resources? what is the tendency of her opinions? what the feelings in the various classes of her society and of her provinces?" he would find the ambassador's mind—we speak of any ambassador's mind—a perfect chaos. He would have formed no idea, collected no materials for forming any idea upon these questions, and all at most that he could tell you would be, what the *Tribune*, or the *Débats*, or the *Quotidienne*, had said the day previous. But if our diplomatists are in this general state of ignorance respecting the countries they inhabit, it is almost impossible to describe the ignorance which Englishmen, in general, have of the continent, and of continental affairs. Not twenty persons in either house of parliament ever dream of occupying themselves about them; and when we are called upon to decide upon any question of foreign policy, we do it with our ears and our mouths open, ready to receive all the wonderful things that are told us, and even too ignorant to pretend to know any thing of the matter. Now, between interfering with the affairs of the continent, and understand-

ing those affairs, there is a wide difference, and we would wish the house of Commons, from time to time, to receive more valuable documents than those seventy odd protocols which Lord Palmerston was lately so obliging as to lay before them. Thus, then, we would fairly recast the whole of our diplomacy: the principles we should go upon would be, first, to avoid all little courts. Their expense is not only useless, but they cramp and fetter the energies of the persons employed there, and if any person doubts it, we wish he would read Mirabeau's "*Mémoires Secrètes*."

Secondly; we would adapt the embassy, both as to its formation and its expenditure, to the country it is intended for. In Russia and Austria, where every thing is yet done through the influence of an imperial court, the establishment kept up, the persons employed, and the salaries given, should be of another kind from those where society, and the influences of society, are totally different. Here is one of the great changes of modern times. All countries,—all great countries, at least in the time of Louis XV.,—were governed alike. Now their governments differ greatly from one another; and that which is necessary to acquire influence in one species of society, and under one species of government, may not succeed in doing so in another.

Thirdly: we would at once provide for the capacity of the persons employed, and for the utility and importance of their employment. In Prussia, a very strict examination is, in the first instance, necessary in order to enter the diplomacy at all as an unpaid attaché. When the attaché is promoted to secretary, a still stricter examination follows; and thus, though you may not be sure that you have all brilliant diplomatists, you are at least certain that you have not absolutely ignorant men. This example we would imitate; it would shut out all mere saunterers from the profession, and elevate the tone by increasing the acquirements of the persons belonging to it: and, having thus provided for the suitable education of those who enter the diplomacy, we would proceed to a different distribution of its employments.

At Paris, there is now an ambassador who receives 10,000*l.*, a secretary who receives 1000*l.*, an attaché 400*l.*, and three or four attachés who receive nothing. The ambassador writes dispatches of the news of the day; the attachés copy the dispatches, and the secretary sees that they are copied; the whole process much reminding one of John who was doing nothing, and Susan who was helping John.

Now, we would take this 11,400*l.*, and thus distribute it: there should be three secretaries, intelligent men, who had arrived at their post through a proper examination;

to each of these should be assigned a separate department; one should study and report the state of manufactures and commerce, and finance; another, of the army, navy, and fortifications; a third, of education and opinion; and each should receive a salary graduating from 600*l.* to 1000*l.* a year i. e. in all 2200*l.* The secretary of embassy, a grade above these, should make a *précis* of their various reports, which would be always ready for the use of the ambassador, and which should be laid before the two Houses of Parliament once a year, who would thus be constantly in possession of the dispositions and resources of foreign powers. The salary of the secretary of embassy would be, following the same graduation, 1200*l.* a year—sum total, 3400*l.*; there would still remain 8100*l.* Now 1000*l.* we would allow, and that is ample, for a hotel, and 5000*l.* in addition would be sufficient for all the necessary purposes of social influence and hospitality—Sum total, 9400*l.*; remains, 2000*l.*

In regard to unpaid attachés, we admit there is much advantage in persons who are to transact business in foreign countries becoming, in early life, acquainted with the language, the habits, and the persons of those with whom they may afterwards have to act; and if the gentlemen admitted into this caste were purified, by the examination we have alluded to, from the outcasts of Almack's, whose bills to their tailors make them diplomatists, we think much service might be derived from young men being attached to the diplomatic corps in early life; and to each secretary then there should be an unpaid attaché.

By these regulations we should, at this moment, bring Paris to a diminished expense of 2000*l.*, besides getting rid of the expense and the absurdity of the two extra commissioners. We should have an ambassador furnished with all the means of knowing the exact state in every department of the country he was dealing with. We should have men studying successively a variety of different branches of useful political science, and acquiring an extensive and almost universal knowledge of various countries, which, when they arrive at the head of their profession, and had to express political opinions, would give them at once a clear, and comprehensive, and long-sighted view of political affairs. We should also have the younger men something more than mere idlers, with the necessity and the reward of application just before them: while we ourselves, instructed through our legislature by the reports that were laid before us, should become daily better acquainted with those facts by which we might safely direct our policy: and doing all this, we should be doubling our efficiency in one of the most important, and diminishing our expense in

one of the most expensive, courts in Europe at the present moment. When our plan is followed up, its features will appear to still stronger advantage.

In Germany, for instance, by striking off the little courts to which we have stated our objections, and we would add Bavaria to Wurtemberg and Saxony, merely preserving a minister at Berlin and Vienna, we should be able, at a reduced expenditure of 7000*l.* or 8000*l.* a-year, to have two far more efficient missions in these important parts, and something more than a mere *chargé-d'affaires* at Francfort, where all the affairs of Germany, as Germany, are carried on.

But mere saving, as we said at first, is but a small part of our plan. By this system we should not have an embassy in any country in which would not be found all the statistical details of that country: we should not have a foreign minister who would not have all the statistical details of every country (the best basis surely of any general line of policy) within his reach in Downing-street. Nor would there be a man in the House of Commons who might not, in the ordinary receipt of his parliament papers, become acquainted with something of the state of education, of opinion, of commerce, and of the means for hostile aggression and defence in every country he heard mention of.

We have only followed out our plan with any distinctness in respect to Paris, but we have said that one of our principles would be to alter and modify that plan in other countries as it might seem desirable. By this we mean that in Petersburg, where it might be necessary to cultivate social influence more than positive information, since a despotism is governed by the feelings of the individual more than by the interests of the state—there we would allow a greater proportion to be spent in acquiring mere social influence; and, on the same principle, as our ambassadors should be better paid, so our secretaries might be worse paid. To this we need not add that, in those states like Denmark and Sweden, too small to afford much matter of interest, but yet too interesting to be wholly neglected, the departments we have separated might be conjoined, and one secretary and one attaché would be sufficient. We have not time to give further development to our idea. Still, faint as is this outline of the system we have hastily shadowed out, sufficient has been said of it to show its advantages, as a system, over the present. If we had merely wished to economize upon that present system, we should have dwelt on the salaries in France, where there are nine ambassadors, amounting but to 100,000*l.*, and said that Prussia, for 80,000*l.*, pays the whole expenses, including couriers, of her diplomacy. But we have been rather anxious to open a new and wide field for the exertions of diplo-

macy than to contract its expenses; we have been desirous to remove it from the carpeted boudoir, as affairs have in reality been removed, to the great floor of Nations; we have been desirous to take it from petty passions and trifling intrigues and pursuits, and to bring it into contact with great and important interests; we have been desirous to make it, in these days of light and of truth, the instructor and not the deceiver, the improver and not the corruptor,—and, diplomatsists ourselves, we have felt, as the subject warmed upon us, some enthusiasm at finding what *might* be the object of our profession.

P. L.

THE GENIUS OF MOLIERE.

THE genius of comedy not only changes with the age, but appears different among different people. Manners and customs not only vary among European nations, but are alike mutable from one age to another, even in the same people. These vicissitudes are often fatal to comic writers; our old school of comedy has been swept off the stage; and our present uniformity of manners has deprived our modern writers of those rich sources of invention when persons lived more isolated, and society was less monotonous; and Jonson and Shadwell gave us what they called "*the humours*,"—that is, the individual or particular characteristics of men.

But however tastes and modes of thinking may be inconstant, and customs and manners alter, at bottom the ground-work is Nature's, in every production of comic genius. A creative genius guided by an unerring instinct, though he draws after the contemporary models of society, will retain his pre-eminence beyond his own age and his own nation. Time may render his work obsolete, for new follies will supplant old ones, but here the workmanship may be said to survive the work; the mind outlasts the matter; what was temporary and local disappears, but what appertains to universal nature endures. The picture of existing manners may dim with age, but the figure of man, if rightly drawn, remains ever the same. It is on this principle that the scholar dwells on the grotesque pleasantries of the sarcastic Aristophanes, though the Athenian manners, and his exotic personages, have long vanished.

Moliere was a creator in the *art of comedy*—and although his personages were the contemporaries of Louis the Fourteenth, and his manners, in the critical acceptation of the term, local and temporary, yet his admirable genius opened that secret path of Nature, which is so rarely found among the great names of the most literary nations.

Cervantes remains single in Spain; in England, Shakespeare is a consecrated name; and centuries may pass away before the French people shall witness another Moliere.

The history of this comic poet is the tale of powerful genius creating itself amidst the most adverse elements. We have the progress of that self-education which struck out an untried path of his own, from the time Moliere had not yet acquired his art, to the glorious days when he gave his France a Plautus in his farce, a Terence in his composition, and a Menander in his moral truths. But the difficulties overcome, and the disappointments incurred, his modesty and his confidence, and, what was not less extraordinary, his own domestic life in perpetual conflict with his character, open a more strange career, in some respects, than has happened to most others of the high order of his genius.

It was long the fate of Moliere to experience that restless impatience of genius which feeds on itself, till it discovers the pabulum it seeks. Moliere not only suffered that tormenting impulse, but it had come accompanied by the unhappiness of a mistaken direction. And this has been the lot of some who for many years have thus been lost to themselves and to the public.

A man born among the obscure class of the people, thrown among the itinerant companies of actors, for France had not yet a theatre, occupied to his last hours by too devoted a management of his own dramatic corps; himself, too, an original actor in the characters by himself created; with no better models of composition than the Italian farces *all' improvista*, and whose fantastic gaiety he, to the last, loved too well, becomes the personal favourite of the most magnificent monarch, and the intimate of the most refined circles. Thoughtful observer of these new scenes and new personages, he sports with the affected *précieuses* and the fluttering *marquises*, as with the native ridiculousness of the *bourgeois*, and the wild pride and egotism of the *parvenus*; and with more profound designs and a harder hand, unmasks the impostures of false *pretenders* in all professions. His scenes, such was their verity, seem but the reflections of their reminiscences. His fertile facility when touching on transient follies; his wide comprehension, and his moralizing vein, in his more elevated comedy, display, in this painter of man, the poet and the philosopher, and, above all, the great moral satirist. Moliere has shown that the most successful reformer of the manners of a people is a great comic poet.

The youth *Pocquelin*—this was his family name—was designed by the *tapisier*, his father, to be the heir of the hereditary honours of an ancient standing, which had

maintained the Pocquelines through four or five generations, by the articles of a furnishing upholsterer. His grandfather was a haunter of the small theatres of that day, and the boy often accompanied this venerable critic of the family to his favourite recreations. The actors were usually more excellent than their pieces; some had carried the mimetic art to the perfection of eloquent gesticulation. In these loose scenes of inartificial and burlesque pieces was the genius of Moliere cradled and nursed; and never to the last were they absent from his fancy. The changeful scenes of the *Théâtre de Bourgogne* deeply busied the boy's imagination to the great detriment of the *lapisserie* of all the Pocquelines.

The father groaned, the grandfather clapped, the boy remonstrated, till, at fourteen years of age, he was consigned, as "un mauvais sujet," (so his father qualified him,) to the college of the Jesuits at Clermont, where the author of the "Tartuffe" passed five years, studying—for the Bar!

Philosophy and logic were waters which he deeply drank; and sprinklings of his college studies often pointed the satire of his more finished comedies. To ridicule false learning and false taste one must be intimate with the true.

On his return to the metropolis, the old humour broke out at the representation of the inimitable Scaramouch of the Italian Theatre. The irresistible passion drove him from his law studies, and cast young Pocquelin among a company of amateur actors, whose fame soon enabled them not to play gratuitously. Pocquelin was the manager and the modeller, for, under his studious eye, this company were induced to imitate Nature with the simplicity the poet himself wrote.

The prejudices of the day, both civil and religious, had made these private theatres, no great national theatre yet existing, the resource of the idler, the dissipated, and even of the unfortunate in society. The youthful adventurer affectionately offered a free admission to the dear Pocquelines. They rejected their *entrées* with horror, and sent their genealogical tree, drawn afresh, to shame the truant who had wantoned into the luxuriance of genius. To save the honour of the parental upholsterers, Pocquelin concealed himself under his immortal name of Moliere.

The future creator of French comedy had now passed his thirtieth year, and as yet his reputation was confined to his own dramatic corps—a pilgrim in the caravan of ambulatory comedy. He had provided several farces, temporary novelties, and by some of their titles they appear to have been the preludes of Moliere's inventions. Boileau regretted the loss of *Le Docteur Amoureux*; and by others we detect the abortive

conceptions of some of his future pieces. The severe judgment of Moliere suffered his skeletons to perish, but when he had discovered the art of comic writing, with equal discernment he resuscitated them.

Not only had Moliere not yet discovered the true bent of his genius, but, still more unfortunate, he had as greatly mistaken it as when he proposed turning *avocat*, for he imagined that his most suitable character was tragic. He wrote a tragedy, and he acted in a tragedy; the tragedy he composed was condemned at Bourdeaux; the mortified poet flew to Grenoble; still the unlucky tragedy haunted his fancy; he looked on it with paternal eyes, in which there were tears. Long after, when Racine, a youth, offered him a very unactable tragedy, Moliere presented him with his own:—"Take this, for I am convinced that the subject is highly tragic, notwithstanding my failure." The great dramatic poet of France opened his career by recomposing the condemned tragedy of the comic wit, in *La Thébaïde*. In the illusion that he was a great tragic actor, deceived by his own susceptibility, though his voice denied the tones of passion, he acted in one of Corneille's tragedies, and quite allayed the alarm of a rival company on the announcement. It was not, however, so when the author-actor vivified one of his own native personages; then, inimitably comic, every new representation seemed to be a new creation.

It is a remarkable feature, though not perhaps a singular one, in the character of this great comic writer, that he was one of the most serious of men, and even of a melancholic temperament. One of his lampooners wrote a satirical comedy on the comic poet, where he figures as Moliere hypochondre. Boileau, who knew him intimately, happily characterized Moliere as *le Contemplateur*. This deep pensiveness is revealed in his physiognomy.

The genius of Moliere, long undiscovered by himself, in its first attempts in a higher walk did not move alone; it was crutched by imitation, and it often deigned to plough with another's heifer. He copied whole scenes from Italian comedies, and plots from Italian novelists: his sole merit was their improvement. The great comic satirists, who hereafter was to people the stage with a dramatic crowd who were to live on posterity, had not yet struck at that secret vein of originality—the fairy treasure which one day was to cast out such a prodigality of invention. His two first comedies, *L'Étourdi* and *Le Dépit Amoureux*, which he had only ventured to bring out in a provincial theatre, were grafted on Italian and Spanish comedy. Nothing more original offered to his imagination than the Roman, the Italian, and the Spanish drama; the cunning adroit slave of

Terence; the tricking, bustling *Gracioso* of modern Spain; old fathers, the dupes of some scape-grace, or of their own senile follies, with lovers sighing at cross purposes. The germ of his future powers may, indeed, be discovered in these two comedies, for insensibly to himself he had fallen into some scenes of natural simplicity. In *L'Etourdi*, Mascarille, "le Roi des Serviteurs," which Moliere himself admirably personated, is one of those defunct characters of the Italian comedy no longer existing in society; yet, like our Touchstone, but infinitely richer, this new ideal personage still delights by the fertility of his expedients and his perpetual and vigorous gaiety. In *Le d'pit Amoureux* is the exquisite scene of the quarrel and reconciliation of the lovers.* In this fine scene, though perhaps but an amplification of the well-known ode of Horace, *Donce gratus eram tibi*, Moliere consulted his own feelings, and betrayed his future genius.

It was after an interval of three or four years that the provincial celebrity of these comedies obtained a representation at Paris; their success was decisive. This was an evidence of public favour which did not accompany Moliere's more finished productions, which were so far unfortunate that they were more intelligible to the few; in fact, the first comedies of Moliere were not written above the popular taste; the spirit of true comedy, in a profound knowledge of the heart of man, and in the delicate discriminations of individual character, was yet unknown. Moliere was satisfied to excel his predecessors, but he had not yet learnt his art.

The rising poet was now earnestly sought after; a more extended circle of society now engaged his contemplative habits. He looked around on living scenes no longer through the dim spectacles of the old comedy, and he projected a new species, which was no longer to depend on its conventional grotesque personages and its forced incidents; he aspired to please a more critical audience, by making his dialogue the conversation of society, and his characters its portraits.

Introduced to the literary coterie of the Hotel de Rambouillet, a new view opened on the favoured poet. To occupy a seat in this envied circle was a distinction in society. The professed object of this re-union of nobility and literary persons, at the hotel of the Marchioness of Rambouillet, was to give a higher tone to all France, by the cultivation of the language, the intellectual refinement of their compositions, and last,

but not least, to inculcate the extremest delicacy of manners. The recent civil dissensions had often violated the urbanity of the court, and a grossness prevailed in conversation which offended the scrupulous. This novel intellectual court was composed of both sexes. They were to be the arbiters of taste, the legislators of criticism, and, what was less tolerable, the models of genius. No work was to be stamped into currency which bore not the mint-mark of the hotel.

In the annals of fashion and literature, no coterie has presented a more instructive and amusing exhibition of the abuses of learning, and the aberrations of ill-regulated imaginations, than the Hotel de Rambouillet, by its ingenious absurdities. Their excellent design to refine the language, the manners, and even morality itself, branched out into every species of false refinement; their science run into trivial pedantries, their style into a fantastic jargon, and their spiritualising delicacy into the very puritanism of prudery. Their frivolous distinction between the mind and the heart, which could not always be made to go together, often perplexed them as much as their own jargon, which was not always intelligible, even to the initiated. The French Academy is said to have originated in the first meetings of the hotel; and it is probable that some sense and taste, in its earliest days, may have visited this society, for we do not begin such refined follies without some show of reason.

The local genius of the hotel was feminine, though the most glorious men of the literature of France were among its votaries. The great magnet was the famed Mademoiselle Scudery, whose voluminous romances were their code, and it is supposed these tomes preserve some of their lengthened *conversaziones*. In the novel system of gallantry of this great inventor of amorous and metaphysical "twaddle," the ladies were to be approached as beings nothing short of celestial paragons; they were addressed in a language not to be found in any dictionary but their own, and their habits were more fantastic than their language; a sort of domestic chivalry formed their etiquette. Their baptismal names were to them profane, and their assumed ones were drawn from the folio romances—those bibles of love. At length all ended in a sort of Freemasonry of gallantry, which had its graduated orders, and whoever was not admitted into the mysteries was not permitted to prolong his existence—that is, his residence among them. The apprenticeship of the craft was to be served under certain *Introducers to Ruelles*.

Their card of invitation was either a rondeau or an enigma, which served as a subject to open conversation. The lady receiv-

* A scene exquisitely conceived, and painted by one of our living artists, who, on more than one occasion, has shown a pencil imbued with the ideas of Moliere and Le Sage.

ed her visitors reposing on that throne of beauty, a bed, placed in an alcove; the toilet was magnificently arranged. The space between the bed and the wall was called the *Ruelle*, the diminutive of *la Rue*, and in this narrow street, or "Pop's alley," walked the favoured. But the chevalier who was graced by the honorary title of *l'Alcoviste*, was at once master of the household and master of the ceremonies. His character is pointedly defined by St. Evremond, as "a lover whom the *Précieuse* is to love without enjoyment, and to enjoy in good earnest her husband with aversion." The scene offered no indecency to such delicate minds, and much less the impassioned style which passed between "the dears," or "*les chères*," as they called themselves. Whatever offered an idea, of what their jargon denominated *charnelle*, was treason and exile. Years passed ere the hand of the elected maiden was kissed by its martyr. The celebrated Julia d'Angennes was beloved by the Duke de Montausier, but fourteen years elapsed ere she would yield a "yes." When the faithful Julia was no longer blooming, the Alcoviste Duke gratefully took up the remains of her beauty.

Their more curious project was the reform of the style of conversation, to purify its grossness, and invent novel terms for familiar objects. Menage drew up a "Petition of the Dictionaries," which, by their severity of taste, had nearly become superannuated. They succeeded better with the *marchandes des modes* and the jewellers, furnishing a vocabulary excessively *précieuse*, by which people bought their old wares with new names. At length they were so successful in their neology, that with great difficulty they understood one another. It is, however, worth observation, that the orthography invented by the *Précieuses*, who, for their convenience, rejected all the redundant letters in words, was adopted and is now used; and their pride of exclusiveness in society introduced the singular term *s'encanailler*, to describe a person who haunted low company, while their morbid purity had ever on their lips the word *obscénité*, terms which Moliere ridicules, but whose expressiveness has preserved them in the language.

Ridiculous as some of these extravagancies now appear to us, they had been so closely interwoven with the elegance of the higher ranks, and so intimately associated with genius and literature, that the veil of fashion consecrated almost the mystical society, since we find among its admirers the most illustrious names of France.

Into this elevated and artificial circle of society, our youthful and unsophisticated poet was now thrown, with a mind not vitiated by any prepossessions of false taste, studious of nature and alive to the ridicu-

lous. But how was the comic genius to strike at the follies of his illustrious friends—to strike, but not to wound? A provincial poet and actor to enter hostilely into the sacred precincts of these Exclusives? Tormented by his genius, Moliere produced *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, but admirably parried, in his preface, any application to them, by averring that it was aimed at their imitators—their spurious mimics in the country. The *Précieuses Ridicules* was acted in the presence of the assembled Hotel de Rambouillet with immense applause. A central voice from the pit, anticipating the host of enemies and the fame of the reformer of comedy, exclaimed, "Take courage, Moliere, this is true comedy." The learned Menage was the only member of the society who had the good sense to detect the drift; he perceived the snake in the grass. "We must now," said this sensible pedant, in a remote allusion to the fate of idolatry and the introduction of Christianity, to the poetical pedant Chapelain, "follow the counsel which St. Renie gave to Clovis: we must burn all that we adored, and adore what we have burnt." The success of the comedy was universal; the company doubled their prices; the country gentry flocked to witness the marvellous novelty which far exposed that false taste, that romance-imperitence, and that sickly affectation, which had long disturbed the quiet of families. Cervantes had not struck more adroitly at Spanish rhodomontade.

At this universal reception of the *Précieuses Ridicules*, Moliere, it is said, exclaimed—"I need no longer study Plautus and Terence, nor poach in the fragments of Menander; I have only to study the world." It may be doubtful whether the great comic satirist, at that moment, caught the sudden revelation of his genius, as he did subsequently in his *Tartuffe*, his *Misanthrope*, his *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, and others. The *Précieuses Ridicules* was the germ of his more elaborate *Femmes Savantes*, which was not produced till after an interval of twelve years.

Moliere returned to his old favourite *canovas*, or plots of Italian farces and novels, and Spanish comedies, which, being always at hand, furnished comedies of intrigue. *L'Ecole des Maris* is an inimitable model of this class.

But comedies which derive their chief interest from the ingenious mechanism of their plots, however poignant the delight of the artifice of the *denouement*, are somewhat like an epigram, once known, the brilliant point is blunted by repetition. This is not the fate of those representations of men's actions, passions, and manners, in the more enlarged sphere of human nature, where an eternal interest is excited, and will charm on the tenth repetition.

No! Moliere had not yet discovered his

true genius; he was not yet emancipated from his old seductions. A rival company was reputed to have the better actors for tragedy, and Moliere resolved to compose an heroic drama, on the passion of jealousy, a favourite one on which he was incessantly ruminating. *Don Garcie de Navarre, ou le Prince Jaloux*, the hero personated by himself, terminated by the hisses of the audience.

The fall of the *Prince Jaloux* was nearly fatal to the tender reputation of the poet and the actor. The world became critical; the Marquises, and the *Précieuses*, and recently the Bourgeois, who was sore from *Sganarelle ou le Cocu Imaginaire*, were up in arms; and the rival theatre maliciously raised the halloo, flattering themselves that the comic genius of their dreaded rival would be extinguished by the ludicrous convulsed hiccough to which Moliere was liable in his tragic tones, but which he adroitly managed in his comic parts.

But the genius of Moliere was not to be daunted by cabals, nor even injured by his own imprudence. *Le Prince Jaloux* was condemned in February 1661, and the same year produced *L'Ecole des Maris* and *Les Facheux*. The happy genius of the poet opened on his Zoiluses a series of dramatic triumphs.

Foreign critics, Tiraboschi and Schlegel, have depreciated the Frenchman's invention, by insinuating, that were all that Moliere borrowed taken from him, little would remain of his own. But they were not aware of his dramatic creation, even when he appropriated the slight invention of others; they have not distinguished the eras of the genius of Moliere, and the distinct classes of his comedies. Moliere had the art of amalgamating many distinct inventions of others into a single inimitable whole. Whatever might be the herbs, and the reptiles thrown into the mystical cauldron, the incantation of genius proved to be truly magical.

Facility and fecundity may produce inequality, for on these occasions the poet wrestles with Time; but when a man of genius works, they are imbued with a raciness which the anxious diligence of inferior minds can never yield. Shakspeare, probably, poured forth many scenes in this spirit. The multiplicity of the pieces of Moliere, their different merits, and their distinct classes—all written within the space of twenty years—display, if any poet ever did, this wonder-working faculty. The truth is, that few of his comedies are finished works; he never satisfied himself, even in his most applauded productions. Necessity bound him to furnish novelties for his theatre; he rarely printed any work. *Les Facheux*, an admirable series of scenes, in three acts, and in verse, was "planned, written, rehearsed, and represented in a single fortnight." Many of his dramatic effusions were precip-

itated on the stage; the humorous scenes of *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac* were thrown out to enliven a royal fête.

This versatility and felicity of composition made every thing, with Moliere, a subject for comedy. He invented two novelties, such as the stage had never before witnessed. Instead of a grave defence from the malice of his critics, and the flying gossip of the court circle, Moliere found out the art of congregating the public to "the quarrels of authors." He dramatised his critics. In a comedy without a plot, and in scenes which seemed rather spoken than written, and with characters more real than personated, he displayed his genius by collecting whatever had been alleged to depreciate it; and *La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*, is still a delightful production. This singular drama resembles the sketch-book of an artist, the croquis of portraits,—the loose hints of thoughts, many of which we discover were more fully delineated in his subsequent pieces. With the same rapid conception, he laid hold of his embarrassments to furnish dramatic novelties as expeditiously as the king required. Louis XIV. was himself no indifferent critic, and more than one suggested an incident or a character to his favourite poet. In *L'Impromptu de Versailles*, Moliere appears in his own person, and in the midst of his whole company, with all the irritable impatience of a manager who had no piece ready. Amidst this green-room bustle, Moliere is advising, reprimanding, and imploring his "ladies and gentlemen." The characters in this piece are, in fact, the actors themselves, who appear under their own names; and Moliere himself reveals many fine touches of his own poetical character, as well as his managerial. The personal pleasantries on his own performers, and the hints for plots, and the sketches of character which the poet incidentally throws out, form a perfect dramatic novelty. Some of these he himself subsequently adopted, and others have been followed up by some dramatists without rivalling Moliere. The Figaro of Beaumarchais is a descendant of the Mascarille of Moliere; but the glory of rivalling Moliere was reserved for our own stage. Sheridan's "Critic, or a Tragedy Rehearsed," is a congenial dramatic satire with these two pieces of Moliere, and it is not improbable was suggested by them.

The genius of Moliere had now stepped out of the restricted limits of the old comedy; he now looked on the moving world with other eyes, and he pursued the ridiculous in society. These fresher studies were going on at all hours, and every object was contemplated with a view to comedy. His most vital characters have been traced to living originals, and some of his most ludicrous scenes had occurred in reality before they delighted the audience. *Monsieur*

Jourdain had expressed his astonishment, "qu'il faisait de la prose," in the Count de Soissons, one of the uneducated noblemen devoted to the chase. The memorable scene between Trissotin and Vadius, their mutual compliments terminating in their mutual contempt, had been rehearsed by their respective authors, the Abbé Cottin and Menage. The stultified booby of Limoges, *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*, and the mystified millionaire, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, were copied after life, as was Sganarelle, in *Le Médecin malgré lui*. The portraits in that gallery of dramatic paintings, *Le Misanthrope*, have names inscribed under them; and the immortal *Tartuffe* was a certain Bishop of Autun. No dramatist has conceived with greater variety the female character; the women of Moliere have a distinctness of feature, and are touched with a freshness of feeling. Moliere studied nature, and his comic humour is never checked by that unnatural wit where the poet, the more he discovers himself, the farther he removes himself from the personage of his creation. The quickening spell which hangs over the dramas of Moliere is this close attention to nature, wherein he greatly resembles our Shakspeare, for all springs from its source. His unobtrusive genius never occurs to us in following up his characters, and a whole scene leaves on our mind a complete but imperceptible effect.

The style of Moliere has often been censured by the fastidiousness of his native critics, sometimes as *bas* and *du style familier*. This does not offend the foreigner, who is often struck by its simplicity and vigour. Moliere preferred the most popular and naive expressions, as well as the most natural incidents, to a degree which startled the morbid delicacy of fashion and fashionable critics. He had frequent occasions to resist their petty remonstrances; and whenever Moliere introduced an incident, or made an allusion of which he knew the truth, and which with him had a settled meaning, this master of human life trusted to his instinct and his art.

This pure and simple taste, ever rare at Paris, was the happy portion of the genius of this Frenchman. Hence he delighted to try his farcical pieces, for we cannot imagine that they were his more elevated comedies, on his old maid-servant. This maid, probably, had a keen relish for comic humour, for once when Moliere read to her the comedy of another writer as his own, she soon detected the trick, declaring that it could not be her master's. Hence too our poet invited even children to be present on such rehearsals, and at certain points would watch their emotions. Hence too, in his character of manager, he taught them to study nature. An actress, apt to speak freely, told him

"You torment us all; but you never speak to my husband." This man, originally a candle-snuffer, was a perfect child of nature, and acted the Thomas Diaforius, in *Le Malade Imaginaire*. Moliere replied, "I should be sorry to say a word to him; I should spoil his acting. Nature has provided him with better lessons to perform his parts than any which I could give him. We may imagine Shakspeare thus addressing his company, had the poet been also the manager.

A remarkable incident in the history of the genius of Moliere is the frequent recurrence of the poet to the passion of jealousy. The "jaundice in the lover's eye," he has painted with every tint of his imagination. The green-eyed monster "takes all shapes and is placed in every position. Solemn or gay, or satirical, he sometimes appears in agony, but often seems to make its "trifles light as air," only ridiculous as a source of consolation. Was "Le Contemplateur" comic in his melancholy, or melancholy in his comic humour?

The truth is, that the poet himself had to pass through those painful stages which he has dramatised. In his own solitary heart, and with his susceptible temperament, the comic poet was often pensive and melancholic. The domestic life of Moliere was itself very dramatic; it afforded Goldoni a comedy of five acts to reveal the secrets of the family circle of Moliere; and l'Abbate Chiari, an Italian novelist and play-wright, has taken for a comic subject, "Moliere the Jealous Husband."

The French, in their "petite morale" on conjugal fidelity, appear so tolerant as to leave little sympathy for the real sufferer. Why should they else have treated domestic jealousy as a fable for ridicule, rather than a subject for deep passion? Their tragic drama exhibits no Othello, nor their comedy a Kiteley, or a "Suspicious Husband." Moliere, while his own heart was the victim, conformed to the national taste, by often placing the object on its comic side. Domestic jealousy is a passion which admits of a great diversity of subjects, from the tragic or the pathetic, to the absurd and the ludicrous. We have them all in Moliere. Moliere often was himself "Le Cocu Imaginaire; he had been in the position of the guardian in "L'Ecole des Maris." Like Arnolphe, in "L'Ecole des Femmes," he had taken on himself to rear a young wife, who played the same part, though with less innocence; and, like the "Misanthrope," where the scene between Alceste and Celimene is "une des plus fortes qui existent au theatre," he was deeply entangled in the wily cruelties of scornful coquetry, and we know that at times he suffered in "the hell of lovers" the torments of his own "Jealous Prince."

When this poet cast his fate with a troop of comedians, as the manager, and whom he

never would abandon, when at the height of his fortune, could he avoid accustoming himself to the relaxed habits of that gay and sorrowful race, who, "of imagination all compact," too often partake of the passions they inspire in the scene? The first actress, Madam Bejard, boasted that, with the exception of the poet, she had never dispensed her personal favours but to the aristocracy. The constancy of Moliere was interrupted by another actress, Du Parc; beautiful, but insensible, she only tormented the poet, and furnished him with some severe lessons for the coquetry of his Celimene, in *Le Misanthrope*. The facility of the transition of the tender passion had more closely united the susceptible poet to Mademoiselle De Brie. But Madame Bejard, not content to be the chief actress, and to hold her partnership in "the properties," to retain her ancient authority over the poet, introduced, suddenly, a blushing daughter, some say a younger sister, who had hitherto resided at Avignon, and whom she declared was the offspring of the Count of Modena, by a secret marriage. Armande Bejard soon attracted the paternal attentions of the poet. She became the secret idol of his retired moments, while he fondly thought that he could mould a young mind, in its innocence, to his own sympathies. The mother and the daughter never agreed. Armande sought his protection; and one day rushing into his study, declared that she would marry her friend. The elder Bejard freely consented to avenge herself on De Brie. De Brie was indulgent, though "the little creature," she observed, was to be yoked to one old enough to be her father. Under the same roof were now heard the voices of the three females, and Moliere meditating scenes of feminine jealousies.

Moliere was fascinated by his youthful wife; her lighter follies charmed; two years riveted the connubial chains. Moliere was a husband who was always a lover. The actor on the stage was the very man he personated. Mademoiselle Moliere, as she was called, was the Lucile in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. With what fervour the poet feels her neglect! with what eagerness he defends her from the animadversions of the friend who would have dissolved the spell!

The poet was doomed to endure more poignant sorrows than slights. Mademoiselle had the art of persuading Moliere that he was only his own "cocu imaginaire;" but these domestic embarrassments multiplied. Mademoiselle, reckless of the distinguished name she bore, while she gratified her personal vanity by a lavish expenditure, practised that artful coquetry which attracted a crowd of loungers. Moliere found no repose in his own house, and retreated to a country-house, where, however,

his restless jealousy often drove him back to scenes which he trembled to witness. At length came the last argument of outraged matrimony—he threatened confinement. She fainted, but recovered only to reproach him for his ancient tenderness for De Brie, to whom her caprices had often driven "the suspicious husband," to restore the tranquillity he had long lost. To prevent public rupture, Moliere consented to live under the same roof, and only to meet at the theatre. Weak only in love, however divided from his wife, Moliere remained her perpetual lover. He said, in confidence, "I am born with every disposition to tenderness. When I married, she was too young to betray any evil inclinations. My studies were devoted to her, but I soon discovered her indifference. I ascribed it to her temper; her foolish passion for Count Guiche made too much noise to leave me even this apparent tranquillity. I resolved to live with her as an honourable man, whose reputation does not depend on the bad conduct of his wife. My kindness has not changed her, but my compassion has increased. Those who have not experienced these delicate emotions have never truly loved. In her absence her image is before me; in her presence, I am deprived of all reflection; I have no longer eyes for her defects; I only view her amiable. Is not this the last extreme of folly? And are you not surprised that I, reasoning as I do, am only sensible of the weakness which I cannot throw off?"

Few men of genius have left in their writings deeper impressions of their personal feelings than Moliere. With strong passions in a feeble frame, he had duped his imagination that, like another Pygmalion, he would create a woman by his own art. In silence and agony he tasted the bitter fruits of the disordered habits of the life of a comedian, a manager, and a poet. His income was splendid; but he himself was a stranger to dissipation. He was a domestic man, of a pensive and even melancholy temperament. Silent and reserved, unless in conversation with that more intimate circle whose literature aided his genius, or whose friendship consoled for his domestic disturbances, his habits were minutely methodical; the strictest order was observed throughout his establishment; the hours of dinner, of writing, of amusement were allotted, and the slightest derangement in his own apartment excited a morbid irritability which would interrupt his studies for whole days.

Who, without this tale of Moliere, could conjecture, that one skilled in the workings of our nature would have ventured on the perilous experiment of equalising sixteen years against forty—weighing roses against grey locks—to convert a wayward coquette,

through her capricious womanhood, into an attached wife? Yet, although Mademoiselle could cherish no personal love for the intellectual being, and hastened to change the immortal name she bore for a more terrestrial man, she seems to have been impressed by a perfect conviction of his creative genius. When the Archbishop of Paris, in the pride of prelacy, refused the rites of sepulture to the corpse of Moliere THE ACTOR, it was her voice which reminded the world of Moliere THE POET, exclaiming—"Have they denied a grave to the man to whom Greece would have raised an altar!" ATTICUS.

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF AN UGLY MAN.

I was born under the influence of an eclipse of the sun, on the 10th of November, 1799. Whatever grudges I may owe Fate—and verily their name is Legion—I cannot, at least, accuse her of inconsistency; for ever since she sent me

"Before my time

Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionably,
That the dogs bark at me as I halt by them,"

she has invariably "suited the action to the word," and even the place to the event, with regard to me; for she so contrived it, that my advent should take place in the most frightful part of Cornwall, at a moment when all the winds and waves were at concert pitch, indulging in what the sailors call "*an ugly squall*." I arrived two months before I was expected, and consequently, when neither my father nor mother, nor any of the household, were at all prepared to receive me, although I was that envied, and often enviable thing—an elder son. I have since heard that my ugliness was of that unblushing and uncompromising nature, which is so nearly allied to deformity, that a consultation was held upon the propriety of sending me out of the world almost as soon as I had come into it; but the doctor gave his casting vote against it, declaring that I was not anatomically deformed, and therefore had quite as good a right to live and expose myself as many thousands more had done before me. I shall pass over my childhood, with all its nursery miseries, which were but the preludes to those which befel me in after-life. Suffice it to say, that my mother, being a lady of delicate nerves and highwrought sensibility, could not endure the sight of me, as she declared it always gave her a bad opinion of herself when I called her "mamma." My father was too much occupied with the intellectual amusements of drinking and fox-hunting ever to see either me, or my brothers and sisters, of whom I had four; nor do I ever remember

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his noticing me, beyond remarking, with a sigh, whenever I was brought down to be shown to any uncles and grandmothers—"What a pity it was that such a beautiful property should go to so ugly a young dog!" I had no sooner attained my sixth year, than I was transplanted to a preparatory bread-and-milkery. Wretched as my life had been at home from neglect, here it became positively insupportable from persecution. The snowy hall was never sullied by the slightest spot, (even though it bore that *tria juncta in uno* trefoil-imprint that at once proclaims itself to have been left by some canine or feline interloper,) but what the maids were always ready to assure the master—and what was worse, the master's wife—that that "*howdacious*, naughty boy, Master Clavering, had again been walking over the nice clean hall with his muddy shoes, and making it in the dreadfulest mess as ever was;"—for which Master Clavering, of course, was duly caned and double-lessoned. At dinner too, when Mary, the cherry-cheeked school-room maid, was, as in duty bound, handing two plates at once, should the one that ought, in due course, to have come to me *first*, contain more lean, and gravy, and less fat, and gristle, than its companion, she would be sure, dexterously, to change them from one hand to another, and thus place the one she considered the most attractive before George Mildmay, who was the Adonis of the school. Then I was fag to the whole establishment, but to Mr. Henry Webster in especial, who was my senior by four years, and who generally seasoned his tyrannies by a spice or two of school-boy wit, such as—"I say, Clavering, go and get my shuttlecock, that got up into the cherry-tree this morning;" or "Give me the pillow out of your bed, mine is so small; do now, there's a good fellow, for as you can't be ornamental you ought to be useful, you know." Upon another occasion, when I had refused to join in a barring-out for fear of the consequences, Webster exclaimed, "Ah, there's a fine fellow; that's right, Clavering, *don't* have anything to do with it, for it will be sure to turn out an *ugly* business, if *you* are concerned." Happy was I when the time came for my removal to a private tutor's. I thought here, at least, my persecutions would cease; but alas! "Man (aye, and boy too) never is, but always to be, blest." Nothing could be more like Paradise and perfection than the first fortnight I passed at Dr. Tithewell's. My father had two large livings in his gift, and some reversionary interest in the India House. The doctor was never tired of extolling my father's virtues, and lamenting that his son Charles (who had sailed, a month before my arrival, in the Bombay Castle, for Calcutta) was away, as he would have so enjoyed his *dear young* friend's society. I, yes, I myself I! was the dear young friend.

Oh ecstasy! that *I* should live to be dear friend to any one, even to Dr. Tithevell. Nothing could equal the kindness and attention of Mrs. Tithevell—her anxiety that I should not sit in wet boots, and her *empressment* that I should have the best cup of tea, and most cream in it! Exemplary woman! I who, all my life, had been nobody, thus suddenly to become “the observed of all observers!” Though, to be sure, it was only at Grabbingdon Rectory; *n’importe*, it was the first, last, and only place where I ever was “made much of;” and I shall always remember it with gratitude. During this memorable fortnight, invitations showered in, requesting the honour of Dr. and Mrs. Tithevell’s company to balls and suppers, and that of the young gentlemen who were with them. The first of these balls was given by a Mrs. Markham. Her husband had been a linen-draper, and, since he had left off trade, and his wife drove a britzka and gave balls, he had taken to winking and making puns. They had one daughter married to a London physician in good practice. This daughter they thought the great person of the family, as she had “married a gentleman!”—though, as Mr. Markham himself expressed it, he thought his pretty daughter Matilda the most *superior article* in his house; in which opinion I quite agreed. The rest of his family consisted of a bale of ugly, vulgar sons, and a remnant of freckled, red-haired children. The whole night I danced with Matilda Markham, and thought her an angel of light for dancing with me; and when her mother pressed me, at supper, to have some “’am and some ’ock,” and called me the young baronet, though my father was still living, I thought the blush that mantled in Matilda’s cheek the most beautiful thing nature ever had, or ever could produce. Was I in love with the linen-draper’s daughter? Do not be alarmed, dear reader; I *may* have been *silly* enough to have been so at the time, but depend upon it I am not wicked enough to deluge you with the milk-and-water of a first love. Time rolled on, and I saw Matilda nearly every day, which did not advance me in my studies much. She wrote a very pretty hand, which I was never tired of looking at, in the frequent notes she sent to Mrs. Tithevell; and every scrap of paper in the house, not excepting the title-pages of the doctor’s books, were scribbled over with my clumsy imitations of Matilda’s pretty hand-writing. So that, at last, with her usual amiable attention to my *comforts*, Mrs. Tithevell used to make over to me all Miss Markham’s billets, and no *millionaire* ever felt more satisfied with his possessions than I did in my reversionary property, not in those days having heard anything against the paper currency. *Mrs. Doctor Tims*, as her *own* card announced, at length arrived at —. The day had been

too sultry to stir out; but the evening was so delicious that I could not stay at home, and, strange to say, without intending it, in a few minutes I found myself in Mr. Markham’s garden; but I suppose my shoes were some relations to the seven-leagued boots, and knew their way by instinct. I scarcely ever asked if Mrs. Markham was at home, for if she was not, I was generally sure of finding some one that suited me quite as well. So, no sooner was the door opened, than I walked into the hall as usual, and was proceeding to the drawing-room, when Matilda rushed into the hall, and exclaimed, in the greatest agitation,—“Indeed, indeed, Mr. Clavering, mamma is not at home; there is no one at home; the—they—are all out,” and she moved on into the lawn, thereby compelling me to follow her. Her agitation!—her embarrassment! What did it—what could it mean? Vanity! vanity! thou art always the first person to break silence in the council!—that a *man*—even an ugly man—aye, even the *ugliest* man—holds with his own heart;—and you whispered me that Matilda must love me; and with that intensity of human fear, which is always inseparable from a real but unacknowledged passion, there was nothing she dreaded, because nothing she wished, so much as a tête-à-tête with me. The mere thought seemed to turn the blood in every vein into so much liquid fire. My spirit was so buoyant within me, that it would have been a positive relief to have heard some bad tidings at the moment, to have forced it back into its usual resting-place, and have prevented it soaring up with me to the seventh heaven, and thereby putting my unhappy brain in a whirl that almost endangered my reason. Father, mother, pride, birth, “the world’s dread laugh,”—all were forgotten or despised. My only thought was, that Matilda loved me, and the next moment would have seen me at the feet of the linen-draper’s daughter, offering her myself and all my worldly possessions; but fate, for once, befriended me, though in the shape of a footman. Of course I at first consigned him, and all his tribe, to as many devils as would accept the ignoble boon; but, God knows, I have gratefully recanted since, and every footman that has ever lived with me can testify that I have been a most liberal and indulgent master. I had rushed forward: to seize Matilda’s hand was the work of an instant. Next came the speech. I had got as far as—“Oh! Matilda, only tell me that you—” when, lo! a vision of a drab coat, turned up with scarlet, and nankeen shorts, crossed our path, and accosted Matilda with an—“If you please, Ma’am, master wants the newspaper as you had before dinner.” Matilda broke from me in greater agitation than ever. No wonder. What woman, or man either, could bear to have the most sublime—the most delicate—

and the most mysterious of all their feelings witnessed by a footman!

The whole of that night I passed in writing volumes to Matilda, and telling her all I had not been let to say. I rose early, meaning to be my own Mercury, and return before breakfast. I jumped over the garden paling, in order to go a shorter way through a field. In turning to disentangle my coat, which had caught on one of the palings, I beheld, flying away under Mrs. Tithewell's bedroom-window, a note in Matilda's well-known hand, torn in two. I instantly seized the precious paper, and having kissed and re-kissed the fairy characters, I proceeded to read it, which I did without the slightest compunction, as every note of Matilda's had hitherto become my lawful property. It was dated the evening before—that eventful evening—how then could I resist reading it; it ran thus:—

“Monday evening.

“Dear Mrs. Tithewell,—I have a little request to make to you, which I am sure you are too kind to refuse; it is this:—will you contrive some means to prevent Mr. Clavering coming to us during the next week, while Maria is with us, for you know how nervous she is; and, considering the situation she is in for the first time, Dr. Tims is afraid, were she to see our poor friend, (though of course, poor man, he cannot help being so ugly,) it might be productive of the very worst consequences to her, either in losing her maternal hopes entirely, or, what would be even worse, having a young monster. Poor man, he called this evening, and I was so afraid he would come in where Maria was, after what Dr. Tims had said, that I rushed out to prevent his coming any farther. I was so flurried, that he must have thought me very strange; but I hope he did not suspect they were at home, as one would not like to hurt his feelings. I don't know what excuse I could have made, or how I should have got away, if, luckily, papa had not sent out James to ask for the newspaper, for poor Mr. Clavering had taken my hand very kindly, no doubt thinking I was ill. It was very wrong of me, but I then thought him more ugly and more horrible than ever; but after dear Charles (I wonder how far he has got on his voyage by this!) I could think no one handsome, even if they were so. How I long for his first letter, as I have now nothing to console me but his picture, which I wear night and day. Trusting to your tact to manage about poor Mr. Clavering, believe me, dear Mrs. Tithewell, ever yours,

“MATILDA MARKHAM.”

This, then, was the termination of my first love. Madman—fool—idiot!—and so, forsooth, you could suppose that even a

linen-draper's daughter could love you! And you could suppose no better destination for the broad lands, that had belonged to your fathers before the conquest, than to offer them to a linen-draper's daughter, who was in love with a *lieutenant in the Bengal Cavalry*!! and whose sisterly affection was on the rack, for fear the very sight of you should blight the hopes of a *Mrs. Doctor Tims*!

I shall pass over my college adventures, and begin my next volume with my *Lachrymæ Londini*.

VOLUME II.

Behold me, then, in London, that focus at once of human bliss and bane, where most persons find their level, whether for wealth or for poverty, for birth, for talent, or for folly, for beauty, or for—yes, for ugliness. Why, then, might not I hope what others fear—to be outdone? Yes, for a whole week, while “I took mine ease at mine inn,” I laid this “flattering unction to my soul,” for I read no warning in the obsequious bows and smiling *impressment* of the waiters at the Clarendon. Moreover, I had accumulated a valuable moral capital of maxims, from which I was beginning to derive a comfortable income of self-conceit. I treasured up the memorable boast of that arch-scoundrel, John Wilkes, that there was only a fortnight's difference between him and the handsomest man in England in gaining a woman's affections. I feasted on the false and absurd assertion of Philip Thicknesse, that “nothing is completely ugly that is not old,” (I was only thirty,) and lulled myself into a fool's paradise, by carefully weeding my library of “Mason on Self-Knowledge,” and all such egoistical “Daily Remembrancers.” Matilda Markham had given me a surfeit of teens, blue eyes, flaxen hair, and bread-and-butter passions. Having determined to “turn my” own “silver lining on the” crowd, and dazzle and conquer by the beauties of my mind, I began to look about for a handsome, *sensible* woman, not too young, half Juno, half Minerva, who would be too intellectual to think of a man's person; but although this “bright Egeria” was not to think about my appearance, that was no reason why I should be equally regardless of it. My hair was decidedly against my inspiring a devoted passion, as it might have been easily mistaken for burnt flax; I therefore determined upon educating it into a state of perfectibility, through the medium of Mr. Rigmarole's Tyrian Dye. I never rightly understood the meaning of “the purple light of love,” till I saw my own head in the glass the next morning, after my first application of Mr. Rigmarole's promises; but, like a too

vivid painting, it mellowed down in the course of time, and a few hours after my head presented the appearance of a fine old Rembrandt, a great relief after it had so long glared upon my sight in all the aching paleness of one of Flaxman's illustrations: from that hour I began to look—"As hyenas in love are supposed for to look, or A something between Abelard and old Blucher." The deuce was in it, if, after literally *dying* to please the women, I could not succeed. As I was extended on the sofa one morning in the dogdays, quaffing hock and soda water, in order to allay the parching heat of a large fire which I was enduring, that my hair might dry sooner, and enable me to get out to Richmond to dinner, my man entered with a note—"From Lord Castleton, sir—the servant waits an answer." Castleton was a college chum of mine, the best fellow in the world; in short, my *fidus Achates*; yet some how or other he had always (though unwittingly) crossed me in every thing; in a word, he had played the Leopold to my Prince of Orange, ever since I had known him. His note ran thus:—

"Dear Clavering,—If you have not disposed of yourself for this evening, either positively or conditionally, will you look in at Mrs. Damer's, No. —, Grosvenor-street? She is a beauty, a blue, and a widow, therefore thought she might be in your way, and, as she gave me a *carte blanche*, have filled it up with your name; but mind, I give you fair warning, not to think of her sister, who is a perfect goddess *de seize ans*, as refreshing, as sparkling, and as cold too, I fear, d—n her, as iced champagne—à ce soir—Vale, "Ever yours,

"CASTLETON."

This note caused me to relinquish all ideas of Richmond for that day, lest fatigue, heat, and dust should be more malicious than nature, and make me look less attractive still. I was already in love with Mrs. Damer, for Castleton's sneer of her being a blue was quite as efficacious a spell as six whole months of "becks, and nods, and wreathed smiles," would have been to any other mortal. "You need not fear, Castleton," cried I, in an ecstasy, as I poured out the remainder of the bottle of hock: "no slippancy and fifteen for me;" and so saying, I rang the bell violently, when my servant entered. "Jefferson," said I, "order Ganymede to be saddled *instantly*, and go yourself to Henderson's for my violets." "Ganymede has been bled this morning, sir." "Well, then, take May-fly, and tell them to be sure and send me the large double violets." From the moment of my coming to town, I had contracted with Henderson to let me have violets, *all the year round*, for 150*l.* a year, and I should strenuously recommend —,

and —, and —, *cum multis aliis*, who possess no more personal attractions than myself, *never* to be without a bouquet of violets, *except* in the months of February and March, (when all the world can have them, and therefore a moss-rose should be substituted); but it is astonishing the sensation they produce, and the notice they obtain for one, in December or July. Then you will see eyes, that never would have glanced towards you otherwise, fixed admiringly on you; then you will hear the sweetest voices exclaim—"Oh, Mr. Such-a-one, or Lord So-and-so, where *did* you get those *dear* violets?" To have anything belonging to one called dear, and still more, the next moment, to see what was dear in you transferred to the most beautiful bosom in the world! *This*, at least, is cheap at 150*l.* a year; but *I* am obliged to go farther. Having always a collection of very costly and beautifully designed rings hanging to my chain, they are sure to attract the attention of some fair creature or other; upon which I immediately invent some Polish, or Turkish superstition, as belonging to them, which serves as a pretext for my presenting, and their accepting them! Oh

La dépense d'être laid!

I could hardly wait patiently till half past ten, to present myself at Mrs. Damer's. A beauty—she was a perfect goddess; a blue indeed! She was *the* cleverest woman I had ever met in my life; and then, *such* a voice! She *thanked* me for coming, and said she had heard so much of me from Castleton. I need not say my violets were in her bosom at the end of half an hour. The sister was certainly pretty, looked like a Psyche, not come out, half cherub, half coquette; but the corners of her mouth curled up too much, and her eye was too laughing and restless for me to venture much near her. I soon became an *habitué* in Grosvenor-street. Oh those delicious, long, lounging morning visits!—when I had the ecstasy of hearing—"Not at home" to every one but myself! We talked politics, metaphysics, physiology, and even sometimes common sense; but we had not yet got to sentiment—*N'importe cela viendra*, thought I, and in thinking so, every morning found some new offering on Mrs. Damer's shrine from her devoted slave. I happened to possess a copy of the original edition of "Shaftesbury's Characteristics;" I had valued it as the apple of my eye, but this too was sacrificed to my celestial, or, as Castleton called it, cerulean passion; but I was more than repaid by the grateful delight with which it was received. A few days after this my last gift, I received a note from Mrs. Damer; it was the first note I had ever had from her. Oh the effect of that *first* note from a woman one loves! I

do not know whether to call it electricity or natural magic, or what; the note was only to ask me if I would go with her and Dora (her sister) to Deville's, and she would call for me at three; but it was read, and re-read, and I thought the hand prettier than Matilda Markham's; and I had to write my answer over six times before I could indite to my satisfaction this eloquent reply:—

"Dear Mrs. Damer,—Yes, with the greatest pleasure, and I shall be ready when you call for me at three.

"Ever faithfully yours,

"AUGUSTUS CLAVERING."

Mrs. Damer and Dora were half-an-hour later than they said, and I thought it six hours at least; at length we were *en route*, and I was sitting opposite to all that I cared to behold in the world! I reaped comfort from the harvest of human ugliness which is always to be found in the Strand, and my thoughts actually became pleasant thereupon, till I saw two or three successive patterned and unrelieved damsels touch their companion's arms, look at me, and laugh; then all became doubt, strife, and bitterness within me—so true is it that

"Life is a comedy to those who think,
A tragedy to those who feel."

Mr. Deville soon explained to us all the "*wacuum*" and "*horgans*" in our respective craniums; but said so much of the wonders of mine in particular, that Mrs. Damer and Dora became very urgent that I should have a cast of my head taken. I resolutely refused, for very cogent reasons. Mr. Deville pushed back a phalanx of skulls and lamps, and began entreating me with great gesticulation and oratory; still I was immovable, till Dora whispered me, with her little malicious will-o'-the-wisp smile, "If you so obstinately refuse to become a slave of the lamp, you never can expect to have a slave of the ring." Mrs. Damer coloured at this speech, and said, imploringly, "*Do*, Mr. Clavering, let Mr. Deville take a cast of your head. I should so like to have it." There was no resisting this; so, with the air of a martyr, I sat down, and, like an excommunicated nun, was soon walled up alive. When I was released from my plaster Pandemonium, Mrs. Damer and her sister were laughing, almost convulsively, over a slip of paper that Miss Dora was holding. I begged to be let into the jest, but they refused. Emboldened by my own great stretch of complaisance, I snatched the paper out of Dora's hand, and had the satisfaction of reading the following epigram on myself, which she had scribbled with a pencil, while I was enduring the torments of the d—d to please herself and her sister:—

Love triumphs, and the struggle's past;
To seem less strange in beauty's eye

He'll 'set his fate upon a cast,
And stand the hazard of the *dye*."

This was too, too much. No sooner were we reseated in the carriage, than I began a pathetic remonstrance with Mrs. Damer upon the impropriety of her allowing her mad-cap of a sister to turn everything into ridicule, and make a laughing-stock of everybody. She replied, with the most insulting *sang froid*, "Really, Mr. Clavering, in this instance I must acquit Dora; for, as Lord Shaftsbury very justly observes, 'there is a great difference between seeking how to raise a laugh from everything, and seeking in everything what justly may be laughed at.'" This was indeed barbing the arrow with a feather from my own wing, and so making the wound rankle more deeply. Was there ever such heartlessness?—but those *clever women* never have any heart. With this thought I dashed open the carriage-door, and sprang into the street. I hurried on, and never stopped till I arrived at my own room; there I forsook all ideas of love, at least of marriage, from that day.

Three years have elapsed since my adventure at Deville's. I am now thirty-four, and most true is it that

"Time, who steals our years away,
Steals our pleasures too;"

for it has stolen away the only pleasure I ever had—*hope*. I am now too old to hope, and consequently unfit to live. My property is also considerably diminished, by foolish generosity to an ungrateful sex; in every grade, and in all attempts at propitiating them I have failed; even a little French opera-dancer, who took my diamonds when I addressed some verses to her, beginning with

"O toi à qui l'amour à pretoit tous les charmes," had the impertinence to return me Ninon de l'Enclos' well-known answer to a similar effusion—

"Eh bien si l'amour prête des charmes,
Pourquoi n'empruntois tu pas."

I shall only record one more of my adventures, or rather failures, as Lord Byron's journal of Mr. Hobhouse's piscatory exploits would, with a slight alteration in the wording, serve right well for "an abstract and brief chronicle of the rise, progress, decline, and fall of my *bonnes fortunes*,"—i. e. "Hobhouse went out to fish—caught nothing."

I was beginning to forget the many bitter lessons I had learnt, and feel a great deal more than was either prudent or proper for that prettiest of all pretty women, Lady —;

* I have heard, Mr. Editor, another story respecting the origin of this epigram, and have known it attributed to another lady. I say, with Mahomet, "Mine is the only true account."

for at all times, and at all places, she not only spoke to me, but spoke kindly to me. She asked me one night if I would go to the Opera with her. We were *tête-à-tête* till nearly the last act of the "Medea." I have no doubt Pasta was more divine than ever, but I neither saw nor heard; I was thinking I had never seen such eyes, or such an arm as Lady —'s. I was going to tell her so, when the door opened, and Castleton came in. He was my best friend, but I wished him most sincerely at the d—l; he stayed out the whole *ballet*, but he left us in the crush-room. Georgiana, as I now began to call her in my own mind, leant on me; I put her into her carriage; in getting in she dropped her handkerchief; I picked it up, and thought I never heard such music as the voice in which she said "Thank you;" she would have said it just as sweetly to an adder that had got out of her way. The next morning saw me in Belgrave-square by two o'clock. I was admitted; Lady — was in her boudoir; the atmosphere was heavy with the breath of flowers, and the deep shade of the rose-coloured blinds at first prevented my perceiving that she had been in tears. She withdrew her handkerchief, and tried to smile when I came in. "Good heavens, Lady —," said I, "what can have made you so unhappy? I do not ask *who* has done so, for no *one* could be barbarian enough." After a little hesitation, and a fresh burst of tears, she at length sobbed out, "Lord — is so very unkind to me—so—so angry—about the Opera—last night." The next moment I was at her feet, and grasping her hand, exclaimed, "Dearest Lady —! angry at your going with me!" She withdrew her hand hastily, and smiling, nay almost laughing outright, through her tears, said, "Jealous of *you*! Oh no, no! Mr. Clavering, no one *could* be jealous of *you*, which was the reason I asked you; but it was be—be—because Lord Castleton came into my box, though I am sure he did not stay ten minutes." Here was another agreeable *denouement*. I rose and strode to the window. My eyes fell upon my five hundred guinea horse (which I had bought solely because Lady — had admired it).

"A shudder came o'er me, why wert thou so *dear*?" I left the house—I vowed vengeance against love, and "all its dear, delightful, d—d sensations." I tried public life, and stood the other day for a certain borough, but all the women were against me, and—but what matter details—I lost my election. My father has been dead some years; my baronetcy is ancient enough, God knows; there is moreover a dormant peerage in our family. Will not these soften the heart of some gentle Zelica, and throw a silver veil over my unprepossessing physiognomy.

Shall I try an advertisement?—mystery has great attractions—or—What's this, Jefferson? a roll of paper—the last caricature. Ha! confusion—the Lovely Lover! What, this in St. James's-street!—crowds round the window! 'Sdeath!—I shall go mad! Caricature, indeed! I wish it was—it is an exact likeness—a copy from the very picture I gave to the French opera-dancer, after making the d—d painter flatter the resemblance as much as he could! A. O. Z.

MEN AND BOOKS.

Bookstalls, and a Lover of them—A French Emigrant—Memoirs of Madame de Staël—Whims of a patronizing Duchess—Exactions of a Princess—The Abbé de Chaulieu, and his gallantry at fourscore—A real love—Extraordinary and candid account of a series of husband-huntings—Dacier in his last days—Royal and considerate advertisement of a wife to let—Geometrical test of the amount of a man's affections.

I HAD scarcely written my first article under the above head, in the course of which I had occasion to touch upon the exacting selfishness of the royal, when I met with a proper book-stall book, much connected with the matter. It was an old favourite of mine, which I had not seen for many years, the *Memoirs of Madame de Staël*; not the Madame de Staël lately so famous, but a lady of nearly the same name, who lived in the time of the Regent Duke of Orleans, and was mixed up with the conspiracy of the Duchess du Maine. Before I touch upon it, however, the reader will allow me to indulge in a notice of my older favourites,—the bookstalls themselves.

I have been a lover of bookstalls all my life, and at all seasons of the year; I seemed to fall naturally upon them the moment I left school. I not only found my Juvenal and Horace upon them (whose names I was glad to see, though I had a schoolboy's objection to their substance), but there also I met with my beloved English poets, and with a world of old authors and love-stories,—all new to me, and precisely what I wanted. I had no prospect in life, and I did not wish to have any. I had all the faith in the present moment which youth, innocence, and fancy could bestow; and, perhaps, there were few happier persons than myself when I walked off with a new purchase under my arm, value ninepence, having the rest of the day, before dinner, to read it in, and a visit to somebody I loved for my prospect in the evening. It was still better if my purchase consisted of two volumes instead of one, for then I had the pleasure of carrying one in my hand, and of feeling the other making a square *bulge* in my pocket, delightfully inconvenient. No sooner did I

walk off, than I fell reading "like a dragon," in the open street, but with so little ostentation, that the sarcasms of the errand-boys, and other invidious passengers, gave me no concern; they only made me turn up the alleys and bye-places whenever I could. Half the quieter thoroughfares in Holborn and Oxford-street are endeared to me from the recollection.

I have to *think* now, and do not read with such mere uninterruptedness, though it is in the spirit of truth that I have described my reading as incessant. The bookstalls I love as much as ever; it is with difficulty I pass one, upon whatever business I am bound, or in whatever weather. Rain prevents me, only because the books are taken indoors; and though conversant with the inner shelves, I do not take such delight in them as in those outside the window; I am too conscious that somebody is watching me, and I have the weakness of hating to quit a shop without buying something. I know that *the man* is glad to see me, and that he thinks I shall buy something next time, or go away with some memorandum, profitable to him in the long run; but I cannot help fearing that he will take me for a shabby fellow, and make unpleasant comparisons between the natural generosity of a love of letters, and its contradiction in my person.

Upon the same principle I have never been able to arrive at a proper sense of *bating* the man down, and giving him a shilling when he asks eighteen-pence. I acknowledge the reasonableness of so doing, and the expectation he has to that effect; but I have such a love of every kind of book which is at all worth purchasing, that it is only by dint of calling to mind very grave reasons for the economy, that I can persuade myself to pretend that a few pence ought to be taken off the price. I am insensible to the taunt of what the man will think of my easiness and folly; people to whom we pay too much, unless the very stupidest of the "knowing," always think better than worse of you for spending your money handsomely. If you boggle at it, I grant you must stand it out, or they will think you have the desire to be economical without the courage, and thus you force upon them a sense of your feebleness; but if you give what they ask freely, and with a good air, and the demand is not out of all reason, they think you have a soul above the difference, and are "a gentleman." The fine thing is, when, with plenty of money to spend, and the want of certain books which you are pretty sure to find, you ransack the bookstalls, outside and in, and carry off, not only those, but others. The only interferences with your pleasure are, when the volumes are in a condition unreasonably dirty, or the prices ill-scrawled and carelessly

stuck on upon dirty white slips of paper, or *the man*, or, worse than all, *the woman*, stands watching you at the door. I hate her for being of a sex, as well as an occupation, that ought to be more liberal, and for not knowing, by instinct, that I am honest.

The authors I prefer seeing on the stalls, are the bookmen alluded to in my last,—authors made by books, and therefore more suitable to collections of this kind, in which you must like the books for their own sakes, or you will sometimes not like them at all. The old French wits and scholars look well there on this account, and the French writers of memoirs. They have a taste of life at once artificial and natural, polite and familiar, and seem to have written in times when every man had his collection of wits and classics, as well as his "affair of the heart." One's staple authors are in one's home, like home itself, or our prospects, or our own heart and imagination;—yet it is delightful to meet with these in their proper old editions, such as the old folio Spensers and Boccaccios. Dryden and Pope may be "proud to be less." The French books and the classics ought to be small, and the older they are the better. The new ones are too often printed in an unfeeling, cutting stereotype, without any humanity of engraving, or other ornament. The old type is softer; you get plates of some sort in the old books, and they seem coeval with the times in which they were written. We are not sure that Molière, or Chaulieu, or Racine, or Gay, or Swift (a great hunter of bookstalls), has not handled them himself.

The Tatlers and *Guardians* look becoming on a stall (*the Spectator* is too common); all the writers of Charles and Queen Anne's time suit it; the Elzevir classics; the *Poetæ minores Græci*; and the novels of the last century, from Fielding to Miss Minifie: in short, to me, whatever was the favourite reading of one's grandfather and grandmother, and in houses built two hundred years back. Succeeding generations, I suppose, will love a different or additional set of stalls,—delighting to see upon them the books of the present day, which, for my part, I hate there; they look as if they had not "sold," and as if the authors must be uncomfortable. The crown of bookstall uneasiness is to see a work of one's own, marked at a third of the price, with the significant addition of—"same as sells at five shillings."

The only other uncomfortableness I know of, in connexion with this luxury, is the box which is sometimes put on one side of a stall, containing a set of miserable books, all at "sixpence a piece." I never got any good out of it. I have a hundred times vowed internally I would never look into it again, but generally find myself breaking my vow, and meeting with the same mouldy literature,—odd volumes of history, old calendars, red-

books, and pamphlets, old grammars, books of arithmetic, French Testaments, &c. Now and then you discern a promising cover, and drag the volume forth;—it is a *Pharmacopœia*, or the *Gauger's Vade Mecum*.

It is an elegance, in my eyes, to meet with an old French emigrant sitting in the inside of one of these stalls, or coming out with some little classic in his hand, which he has read a million times, but which he finds ever new, because he himself is ever young, and his imagination has willing bounds. I speak of some respectable, clerical-looking man, in clean rusty black, with features at once light and serious, and with side-curls to his head, and powder. He is a Doctor of the Sorbonne, or Mons. l'Abbé somebody, who preached before Louis the Sixteenth, and missed a bishoprick. He does not go back to France, partly because he is too old to give up his new country, and partly because he goes every evening to see Madame la Marquise de Printemps, who was a beauty thirty years ago, and was bedridden at the restoration. I should like to hear what he has to say of the *Memoirs of Madame de Stahl*, if it would not hurt his feelings, or he could be impartial on such a subject. The look of old times is better preserved in his person than if he were living in modern Paris; and he feels this, and knows there is not so much to contradict it here in London, as if he were among Napoleon's dukes, or the military bourgeois of the new dynasty. With these thoughts he consoles himself, and with the aforesaid little Juvenal, a million times read, and eternally quoted. He is not more intimate with his own name than with the words "*omnibus in terris*," or "*semper ego auditor*." He doubts, more than ever, the merits of Shakspeare, because he understands that his revolutionary countrymen begin to like him; but he expresses his contempt in the politest manner, justifying it by his love for the "great Corneille," and condescending to soothe one's national feelings by expressing his regard for the Cato of "*Addisson*," and "the *Essay on Critique* of Mr. Pop;" and then he quotes, with an elaborate slowness, always dwelling on the wrong words, particularly the article,—

"Notta—so—when—swift—*Cà-mil-là* scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

To return to our old acquaintance Madame de Stahl.—This lady's autobiography is of undoubted authenticity, and is remarkable for its self-knowledge, and the interest it excites for a querulous, disappointed, and even husband-hunting woman, by reason of her candour, her good sense, and the justice of her complaints against fortune. Her great mischance—a rare and pitiable one—

consisted in beginning life under circumstances too favourable for the expectations of her rank in society. All her misfortunes flowed from this source. Born of obscure parents, Mademoiselle de Launay (her maiden name) became, by accident, the infant pet of a nunnery, and got so used to service and worship, that she never recovered the effect of it when thrown out upon the world. All early consciousness of her natural powers gave her a good opinion of herself; the good nuns converted it into a sovereign one, and made her impatient of a want. It is one of the charms of her book, to see how she found out her defects, and what mortifications she endured to render her capable of the discovery.

"The Convent of St. Louis," she says, "was a little state where I reigned supreme. The chief care of the abbess, and her sister, was to please my humour and prevent my desires. I had a room in her apartment, than which nothing could be more convenient and elegant. No less than four sisters attended me, and the roivings of my giddy fancy kept them all sufficiently employed. When checked in nothing, we desire a great deal. The abbess's nieces, whom, out of regard to her family, she had taken under her care, were, though much against their will, my playfellows; and the whole house found themselves obliged to pay their court to me. As all about me courted my favour, I little dreamed of any regard being due to them; accordingly, I showed them none, not even to the ladies whose blind fondness had erected this little empire for me."

The death of the abbess, and the accession, to that office, of a nun who had headed the opposition party in the convent, were the commencement of Mademoiselle de Launay's difficulties. She became a visitor to a succession of friends,—a very different position from that in the convent; though some of the friends were truly amiable, and the French have a greater generosity in money matters than is common with more commercial nations. At the first house she went to, she had the mortification to be well treated by an old gentleman on whom she had written some satirical verses; but she ingenuously gives us to understand that this was not her greatest. She had not yet lost enough of the vivacity of her pretensions. The old gentleman's niece, Mademoiselle du Tot, who was the friend that introduced her, humiliated her by being "*so unexceptionable in her behaviour*," that in addition to her having a great deal of wit, it subjected her to criticism which could not be retorted." And yet this was not the greatest blow:—

"One day I had the head-ache; this, heretofore, would have set the whole house in a bustle, abbess, sisters, and maids. Here only once or twice a message came to

know if I did not want anything. I shall never forget my silly surprise, at seeing so little account made of what before I had seen treated with such concern and assiduity."

Before she left her convent, the wit and vivacity of Mademoiselle de Launay had procured her several admirers of the other sex, and she had, in one instance, fallen in love. But more of this when I come to give an account of her loves in general,—all innocent ones (as far as can be known,) and none successful but the last,—which was none at all! Her fate, in everything, partook of the doubtfulness and distress of her unseparated prospects. Let us, at present, attend her to the house of Madame la Duchesse de la Ferté, a chattering, fidgetty, patronizing old gentlewoman, who, taking a fancy to her, cried her up everywhere as a prodigy, and of whose manner she has left us some masterly sketches.

For the acquaintance of this flighty personage, she was indebted to one of the Duchess's chambermaids,—for Mademoiselle de Launay's sister, the introducer, was nothing greater; so different had been their modes of bringing up. An introduction of this nature partly accounts for the liberty the Duchess took in her style of patronage, and partly for the panegyrical excess of the patronage itself. A girl of wit and breeding, who was of no greater rank than her maid's sister, appeared to her like a prodigy of her own creation. The following is the way in which the Duchess went on when she first saw her:—

"After a few questions on her side," says Madame de Stahl, "and some very plain and possibly insipid answers on mine, 'Bless me!' said she, '*never creature talked so finely!*' She comes just in the nick of time to write a letter for me to Monsieur Desmarets, which I must send him immediately. Come, Mademoiselle, some paper shall be brought to you, and you need only write." "But what must I write, Madam?" answered I, much out of countenance. "You may give it what terms you please; it must be right. I insist on his complying with what I ask." "But, Madam," replied I, "still I should know *what* you would say to him." "No, no, you understand me." What could I gather from such vague sallies? But it was in vain to insist on any further explanation. At last, connecting the broken sentences which came from her, I pretty nearly guessed the matter in hand. This was but one part of my task, for I was quite unacquainted with the customs and ceremonials of the great world, and I very well perceived that she would not distinguish a fault of ignorance from the want of good sense. However, the paper I took; and while she was getting up, fell to writing by conjecture. At length I finished the letter, and, with a palpitating heart,

went and delivered it to her. 'Well,' cried she, 'this is just the whole of what I wished to say to him. 'Tis really strange that she should hit my thoughts so well. Hetty, your sister is a surprising girl. Oh, since she has such a knack at writing, I must have another letter to my steward; it can be despatched while I dress.' There was no asking a second time what she intended to say. A torrent of words issued from her mouth, with a rapidity which all my attention could not keep pace with; and I was still more embarrassed with this second essay. She had named her counsellor and her attorney, who constituted a great part of this letter; they were both utterly unknown to me, and, unfortunately, I took the name of the one for that of the other. 'The business is well couched,' said she, after reading my letter, 'but how could a girl of your wit call my counsellor by my attorney's name?' *By this she discovered the limits of my genius*; yet, by good fortune, it did not entirely lose me her esteem."

One day Madame de la Ferté takes it into her head that her protégé must go to the King's supper (Louis XIV.), and be taken notice of by the Duke of Burgundy, his grandson; and next day, having called upon the Duchess de Noailles, she sends for her in order to fling her at the Duchess:—

"Here, Madam," said she, 'is the person I was speaking of, who has so much wit, and knows so many things. Come, Mademoiselle, speak; you'll see, Madam, how she talks.' She perceived me in a hesitation about answering, and thought of helping me, as the beginning of a song is sometimes hummed over to a singer. 'Let us have a word or two *about religion*,' said she; 'then you shall talk of something else.' There is no expressing the confusion I laboured under; I don't so much as remember how I acquitted myself."

Our heroine's patroness used to carry herself like a proper duchess in town, but was more than easy when in the country. Her familiarity was such, that she would sometimes get together, not only her servants, but her tradesfolk, place them round a large table, and play at a sort of lansquenet with them. On one of these occasions, she frequently whispered to Mademoiselle de Launay, "I cheat them, but 'tis because they rob me." At La Ferté, her country-seat, the usual good living went on, though she had not brought her cook, being out of humour with him for "asking for *larding-pins*." "Thus it is," said she, "that the quality are ruined,—*continually larding-pins*. It has cost the Marshal de la Ferté twelve hundred thousand livres for *larding-pins*!"

Mademoiselle de Launay was frightened at discovering that her patroness's favourites all terminated in becoming ladies'-maids, or worse; and therefore she secretly con-

trived to get transferred to the service of a princess, the Duchess du Maine, with whom she fared no better. The pet of the convent was for many years neither more nor less than one of her Highness's *chamber-maids*,—always resenting her situation, everlastingly worried or treated with contempt or indifference by the princess, and yet (such is the influence of a slavish or tyrannical education, and of sympathy with any prevailing error) manifestly proud of her condition, purely because she lived in the presence of royalty. She would fain have bettered this condition by marrying somebody for love (a passion of which she was more capable, perhaps, than any person around her), but latterly she gave up this hope, and would have been content with any husband in a genteel rank of life,—a deliverance which she finally obtained when she scarcely thought it worth having. But before we give an account of her disappointments in love, we must notice her treatment by the princess.

The Duchess du Maine, daughter of the Great Condé and wife of the Duke du Maine, one of the legitimized sons of Louis XIV., was a pretending, officious woman, who incited a weak husband to reclaim certain privileges, which had been granted him by his father, and withheld by the Regent Duke of Orleans. To this end she was foolish enough to enter into a conspiracy, and become a party to certain antinational views of the Court of Spain. The conspiracy came to nothing, and the husband was reduced to his proper insignificance; but in the course of her measures the conspirators were thrown into prison, and Mademoiselle de Launay was put into the Bastille for not betraying her confidence. During this court intrigue, Mademoiselle de Launay was raised from the dignity of waiting-woman to that of reader (Madame D'Arbly's situation); not indeed by actual appointment, or with a salary, but for convenience-sake to the Duchess, who had discovered her talents, and resolved to profit by them for nothing. The following is the sort of life which she led in consequence:—

"Events had thrown the Duchess into such disquietude, that it deprived her of her rest. The woman, who used to tell her stories till she fell asleep, *not being able to hold out*, she proposed to me to read to her. With great joy did I undertake this function, looking on it as an inlet to her confidence, and a means of gaining great regard, and raising me above the flirts of chambermaids. I was not indeed mistaken in this; *but I found my constitution very unequal to this honourable exercise, which was constantly renewed every night.*"

"The press was taken up with the multitude of pamphlets, corroborating or

refuting the arguments adduced for the claim of the Duke du Maine, though the subject was little more than rough-hewn by them. The complete piece was, 'The Memorial of the legitimized Princes,' drawn up under the inspection of the Duches du Maine, by the Cardinal de Polignac, Monsieur Malézieu, and Counsellor Davisart of the Parliament of Toulouse, who had been lately recommended to the Duke for his wit, and his extraordinary talents in business.

"The Duchess du Maine herself contributed not a little to this work, by her own knowledge and happy intellects, and likewise by very laborious researches. The greatest part of the night was spent in them. The mountainous heaps of volumes on her bed, she said, made her look like Enceladus, crushed under Mount Etna. I also assisted in the important toil, and used to turn over old chronicles, and civilians ancient and modern, *till excessive fatigue inclined the princess to take some rest, and then I had to read her to sleep.*"

All this while Mademoiselle de Launay lived in a miserable apartment, which had neither fire nor light, but what it received from an ante-chamber; she calls it her "cave." Her whole occupation was to subserve to the wants and humours of a pragmatist woman, who had no feeling for anybody but herself, and took the most absorbing attention as a matter of course.

Mademoiselle de Launay, now getting into middle life, had had a succession of lovers and attachments from an early period. She relates them with extraordinary and delightful candour. The first attachment, on her part, was a matter of vanity, in order to fancy herself of an age to have one, and to be of "importance." Monsieur de Rey, a married man, and the celebrated Abbé de Vertot, made her generous offers of pecuniary assistance, which appeared to her in too suspicious a light to accept; but she afterwards thought well of de Rey, who had proposed to settle on her an annuity for life, in order to hinder her from becoming a nun. The French memoirs are full of these instances of generosity, as genuine, on many occasions, as they are doubtless mixed up with less disinterested motives on others. Mademoiselle de Launay's first real attachment was to the Marquis de Sully, a brother of a friend of hers, who boarded in the convent; but the love was not returned. During her connexion with the Duchess de la Ferté, she became acquainted with the Abbé de Saint Pierre (the first of that name), with the celebrated Fontenelle, who esteemed her, and with Du Verney, a famous anatomist, who having understood that she had read one of his works and admired it, took a prodigious liking to her, and amused

people with crying her up everywhere as "the woman, in all France, who had the best knowledge of the human body." Her situation at the Duchess du Maine's did not hinder her from being visited by many admirers, but they were not marrying ones. Among them was the famous Abbé de Chaulieu, the poet of the French loves and graces, who would, perhaps, have married her had she wished it, and who gave her an unlimited command of his purse as well as his carriage; but she lets us understand that she showed him no more regard than that of friendship and an agreeable kind of assumption, pleasant to old gallants, who are willing to think themselves of any sort of consequence; and we may believe her, not only for her natural candour, but because the Abbé was nearly eighty years of age, and blind. The lively old poet had been so used to fancy himself in love, and to pet somebody, that he could not leave it off. His wit however remained, and he appears to have been a really generous man, in spite of the cynical piece of pleasantry, *à la Northcote*, which is related in the following passage:—

"The Abbé de Chaulieu, who had for me as lively a passion as fourscore years is capable of, taxed me with a little coquetry. I assured him, that it was entirely owing to the necessity I was under of pleasing, in order to make the rigours of my position in some measure supportable; and that had I not seasoned my behaviour with a little of it, I should have been left to myself. I gave him my word, and I kept it, that when I should be the mistress of a window and a chimney, I should lay aside all thoughts of rendering myself agreeable. The poor Abbé, who was blind, attributed to me, in his imagination, those graces which were most apt to charm him; and as any of his own were now out of the question, he endeavoured to recommend himself by complaisance, and by anticipating whatever I could desire. I omit his verses on me, though they showed that, in such an advanced age, his wit retained all the sprightliness of youth. To this incense, which with some has so intoxicating a fragrantcy, the Abbé also proposed to add presents; and one day, after some importunate instance, that I should accept of a thousand pistoles, I said to him, 'I advise you, in return for your generous offer, not to make the like to many women: you would find some one to take you at your word.' 'Oh,' says he, 'I know whom I am speaking to.' This ingenious answer set me a-laughing. He was often persuading me to dress, and endeavoured to make me ashamed of my appearance. 'Abbé,' said I to him, 'what I am without is my ornament.' Having no other resource than his complaisances, he repeated them incessantly. He used to

write a letter to me every morning, and came to see me every day, unless I directed otherwise. His letters were to know my pleasure; and, when I preferred his coach to his company, he sent it me without repining, and I disposed of it as I pleased; I was absolute all over his house."

The Abbé's love-letters were put on paper for him by a little footboy of his, in a charity-child's hand, and badly spelt. The poet died a few weeks after his fair friend's liberation from the Bastille. "I saw him," she tells us, "and observed, how in that condition, what is of no further service to us becomes indifferent. He had shown an extreme concern at my imprisonment, but manifested not the least joy at my deliverance. I had a true sense of the approaching loss of a friend, who seemed to make it his business to relieve my life with all the satisfaction and pleasure it was capable of. I was not, indeed, without some one who took care I should want nothing that was really necessary to me; but in this agreeable office he was never replaced."

The death-bed "indifference," mentioned in this passage, is a very French remark of the old school, and it was, perhaps, deserved; but for a man who had been bred up, and passed his life in the worldly way of this rich and joyous Abbé, the justice of it may be excused. Perhaps it was not altogether indifference; something of objection might be mixed up with it, to the carelessness with which Mademoiselle de Launay may have treated him during her imprisonment; for in the Bastille she conceived her second real attachment, the object of which was a fellow prisoner, the Chevalier de Menil. It was returned, and went on prosperously for a good while, stimulated by the obstacles of prison difficulties and stolen interviews; but the Chevalier, when they were set free, contrived to throw it off; we fear, not without some reasons on the side of the lady's temper, which was never very perfect, and had been irritated by her anxiety to retain him. One unfortunate perversity seems to have attended her all her life, the effect, perhaps, of the self-will indulged in the nunnery: she had a propensity to like those most who cared least for her, and to be indifferent to the hearts she conquered. In the Bastille she made a conquest of a real lover, the sub-lieutenant of the place, a man of the name of Maisonrouge, somewhat blunt in his manner, but of so true an affection for her, that he served her in every possible way, at the risk of his office; procured her interviews, even at the expense of his peace, with the man she preferred; in short, to use her own words, evinced for her "attention without ceasing, complaisance without reserve, a perpetual tenderness without self-love, a

greater desire of contenting her for his own sake than of being agreeable to her for his." The prison incidents (too long to repeat here) with which this excellent man is mixed up, throw an air of touching romance on this part of Mademoiselle de Launay's biography; but he got nothing by his devotion. When the Chevalier de Menil gave her up, she had "some thoughts," she tells us, "of rewarding poor Maison-rouge's faithful attachment;" but they were "disconcerted by his death." "A lingering illness, with which he was seized soon after our separation, obliged him to go into his native province for the benefit of the air, and to drink the water, but there he died; I lamented him infinitely more than I had been able to value him."

This phrase, "some thoughts," is affecting on its very air. The poor sub-lieutenant, with his want of cultivation, did not suit the accomplished "Abigail" of the Duchesse du Maine, and yet she found reason to regret him. It is difficult to know whether to regard our heroine's subsequent accounts of her husband-hunting (for such it plainly was) with more astonishment at its self-abasement, or admiration of its candour: pity will help the latter feeling to predominate. Mademoiselle de Launay, her friends, and the Duchesse du Maine herself, were all on the look-out for a husband for her,—the lady and her friends very sincerely, the Duchess with great earnestness, till the project was likely to be realized, and then, like a proper tyrant, she always turned against it. The first lover that presented himself, or rather that was found out for her (and this by her old acquaintance, the Duchesse de la Forté, who had got a liking to her again from her imprisonment, and was as lively as ever), was the celebrated Dacier, who had just been deprived of his more celebrated wife.

"In returning from Versailles yesterday," says the Duchess, "I met poor Dacier, at the Marshal de Villeroy's; it really grieves one to see him. He declared to us, that his grief was the same as at the very first day, and it would soon or late be his death. 'Well,' said I, 'there is still one way to relieve you; you must marry again.' 'Bless me!' cried he, 'where shall I find a woman to replace her whom I have lost?' 'Mademoiselle de Launay,' answered I. He appeared quite struck, and, after some pause, replied,—'She is the only one in the world with whom I could live, and who would not injure the memory of Madame Dacier.' The Marshal and I seeing him stagger, jointly pushed the overture, and have entirely brought him to listen to it. *He shall marry you.* He is a famous man, and has money, and you will succeed an illustrious woman; there will be honour and advantage too in this match." This I

was well convinced of, and expressed *great acknowledgment of the care which she was still pleased to take of a provision for me.* She assured me that she would follow the *affair close*, and bring it to a good issue. However, other circumstances fell out, and the Duchess went a journey into the country, where diversion superseded her intention. *I mentioned it to Monsieur de Valincourt*, who approved of it, and took more connected measures *for bringing it about.* He was intimate with Monsieur Dacier from a similarity of talents and dispositions, and easily *got out of him* what the Duchesse de la Ferté had said. M. Dacier owned that the motion, though but slightly thrown, had made a strong impression on him, and that ever since his thoughts had been taken up with the means of rendering his views acceptable to me. Monsieur de Valincourt undertook to break the affair to me, and to let him know my inclinations."

Dacier was old, and really sorrowful for the loss of his wife, who, in every respect, suited him; but he had enough of the *vieux garçon* in his composition to give his wish for consolation a loving turn, and nothing remained to complete the affair but the consent of the Duchesse du Maine, who refused it. She had forbidden her attendant to take any step for bringing back the Chevalier de Menil, *but now was for revising that connexion.* Mademoiselle de Launay, in spite of her wish to get free, was not in any hurry to obtain her liberty by means of the old scholar, notwithstanding his vivacity. She says, with great naïveté (which is heightened by a bad translation), that she had once a conversation with him, in which he "showed such an eagerness as made her draw back," and that she then felt the "*inconvenience*" of a husband who has such a degree of fondness "as one cannot bring one's self to." From this dilemma she was relieved, not without lamentations for the lost opportunity of procuring her freedom, by the death of poor Dacier; *and then the Duchesse du Maine expressed a provoking regret that she had missed a settlement.*

The next person to be conquered into matrimony was a Chevalier de G—, an arrogant sort of gentleman, whose temper was "so dry and unequal, that his very virtues were scarcely supportable;" yet he had made some "notable conquests," and poor Mademoiselle de Launay counted him a man of "probity," and "made *some advances* to him," which were not taken amiss. The reciprocity, however, was no doubtful, that the lady thought to bring the question to issue by threatening to go into a convent. The gallant Chevalier was not frightened, and the matter came to nothing. Among other offers, was that of a gentleman whose affairs were in such confusion, that the lady could not induce herself to enter a lab-

yrinth from which there was no outlet. "A kind of country gentleman" then took it into his head, that a person at court, and in favour with a princess, might make his fortune, and, in consequence, he offered to marry her; but he could not make out a decent prospect from his "accounts;" and so this new "affair" miscarried. Then came "a man of middling rank, but rich, living at Paris very retired, and wanting a discreet wife to keep him company, but no questions were to be asked," and Mademoiselle de Launay wisely abstained from the wish of marrying a knave or a Blue-Beard. Then followed a gentleman about fifty, with a pretty estate in the country, who wished to complete it with a fair companion and a little more money (for at this part of her book, Mademoiselle de Launay tells us that her friends "had left her some marks of their affection"). The gentleman, however, would allow of no connexions but his own, and the lady would not enter into engagements which she knew the Duchess would not approve.

At length comes the important, the final man, and how does her Serene Highness think proper to introduce the lady to him? Under what flattering terms? Behold a specimen of royal consideration for feelings. The Duchess had commissioned an officer's lady to look out among the Swiss Guards, commanded by her husband, for "*one who would marry a woman without birth, youth, beauty, or fortune*,"—a discovery, says the authoress, "which the thirteen cantons put together could scarcely afford, so that the good gentlewoman was a long time about it." If this is not the very excess of the candour of long-suffering, never did it exist. At length, however, the gentleman is found; he was a Monsieur de Stahl, a man of birth, middle-aged, and of an honest countenance, living with his two daughters in a neat, little country-house, with a dairy to it.

While the Swiss officer's lady was giving this and other accounts of him, "her discourse" (says the fair auto-biographer) "presented to my mind an image of natural life, the contrast of which with mine gave a relief to every object, and filled me with admiration of its mind and simple beauties. At that time I was on a milk diet, and nothing seemed to me so satisfactory as to have cows of one's own." Then follows one of those affecting acknowledgments, of which this curious book is full:—"The pride of mankind carefully hides from them the low circumstances which have contributed to determine them on the most important occasions, and it is only an exact and difficult retrospect which can find them out. Now, behold me quite in love with the new kind of life which I propose to lead."

The stipulations on the part of Monsieur de Stahl were, first, that being a lieutenant

in the Swiss Guards, and having a captain whose apoplectic tendencies had hindered him from performing his duties, he should succeed to his post when the apoplexy had finally settled him; and second, that having acted as captain meanwhile, he should at once receive the title of commandant.—After receiving this favour as a pledge of the other, he was willing to marry the lady. "Some difficulties" took place; the lady herself became unwilling as the time approached; and the Duchess du Maine played fast and loose till the very last, respecting the continuance of her connexion with her, alternately insisting upon it, and giving it up with true royal perversity. Even when the match had at length taken place, her Serene Highness, though she had declared that she would interfere with her duties no longer, layed her veto in the most peremptory manner upon her passing a particular week with her husband, who was going on a campaign, though both husband and wife "passionately desired it." That was the reason for the veto. "You will a thing, do you? Then my will shall prove itself stronger than yours." This is the whole substance and secret of all such perplexities—of millions of wretched homes.

Mons. de Stahl turned out to be the honest man his wife had taken him for: not very remarkable for his wit, not a very chatty companion; but a man of good plain understanding and an excellent temper. It is difficult to say which of the two had the worst or the best of the bargain; for if the gentleman wanted conversation for the lady, there is reason to suspect that a life of disappointments had soured her temper beyond redemption. One event however occurred which may have sweetened the last dregs. A friend of her's died, and left her her diamond-ring, and "a pretty country-house which had been her delight."

There is one thing, which must not be omitted in favour of the Duchesse du Maine, especially as it is the only one of the kind. In spite of her love of pleasure and dissipation, and her long indulgence in it, she attended her husband, through a painful illness, with the greatest and kindest assiduity. But, it is added, that his death deprived her of a husband, "over whom she had an invincible ascendancy, from which she used to draw the greatest advantages." However, the disposition could not have been radically bad which, for any purpose, could treat such a husband so well. A nature thoroughly deficient in well-disciplined feelings and good sense, tyrannizes over its victims on all occasions, and contrives to keep in a perpetual state of distress even those whom it professes to love.

To show how a piece of nature lays hold of us,—I had not read the *Memoirs of Madame de Stahl* since I was a youth, and

the only thing that I particularly remembered in it was the circumstance related in the following passage :—

"I met with a very joyful reception at my convent, where I lived, as usual, with my select friend Mons. Brunel, Mademoiselle d'Epinay, and Mons. de Rey, who still showed a great regard for me ; yet, from two or three slight circumstances, I discerned some decrease in his sentiments. I often used to visit Mademoiselle d'Epinay, where he seldom failed of being. As they lived very near the convent, I generally walked home and he accompanied me. In the way was a large square, and in the beginning of our acquaintance he constantly kept along the sides of it, whereas he now crossed it ; whence I concluded his love to be diminished, at least the whole difference of the diagonal to the two sides of the square."

The sincerity which is the great charm of this book, (and by which we are to understand a real love of truth, apart from the considerations of egotism, and not that ill-natured delight in *speaking one's mind*, as some people call it, which implies a wish to mortify, and a mind very unfit to be spoken,) was doubtless the great attraction in the character of the authoress, and what kept her young so long, and procured her the regard of Chaulieu in his old age. There is no virtue which it is so reviving to a man of the world to meet with, or which so enables him to believe in the existence of something good, when it has failed him in other quarters. The gallant Lord Peterborough, in his old age, fell in love with the Countess of Suffolk, for no other reason ; and his love was reasonable on that account, old as he was.

SKETCHES OF PARIS.

No. I.

A MINISTER'S SALON.

Paris, January 30, 1833.

You beg me to tell you something of Paris. Here are some leaves from my scrap-book.

I paid a visit this evening to Messrs. Guizot, Thiers, D'Argout, Soult. It is rather ridiculous in most cases,—the contrast between the splendid hotel of the minister, and the manners simple and somewhat rustic of the man. You see two parts of two different states of society badly joined together ; and of the many instances of the strife between the manners and the ideas of the epoch. There is not a chair on which a republican sits that does not speak of the luxury of Louis XV. These ministerial *soirées* are attended by diplomats and deputies, each of whom go more or less to see or be seen

by the other. It is the same troop which rushes from *salon* to *salon*, and seems never to have a word to say to its master. Now and then the great man is taken apart—he smiles and bows—it is a solicitor who has asked for a place, and is not much the nearer to it for having obtained a promise. In this country, where the fortunes are small, and the patronage excessive, people consider a place as we do the heritage of a relation, certain to come to us some day or other, sooner or later ; they count upon it, live upon it, and get credit upon their chance of it from their friends and relations.

The persons for whom these days of reception are really wanted are the provincials, who would honestly imagine that no government existed, if they did not see it, and talk to it, and court it. The bow and the smile they receive is to them the *loi vivante*, and they enter the court-yard of the president of the council with the same feeling of security and satisfaction that they take up the code of the constitution.

It is this which sustains those princely *salons* in the monarchy of republican institutions. Every thing here is perishable and daily perishing. Legislation, a very Proteus, may array itself in its various forms, and be called by its various names of monarchy, legitimate or illegitimate, republic, communal or directorial ; but as long as the morals and manners of the people change but little, there will, in fact, be little difference in the government : nor will it be easy to associate those desires of luxury and elegance in which the ancient aristocracy still exercises its influence with that equality which is called for by the popular voice of the present day. The passion for equality which proceeds, not from any feeling of individual greatness and independence, but from a restless jealousy for every one placed a step above ourselves, is a hateful passion—it is the passion which pervades the society of France, and gives its people their alternate tone and servility—it is the passion which permits no public man to enjoy an honest reputation, and which fills the *salons* of every man in power, whatever his dishonesty may be, with hosts of flatterers and solicitors.

The most superficial observer of what is passing here will see that the habits are pushing to a despotism, the ideas to a republic.

That government will alone be stable which unites the two : a monarchy with republican institutions did this in name, and the people at once sympathized with the name ; but a monarchy with republican institutions is an impossible monster, and the next attempt very probably will be at a republic, in the spirit and with the institutions of a monarchy.

Mons. Dupin, when he stated the simple

fact that, in 1827, the purchase of furniture, plate, and jewellery was increasing by twenty millions of francs a year, gave us a sounder basis for any political theory we may choose to build here, than we shall find in the rhapsodies of Mons. Chateaubriand, or the declamations of Mons. Mauguin.

As to the present Ministers themselves, their history is to be read in the *Gazette* or the *Debats*, and there is, perhaps, as much truth spoken of them in one as in the other. It matters less that the Duc de Broglie is a doctrinaire, or that M. Guizot was a royalist, or that Marshal Soult is a hypocrite, or that D'Argout is a turncoat, or that M. Thiers is a thief, than that of the most capable men in France there is not one who is not accused of being *sans principes*, save him who is ridiculed *pour en avoir trop*. Personally, there is little to say of them, except that they pretty well realize the idea one might have formed.

Mons. Guizot, a little, dark man, with a mild, pedagogic manner, *physiquement* as well as *moralement épuisé*, has the air, in opening his *salon*, of a schoolmaster who is just receiving after the holidays. He is, however, gracious and *spirituel* in his conversation, and gives one decidedly the idea of a man of merit, though one does not feel so sure that he is an able minister.

Mons. D'Argout I had no opportunity of speaking with. His tall, gaunt figure is unprepossessing; but his *salon*, and that of Soult, were filled with far better company than I found at Thiers' or Guizot's. Soult himself is now a very old man, cold and uncourtly in his address, and yet with a certain air of the Grand Seigneur, which he had not five years ago, and which may be compared with Peel's manner in the House of Commons, and comes from the same feeling, viz., that he is superior to all around him.

Thiers I did not speak to. I was disappointed in his countenance. It was less imaginative than I had expected; and the slyish leer in the eye was rather that of a man who was cheating at cards than playing with men.

NO. II.

THE YOUNG ROYALISTS.

The young M. de —, who was lately compromised in the affair of La Vendée, is one of the best specimens of a young and liberal royalist of the school of Chateaubriand and Martignac.

Never seen at the Tuileries during the prosperity of Charles the Tenth, immediately on arriving from Algiers he hurried to Lulworth; and disdaining, as he says, to control a sentiment which he thinks chivalrous and noble, by any prudential calculations, he has ever since been ready for any enterprise, however desperate, which the

misguided family at Holyrood have felt inclined to sanction. He will neither permit himself, nor any one else, to reason with him on this subject. "If the mob had been reasonable," he says, "they would never have ventured with an army of hackney-coaches to overthrow the ancient dynasty at Rambouillet."

One sees in this young man, more strongly than in any instance I ever met with, how much depends on circumstances; the benumbing, soporific effect of prosperity, and the advantages which, in the development of intellect and character, adversity has at least the merit to bestow.

Four years ago, — was a French dandy, occupied with nothing but his horses, his tilbury, his neckcloths, his waistcoats, and pantaloons. Hurrying from amusement to amusement, the only thought that ever came across him at times was, that he—bored. With an easy income, and one of the most illustrious names in France (at that time a fortune,) handsome, graceful, and just married to a wife in every way accomplished, the grand-daughter of the Duc de C—, and an heiress, he had everything to be desired; and yet, with all these advantages, there is no comparison in the measure of respect which he received from those who knew him then, and that which is paid him by those who know him now.

The life he leads, and has led, is curious, as a specimen of that pursued by many in the same situation.

For the last two years he has spent eight months of each year in a lonely chateau in the country, with his thoughts and books. He has dismissed even the appearance of pleasure—horses, equipage, &c. In Paris he goes no where, but to the club in the Rue de Grammont. At home he never receives visitors, and is only to be found by one or two friends, whom he invites to a dinner which is nowise changed on their account. If he has any society, it is that of artists and men of letters, who, he feels by a certain instinct, will throw a kind of dignity and poesy about his position. Such, too, is in general the society of that class of royalists to which he belongs; partly because the head of their party inspires a respect for his own distinction, and partly because there is in their feelings and politics a hazardous situation,—a something noble, imaginative, and dangerous, which seeks for thoughts and sympathies higher than those of the ordinary herd.

With a feeling that he should be disgraced by the *mauvaise compagnie* of the court, he begged me to get him introduced to the *soirées* of a bookseller. — has a small house in the Rue Blanche; with two suites of apartments, one below for reception, consisting of an entrance-hall, two *salons*, and a *salle à manger*—one above in which

he usually lives. The entrance-hall opens into a *salon*, on one side of which are Madame ———'s bed-room and cabinet, on the other his study and bed-room. The nursery and servants' rooms are on the second story. The whole house is furnished with that nice tact, almost exclusively aristocratic, which escapes being ostentatious, without falling into the still more vulgar affectation of simplicity. One of the *salons* below is in chintz, the other in the old damask silk of Louis the XIV.; and the antique pieces of family porcelain, and the rich chairs of silver brocade, have each a kind of family history attached to it, which makes their finery venerable. His own cabinet or study up stairs is *à la comfortable*—large and lounging chairs, plain mahogany bookcases, a commodious bureau or secretaire—on the side of the wall opposite the chimney-piece are suspended a variety of arms of curious and foreign workmanship, not bought in a broker's, but obtained each of them under some peculiar and interesting circumstance. A Bedouin's knife, a trophy of the battle of Algiers, a Turkish sabre or a Greek ataghan, a remembrance of the expedition to the Morea, a Spanish dagger, wrested from the hands of an assassin in the romantic Cadiz. These, and two or three small pictures and sketches by the best modern masters, give to this little apartment a classic and picturesque appearance. With this family, as with all those of the same opinion, the present king is held in a kind of abhorrence.

The violence of parties, too, is carried to a much greater extent than we, even during the days of the reform-bill, have been accustomed to. Mons. de ——— sees none of his wife's relations. Madame, who shares her husband's opinions, speaks of everybody as *bien* or *mal pensant*. There is a portrait of Henry the Fifth, above and below, and the black man with whom the children are frightened is Louis Philippe.

I was sitting alone with ———, his wife having left us after dinner to go to the opera, when the door opened quickly, and she entered with a flushed countenance and an agitation difficult to describe. "Madame est prise!" were the first words she uttered; and if his father's death had been announced to him, ———'s face could hardly have undergone a more sudden or terrible alteration. "Comment le savez vous," said he, as if desirous to doubt the fact. "Ce'st vrai, ce'st bien vrai: elle est prise—tout le monde l'a su à l'opera—et Mons. de Gerardin en est sorti toute suite. D'ailleurs 'La Nouvelliste' (a ministerial evening journal), l'a dit." ——— and I immediately went to the club. The capture of Madame de B. was in the "Nouvelliste;" and ——— left me to visit some friend in the Faubourg St. Germain. To this family loyalty historically belongs.

If it is for any one, it is for the descendants of James II. to show respect for the misfortunes of Charles X.; and let us not disguise the fact, that there is in these days of calculating egotism, something in the noble devotion to any political principle, be it royalism, or republicanism, which makes us respect even those whose theories are impracticable, or those whose superstition is gone by.

But we must not confound opinions; among that class of royalists to which M. de ——— belongs, the principle of hereditary succession, though accompanied by a personal respect and affection for the prince, is by no means attached to the idea of his possessing any divine right to the throne of his fathers. Henry V. is considered as a guarantee of stability and durability; as a link between the past and the present—as a decoration and an illustration to that system in which the name of a monarchy is preserved; it would be as absurd to accuse M. de Chateaubriand of wishing to restore the system of Louis XIV., as it would be to reproach M. Mauguin with the desire of consecrating the reign of Reason, and repeating the frenzied crimes of Robespierre. "Il n'y a plus d'oriflamme ni de Chevaliers bardés de fer et prêts à suivre la panache blanche," &c. &c.

NO. III.

A DUCHESS OF THE EMPIRE.

One of the singularities of the present state of society here, is a bookseller introducing me to a Duchess of the Empire, who lives in a convent. You mount a small staircase to the right. The two rooms that were furnished—the larger one is waiting a second edition of the memoirs perhaps—are pretty, but small.

About twenty persons were crowded in there; and the company was of a mosaic description, that corresponded with the combination which had brought my introducer and my hostess into acquaintanceship.

Here was a general of Napoleon—there a member of the Institut—an antique beauty of the Directory, flirting with a young poet—and a dandy of the day (with a cravat almost as high and as stiff as I remember, in 1817, the sixth form rejoiced in at Harrow,) in earnest *coquetterie* with a *femme de lettres*, already more immortal than her works. My patron, who, in the circle before us, found himself the life, and soul, and bread, and soup, and fame, and glory, of at least a dozen who wrote works which they did not sign, or signed works which they did not write, held up his head and regulated his regards with all the magnanimity of a Mæcenas; and was, what the Duke de Choiseul would have been in a similar circle seventy years ago. *La librairie est une des aristocraties de*

l'époque, and a bookseller, of talent and reputation, is, in point of power and consequence, far above a peer of France.

Madame Junot herself is a little woman, with a stature indecisive between the fat and the *en bon point*. Her face could never have been pretty or beautiful, but piquant, original, and voluptuous. Her eyes are dark and full of fire, and her bosom, though she must be between fifty and sixty, firm and smooth as satin. So that in spite of wrinkles, rouge, and a certain air of age about the mouth, one can understand, that two years ago M. Balzac was her lover, and that, at the present moment, there are many with similar pretensions.

She has a *ton bref* and *tant soit peu brutal*, which has as much of the *vivandière* as the *marchale* in it; but she is *spirituelle*, quick, and full of that kind of passion to speak, which puts a conversation at once *en train*.

NO. IV.

THE COURTIER OF THE OLD REGIME.

I dined with M. de — and a gentleman, the Marquis de —, *homme à la mode* in the reign of Louis XVI., and who had seen Louis XV. sup with Mde. Dubarri. "What do you think of society now and society then, Marquis?"—"For society to those who lived when I did, there is no society now. How can you expect there should be any, when here was my young friend who was going to cut my throat during dinner, because we don't happen to have the same political opinions? When I was a young man, Sir, the only thought and occupation of every one was, 'How shall we most amuse ourselves?' All the wit and all the talent which is now working itself out in a variety of channels was then concentrated in creating pleasure." "But the shopkeepers, they were a different race?" "O yes, they lived frugally and laid by their money, not with the idea of becoming gentlemen themselves, but with the hope and expectation that their great-grand-children might become so.—People rose gradually;—the son of a shopkeeper purchased a charge; his son purchased one higher;—by degrees the family rose to the dignities of the magistrature and the parliament; and thus it arrived there prepared for a situation which had gradually approached.

"The common people had less desires, and were consequently more happy in their poverty, and more virtuous, being less exposed to temptation. This reminded me of the old lady from Bretagne whom I met the other day, 'And how are the peasantry in your country?'—'Oh! Monsieur,' said she, 'naivement, ils sont les meilleurs gens du monde, car ils sont si ignorans;' and for luxury and comfort and all that sort of thing, M. le Marquis? There was a greater kind of

luxury,—more servants, more plate, more horses,—but the table-cloth was not so fine and so clean,—the rooms were not so well lighted,—all the little articles of luxury were not so much attended to. But when you talk of luxury you must remember that one class of persons, the most luxurious, is entirely extinct. The courtesan exists no more than the mammoth. In my time she kept her carriage,—had her beautiful apartments or her *petite maison*,—gave her *soirées*, which were more difficult to get to than those of the queen. Everything about her breathed that *volupté* and that desire to which she devoted herself." "And how did she support her establishment?" "Oh, she lived either with a gambler or a Grand Seigneur. I remember your grandfather, Jaques, saying, when he had lost all his fortune, 'au moins puis-je garder Julie et un cabriolet!' The Prince de Soubise had seven *figurantes* who had each their night. He allowed them lovers, but they were obliged to be of the *noblesse*. I remember the Count de Segur was very much in love with Mdlle. Adèle. 'Ah, Prince,' said some one to him, 'if you knew the pain every Tuesday that you give to the poor Segur. Mais qu'a-t-il donc? Il aime Mdlle. Adèle. Quels enfans! pourquoi ne me l'ont-ils pas dit? Elle ne viendra donc plus que jusque cela soit passé;—cela passera.'"

NO. V.

THE BOOKSELLERS.

I went to M. —, publisher and bookseller. Janin was there, the author of the "Ane Morte, Barnave," &c., a little dark man with a brilliant olive complexion, and an Italian countenance; vulgar, very gesticulatory, and handsome if he had not a squint. He lives with Mdlle. Georges, and makes about 2000 napoleons a-year. He is accused of having no principles,—of writing in every newspaper, 'Jeste milieu,'—royalist and republican. Of course, he did nothing but talk of the want of principle in France; and I saw, as he continued to talk, that he did not exactly know what principle was. I observed this to my next neighbour. "You are right," said he, "Janin wants a conscience, poor fellow; it is not his fault, he was born without one, just as another man may be born without an arm or a leg."

It is this which shocks one in the present state of France,—not the predominating influence of talent, which indeed is the only influence; but that talent, without honour or principle, should possess this influence. It is, in fact, stripping the empire of genius of all its advantages,—its poesy,—its beauty,—its chivalry. It is those advantages for which we wish and feel an interest in the triumph of intellect, because we believe that it will bring to the affairs of the world the

greatness and the sublimity which can only be learnt in the closet,—that it will invest with poesy and grandeur the things which have hitherto been treated by vulgar minds as incompatible with such poesy and such grandeur.

But if the talent which succeeds is to be the talent of a Crispin or a Scapin,—if the cunning and intrigue of the *parvenu* is to take the place of the insolence and prerogatives of the ancient nobility;—if France is to be governed, and the world is to be governed, by men who, if they were not ministers and men of letters, would be swindlers at the Palais Royal; swindlers with loaded dice; packers and shufflers of cards,—we have retrograded instead of advanced, and we shall be obliged to go back to something worse than we started from in order to arrive at better things.

Mr. F——'s apartments are up one pair of stairs only; but that pair is a dirty and ill-lighted one. His lodging, too, is small; three little rooms,—prettily furnished,—and with that kind of taste which we should call feminine in England, and which shows in its prevalence that the men live much more with the women here than with us. M. F——, however, complains of his lodging as not fine enough. He is going to get another;—"200 or 300 francs, more or less, for a *soirée*." "What is that to me?" said he,—and this is the genius of the present race of young men engaged in commerce and affairs.

You find the taste and the manners of the aristocracy have been divided in the same manner as the fortunes.

The antique nobility is not destroyed, it has only been cut up into pieces. Society is the Hôtel de Montmorency divided out into apartments; and, of one Grand Seigneur, time has made an infinity of little ones.

THE HERMIT OF THE RUE DE LA PAIX.

THE VEILED PICTURE.

A TALE OF THE FINE ARTS.

— the good die first,
But those whose hearts are dry in summer dust
Burn to the sockets.—*Wardsworth.*

SOME time since, at one of the artists' conversazioni which are held in London, I recognized an individual whom I had previously known at Rome. He was considered, in that metropolis of the arts, a young man of first-rate genius; and certainly those of his productions which had come before my notice, I thought fully entitled him to lay claim to so exalted a character. We became intimate, and were much in each other's society. I found, as I listened to his observations on his favourite study,

which he idolized with an exalted enthusiasm, that, to the exquisite taste and mature judgment he evinced on every subject connected with art, he joined a highly poetical imagination, and a mind well stored with the treasures of classical literature. When I left Italy we parted with mutual regret, and I proceeded on my travels, leaving him to continue his studies with every probability of his soon becoming famous. Since then I had not heard from him, although I was frequently an ear-witness of his praises: the joy, therefore, with which we met may easily be imagined.

I observed a strange alteration in his person and features. When I left him he possessed a handsome athletic form, eyes flashing with animation, and a countenance whereon the hues of health and manly beauty had been mellowed beneath the influence of a southern sun. He now appeared thin and pale, a shadow of deep melancholy enshrouded his features; and his gaze, which used to make all glad on which it fell, forced the spectator to participate in the wretchedness it expressed: he was evidently suffering from illness.

"Good God! Arthur," I exclaimed, as I approached him, "what has caused this fearful change? Have you been ill?"

He seemed pleased at meeting me, but did not answer my question. I repeated it, and with a forced laugh he answered me that he was very well, laying an emphasis on the two last words. He then changed the subject, and we talked of old times and old adventures; our troubles after Raffaels and Salvators among monasteries and palaces; and our dangers in search of the picturesque among mountains and brigands. He entered into the conversation, but he had lost all that sparkling vivacity which had always made him so agreeable a companion. He smiled occasionally, when I brought to his recollection any odd incident which had previously given us food for many hours' laughter; but the smile was so faint, that it only showed more vividly the suffering it attempted to conceal. It was quite painful to me to observe the change which had taken place, and my heart ached as I listened to his broken voice.

I received the most pressing invitations to visit him frequently, of which, on the first opportunity, I gladly availed myself; for all my sympathies were awakened for his appearance, and I thought if I could find out the cause of the alteration, I might possibly discover some remedy which would restore him to the health and happiness he had previously enjoyed. On my first visit he showed me several of his productions. Many of them were grand, some remarkably beautiful, and all gave signs of extraordinary genius. The subjects were mostly historical; but there were some landscapes and imagi-

native compositions, and a few portraits; they possessed a richness of colour, and a correctness of drawing, rarely equalled in modern painting. His figures were designed in a masterly style—his females particularly; they were worthy of the highest praise, and possessed a character of intellectual beauty which made one feel disposed to worship them as beings of a superior order. One painting only he neglected to show me; it was in his *studio*, carefully veiled with a green curtain. I thought it at first rather strange that he should pass it unnoticed; but imagining it to be unfinished, I made no remark upon the subject.

I afterwards visited him frequently. The only real pleasure he seemed to enjoy was, when I sat by his easel while he was busily employed, and read to him the best classic authors; but his health did not improve. He seemed declining rapidly, and I began to fear he was labouring under the effects of some malady which was secretly undermining his constitution; yet he never complained, and when I asked him if he was ill, he would always reply in the negative. He took but little nourishment, and drank very sparingly of wine. At last he seemed wasting away so rapidly, that I found it impossible any longer to restrain myself from interfering, and determined, at any risk, to get at the knowledge of the hidden mischief, whose effects appeared every day to me becoming more dangerous.

One day after I had been reading Plato to him in the original, to whose philosophy he listened as if his soul was bound up in the words, I laid the book aside, and addressed him in the most kind and persuasive language I could use, while I watched to observe what effect my discourse produced.

"Arthur," said I, "it is evident to me that you have some secret which is ruining your peace of mind, and destroying your health."

I observed that he trembled, and changed colour, but did not speak.

"Pardon me," I continued, "if I am intruding upon your private thoughts. I am influenced by a regard for your welfare, and I cannot retain the sacred name of friend, if I see that you are miserable, and attempt nothing to render you happy."

"Happy!" he exclaimed involuntarily, but with such an expression of anguish as can scarcely be imagined; and then relapsed into silence.

"I knew you," I proceeded, "at one time, when you seemed not to have a care in the world; when your heart was buoyant and your step light. I now find you like one who, in the world, has no occupation—whose soul is oppressed with a multitude of griefs—and whose foot clings to the earth as if the limbs were rooted to the ground. I am certain that some heavy disappointment has fallen upon you, on which your

happiness chiefly depended. I do not desire to participate in your secrets from feelings of idle curiosity; I am actuated by motives of a far higher character; but I must say, that I consider you very wrong in keeping your afflictions to yourself, when there is one beside you who is ever ready to share them, and to offer whatever consolation it is in his power to bestow."

He shook his head mournfully, as if to intimate that the remedy was beyond my aid.

"You ought to be convinced, my dear friend," I continued, "that the encouragement of any secret grief is wrong; there is a selfishness about it; it generates misanthropic feelings; is often followed by consequences of a debasing character to the moral excellence of the human heart; and I must think that mind little influenced by the golden truths of philosophy, that can continue in a practice so contrary to social love and generous fellowship. I know that you will not take offence at anything I can say to you on such an occasion as this, when I can regard nothing but the human wreck which I see before me, and can desire nothing but a speedy return to 'all its original brightness.' You may reply, perhaps, that there is a luxury in the sole enjoyment of grief; but it is one that should not be indulged in. Anything carried to excess is injurious—the feelings and passions of humanity particularly so; they create a delirious poison that runs through the blood, infecting all the channels of vitality, till the heart and soul are deprived of all their social qualities under its withering influence. For what are we endowed with reason, my dear Arthur, but to show how far we are superior to the rest of the creation, and to keep us from acting under the blind impulses of passion? You have allowed your feelings to get the better of your reason, and a morbid sloth has overpowered your better nature. Shake off this incubus—shake it off, I implore you." I observed a slight twitching of the muscles of the face as I concluded; his eyes glistened; he laid hold of one of my hands with a convulsive grasp, and nature, after a short struggle, triumphed. He turned away to conceal the weakness he had evinced, and I returned him a cordial pressure of the hand. I allowed him the full indulgence of his feelings, knowing that their influence would go farther towards producing the state of mind in which I wished to keep him, than all the eloquence of which I was master. At last he broke silence,—

"I had thought," said he, in a voice tremulous with agitation, "that the secret would have gone with me to the grave; but it is for the best, perhaps, that it should be divulged,—therefore I will tell you all."

He seemed as if he was preparing himself for an effort, and then continued—

"In my early youth I became acquainted with a young lady, whose beauty I will not eulogize, because you will soon have an opportunity of judging for yourself. I loved her; we were both young, but I was, by a few years, her senior; and in a short time she returned my affection with all the devotedness of woman's first love. We lived within a short distance of each other. My family had once moved in a sphere of the highest respectability, but misfortunes had humbled them, and they were obliged to find associates in a different community. Her father had amassed a considerable fortune by the most industrious habits, and in his old age continued the same employment with as much perseverance as he had practised in his youth. As long as he saw his family comfortable and his business productive, he cared not how the world went, and never interfered in domestic matters. Her mother was a vulgar and ignorant woman, of a tyrannical disposition, who considered wealth the only sign of respectability: she ruled everywhere. She took care that her children should be educated as well as money could make them, in the hope of their forming alliances that would increase her importance. Laura was the youngest of them all; it was strange that a form and nature of such rare workmanship should have been produced from such materials; but nature loves to disappoint the calculations of philosophers. She had but one brother, who was a few years older than herself; he was the counterpart of his mother in all things, and consequently her idol. It is almost needless to say that I was objected to by them; but this rather strengthened Laura's affection than the contrary, and we met clandestinely, and corresponded through the agency of her servant.

"At a very early age I had given evidence of a talent for painting, and I was educated for that profession. I have already told you that my family had been unfortunate; another reverse of fortune occurred, which obliged them to leave that neighbourhood for ever. At that time, having, I knew, nothing to depend upon but my own exertions, I thought that the world might suspect me of interested motives in retaining the affections of a young girl whose expectations were so far superior to my own; therefore, after a long and painful struggle with my feelings, I came to the determination of discontinuing the connexion rather than throw myself open to such debasing suspicions. I wrote, and resigned all claim to her hand and heart; as from my situation in society I was unable to offer her those advantages which I felt convinced she had a right to expect. Then, in language that can never fade from my memory, she replied—'When you have lost all affection for me, then, dearest Arthur, tell me that you can-

not offer what I have a right to expect; and she who now feels in calling herself only your Laura, will no longer style herself by so enviable a name.' This silenced my scruples, and I resigned myself to the delightful enjoyment of loving and being loved.

"Some envious wretch, like the Evil One, when he beheld the felicity of our first parents, had witnessed our happiness only with a design to mar it,—he told her family of our secret meetings. They were of course very much enraged, took advantage of Laura's absence to break open her writing desk, and there discovered several of my letters. Laura was instantly sent for, overwhelmed with abuse, which she bore with the meekness of an angel, and made to indite a very angry letter to me, the purport of which was to reprove me for my presumption in daring to aspire to an alliance with her family, and to forbid any further correspondence. When I received it, it caused me much anxiety, and I began to believe in the general fickleness of womankind, but the next post brought me a letter from her full of womanly tenderness, and of words—

'Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.'

It cleared up the mystery.

"Although she was watched with the most rigid espionage, and suffered every indignity from the family, because she would not promise to renounce me, for two years we continued to correspond with, and at intervals to meet, each other. She improved in beauty, and I in my profession. I studied long and earnestly for improvement, for I thought that only by attaining eminence I could prove myself worthy of her love. About this time her letters began to be less frequent, and our interviews at longer intervals. Yet in speech and in writing she seemed as kind as ever. At last she told me that our correspondence must be discontinued, as her mother had quarrelled with the faithful servant by whose agency it had been carried on; and as she had been dismissed from her service, no letters of mine could come to her without being discovered; she concluded her letter by saying—'I allow that time does make changes, but it never—never will in my regard for you; and I tell you, dear Arthur, that while I can hear that you still remain firm in your affection to your Laura, no power on earth shall force me to give my hand to another.' Although I could not but regret that the only channel of communication between us was no longer available, these assurances of her unalterable attachment convinced me of her sincerity, and I felt assured that the absence of my letters would make no difference in her regard for me. I placed the most unbounded confidence in her truth."

As he concluded the sentence, Art

linked his arm within mine, and led me before the picture, which I have noticed as the one concealed by a curtain.

"So deeply," he continued, "were her features fixed upon my memory, that wanting to paint a picture from the story of Abelard and Heloise, I made her as a study for the latter, and endeavoured to trace upon the canvass those charms which had made so lasting an impression on my heart. I had then no opportunity of seeing her, but she was ever in my thoughts; therefore, from memory I am indebted for the strong resemblance which the portrait bears to the original. There is no composition with which I have taken so much pains; I lingered over it like a mother over her first-born; I touched, and retouched it, and endeavoured to bestow upon it all the exquisite finish of a Gerard Dow. I have lately closed the painting from view, because it became too painful a mockery for me to bear."

With a trembling hand he drew aside the curtain, and I never beheld anything so lovely as the being before me; the atmosphere seemed to grow bright, as if a burst of sunshine had flashed upon the room. Heloise was designed as rising from a couch, on which she had been reclining, while her lover, kneeling at her feet, had, in the passionate eloquence of verse, declared the eagerness of his love. Her hair was light and of a glossy hue, parted off her fair and open forehead, and rested in luxuriant tresses upon her dazzling throat and swelling breast; her eyes were of that deep rich blue that seem born of Heaven, from their resemblance to the fair clouds which veil it from our sight, and were filled with that deep and earnest expression of womanly tenderness that subdues the heart on which it falls. Beauty seemed to breathe in the swelling outline of her form, and passion appeared to dwell in the melting fondness of her looks. Her dress was in the picturesque costume of the twelfth century, allowing the graceful shape of the limbs to be seen beneath its folds. The room was decorated with tapestry, on which were delineated subjects from scriptural history, and the rich light which fell upon the eloquent features of Heloise came mellowed through a window of painted glass, whereon a virgin and child were drawn in clear and fadeless colours.

I looked upon the painting with unconcealed rapture: it was a master-piece. It appeared to possess all the flowing richness of colour which belongs to the Italian school, united with the exquisite finish of the Flemish painters. I think I should have gazed at it till nightfall, entranced in admiration, had I not been started by a heavy sigh. I hastily let fall the curtain, and turned round; my friend had sunk into

a seat; his face was buried in his hands, and his attenuated frame shook with violent convulsions.

"Arthur!" said I, taking his thin hand in mine, "what ails you?"

"Nothing," he replied, faintly, catching his breath at intervals, as if something impeded his respiration, "nothing—nothing—my friend; 'tis a slight attack to which I am sometimes subject, but it will soon be over; there—there—I am better now—I am much better—I will go on with my narrative."

"No, no, Arthur," I exclaimed, observing the agitation he was endeavouring to control, "you can continue it at some other time."

"Perhaps not, my friend—perhaps not," he replied; "I dare not trifle with time." He made a violent effort to conquer his weakness, and then, with assumed composure, continued. "Soon afterwards my productions attracted the attention of a certain nobleman, well known for the liberality with which he patronizes the fine arts, and he was so pleased with my compositions, that, after a short acquaintance, he offered, at his own expense, to send me to Italy to pursue my studies. This was a temptation I could not resist, and I soon accepted his generous offer. Although I sought frequently, I found no opportunity of having an interview with Laura before I left England; but when I arrived in Rome I determined to confine myself to one object, that of rising in my profession, for the sole purpose of becoming worthy of her affection. The name of my noble patron was a passport to every *palazzo* in Rome, and I quickly availed myself of its influence. I studied the glorious creations of the antique till I felt imbued with the spirit of their beauty, and the immortal designs of the great painters I had before my eyes, till I became familiar with every excellence they possessed. There I found the best living models to draw from—women as lovely as the Madonnas of Raffaele, and men as finely shaped as the Deities of Canova.

"Three years I remained in Italy, seeking for eminence, and in some degree—in a degree which gave me a proud and happy consciousness of having succeeded in my endeavours—I obtained it. Yet Laura was never absent from my remembrance. I fed my heart with hopes of creating a name and fortune worthy her acceptance. I yearned for distinction, only for her sake. I was happy with the world and with all around me. I had obtained honours and rewards above my expectations, and I looked forward to the possession of Laura as the crowning gift which would give a value to the rest. She was present with me at all times, and in all places, and shed a line of beauty and excellence over all I did. If I

wanted to design any figure possessing extraordinary grace, I thought of her, and creations of more than earth-born loveliness rose upon the canvass. It was her to whom I looked for inspiration; and all bright thoughts and glorious imaginings were centered in her remembrance. Visions of beauty thronged upon my mind, freshly bathed in the sunshine of her delicious smiles, or newly glorified by the soft brilliance of her enamoured eyes.

"The time drew near for my return to England, and I busied myself, during my voyage home, with delightful anticipations of my coming felicity. I thought of the joy with which she would welcome me after so long a separation, and seemed to behold the lustre of her dove-like eyes dwelling fondly on my own. I hailed the white cliffs of Dover, shining through the mist, for bringing me nearer to her presence. My fame had travelled before me; and I discovered, when I landed, that I was in as high estimation among my fellow-countrymen, as had followed my efforts in Italy. At the first opportunity I made inquiries for Laura and her family. I found that her father had died during my absence, leaving an immense fortune to be divided amongst his widow and children, who, with the exception of the son, had retired into the country. It was some time before I found out her residence, and when it was discovered, I had still greater difficulty in seeing her. At last I met her by accident in town. She appeared glad to see me, pressed my hand with ecstasy, and looked up into my face with all her usual tenderness; yet, afterwards, she blushed, hung down her head in silence, and seemed fearful of being seen in my company. I would not leave her till she had given me permission to write to her, and had received her promise to answer me. I was too much wrapped up in the happiness I felt in her society, short as the period was in which we were together, to observe, at the time, those signs of estrangement, which afterwards came before my memory with all the bitterness of disappointment. My friend—it was the last time me met!"

In the few last sentences his voice faltered, and at the conclusion it was so broken as to be scarcely audible; but, with a supernatural energy, he struggled with his feelings, and, in a few minutes, resumed his narrative with apparent composure.

"I wrote,"—he continued—"yes, I wrote to her; I told her how long I had loved her—how faithful had been my affection, and that my attachment could only cease with my existence. That to me all the glory I had obtained was worthless, unless she for whom only it was sought made it valuable by sharing it with me; and I implored her, by all her gentle endearments, and by all

the happy moments we had passed in each other's society, to assure me, at once, either of the certainty of my happiness, or of my misery. I waited long and anxiously for an answer. When any suspicion entered my mind of her inconstancy, I thought of all she had endured for my sake. I recalled to mind the letter she had written to me from the country, where she had been sent by her friends for the purpose of preventing any communication between us, in which she stated that the persecutions of her relations had become quite insupportable, and the waters of a lake, round which she was in the habit of walking, looked so clear, so tranquil, and so beautiful, that she had been tempted to put an end to her misery and her existence at once; but that the thoughts of possessing my love held her back, and she felt that she could not give up my affection, even to possess peace, and happiness, and heaven. Yes, I thought of these things, and my heart smote me for suspecting her of deceit. I waited without a murmur; laid the fault of the delay on a variety of different causes, and felt assured of my coming happiness. My friend! imagine my feelings when I received this letter."

With a trembling hand he gave me a note which appeared much crumpled, and felt damp to the touch; it was dated more than three months back, and I read as follows:—

"You have, perhaps, before this, accused me of neglect for not having answered your note before, but I have been unable to do so. Your letter was what might have been expected from you—noble and disinterested. I am grateful for your kind affection for me, though I can never repay it as you merit. Forget me, Arthur—I ask you to forget me; I am still your friend, and shall never cease to be so, but you will meet with those more likely to make you happy: you can then remember me as the friend of your adversity, and as one who would never have forsaken you in the day of trouble.

"Your sincere well wisher,
"LAURA."

I was wondering, within myself, at the extraordinary fickleness of this girl, when my friend, with more composure than I could have expected from him, proceeded:—

"When I had perused that letter," he continued, "its meaning came with such a sudden shock upon my brain, as to derange, at once, every faculty it possessed; I was sensible only of a sudden and intense pain about the region of the heart. The rest I heard from my attendants; they were alarmed by hearing a noise in my room; they rushed in, and found me extended on the floor. For several months I was delirious; my life was despaired of; but I recovered to the state in which you now see me, to linger by a painful and declining death.

What are to me fame, and name, and honour, and glory, now she for whom I sought them requires them not? What are to me the riches of the world, now her for whom I struggled to obtain them refuses to share them with me? I have no occupation—I have no incentive to occupation. The world holds out to me no prize worth struggling for, and the stimulus of earthly passions has no power over me. I am wasting away, gradually, but surely; all the functions of the body have lost their energy, though the soul still lives in the immortality of its youth. 'Tis hard, as Homer says, *ἀμφὶ γυναικὶ πάσχειν* but in a short time it will be over, and I shall be at peace with her and with all mankind."

I went home in a most melancholy state of mind from hearing my friend's eventful history. The next morning I called upon him at an early hour. I had left him tranquil and resigned; indeed I felt surprised and delighted at his composure. When I was taking my leave, he pressed my hand with more than his usual kindness of manner, while the tears were tracing their way along his haggard cheeks. I knocked at the door as I recalled these things to my mind; the servant opened it; his look alarmed me; I rushed up stairs into my friend's bed-room, and there I beheld the unhappy man extended lifeless on his bed! On the table, near him, lay a small bottle, which had contained poison of the deadliest nature. I saw how bitterly I had been deceived by his composure of the previous evening; he had evidently premeditated self-destruction, and had assumed tranquillity to avoid suspicion. He seemed to have died without a struggle. As I was examining the corpse, I observed something glittering between its bony fingers; it was a gold locket, containing hair, and on the back of it was engraved the name of Laura.—He died as he had lived.

I witnessed the last honours paid to his remains, and then proceeded to examine his papers. He left his pictures to be sold for the benefit of his relations, except a few which he bequeathed to me as a testimony of his friendship; and one, which was "the Veiled Picture," he begged me to take to Laura, after he was buried, and to give into her hands at the same time the following letter:—

"I do not write either to complain or to reproach; I am as much above the one as I am superior to the other. Before these lines meet your gaze, the hand which now traces them will be cold, and the heart from whence they spring will have ceased to hold communion with the world: the dead complain of no injuries, and feel no wrongs. I write to assure you of my forgiveness, and that my last words may express, with heart and soul, and in spirit and in truth—God bless you!

ARTHUR."

With some difficulty I discovered her dwelling, and learnt that she was going to be married the following week. After asking for the young lady, I was told by the servant she would be with me immediately, and was desired to walk into a handsomely decorated room. I placed the picture in the most advantageous light, and awaited her coming. In a short time she appeared. She was fully as beautiful as she had been described; but there was a trace of melancholy in the features of the original, which the portrait did not possess. I wondered not at the infatuation of my unfortunate friend, as I gazed on the charms with which this Circe had bound his existence in her love. I said nothing to her, fearing to trust my voice in her presence, but gently undrew the curtain of the picture. As soon as she beheld it, a flood of sweet recollections seemed to rush upon her heart, and her whole soul appeared absorbed in the scene before her. As she gazed upon it, she drew in her breath eagerly, so as to make her respiration distinctly audible, and her looks were expressive of the most intense interest. I gently put into her hand the letter; she took it almost mechanically, but without taking the least notice of my presence; her eyes fell upon the characters, which she recognised and read. As soon as she had perused it through, she turned her gaze upon me with a glassiness of eye that riveted me to the spot. Her beautiful mouth became momentarily distorted; her lovely features underwent a sudden and complete transformation, expressive of deep and silent agony—she dropped the letter at my feet—uttered a long and horrid laugh, and sunk down upon the floor in violent hysterics.

For several days she was in a state of raving madness; and though the fit left her in a precarious state of weakness, on her first return to sensibility she sent for me. She bade me relate to her all I knew of her lover. I did so; and she continually interrupted my narration with execrations on her cruelty and falsehood. After she had heard me out, she told me she was the victim of her mother's ambition. During Arthur's absence, she had tried every scheme to thrust him from her affections, and to bring about a marriage which she considered more advantageous. She had succeeded but too well. Laura's heart had been humbled by threats, and her life had been rendered miserable by unkindness. Receiving no intelligence of her lover, in a moment of weakness she agreed to all her mother proposed. She now exclaimed against her inhumanity, her falsehood, and her treachery, and accused herself of being the murderer of her lover. Although great attention was paid to her by her friends, she received a shock from which she never

recovered; and before the day arrived which was to have seen her a bride, the grave possessed all that remained of one of the loveliest forms that death had ever disrobed of beauty.

THE PRAYER OF MARMADUKE.

By Mary Howitt.

PART I.

DAME Ellinor from her bed rose up,
A little past midnight up rose she;
"And oh!" she said, "this dream of mine
An evil thing betokeneth me!

"Alas! my Lord, that you are false,
That our home's peace is overthrown!
Oh! woman's heart is a heart of flesh;
But the heart of man is made of stone.

"And now 'tis nine long years and more
Since you, on that false embassy,
Went to the fatal court of France;—
How could you leave your babes and me!

"They say the young Queen loves you more
Than any noble in her land:
My dream betokened other things,—
The dungeon-chain, the ruffian's hand.

"Ah! though you have been false to me,
I never can forswear my truth;
And they were evil counsellors,
My Lord, that did misguide your youth."

And so she spoke, and wrung her hands,
And paced the floor in wild dismay:
At length she turned her toward the bed
Whereon her maiden daughter lay;—

Beautiful in her blooming youth,
Her bright hair on the pillow spread;
And in her deep sleep's holy calm
Resting her innocent young head.

"Oh! would," she cried, "ye were a man,
To ride by land, to sail by sea,
That ye might seek your father out,
And save him from this jeopardy!

"Or would I were a childless wife,
Whose life had but one love at stake;
So would I give my own heart's blood
A ransom for my dear Lord's sake!"

With that, up sprung young Marmaduke
From the little bed whereon he lay,—
"I've heard your words, dear mother," he said,
"And let me go to France, I pray.

"I will up, and ride by morning light,—
I will up, and sail across the sea,—
I will hie me to the court of France,
And bring my father back with me."

"Alas! my child," his mother spake,
"What couldst thou do?—there's wood and wold,
Mountain and sea,—a thousand miles
To go,—and thou'rt but ten years old!"

"Oh! heed not that, dear mother," he said,
"And of my travel take no heed:
God will go with me night and day;
I feel that I can do this deed."

"My noble boy!" his mother said,
"If God go with thee, all is right!
Now lay thee down and sleep again,—
Lie down and sleep till morning light."

Then called she her maidens three,
Long ere the dawning day begun;
And speedily the three rose up,
Much marv'ling what was to be done.

And the lady she took silk and lawn,
And velvet rich, and cramoisie,
And woollen cloth that was fine as silk,
And laid them all before the three.

"And see that ye make a goodly dress,—
A goodly dress that ye make with care,
Well fitted to my son Marmaduke,—
E'en such as the King's own son might wear."

And so they wrought with mickle thought,
The skiffullest maidens in the land;
And in three days' time their work was done;
And his mother took him by the hand;

And she clothed me in the Holland lawn,
The finest that the loom could spin;
And a snow-white collar of needle-work
She pinned on with a diamond pin.

And she put him on a vest of green,
So shapely made, with many a fold;
And she belted him like a little earl,
And clasped the belt with a clasp of gold.

Then she drew on his leg the silken hose,
As fine as hose of silk could be,
And she laced on his shoes with ribbon strings
Midway below his graceful knee.

And again she took him by the hand,
And thus she spoke to an ancient knight:—
"As I have told you, trusty friend,
Be ready to ride by morning light.

"And here is my son Marmaduke,
And, with God's blessing, good Sir Hugh,
As soon as the morning's prayer is said
He shall be ready to ride with you.

"But look ye, as I have him dressed
In this fair robe of forest green,
When he is come to the court of France
Let him appear before the queen.

"And so God's blessing go with you!
I've little to say which I have not said,—
But keep in mind that he is young.
And as yet but little hath travelled.

So bethink you of his tender age,—
That he may weary long ere you;
Therefore take rest at the hostelry
Of each good town you travel through.

" And, lack ye time, be up and ride
As soon's ye list by morning light ;
But, good Sir Hugh, by a mother's prayer,
Ride never long nor late at night.

" And if it chance that he fall sick,—
As God forfend that so it be,—
Convey him to a holy house,
And hasten back with speed for me.

" And when ye come to London town
Delay not, make no longer stay
Than ye would at the hostelry
Of any town upon the way.

" For many men be in London town
To whom his noble father's known ;
And, God forgive me, but I scorn
E'en pity by those proud men shown.

" And when to the end of fair England
Ye've ridden, ye'll come unto the sea,
And, mind you, that ye only cross
When the wind is fair as it can be.

" And cross not in a crazy boat,
Nor yet in a new one trust the tide,
For the crazy boat must have an end,
And the new one it has not been tried.

" And when ye come to the land of France,
As I know ye for a man discreet,
Say not one word of whence ye come,
Yet courteously the people greet ;

" Else chance might be that quarrels rose
In a tongue ye little understand ;
And if ill happed, what could ye do
With this poor child in that strange land ?

" And now, once more, God be your guide,
And counsel you as shall be best !
But the sun is set, the night wears on,
So hasten to your needful rest."

Good rest had the knight and Marmaduke,
But little rest had the anxious lady ;
And with the dawn, when the two rose up,
They found all things were waiting ready.

Then she booted the boy like a little knight,
And she put him on a golden spur,
And she gave him a cloak for his travel long,
Well lined and trimmed with minever.

And so she watched the two ride forth—
Through the portal high she watched them ride ;
And she blessed aloud her noble son,
And the trusty old man by his side.

And her step was free, her eye was clear,
And her cheek with flushing crimson burned,
As she passed the people of her house,
And back into her hall returned.

But then she to her chamber went,
And the door of her chamber bolted she ;
And she knelt beside his empty bed
And wept like a mother bitterly.

PART II.

Now twenty days they travelled,
Young Marmaduke and old Sir Hugh,
And they rested long at the hostelry
Of each good town they travelled through.

And in each town that they went through,
The thronging people gazed and smiled ;
Saying, " Yonder rides some great earl's son,"
Or " Blessings on your goodly child !"

And as they rode through London town,
They met the king and nobles nine ;
And he said, to the lord on his right hand,
" I'faith I wish yon child were mine !"

And every lord, from first to last,
Turned in his saddle with sudden spring ;
But not one lord of all the train
Whose son he was could tell the king.

And when they unto Dover came,
There did they rest one summer's day ;
And then a steady wind arose,
And twenty ships were in the bay.

And, in the stoutest ship of all,
Before the morrow's sun went down,
The old man and young Marmaduke,
Sailed safely into Calais town.

And through the pleasant land of France
They rode, a joy in all men's sight ;
And everywhere they left the name
Of the " noble child and the courteous knight."

And ere in Paris they abode
For seven days, they won such grace,
That 'mong the nobles of the court
The old knight and the boy had place.

And ere seven days were come and gone
The boy put on his vest of green,
And in his silken hose and shoes
Came in before the youthful queen.

The queen beside a table sate,
All radiant in her regal dress,
And a handsome man stood by her chair,
And they two laughed and played at chess.

At length the merry queen looked up,—
And " Ay, my lord," she said and smiled,
" Is that a pretty page of yours ?—
Come here, thou grave and gentle child !"

That moment he stept lightly up,
And bent upon his knee as soon :—
" I'm page to no good lord," he said,
" But I am come to crave a boon."

" What'er thy boon," she said, " tell on,
Fair boy ; I will not say thee nay."
Then earnestly he spake :—" Oh, send
My father home with me this day !"

" Your father, child ! and who is he ?"
Amazed, the merry queen replied ;
" And how may I your father know
From any gentleman beside ?"

"You may know him for the bravest man,
With good broad-sword and tourney lance,—
And by the songs the people sing
Of him in every town of France.

At this the queen looked pale, then red;
"And how is this, my lord," said she;
"For whom has any minstrel sung,
Save you and your great chivalrie?"

"You may know him," still the boy went on,
"For the handsomest man in all the land;—
You may know him by a true-love ring
That he wears upon his own right hand."

At this the queen sprang up in ire,
And the noble clasped his hands in fear,
For she had the ring upon her hand
That she had worn for many a year.

"My lord," said she, "what meaneth this?"
And she snatched the ring from off her hand,
"How came you here to mock a queen
When you'd a wife in your own land?"

"If you had a wife and children there,
You might have known a woman's mood;
By heaven, false man, my rage shall burn
Till it is quenched in your heart's blood!"

"Shed not his blood!" cried the little boy,
For his father spake no word at all,
"Or my mother's dream it will come true,
For it told her evil would befall."

"And what is your mother, child, to me
But a name to curse until I die!—
Hence, hence! you shall carry back the news
That you saw your father bleeding lie!"

Scarce heard young Marmaduke these words,
When he sprang unto his feet,—and cried,
"Oh, say not so, I've a milk-white doe
At home, and seven fleet stags beside.

"And these I'll give to save his life—
The gentle doe and the stags so bold;
And my mother will give far more than these—
Broad lands and store of good red gold!

"But, for God's love, shed not his blood!
For if my words have wrought his bane,
My gentle mother may mourn us both,
For I can never go home again!"

The queen looked up, the queen looked down,
Then dashed away the tears that sprang;—
"And tell me, boy," she softly said,
"Is your mother beautiful and young?"

"Your hair," he said, "is yellow as gold,
My mother's is long and deeply brown;
She's kind and sad, and she often weeps—
Weeps long, but I never saw her frown.

"And if she comes, or if she goes,
All hands to wait on her are ready;
And the old men and the children small
Pour blessings on so good a lady.

"And night and morn she prays to see,
My father,—must she vainly pray?—
'Tis nine long years since he went forth,
Oh, send him home with me this day!"

The queen from her neck took a jewelled chain,
And clasped it round his neck with care;
"And now," she said, "go home, sweet boy,
My mood is changed—I grant thy prayer.

"But it is not for thy milk-white doe
That I have pardoned this man's offence;
And it is not for thy mother's gold,
But 'tis for thy young innocence!"

The earl he was a proud, proud man,
And he put on his haughtiest mien
As he took his fair son by the hand,
And hasted from before the queen.

But when he sat with him alone,
Sometimes he frowned, sometimes he smiled;
And long he mused and nothing spake,
At length he rose and blessed his child.

Saying, "Thou'st won me back, my boy,
The furious storm is hushed to rest;
Thou hast adventured life for me,—
My duteous child thou shalt be blest!"

And so they rode to Calais town,
And with a fair wind crossed the sea;
And through the pleasant English land
They passed along right lovingly.

And when he saw the ancient woods,
And towers of his own house arise,
Again he blessed his gentle boy,
And tears stood glistening in his eyes.

But when he stood on his hearth-stone,
And clasped his own true wife again;
In sooth the tears from both their eyes
Poured down like plenteous summer rain.

And a loud joy ran through the house,
Startling the old wood's solitude;
But their soul's joy was all too deep
To pour itself in riots rude.

And Marmaduke in after years
Became an earl of high renown;
And England's king, in civil strife,
Received from him the ransomed crown.

And in the chapel of his house
He sleeps among the dead of old;
And minstrels of that ancient time
Preserved the legend I have told.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Literary Loan Association—New House of Commons—The Spirit of the Nation—Cobbett and the Jews—The Passion for Light Reading—Arcana of Knowledge—Why do People hate their Servants to dress Fine?—Police Force, alias Police Violence—A modern Alderman.

LITERARY LOAN ASSOCIATION.—The suggestions which have reached us since the publication of the last commentation under this head, and which arose strictly out of the exigencies of the times, have more and more convinced us of the practicability and usefulness of the project. To the objection that great capitalists would not come into such a scheme, it may be answered, small capitalists perhaps would. There are those who, being now somewhat before the world, do not require the aid of this sort of Bank, but who might, and who, in that expectation, might contribute in some of the forms that would be framed for its maintenance.

Let it be borne in mind that this is not a Literary Charity, but a Literary Bank. The difference between this and other Banks being, that the officers understand the nature of literary security.

We ask, had Gibbon gone to a bank and shown his previous productions, exhibited his library, proved the expectations of his friends, and even laid before it an agreement with his responsible booksellers, could he have obtained 5*l*. on advance upon his great historical work, most inadequately paid by six thousand pounds? No, he might have starved and the work been aborted. But Gibbon had a private fortune; if he had not had one, it would seem then that his "History of the Decline and Fall" would never have appeared; and yet our bank would have enabled such a man to have produced his work. Were Mr. Baring to propose in the House a vote of sixteen thousand pounds, the cost of last year's Museum, in order to procure for English literature such an historical work as Gibbon's, would there be a dissentient voice except Cobbett's? To instance a later work, Mr. Mill's "British India"—the publishers of this work, than whom there are not more respectable or enlightened men in any rank of society in this country, did all they could consistently with the ordinary principles of business, and yet, during its composition, we believe the author had to submit to severe privations; and it is probable that, had he had tastes less austere, or been gifted with a less determined spirit, this great work would never have appeared, and the author, discouraged, dispirited, perhaps broken-hearted or ruined, would have sought some obscure employment, or fallen a victim to disappointment. When Mr. Mill's work appeared, the East India Company saw the merit of it; the money received from Messrs. Baldwin and Co., though considerable, never could have made up for years of uncertainty; but the great East India Bank had it in its power immediately to repay the devotion of time and ability that had been spent upon the history of their affairs. Still this would not have been wanted if the booksellers could have distributed

equally over the time employed the sum ultimately given for the work. Now it is this very accommodation which our Literary Loan Society would afford, and with advantage to itself.

It is one of the reasons why such an institution as we propose will not be established, that literary men are so careless and helpless in their own concerns, and yet this is the very strongest ground upon which such an establishment could be based.

NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Sentimentalism is a curious but also a dangerous vice, and ought to be speedily put down. When it was lately proposed to build a new House of Commons better adapted for present wants, Sir Robert Inglis allowed that the present house would not hold the members, but still maintained that no new house should be built. Why? Because the existing house had once been adapted to its purpose, and that many able and distinguished men had spoken in it. This sounds differently when such names as Pym and Hampden are coupled with such phrases as "these sacred precincts," "these old walls," "reverberating to the sound of this or that great man's solemn voice," &c. If a man were to say of his rat-trap, "To be sure it is grown utterly useless, and for a moderate expense I could buy a far better, but still, when I remember that this trap did once catch that big rat and this big rat, I cannot bear to bait another; no, here is a piece of bacon for the venerable old ruin!" he would of course be laughed at. Sir Robert spoke of Pym and Hampden, but these were not the names he meant.

What can be clearer than that a room ought to be big enough for the assembling of those whose bounden duty it is to meet in it daily and hourly? The argument that the number of members is too great for a deliberative meeting applies to that number, and not to the house. Reduce the number, if it is too great; if it is not too great, accommodate honourable gentlemen with a seat.

At the same time, be it observed, buildings in England are ordinarily made such jobs of, and frequently so mismanaged, that we should pause long before we pulled down the present house on the chance of getting a better. A bigger our architects will secure us, but we are scarcely prepared to depend upon them for one in which members can be heard.

Connected with the question of the due number of members occurs another: Should the seats of members be fixed as in the American senate at Washington? There the seat is as fixed as the state for which the member is the delegate; and the most cursory glance shows not what honourable gentleman is absent, but what district for

that evening is unrepresented. The absence of a sufficient member from an important debate is like striking such or such a district out of the catalogue of existence, as far as the business of that night is concerned.

We wonder that Mr. Hume's organ of economy has not suggested to him that, with no great expense or difficulty, a portion of Buckingham Palace might be well adapted to this purpose. There is a locality of that fine building that only wants a few thousand pounds* to be spent upon it to be converted into one of the finest rooms in the world, always excepting the few rooms Lord Burlington built in this country, such as the York Assembly Rooms, and one or two others, which, as a whole,—we do not speak merely of size,—are perhaps unrivalled. The great mass of building, and the vast variety of rooms now existing in Buckingham Palace, would all be wanted for committee-rooms; besides which we would give each member his office or place of business. The gardens are unnecessarily large in this point of view, and a part of the ground might be most advantageously occupied by buildings appropriated to the temporary residence of bachelor and other members who came to reside in London only during the transaction of business.* This is a class that will increase every day: the Reformed Parliament has many such. The House of Commons must cease to be considered as a thing of fashion.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NATION.—It is in vain to endeavour to resist the spirit of the nation; it will break out in spite of the efforts of learned imitators to mould it into some other form. The arts most surely follow all its caprices. We have heard a great deal of encouraging historical pictures: sacred history-painting flourished in Italy and other countries when the spirit of the mass of the nation was bigotry, or, at any rate, Romanism. In England much pains have been taken to divert the popular taste into the same channel; but it will not do, the heart is not in it,—amateurs and dilettanti pay their money and keep a few artists from starving, but the trade thrives not: the national caprice does not run in that way. The way in which it does run is indicated by the following paragraph:—

"GIN-SHOP FINERY.—The expense incurred in the fitting-up of public-house bars in London is almost incredible, every one vying with his neighbour in convenient arrangements, general display, rich carving, brass-work, finely-veined mahogany, and ornamental painting. The carving of one ornament alone, in that of the Grapes public-house, in Old Street Road, cost 100*l.*; the

workmanship was by one of the first carvers in wood in London. Three public-houses, or rather gin-shops, have been lately fitted up in Lamb's Conduit Street, at an expense, for the bar alone of upwards of 200*l.* each."—*London's Encyclopedia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture.*

The luxury of the gin-shop owners is here attributed to competition; this is a mistake,—it arises out of the large profits produced from the immense consumption of spirits by the wayfaring people. Competition might lower the price of gin, but it would not lead to the lavishing of thousands on the scene of consumption, more especially as such places are not places of entertainment, and depend not at all upon their finery; the hard-working and fainting porter cares little about the beauty of brass-work; he thinks only of the heart-warming given by his favourite dram, which enables him to look bad weather and hard times in the face with a jolly countenance. At a late circuit of the Insolvent Debtor's Court, in the county of Somerset, half the insolvents appeared to be beer retailers. No gin-shop keeper is ever precipitated into the Gazette; his "blue ruin" is something like the devil's blue fire—it consumes all but himself and his imp.

COBBETT AND THE JEWS.—Cobbett's objection to the Jews is that they don't plough: he would ask who could produce a Jew who ever dug, who ever went to plough? It is only very lately that Jews have been permitted to hold land: how were they to learn to plough? The only piece of earth that Jews of former years were permitted to possess was a burying-ground: and this little farm the Jews dug and trenched, after all the approved principles of the drill-husbandry. Are the Jews ever to be treated in this manner? they are to make bricks, but are denied straw: they are accused of not ploughing, and have been for ages denied land.

If surprise is expressed that Cobbett should be the giver of hard measure to the oppressed, the surprise is only felt by those who judge superficially. Cobbett is a sentimentalist; he loves agriculturists because they dwell in pure air, and work surrounded by the beauties of nature, and because he was one himself. His ideas of happiness are closely associated with the milking of cows: his paradise is still that of the farmer's boy. The *gusto* with which he writes of the country has been a grand cause of the popularity of his writings. The two *foibles* of the English (as also, in another sense, their sources of strength) are their love of the country and their adoration of the sea. Cobbett appears fresh from a chapter of Cottage Economy or Indian corn; and the "stinking Jew" is put under his nose. Pah! he has no toleration for a suppliant with a beard; a trafficker in cast-off gar-

* Alas! our worthy commentator is far kinder to members of Parliament than they ever will be to themselves. The new House, if built at all, will probably join the old one, which will then be left as a lobby.—Ed.

ments, a pale unwashed worshipper of Mammon. His nostrils are full of the perfume of new-mown hay, and shall he suffer a skunk between the wind and his nobility? his first movement is to extinguish the "varmint." In Cobbett's mind, Jews go with stoats, weasels, founarts, rats, foxes, and other serpents: and this because the Jew is an unclean thing. No one will suspect Cobbett of a religious bigotry. Cobbett is a sentimental bigot—one who would sacrifice on the altar of taste: it is not because he is not great in landed property, not curious in equipage, that he should not be a bigot in taste: there are dandies of the plough as well as of the *robe de chambre*, and such is he. Cobbett, like all sentimentalists, is a good hater: he hates the Press: the newspapers have met him at every step: the broad sheet has been to him a diaphanous but impassable veil which has interposed between him and his prey: he sees but not hears through it. It is for this that he has set himself against the intelligence taxes.* Radicals who take such a man for a guide must make up their minds to follow a more capricious course than the Irish will-o'-the-wisp fiddle, that sets silk stockinged legs dancing after it through a bog and quagmire.

There are some difficulties in the way of complete Jew emancipation, but they do not arise from Jews dealing in old clothes. Many of our civil forms are grounded on religious models: our public functionaries are obliged to avow a certain connexion with the church: a Judge, for instance, is under a sort of necessity to attend the cathedral service in the assize towns, and when he condemns his criminal, it is the usage to do it with a sermon. These are difficulties, not in the spirit, but the letter: what has the legal functionary properly to do with the established church? there is, however, an actual connexion. Sir J. Campbell takes credit to himself, that he has lately assisted a Jew lawyer *over* the bar: it does him honour: nay, that and other right and liberal opinions upon which he acts make him an honour to his profession; but would there not be a difficulty in his helping a Jew barrister on to the bench? Let us see, however, whether any Jew will prove himself worthy of such elevation: it is a great injustice to debar a people from certain privileges, and then, when they have not entitled themselves to them, because they have no hope, to turn round and say, "you are not fit." A Jew, as such, we would not exclude from national employment, but being a Jew, we should require from him a more scrupulous probation than would be exacted from others who are born and bred more intimately

bound to the country. Emancipate the Jews, and they will soon get them ties, but still time is required: Jews have been ill-treated; the effects are rooted fast in their habits and temper: it will be some time before the real benefits and more liberal proceedings of present times reach the heart. Give every eligibility to the Jew, but when the time of election comes, let the circumstance of his peculiar condition be weighed in the balance which tries him and his competitors. A Christian must consider Judaism a disadvantage, but in civil affairs the demerit may be greatly overbalanced.

THE PASSION FOR LIGHT READING.—We hear of this passion: does it exist? People read that which interests them: that interests them which is familiar to their comprehension, and may be drawn into a case of self. If more of novels, and what is called light reading, now occupies the attention of the people, it is because there are more readers, and that this description of reading appeals to sympathies that are born with us. What was the girl dreaming of who reckoned her chickens before they were hatched, and broke her basket of eggs? she was making a little novel of her own. To be rapt and charmed by most novels, requires but little experience of the world—to be but little educated; but, in fact, to possess all those sympathies which are born with every man, just as he is born with liver and lungs. What is called the Heart jumps into the world all ready to play its part, but the Head is a very awkward fellow, and demands much instruction before he can go through his exercise with tolerable facility. A work came out some time ago, called *Sematology*—a metaphysical essay on signs: probably six persons read it, and no doubt with eagerness and high gratification: if so, they must have been persons long accustomed to considerations of the kind, having pursued many similar speculations of their own, and feeling perpetual pleasure either in seeing new channels opened, or old ones cleared out. That which the mind perceives it can do easily and completely, that will it perform with pleasure. The majority of minds are undisciplined; what then can they make of subtle reasoning? History has some portion of personal interest: where it has not, persons are apt to observe, what is all this to me? "perhaps it is not true," they say, and if it were, it is the affair of statesmen. Once upon a time, the Bible was the popular book: religious feeling prevailed, and it was duly impressed upon the minds of the mass, that it much imported to their interest to study the sacred volume. This impression has greatly worn off, except in religious communities: the present world and its fluctuations, their own joys and sorrows, occupy the attention of people, and naturally

* May he not think also that the repeal of the newspaper duties might give too many rivals to the "Register?"—Ed.

lead them to fiction : fiction chiefly working upon such materials. The hold which fiction has got of the public mind, may be proved from the religious world itself having recourse to it in their tracts and tales. A chapter in the Bible was formerly felt to be all sufficient for the consolation of the afflicted, and the encouragement of the faint-hearted : now it is the Dairyman's Daughter, or the Wicked Apprentice, that is expected to serve for guide and model. The cares of life and the difficulties in the way of obtaining subsistence are now so numerous and heavy, that it can hardly be expected that the majority should add to them the pains of study : the imagination is found to be the more easy and accommodating faculty : it carries the reader into a pleasanter society, and a more careless life : it is dreaming without sleep : it is an anodyne that lulls the external world, while it excites the internal one. People used to go to plays : they now stay at home and look through the magic peep-hole of one of Mr. Bentley's title-pages.

ARCANA OF KNOWLEDGE.—The *beau sexe* are to be congratulated on a remarkable discovery which has lately been made : the descendants of Eve must look to Sir Alexander Johnstone with gratitude ; we envy him the female deputations that will set down at his door. He has sent a drawing to the "Gardener's Magazine" of Eve's apple-tree, as it is found in Ceylon, by which it appears, that the said apples do not grow in the ordinary fashion, and that that fair original was probably led by accident into the commission of her crime. From this tree, the apples are suspended by a long peduncle, and bob about in the air like bobbing-cherries, and carry with them a strong look of "Come eat me," or at any rate, "Come feel me." In passing this tree, it would be impossible for any naturalist (and such surely was Eve—see South's "Sermon on the Employment of Adam in Paradise") to pass this curious production without just turning the vegetable ball as it hangs at the end of the thread, in the hand : but now the thread or peduncle is brittle, Eve handled it, and no doubt the apple *came off* in her fingers long before she had any idea of plucking it : and here was all the mischief. Of course, having rifled the tree of its fruit, though without thinking any harm, she tasted, on the old principle of "in for a penny, in for a pound." The penalty of death being awarded against the small offence, it was natural to extract all the gratification out of the commission of the crime that did not increase the punishment. That this is the true Eve's apple is proved by the fact, that each specimen of the fruit appears as if a piece had been bitten out of it, and because it is poisonous : all who eat of it die, as is

proved by the military annals of Ceylon, our soldiers having been seriously tempted thereby, and some having perished by a rash consumption of this Eve's apple.

WHY DO PEOPLE HATE THEIR SERVANTS TO DRESS FINE?—Nothing so surely excites the wrath of the mistress of a "regular family" as the detection of a cap of rich materials on the head of a servant ; and if a few ringlets are observed to be making their way from under lace, the latter days of the world are surely at hand ; the measure of the people's iniquity is filled ; and, in short, "there are no good servants nowadays." Beauty is in itself a decided objection in female servants : tradesmen who procure the domestics of "respectable" people are always forbidden to send a beauty for approbation. "Oh, Ma'am, she is too good-looking for you." "The wretch!" exclaims the lady in her heart. "No, no, Mr. So-and-so : I have had enough of your beauties in my house. I want respectable-looking women"—that is to say, frights. Adornment is almost as bad as beauty :—"She is always thinking of the men, the creature." She is not of the only class of women whose thoughts turn a good deal on the other sex. The fear is, however, lest the men should be thinking of the creature. The lady of the house need not be alarmed that the charms of her domestics should be increased to a dangerous degree by finery. Men have no eyes for the quality of caps, and are not curious to distinguish between silk and stuff gowns. They are natural philosophers. That sort of instinctive jealousy which all women, high or low, feel for each other, may be set at ease, as far as regards fine clothes. There are some better reasons for the sumptuary laws of English households. The love of finery cannot be gratified to any great extent out of a female servant's wages : it is, therefore, a passion which, like other passions, may lead to transgressions against honesty and other virtues. Moderation should, therefore, be strictly inculcated ; but that the heads of establishments should not take pleasure in the ornamental appearance of their handmaidens is a symptom of a narrow and illiberal spirit. Neatness of make, goodness of material, and a certain jauntiness of *mise*, are far more consistent with the really good qualities of a female domestic, than a slutish indifference to costume. The sight of a young woman, though employed in household preparations, well dressed and well protected from climate, ought to be a pleasant object to the philanthropist : it argues, moreover, a self-respect and pride of person, likely to act as a guard against indiscretion. To dress well does not take up more time than to dress ill ; and the neat person generally carries her neatness into her business. There is a flaunting

ness inconsistent with a due discharge of duty; this is both unbecoming and improper: the mistress, however, rarely sets about the correction in a charitable spirit, and, instead of improving the girl's taste, only outrages her self-respect.

POLICE FORCE, ALIAS POLICE VIOLENCE.—If we may judge from what passes in the police offices, the most dangerous persons in London are the police-officers. When the old watchmen played booty, or awoke in a dream and arrested the wrong person, it was only thought to be the error of imbecility, and as these persons were of no use, it was thought there was little harm in them. In appointing, however, an army of able-bodied adventurers to guard the metropolis and its suburbs, by night and by day, we have placed authority in hands where it may be grievously abused, and therefore we should look to the responsibility of these individuals, and the tests by which they are selected. Of the cases reported perhaps one in ten is that of an offending policeman. They are detected as thieves; they are found attributing crimes capriciously to innocent persons; many are brought off on the plea of drunkenness. It should be remembered that there is no person, as he walks in the streets, who may not be seized by one of these men, and had up to the nearest police-office. Imagine a dyspeptic police-officer wandering down Regent-street—if he has aggravated his complaint by a dram or two, visions of thieves begin to haunt his brain, and he soon fancies that every man he meets is a pickpocket or dog-stealer. How pleasant it is to be collared in a thoroughfare, and asked in the same breath where you got the poor purblind poodle at your heels, that perhaps, for a dozen years, has followed you unmolested in every country in Europe! And, if you do not give an instant and satisfactory answer, (and what is satisfactory to a brute all confused and flushed with liquor?) to be trundled to the next magistrate, to be charged, to be examined, and, oh, worse than all, to be published by some reporter who has just shared his pot with the identical gentleman in blue. Of course it ultimately appears that the policeman is drunk, or next to it: an inspector steps forward, and states he shall represent his conduct to the commissioners; the man is shaken by his comrades into an apology; and the dog and the gentleman are permitted to depart, paying the fees. At the best, suppose the inspector does report the case, which is improbable enough, and the man is suspended; is this a sufficient protection? Is it likely to prevent the repetition of the offence? The proceedings of this Board require looking into: in no situation are character and intelligence more indispensable than in the police force. Are even ordinary tests ever

applied? May not, as far as investigation and sifting of character would affect this Service, may not "the Force" be termed "the Police Violence?"

A MODERN ALDERMAN.—We have made a good deal of fun of the absence of solemnity and judicial importance in their magistrates. They are either dull or want the humour to ridicule us in return. Do the Yankees read our police reports? there occur nice little accidents, pleasant to the republican ear. If the "Quarterly Review" rejoices in a brace of judges fisticuffing on the bench, can the "New York Patriot" find no amusement in the story of an Alderman of London shuffling down by-streets to avoid a toll, and, when stopped at the gate, teach his servant to tell a lie, and join chorus himself, in order to evade a just demand? There is nothing which saves this peccadillo but the smallness of the temptation: it could not be for twopence halfpenny that the Alderman shuffled and wriggled, and then quivered and shook before the representative of justice in the shape of a turnpike man, one hand extending a ticket, and the other thrust in an apron pocket full of copper. On the other hand, larger criminals are saved by the magnitude of their offences. Bankrupts glory in the sum for which they fail, and defaulters feel a pride at having been trusted to so enormous an amount. It is a pity that the principle in any moral transaction is so little regarded by any body. They who judge rightly well know that he who will teach his servant to lie, who will lie himself and cheat the turnpike due, be it of a farthing, is no true man. An Alderman is a magistrate; he has constituents; and, if there is any virtue extant in the city, these constituents will know what to do. If the thing can be contradicted, let it: here is the report,—it is either a base libel, or there is a ward in the city that has a duty to perform for the honour of the country:—

"UNION-HALL.—A few days ago summonses were applied for against Alderman Kelly and his groom, for evading the toll at Kennington turnpike. The latter attended to answer the charge.

"From the toll-collector's statement, it appeared that on Friday morning, the 15th instant, the Alderman and his groom passed through the Kennington-gate in a gig from Mount Nod, at Brixton, and paid the toll. In the evening the same parties returned, and when the collector inquired whether it was the same horse that they had in the gig that morning, both the Alderman and his groom were heard to answer in the affirmative. The collector who was on the morning duty, however, immediately discovered that it was a different horse, and accordingly summoned the parties.

"Mr. Everett, one of the lessees, stated that the Alderman had frequently evaded the toll under similar circumstances, and, in order that discovery should not take place, he drove down one of the streets north of Kennington-gate, leading

into the Oval; and, by that plan, prevented the collector who had taken the toll in the morning, from seeing that a different horse had gone through the gate in the evening—a circumstance which rendered the Alderman liable to a payment of the additional toll.

"The groom, in the absence of the Alderman, admitted that he was in the gig with his master, and that it was a fresh horse they had on their return to Brixton in the evening. He added that the toll was paid when they went through the same morning to town, and he thought it cleared them in the evening.

"Mr. Wedgwood said that both the groom and his master must have been aware that if they drove a different horse through the turnpike in the evening on their return to Brixton, they were bound to pay an additional toll.

"Mr. Everett said that for the last year and a half the Alderman and his servants had evaded the toll in the manner already described.

"Mr. Wedgwood said that he should not consider he was doing his duty if he did not visit the offence with the full penalty the law allowed. It was proved that the defendant had told a direct falsehood for the purpose of evading the toll, and he (the Magistrate) should fine him *£1*. together with the expenses of the attendance of witnesses to prove the case."

It is right to add, that since this was written, the Alderman has sent a letter to the "Times," contradicting the statement that he answered the turnpike. He says he did not know at the time that it was the same horse, and he denies the systematic evasion. The report is only *ex-parte*, and must be looked to.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"*ALIENA NEGOTIA CENTUM.*"—*Horat.*

LONDON DURING A FIRE.

I.

SOME two dull hours before the orb of day
Tinges the steeple-tops with ruddy light;
When London all in leaden slumber lay,
The dreariest, darkest, stillest time of night;
When youthful spirits flag in pleasure's spite,
And the long-look'd for revel tiresome grows;
When double vision cheats the student's sight,
And o'erwrought nature sickens for repose,
And novel-loving maids Sir Walter's pages close:

II.

When Pain and Sorrow find a little rest,
And Pity droops her head by sickness' side;
When sated drunkards lose their filthy zest,
Night's lonesome hour is indistinctly cried,
And tradesmen's doors by felons' fingers tried;
With desperate stakes when dicers deepest play,
Through the lone streets when noiseless shadows glide,
And flickering lamps 'gin shed a feeble ray
On outcast wanderers, without where their heads
to lay;

III.

In such a dark and dreary time of night,
When all, who'd where to lay their heads,
sought rest;

And none, save those in darkness who delight,
Or human wolves in blood and plunder's quest,
With weary feet the heavy pavement press'd;
There, where an antique arch doth span the street,
And shines, in bold relief, the city's crest;
Where wanton youths their painted harlots greet,
And lawyers add wherefore, to every why, they meet;

IV.

A narrow, crooked lane, winds its dark way,
But whither leads, the chaste muse never knew;
Suffice it—there's a house the light of day
Doth seldom penetrate, ycleped a stew;
But what its foul inside presents to view
May not be told; save, that, in nightly round
Of beastly revel, an abandon'd crew
Their orgies hold—no good can there be found;
But want, guilt, shame, disease, and misery abound.

V.

There, while its inmates on foul revel bent,
And reckless how their ill-used lives may end,
Fierce flames, as from some prison closely pent,
Sudden break forth, to every part extend,
Burst through the roof, and to the clouds ascend;
One scream of horror wakes the drowsy night.
Upstarting on their legs—no way to wead;
Some dash to pieces, leaping from a height,
And some of suffocation die, and some of fright.

VI.

And soon a heap of ruins' crimson glow,
With a thin smokeless silvery flame scarce seen,
Is all that there, alas! is left to show
Of what man's habitation late had been,
And those poor wretches' mortal parts, I ween,
Whose hapless souls had to their audits pass'd
Without the time to breathe a prayer between;
For age, nor sickness there, nor trumpet's blast,
Did warn them of their living hours, approach'd
the last.

VII.

Thence Vice was summon'd in his full career,
And sated Passion, from unwholesome sleep:
Without reflection, Youth—Age, without fear;
They through the night their filthy orgies keep,
While friends at home are left to watch and weep:
And lovely woman in degraded state,
Of the full wine-cup having drunken deep;—
All in the fulsome prime of joy, elate,
Are on the instant called, forth to attend their fate.

VIII.

Death—fearful Death—fell on them in the night!
And ne'er had city, by a furious foe
Surpris'd and sack'd, such cause of affright!
Vain then was woman's tear—her voice of woe,
Echo'd unanswer'd—round—above—below—
The tie was sever'd—and her partner fled.
And none did now that guilty creature know;
Vain were her lifted hands—in vain she shed
Tears, that would husband, brother, to her aid
have sped.

IX.

The lost one had no husband, brother, then,
Or aged parent, on whom she could call;
And for the first time sadly miss'd them when
It was too late—she had no hope—of all
Bereft and friendless—ill must her befall.
A long-forgotten duty—lo! she kneels,
Although her peril well might her appeal,
To Heaven for mercy, earnestly appeals,
And more than death's sharp pang her soul's sad
anguish feels.

X.

The scene hath shifted, and its horrors spread,
And two more houses in the ruin share;
And the red flames a frightful light have shed
On naked wretches, huddling here and there,
Some their poor persons shading—some at prayer;
Relentless Plunder, busy at his trade—
The flooded streets—the welkin's crimson glare—
Dense multitudes declining into shade,
And burning wretches shrieking, but in vain, for
aid.

XI.

And many pray'd who seldom pray'd before,
And some had pray'd, but knew no form of
prayer;
Some wept—some stood with terror mute—some
swore—
And though none had an instant now to spare,
One damsel, for her journey to prepare,
Straight from her pillow to her mirror flew,
And fondly loiter'd at that fatal snare,
Till, bridegroom like, the flames enamour'd
grew,
And round her night-clad form their warm em-
braces threw.

XII.

But what unlook'd for horror hath ensued!
Why is exertion check'd—why stand the bold
In that uncertain, listless attitude!
Their panting limbs and energies controll'd
By some appalling sight may not be told:
Whence is that long and agonizing yell!
What can so vast a concourse silent hold!
At once the fiercest uncurb'd passions quell,
And rob the loose blasphemer of an oath to tell.

XIII.

I see a poor wretch dangling from a beam,
Fix'd as a victim on a funeral pyre:
Vain human effort! Vain were Thames' broad
stream!
Beneath him glows a bath of liquid fire,
As hot as bigot mercy could desire;
The quivering flames still higher, higher rise.
As human hate their fury did inspire.
He writhe, and shrivelling o'er the furnace, dies,
And the rude mob avert their terror-loving eyes;

XIV.

And Silence broken with one rending yell,
Doth sleeping streets awaken and alarm;
And thus, releas'd from that horrific spell
That courage could control and passion charm,
Again to labour rais'd the ponderous arm,

Oath echoes oath—around the engines grow
With emulative cheers the willing swarm;
Again the hose is strain'd, the waters flow,
And boiling torrents bubble o'er the waste below.

XV.

Alas! what wretched victims are there more!
Of the fierce flames another house the prey;
Upon the kindling pile the engines pour;
Within, the intrepid firemen burst their way,
And just in time, a mother in dismay,
Seeking her child, discover—scorch'd and wet,
They bear her from the flaming pile away!
But she nor fire nor child shall e'er forget,
And in a maniac's cell still burns, and seeks him
yet.

XVI.

No earthly solace can her bosom heal,
All, save the memory of that night, is fled!
Cold, thirst, nor hunger, seems she e'er to feel,
Aught here, or aught hereafter, seems to dread,
But lives for one sad task—ceaseless to tread
And serach her gloomy cell and pallet o'er;
Sleep o'er her mind may sometimes haply shed
Forgetfulness—but waking, evermore
Till sleep again returns, she doth her cell explore.

XVII.

What fancies sometimes women will befall!
A beauteous maiden shrinking from the sight
Of the loose rabble, crouch'd beneath a wall;
Though nearly senseless with excessive fright,
She would not trust her beauty to the light;
To hide her half-clad figure all her care;
The wall began to totter in its height,
And scarce for mercy had she breath'd a prayer,
When with a crush it fell—but unscath'd left her
there.

XVIII.

There motionless she stood, like chisell'd stone,
Develop'd her full form in the red glare;
A silk shawl, o'er her lovely shoulders thrown,
Was all that screen'd her from the eager stare
Of the loose rabble—yet no jest was there,
But the sad sight awed the vast multitude,
And scarce from weeping many could forbear;
All wondering gaz'd—so quietly she stood,
Nor deem'd that horror had her faculties subdued.

XIX.

At length, reviving, she at once descried
The gazing multitude; away she flew,
And, dashing all who'd check her course aside,
Quick from their wondering eyes her form with-
drew;
One only did her naked steps pursue,
One, only one, among the many there,
To his vocation, spite of pity, true,
Track'd her sad steps unto a portal, where
He snatch'd her shawl and left her lovely figure
bare.

XX.

In quick succession scenes of horror pass,
And sights—seen singly might become a part
Of memory—fade, like shadows in a glass,
And are forgotten: so, the brave of heart,

Though Death before them, cloth'd in terror start,
 Fear not—while the poor frighted coward flies
 At the distant waving of his dart;
 Use makes the coward brave, the foolish wise,
 And calls forth all our nature's latent faculties.

XXI.

And the rough ragged heroes of this night,
 For deeds of daring, long enduring toil,
 Deserve eternal fame; even in despite
 Of those low vices that fair honour soil,
 And shine in their rude culture, as the foil
 Where patience, courage, honest worth are set.
 Few know the poor man's straits, his life's turmoil;
 How want and care the noblest natures fret,
 And how diadain and slight the fiery passions whet.

XXII.

But from the chimneys now thin vapours rise,
 And pale-faced Morning lifts her dewy head;
 Forth to his daily toil the labourer hies;
 And, hark! the busy hum and heavy tread
 Of men and beasts have through the city spread.
 Comb'd, curl'd, and scented in their best array,
 Now showy shopboys, to the counter bred,
 Their shops, themselves, and merchandise display,
 While lowing herds and high-piled waggons choke
 the way.

XXIII.

The scene soon changes, and, lo! Beauty there,
 With fairy lightness, glides across the street—
 Her taper legs and slender ankles bare;
 Where carts and waggons clash'd, now coaches
 meet,
 And where rude carters swore, fair ladies greet;
 The hive is fully up—within—without—
 All on some task intent. In calm retreat
 Haply old age the bustling world shuts out,
 While youth, health, strength, on worldly business
 are about.

XXIV.

By politicians now the club-room's sought,
 The shops by beauty, and the streets by beau;
 And, without sinning, fair ones now are naught,
 For fair, as fair can be, that flow'ret grows
 Whose lily leaves nor spot nor taint disclose;
 Next from his desk the apish clerk is freed,
 And westward the vast city's current flows;
 To crowded shops the airy Parks succeed,
 And the close carriage is deserted for the steed.

XXV.

And then the Park's deserted, and the steed
 To his full rack and manger's gently led—
 Were poor men so considered in their need,
 So kindly tended, so profusely fed,
 They had been wealth's protection, not its dread.
 The gaudy train now homeward hungry go,
 And savoury odours grateful incense shed,
 The rich repast's laid out in glittering show,
 And those who eat the countless dishes hardly
 know.

XXVI.

Another change, and, lo! the gilded room,
 The silken hangings, and the dazzling sight

Of jewell'd beauty—lustres that illume,
 And with meridian splendour gem the night.
 Hark! the loud laugh, quick jest, and full delight,
 The scheme successful, and the baffled plot;
 Now sadness reigns—each face, in sorrow dight,
 Lost for an instant to their happier lot
 Whilst last night's tale is told, regretted, and forgot.

XXVII.

How strange, in this our topsyturvy world,
 To see two beings placed in strong contrast!
 One in the giddy circle upmost whirl'd,
 Of fortune's wheel, his eyes closed to the past,
 And proud, as rock his slippery seat were fast;
 The other, in his misery, fearful lest
 Among his species he should lose his caste,
 Gain food, consideration, comfort, rest,
 And haply as a brute be pamper'd and carew'd.

XXVIII.

Ask each one his opinion of the world,
 His strange demeanour to the other mark;
 Reflecting that they both are hither hurl'd
 Upon the same frail tenure—and embark
 On the same sea, where both are in the dark—
 Tell each his duty to the other's love,
 Love, of that love that died for them, a spark;
 Behold their gorges rise, and sadly prove
 What feelings want for wealth, and wealth for
 misery move.

XXIX.

Yet of such strange and jarring elements,
 Thy myriads, London! form one peaceful whole;
 So opposite in wishes and intents,
 'Tis wonderful what hidden powers control,
 Hold them in league unto one common goal.
 Pleasure's the rich man's object, his life's end;
 Want, fearful want, the poor man's constant
 dole:

Yet, side by side, each other they attend,
 And little 'tis, oh God! the rich the poor befriend!

ZAMIEL.

HUMILITY AND DEFIANCE.

WHAT thoughts conflicting in my bosom rise!
 This strikes me low, that lifts me to the skies!
 Now I recline an infant at the breast,
 Now stride a warrior with forbidding crest.
 Here grovel base a helpless earthly clod,
 There pant defiance to the oppressor's rod.
 At first with not a finger to oppose,
 There every pulse with hostile fury glows;
 Or soft as rills which pour their sacred stream
 In nightly murmurs on the poet's dream;
 Or firm as rocks whose echo laughs to scorn
 The puny summons of the huntsman's horn;
 The windows of my soul at once reveal
 A twig of osier, and a bar of steel:
 Thus good and ill, and light and shade, combine,
 And, though distinct, in folds together twine.
 But lives there one in solitude or throng
 So versed in practice, or in wit so strong,
 Whose eye inhuman clearly can decide
 The secret links which right and wrong divide,

Who, by some mental microscope, can show
Where virtue ends and vice begins to grow,
Can dive into the mazes of the mind,
All doubt annihilate, unfilm the blind,
Point out so far, and not beyond, to steer,
Where to press boldly on and where to fear,
Where to submit and due allegiance pay,
Where to resist the ruthless spoiler's sway,
Where to be hot as fire, or cool as ice,
Where life is infamy, where death is vice ?
If such there live, on planet or in fame,
No mortal lineage can his kindred claim :
He, only He, our inmost thoughts can tell,
Who rules alike o'er heaven and earth and hell.
To him I bow—before his awful shrine
Each favour'd wish, each rebel thought resign :
If He but wills, and I that will can see,
That will be life, and breath, and all to me !
But not o'er me shall man tyrannic reign—
I scorn his bondage, and I rend his chain.
'Tis true, my viler limbs he may control,
Those be his share—but God's and mine my soul ;
My soul, which in its deep recesses hates
Spoil-nurtur'd potentates, and crouching states.

A. C.

EPIGRAM

ON THE STATUELESS COLUMN.

Why at the top of Carlton-place,
Consisting but of shaft and base,
Is York's high column planted ?
Where is the top ? Alas ! too well
His creditors the truth can tell—
The capital is wanted.

F. J. L.

"The Buccaneer," to whose great merits we paid our critical tribute some three months since, has, we are happy to perceive, gone into a second edition. We trust this success will encourage the accomplished writer to favour as soon with another work in a class of composition in which she is calculated to hold so eminent a station.

Mr. Moore will shortly publish a work of a very singular nature, and full of theological research.

The evidence just published by the Commission to inquire into the Poor-laws is pregnant with most valuable and startling facts ; the evidence of Mr. Chadwick is worthy of the great powers of thought, and singular felicity in exemplifying principles by details, which characterize that gentleman. Mr. E. L. Bulwer has given notice of a motion on the Poor-laws for the 6th of June (the earliest disengaged day in the Order-book), which will bring the evidence formally before Parliament.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS LATELY DECEASED.

LORD HUNTINGTOWER. Lord Huntingtower died of apoplexy on the 7th March. He was the eldest son of George Manners, Esq. (eldest son of Lord W. Manners, son of John, second Duke of Rutland), and Louisa, present Countess of Dysart, who still survives, at a very advanced age, one of the most extraordinary women of the day. He was brother to the three celebrated beauties, Louisa, late Duchess of St. Alban's ; Lady Sophia Heathcote ; and the Honourable Mrs. Duff, wife of the present Earl of Fife, the circumstances of whose death created so great a sensation in the fashionable world many years ago. On his mother succeeding to the honours of her family at the decease of her brother, Wilbraham, Earl of Dysart, in 1821, he became Lord Huntingtower, and assumed, by royal permission, the name of Tollemache only. His Lordship, in 1790, married Catherine Rebecca, daughter of Francis Grey, Esq. of Lehen, in the county of Cork, by whom he leaves a surviving family of six sons and five daughters. Mr. Algernon Tollemache, his youngest son, was lately elected member of Parliament for Grantham. In the severe winters of 1828-9 he employed no less than 528 labourers in the vicinity of Buckminster.

Though occasionally exhibiting peculiar eccentricities of conduct, Lord Huntingtower possessed singular tact in estimating the characters of all with whom he came in contact, joined to uncommon shrewdness and ability in the every-day concerns of life. His genealogical and heraldic knowledge was of an extraordinary and diffusive character, from the retentiveness of his memory, and its constituting a favourite branch of his constant study. His Lordship's eldest son, the Hon. Lionel William John Manners Tollemache, succeeds to the title of Huntingtower, and to the very large paternal estates of the family. His Lordship also comes next in succession to the Earldom of Dysart. He was born in 1794, and married Miss Toone, daughter of Colonel Toone, by whom he has one son, aged 13.

The very ancient family of Tollemache claims Saxon descent, and the name is said to be a corruption of the Saxon word "toll-mack," tolling of the bell. The Tollemaches have flourished with the greatest honour in an uninterrupted male succession in the county of Suffolk since the first arrival of the Saxons in England, a period of more than thirteen centuries. Tollemache, Lord of Bentley, in Suffolk, and Stoke Tollemache, in the county of Oxford, lived in the sixth century ; and upon the old manor house of Bentley (which the family occupied previous

to the magnificent seat at Helmingham coming into their possession) may still be seen the following inscription :—

"Before the Normans into England came,
Bentley was my seat, and Tollemache was my
name."

PRINCE STANISLAUS PONIATOWSKI. The Prince Stanislaus Poniatowski died at Florence, on the 13th February. He was born at Warsaw in 1754, and was the son of Casimir, brother of Stanislaus Augustus, the last King of the Poles. He was a liberal patron of the arts and literature, and retired to Florence, after having defended the interests of his country with manly eloquence in the Diets of Poland. This Prince was the first who set the example of a useful and glorious reform by emancipating the serfs of his extensive domain.

SIR GEORGE AIREY. The late Lieutenant-General Sir G. Airey, who died at Paris, commanded, in the year 1810, a brigade in Sicily, and was employed with the other troops in the defence of the coast during the threatened invasion of Murat, in addition to his duties of deputy adjutant-general. In February, 1811, he was appointed brigadier-general, and thereby vacated the situation of deputy adjutant-general. On the 4th of June, 1811, he was appointed major-general on the staff of Sicily; and, in December of the same year, was ordered to go to Zante, to take the command of the Ionian Islands. He remained there in command, until succeeded by Lieut.-Gen. Campbell in the year 1813. He was appointed to the colonelcy of the 39th (or Dorsetshire) regiment, 26th of October, 1823. His commission as Lieut.-Gen. bears date 19th July, 1821. Sir George, by his marriage with Miss Talbot, of the family of Baroness Talbot de Malahide, has left a numerous family. His eldest daughter is married to the Hon. and Rev. Sir Francis Jervis Stapleton, Bart., son of the late Lord Le Despencer. Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. Sir Robert O'Callaghan, the present commander-in-chief at Madras, is spoken of in the military circles as likely to succeed Sir George in the command of the 39th.

REV. F. B. HOOLE.—It is with feelings of deep sorrow we record the death of the Rev. Frederick B. Hoole, one of the curates of St. Andrew's, Holborn, who died on the 16th inst., in the thirty-fifth year of his age. Perhaps there was never a man more calculated to fill and fulfil the duties of the sacred office, which was his own free choice, than the individual whose loss we mourn in common with the many poor, on whom death has closed a hand "open as the day to melting charity." A curate's income is, indeed, prescribed, and if in any way he adds to it,

it is by an increase of labour—a multiplicity of duty—under which the constitution sooner or later must, as in the present instance faint and fall. There are few persons aware of the immense bodily exertion required to carry the curate of one of our overgrown Metropolitan parishes through the absolute business of the day, and for which, in general, a stipend is paid, according to the generosity, or the reverse, of the rector's principle. We have known instances, where, under the plea of "the pressure of the times," half the curate's salary has been withdrawn, although his labour continued undiminished—while the number of the rector's *servants* remained on full pay—to do their master's bidding!—The great merit in the humble and holy path pursued by the late curate of St. Andrew's, was that he found where-with to minister, not out of his abundance, but out of his necessities, to the wants of others. He performed the work-house duty, for which he received, but never appropriated to his own use, the sum of 50*l.* per annum—it was invariably returned to the uttermost farthing, for the purpose of distribution amongst the poor—and this surely was no small sacrifice. It is selfish to deplore the loss of one whose mortality has put on immortality—and whose pure and gentle spirit is now with Him from whom it came. We mourn not for the dead, but for the poor who are bereaved of a true and indefatigable friend—"zealous of good works;" and that his mother—whose name is engraven on the hearts and memories of all the young, and many of the matured persons of this, and other lands—has now no son. Mrs. Hosland has somewhat advanced into the vale of years—and the staff upon which she leaned has been snapt in twain—it has been her sad task to close the eyes which she first taught to look on heaven. His last hours were, indeed, those of consolation to all around him; and free from every vestige of that suffering, which, during the past months, he endured with such exemplary patience.

JOHN O'KEEFE.—This venerable dramatist died during the past month at Southampton. He had attained the unusual age of eighty-six; and, though in great retirement, had lived in competency during his later years. Some time since, on a report that his circumstances were not so flourishing as might be desired, the committee of the Literary Fund voted and sent him a considerable sum; but it turned out that the rumour was erroneous; and O'Keefe sent back the donation, with a gratifying statement of his own comfortable situation, and a handsome acknowledgment of the intended kindness.

O'Keefe was a native of Dublin, and a Roman Catholic. He was educated by a

learned Jesuit, father Austin; but took to the stage, and wrote a comedy at the age of fifteen. Coming to London he ceased to perform, but produced between thirty and forty dramas of every kind, we believe, except tragedy. We copy the following from the "Biographical Dictionary."

"In 1800, Mr. O'Keefe, being reduced by blindness and other misfortunes to a state of great embarrassment, obtained a benefit at Covent Garden Theatre, and, at the end of the performance, he delivered a poetical address, in which humour and pathos were very happily blended. The printed works of this lively writer are as follow:—

"Tony Lumpkin in Town, fc. 8vo. 1778; Son-in-Law, 8vo. 1779; the Birth Day, 8vo. 1783; Omai, p. 8vo. 1783; Prisoner at Large, cr. 8vo. 1788; the Toy, cr. 8vo. 1789; World in a Village, com. 8vo. 1793; London Hermit, cr. 8vo. 1793; Wild Oats, cr. 8vo. 1794; Life's Vagaries, cr. 8vo. 1795; Irish Mimic (mus. ent.), 1795. In 1798 the following were collected and published; Alfred, a drama, 8vo.; The Basket-Maker (mus. enter.), 8vo.; a Beggar on Horseback, farce, 8vo.; the Blacksmith of Antwerp, fc. 8vo.; the Castle of Andalusia, com. opera, 8vo.; the Czar Peter, ditto, 8vo.; the Doll-drum, fc. 8vo.; the Farmer, fc. 8vo.; Fontainebleau, com. opera, 8vo.; Le Grenadier, pantomime, 8vo.; Highland Reel, com. opera, 8vo.; Little Hunchback, fc. 8vo.; Love in a Camp, fc. 8vo.; Man-Milliner, fc. 8vo.; Modern Antiques, fc. 8vo.; Poor Soldier, com. opera, 8vo.; Positive Man, fc. 8vo.; Sprigs of Laurel, com. opera, 8vo.; Tantarara Rogues all, fc. 8vo.; Wicklow Mountains, opera, 8vo. Besides these pieces, the author has produced many which remain in the hands of the proprietors of the theatres as stock-plays."

ROBERT C. SANDS, Esq.—In the 34th year of his age, Robert C. Sands, Esq., one of the editors of the "New York Commercial Advertiser." Our readers who will take the trouble to read a production from the pen of Mrs. Trollope, entitled "The Refugee," will there find a character under the name of Hannibal Burns. The author of the "Domestic Manners of the Americans" has laboured to depict a New-York editor; and by way of representing such a person in the most odious light, not only makes him a police officer, but one especially celebrated in the capture of runaway Englishmen. Hannibal Burns is portrayed as a low, vulgar, ignorant ruffian; willing to undertake any case, or perform any act; whose only delight appears in deluding the runaway, and making his piety the shield for his duplicity. With these amiable qualifications, he is also an editor of a New-York paper. We have heard many sensible

persons actually take the character for granted, and on the assumption argue, that any alteration in the stamp or advertisement duties would be likely to give us newspapers with a similar class of persons for their conductors. We need not refute trash so absurd and ridiculous; but we cannot refrain from disabusing the public mind on the representation which it is pretended to give of a transatlantic contemporary.

We were acquainted with Mr. Sands, and look back to the period when we knew him, with mingled sensations of sorrow and delight. We can scarcely trust our pen when we think of him—and then look at the being that malevolence would thrust upon our belief. Poor Sands—he was indeed a gentleman! We knew him but for a short time, but in that brief period we became acquainted with a truly worthy man—a fine scholar and elegant writer—a wit, poet, in fact, a being whose intellectual powers were of the highest and most envied. His education had been of the best description. He graduated at Colombia College in 1815, and received his degree with high honours. He afterwards published his juvenile and academic productions, and gained by it both credit and emolument. He was engaged in several light works soon after he left college; and in union with other literary men he commenced a series of essays, which, at the time they were published, attracted as much attention as the "Salmagundi" of Washington Irving. He was the principal author of the "Yamoyden," a poetic work, which gives a true, spirited, and faithful picture of the Aborigines of America. He had been the editor of the "Atlantic Magazine," of the "New-York Review," and, when he died, was an editor of the paper which we have mentioned. He was in the act of writing an article, when he was seized with a determination of blood from the head, and he fell from his chair and expired. He had studied for the bar, and had practised; but the profession of the law was not suited to his talents. He was only happy while engaged in literary pursuits, or in the society of those who had a kindred disposition. His manners were gentle and unassuming, his wit without acerbity, and his imagination powerful in the extreme. Many of his productions have appeared in annuals, and they are without exception marked with the vigorous and fertile genius, purity of taste, grace, ease, and correctness, for which he was celebrated.

These few remarks have been made by one who knew him to have been all, and more than has been stated above; and who considers that there cannot be afforded a better opportunity than this to refute a calumny, and thus convey a reproof to a carping, cynical, and disappointed novelist.—J. W. G.

MR. JOHN THOMAS SMITH.—We are indebted to the "Athenæum" for the following memoir of Mr. John Thomas Smith, the keeper of the Prints in the British Museum, who died suddenly on Friday the 8th. "He was well known, from the situation which he held, and the works which at various times he edited; and he will be long remembered by the frequenters of the museum—not so much for his knowledge of works of art, as for his abundant gossip on matters connected therewith. He was the son of old Nathaniel Smith, the printseller, formerly of May's Buildings, a well-known jackal to the Walpoles, Gulstons, and Cracherodes, the great print collectors of other days. The father etched a little, and from his instruction the son acquired the like art.—When a very young man he commenced a series of Illustrations of the Antiquities of London and its environs; the first number of which work was published so early as 1791, and the last not till 1800. During its progress he also published 'Remarks on Rural Scenery, with twenty etchings of Cottages from Nature,' &c. 4to. 1797; this was followed by the 'Antiquities of Westminster,' 1807; and in 1809 he published sixty-two additional plates to this latter work. In 1810 he commenced his 'Ancient Topography of London,' consisting principally of specimens of domestic architecture. After this appeared, with an introduction by Francis Douce, his 'Vagabondiana, or Etchings of remarkable Beggars, &c. of notoriety in London and its environs.' His last publication was the 'Life of Nollekens'—written in a spirit of disappointed spleen, universally and justly condemned. We understand he has left a posthumous work, entitled a 'History of his own life and Times.'

"The most important matter now to be considered is, who shall be his successor to the Museum? We hope, for the credit of the country, that the place will be given to some one of ability and experience. Several candidates have started—two we have heard named, and both of them are well entitled to hope for it, while some dozen others have no pretension except personal influence."

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Life of Sir Walter Raleigh. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq., F. R. S. and F. S. A.

THIS is another piece of biography furnished for the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library." Of Mr. Tytler's qualifications for the task which he has executed with so much credit to himself, the world has been long acquainted, and any commendation of ours, by way of introducing him to the reader, would be quite superfluous. These pages

not only present us with the history and character of an extraordinary man, who, perhaps, more than any other of his age, combined profound views with practical knowledge and activity; but we behold him surrounded with groups of his most eminent contemporaries. If some of them are shaded more deeply than we have been accustomed to view them, we are indebted to the impartial justice of Mr. Tytler for a more faithful estimation of them than his predecessors either had the ability or the inclination to execute. Raleigh has passed through the severe and critical investigation of all that was before obscure and unintelligible in his eventful life with eminent advantage. The mistakes and aspersions of Hume are corrected and removed; the gross charges against his honour and veracity, examined and refuted. The only real blot on his fair fame is the letter to Cecil respecting the Earl of Essex: and the treatment he afterwards received from that crafty minister, of a weak, malignant, and contemptible master, has in it something like retribution. The secret history of his offences, and the real facts attending his trial and condemnation, are minutely disclosed and faithfully narrated by Mr. Tytler. His execution was a foul murder: and Coke, the Attorney-General, whatever may be his fame as a lawyer, stands doomed to everlasting infamy on account of his conduct in this detestable violation of every principle of honour and justice, of integrity and humanity. His associates in this deed of blood, which stands as their reproach through all generations, are Cecil and the Royal James, one of the most despicable tyrants that ever abused a sceptre. It is not too much to say that we have read this work with deep interest. The unbroken stream of its narrative and the classical purity of its style afforded gratification to our task, while the new light it has shed upon many important passages in our national history has increased our stock of important information. We certainly hail it as the most authentic account of Sir Walter Raleigh which has yet been given to the public. We trust that the hint conveyed by the concluding paragraph of Mr. Tytler's preface will not be thrown out in vain.—"It is high time that state papers, documents, and journals, and all our national muniments, shall be made accessible to the public; till this is the case no proper history of England can be written." May we hope that, by the labours of the new Record Commission, the freedom of consultation and transcription will be at length established, not only in the State-Paper Office, but in the other great collections of the kingdom, many of which, as they at present exist, are not so much the repositories as the cemeteries of our national records.

A Critical Dissertation on the Nature, Measures, and Causes of Value, chiefly in reference to the Writings of Mr. Ricardo and his Followers. By the Author of "Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions," &c. &c. (Reviewed by the Author of "Corn-Law Rhymes.")

Few men who, in this bread-taxed land, have to live by their own exertions, can afford to bestow on this book—which, to be understood, must not only be read, but deeply studied—the attention which it deserves; and, of course, no man who has not bestowed on it the attention which it deserves, can have a right to say that he differs from the author in opinion. If, then, I presume to dissent from any of his conclusions—after giving the Dissertation two careful and thorough perusals—it will become me, not to assent, but modestly to hint my dissent, in the shape of queries, which may lead to inquiry and discussion.

Throughout his first chapter, and indeed throughout the volume, Mr. Bailey seems to mistake *exchangeability for value*. He states, it is true, at the outset, "That value, in its ultimate sense, appears to mean the esteem in which any object is held." According to this true definition, a lock of hair cut from the head of a deceased child might be very valuable to the surviving parents, although nobody would buy it of them at any price. So far, all is well. But the author goes on to say, "That it is only when objects are considered together, as subjects of preference or exchange, that the specific feeling of value can arise."

Now, let us suppose that a sailor shipwrecked, and that the wave which casts him on a barren rock throws up also a quantity of oysters. Will Mr. Bailey assert, that because there is no other useful article on the rock, the oysters are therefore of no value to the shipwrecked seamen? Or, if we suppose that the wave which cast the sailor and the oysters on the rock, threw up also a cask of biscuits, will Mr. Bailey assert, that if the oysters had not been cast up with the biscuits, the latter would have been of no value to the shipwrecked sailor? If he will not assert this, what becomes of his doctrine, "That a thing cannot be valuable in itself, without reference to another thing?" We can conceive, that the sailor might be under the necessity of resigning the biscuits or the oysters, and that he might determine to resign the oysters and keep the biscuits, which would prove, that in his estimation, the biscuits were worth the oysters; yet if the sailor happened afterwards to argue the question of value with the philosopher, he might reasonably contend, not only that oysters have always an intrinsic value, but that, in his case, the oysters supposed had a value of which labour formed no part. To the latter supposition, I think, Mr. Bai-

ley ought himself to assent; for the ability with which, when refuting Ricardo and others, he demonstrates the truth of similar suppositions, in his masterly chapter on the Causes of Value, constitutes, in my opinion, the value of his publication.

As the limits of this Magazine will not permit me to follow the author of the Dissertation through all his chapters, I will make a quotation from the most important of them. How admirably, in the following passage, and in how few words, does he overthrow the pernicious sophistry of the famous theory of rent!

"The value of that corn which is produced on lands paying rent is not, it is acknowledged, in proportion either to the capital or to the labour actually expended in its production. It must be owing, therefore, to some other cause; and the only other cause is the state of the supply and demand, or the competition of the purchasers. This competition might raise the price to an indefinite height, if it were not for the existence of other lands, which, although they could produce corn only at a greater cost, would be brought into cultivation as soon as the price had risen sufficiently high to pay the ordinary profits on the capital required. It is, therefore, the possibility of producing corn, or the actual production of it, at a greater cost, which forms the limit to its value. But although this is the limit beyond which its value cannot rise, it cannot be said to be the cause of its value. It is the cause of its being no higher, not the cause of its being so high. A perforation in the side of a vessel, at any distance from the bottom, would effectually prevent its being filled to a greater height with water, but it would be no cause of the water attaining that height. At the utmost it could be considered as only a joint cause of the result.

"We accordingly find that the expression used by Mr. Ricardo on this subject is, not that the value of corn is *caused*, but that it is *regulated* by the cost of production on the least fertile lands. The owners of land of superior fertility enjoy a monopoly, which, however, does not enable them to raise their commodity indefinitely, according to the varying wants and caprices of mankind, but which is bounded by the existence of inferior soils.

"It is simply out of this monopoly-value that rent arises. Rent proceeds, in fact, from the extraordinary profit which is obtained by the possession of an instrument of production, protected up to a certain point from competition. If the owner of this instrument, instead of using it himself, lets it out to another, he receives from him this surplus of profit under the denomination of rent. In this view of the subject, the extraordinary profit might exist, although the land in cultivation were all of the same quality; nay, must exist before inferior land was cultivated; for it could be only in consequence of extraordinary gains obtained by the monopolizers of the best land, that capital and labour would be expended on soils of a subordinate order. Rent, therefore, might exist, while all the land under cultivation was of equal fertility. Perhaps it might not exist under these circumstances during any long period, but its existence at all would prove that it was the effect of monopoly, an extraordinary profit, and not the consequence of the cultivation of inferior soils."

If the author had written nothing but his chapter on the Causes of Value, he would

have deserved well of his country and mankind. Perhaps, we cannot yet say of Samuel Bailey, as of John Locke, that he has shot an arrow of lightning into the darkness of the human mind; but we can say, that he shoots deliberately, and with true aim, at errors in theory and nomenclature, which are already become practical mischief, if not public wrongs; and posterity will concede to the philosopher of Sheffield, that he, at least, possessed, in a very eminent degree, that power which distinguished, above all other men, the most useful of all, James Watt; I mean, the power of grasping, and holding fast, whatever idea, original or derived, he might have determined to examine. Indeed, if we can ascribe any fault to this profound thinker, it is, that he grasps his objects too tenaciously, stubbornly refusing to resign them, until he has pointed out differences which, if they exist at all, seem to be of little practical value. No person, however, will hastily condemn such distinctions, who reflects that many of the disputes, and much of the actual evil which we deplore, have arisen out of the abuse of words or terms, which either had no definite meaning, or to which different meanings were ascribed by the disputants; and surely the importance of establishing first principles will be disputed by no man who knows that one original and correct idea from the mind of a Scotch mechanic,—that of attaching the air-pump to the steam-engine,—is now, without a metaphor, not only *manufacturing* food for at least eight millions of human beings in Great Britain, but that it has actually called those millions into existence! Our bachelor philosopher of Burn Greave, while he smiles at this assertion, will assent to its truth. What married man, who has a family, knows not that matrimony is made of cakes and pudding? and the time is not distant, when the countrywomen of Harriet Martineau will, one and all, acknowledge that the great manufactory of mouths and bread is the *Mind* itself.

The New Road to Ruin, by Lady Stepney.
London. Bentley.

It would be a curious and interesting matter deliberately to criticise and arrange under distinct heads the different tribes of novels which have appeared during the continuance of a novel-writing mania, that has filled the shelves of our booksellers and book readers during the last ten or fifteen years. We do not mean that we should scrutinize every work—a labour for a Hercules,—but, taking one of each class, investigate its taste, sentiment, and the probability which exists of its possessing more than an ephemeral existence. There are novels without tales, and tales that are not novel. The didactic, the prosaic, the

poetic, the voluminous, the heroic, the romantic, the scientific, the philosophic, the historic, the—our gosse-quill calls for a respite. Lady Stepney's "Road to Ruin" it would be difficult to characterize, partaking as it does of two principal attributes—the conversational and the descriptive;—description, not so much of the natural, as of the physical and moral world. But there is also a considerable degree of dramatic incident and bustle in many of its pages. This accomplished lady has not, from the commencement of her work, directed her reader's attention to the development of plot, so much as to the development of character. She flies, "and flying sparkles," from subject to subject, and time to time; mingling details of honesty and villany, love and hatred, romance and plain dealing, so as to form a species of portrait gallery; where some will most value the lovely and interesting Ellen, others will be delighted with the simple and natural Fanny; and many, with ourselves, "set most store by" the striking and vivid delineation of the pompous, weak and wicked Lord Darmaya. Lady Stepney possesses a happy faculty of light and *piquant badinage*—occasionally she makes, perhaps, a little too frequent use of the French language; but this characteristic of her style is also very characteristic of the dialogue fashionable to the present day. Nobody, perhaps, is better calculated than the charming lady to whom we are indebted for these volumes, to paint the manners and existence of the privileged idlers of the world. She observes, with a lively tact, the aspect of the society which she embellishes; and her portraits are no less faithful than attractive. Many of the aphorisms, interspersed through the volumes, are stamped either with charming sentiment or acute remark. We grieve that our limits, and our usual custom of abstaining from quotation in works of fiction, will not allow us to indulge our readers with any extracts. We hail with pleasure so delightful an acquisition to the galaxy of living female writers.

Travels and Researches of Baron Humbolt.
By W. Macgillivray, A. M.

This forms Vol. X. of the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library." It is a *condensed* narrative of the journeys of the indefatigable and adventurous traveller whose name is familiar to every person whose attention has been drawn to political statistics or natural philosophy. In the equinoctial regions of America, and in Asiatic Russia, Baron Humboldt pursued those researches and investigations, analyses of which are contained in the work before us. The compiler observes—"From the various works which the Baron has given to the world have been derived the chief materials of the

narrative; and when additional particulars were wanted, application was made to M. de Humboldt himself, who kindly pointed out the sources whence the desired information might be obtained. The life of a man of letters, he justly observed, ought to be sought for in his books; and for this reason little has been said respecting his occupations during the intervals of repose which have succeeded his perilous journeys."

In the process of condensation, the spirit of the original has escaped. The phrases "our travellers," "they proceeded," "they went out," &c. &c. deprive the narrative of the lively interest which an eye-witness of the scenes which he describes has so much the power of conveying to his readers. Mr. Macgillivray has given us rather a dry report of the travels and researches of Baron Humboldt than the narrative and observations of the traveller himself. Yet we willingly join with the publishers in the hope that "the work, notwithstanding its abridged form, will prove beneficial in diffusing a knowledge of the researches of the eminent naturalist from whose original labours it has been taken, and leading to the study of those phenomena which present themselves daily to the eye."

Valpy's Family Classical Library. Euripides, Vol. III. Homer, Vol. II.

We have little to remark on the above, more than that they serve worthily to continue the reputation already acquired by their predecessors. The volume of Euripides contains six tragedies of that great master. The second volume of Homer comprises the last eleven books of the Iliad and four of the Odyssey. To comment upon the performances of Potter and Pope at this time of day would by many be considered useless labour, yet we cannot but think that something more spirited than Potter's and more faithful than Pope's translation might have been found by diligent seeking. We should have preferred taking, where practicable, the best translations separate, and writers. Uniformity in a work of this kind constitutes no particular commendation. We cannot forbear one word upon the fact, that, while the place of Homer's birth and the period of his existence are still concealed in the inscrutable arcana of the past,—while learned men are disputing whether he might not have been Ulysses or Solomon, or even "really, truly nobody at all,"—his verses are still with us an immortal possession, in which time has shed its influence only to consecrate and ennoble. Unfading associations are interwoven in our recollection of the verses of the "blind Mæonides." Scarcely less do we love him than the other great name who wore the dignity of the tragic muse with a princely grace. But

why talk in this rambling strain of those whom fame has taken for her own? Truly it is a work of supererogation, and we at once give over.

Deloraine. By the author of "Caleb Williams." Bentley.

When we look back upon the immense stride that literature has made since the period when the author of "Caleb Williams" struck boldly into a new and untrodden path, and laid bare the machinery of human passion, so as to tempt more youthful anatomists to the same daring, we confess ourselves astonished at the power by which Mr. Godwin has been enabled to maintain his station, at a time of life when man generally sinks into that state so pathetically described as—

"Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans everything."

Eighty years have rolled over the head of this extraordinary man, and yet behold! a mental Phoenix rises from the very ashes:—a creation of an imagination to the last degree wonderful, when we consider the hand is feeble, that traced the pages in which it is impossible not to see the master spirit, not indeed as it was in the strength and radiance of his early career, when, like the eagle on the mountain's brow, he stood or soared alone in his magnificence; but grand and striking as an outline of which, in his best days, he need not have been ashamed. "Deloraine" is by no means devoid of gentle interest, and the female character is, in many respects, beautifully developed; its proportions are at once correct and graceful, and this alone must render the volumes interesting to the general reader, not disposed to view it, with ourselves, as one of the curiosities of literature. We never analyse stories; it is, in our opinion, unfair both to the reader and the author. Who would sit down to view the sufferings of the heroine, the difficulties of a hero, did they know exactly how those sufferings and difficulties would terminate? We shall never forgive a certain elderly lady of our acquaintance, a worthy good soul in other respects, who adds to an insatiable literary appetite, as insatiable a literary digestion. "Have you read so-and-so?" she commences. "No; but we are going to;" or, "just in the second volume," is the reply. "Well, I can tell you all about it. I have just finished it." "My dear Madam, we would much rather not hear all about it. We prefer making it out." Upon this the old lady looks silenced; but only for a moment. She has as many turns and windings as a hare, and, by sundry innuendoes and insinuations, finishes our curiosity and the book at one and the same time. We have, therefore, a fallow-feeling for others, and prefer recom-

mending to informing,—if, indeed, a new novel by the author of “Caleb Williams” need any recommendation to the reading public.

The Exile of Idria; a German Tale.

This German tale is one of deep interest. Its elements are love and injustice, patient and undeserved suffering, ultimate deliverance and long-continued happiness. These are, indeed, common materials, yet the incidents which are formed out of them are by no means common; and the poetry, though it be imitative in its style and structure, is often original. As a story, it cannot be read without deep and varied emotions; as a poem, it reflects infinite credit on the imaginative powers and refined taste of the author, with whom, indeed, we hope to be better acquainted.

Loudon's Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture. PART X.

This is by far the most interesting part of this useful work that we have seen. The fundamental principles for laying out villas, coming as they do from a man of Mr. Loudon's great experience as a landscape gardener, ought to be read attentively by every one who has a villa to build, or grounds to improve. We were much struck with the views of the Earl of Shrewsbury's extraordinary place in Staffordshire, Alton Towers. This is a complete extravaganza, designed by the late Earl, as though to show how far caprice, and almost unbounded wealth, could change the features of nature. The result is a scene of gorgeous splendour, reminding the beholder of the descriptions in the “Arabian Tales,” and almost realizing the wildest visions of the poet's brain, yet totally destroying all the natural loveliness of the place. The sketch of Beau Ideal Villa, pointing out the comforts and luxuries required to form a complete villa, in the modern taste, for a country gentleman of independent fortune, is an excellent idea, well executed. It is evidently written quite *con amore*.

Piozziana; or, Recollections of the late Mrs. Piozzi. With Remarks, by a Friend. 8vo.

We are afraid the public in general will feel little interest in this gossip and tittle-tattle. Mrs. Piozzi has long filled all the space she was ever entitled to in the literature of the age to which she belonged; and we are perfectly sure these Piozziana will add nothing to her fame,—in fact, they tell us nothing that we care to inquire about. We read the pages before us as we remember once to have read the letters of the celebrated John Wilkes, published after his death,—we were just enough interested to go on; but it was the interest of expecta-

tion, which was extinguished, however, long before we arrived at the last page. The writer is, we doubt not, a very respectable old gentleman, who, before the waning of his faculties, had some pretensions to literary taste, and a general acquaintance with the literature that was in vogue some fifty years ago. Those who, like himself, may be now lingering like shadows on this side the Styx, may perhaps wile away their time by turning over the leaves of his Piozziana; and this, we fear, is all we can venture to promise him.

The trade of Banking in England; embracing the Substance of the Evidence taken before the Secret Committee of the House of Commons, digested and arranged under appropriate heads. Together with a Summary of the Law applicable to the Bank of England, to private Banks of Issue, and Joint-Stock Banking Companies; to which are added, an Appendix and Index. By Michael J. Quin, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law.

This elaborate and very seasonable volume is appropriately inscribed to the Lord Chancellor. Its merits can, however, be appreciated by that portion of the public who are deeply and practically interested in the subjects of which it treats. The title comprehensively announces its multifarious contents, but the whole plan and object are detailed in the preface, in which the writer informs us, that he has endeavoured, in the first place, to give a general view of the origin, privileges, and functions of the Bank of England; the mode in which its business is conducted; and of the character which it has acquired amongst those persons in London who, from their own experience, are peculiarly competent to bear testimony to the true nature of its operations. But we cannot do better than allow him to speak in his own person, assuring our readers, that, as far as we are able to judge, Mr. Quin has, with much industry and talent, furnished all the information on the subject of banking which the exigencies of the times seem to demand:—

“I have proceeded,” he continues, “to treat of its branch banks recently established in different parts of the country, collecting from the evidence laid before the Committee of the House of Commons, such information as might enable the public to judge of the value of those institutions. Considering the Bank and its branches then, in one point of view, I have traced out its actual condition as to capital, liabilities, and annual profits, from the accounts which were rendered to the Committee. As no similar returns were ever before communicated by the Bank, the real state of that Corporation can now be examined, for the first time, upon the faith of documents of an authentic description, and in which everything connected with the concerns of the Company is disclosed without reserve.

“Decided differences of opinion prevailed amongst several of the witnesses who appeared before the Committee, with respect to the fluctuations which from time to time have taken place

in the currency. I found it necessary, therefore, to attempt to clear away the obscurities by which that subject has been heretofore surrounded; and I hope, that with the assistance of the practical knowledge relating to it which abounds in the *Minutes of Evidence*, I have succeeded in simplifying a topic which theorists had previously made almost unintelligible.

"In order to prepare the reader for this discussion, I have touched on the nature of the foreign exchanges—a theme also hitherto fruitful of perplexity to all persons who have not an immediate interest in their variations, and a practical acquaintance with the causes that elevate or depress them in the course of trade. If the reader go with me through these explanations, I trust that he will then be enabled to judge how far the management of the Bank is chargeable with producing contractions or enlargements of the circulation to the prejudice of the community, and whether any system of banking can be devised by which such alternations can for the future be prevented.

"The lessons afforded to the country by the catastrophe of 1825 are next alluded to, as well as the extent to which the Bank has profited by those serious and providential admonitions. The whole of the objections which have been made to its system of management, and the answer given to those objections, on the part of the Bank, are then exhibited, in order that the reader may decide for himself between conflicting opinions, arguments, and statements of facts, on which side the truth is probably to be found.

"As the inquiry now pending in Parliament extends to private and joint-stock banks, the evidence with respect to those establishments is condensed in successive chapters; and they will, perhaps, be found, in connexion with those which precede them, to disclose a more complete view of the banking trade in this country than it was possible for any one writer to collect, without access to the valuable evidence lately published by order of the House of Commons. The improvements proposed by several witnesses with respect to the banking system are next drawn out from the mass of questions and answers; and I have presumed to conclude the first part of this work with such observations as occurred to me upon a careful and impartial consideration of the whole subject.

"References having been made in many passages of the evidence to the present state of the law upon several points connected with banking, I deemed it convenient to add, in a Second Part, a summary of all the more important statutes which relate either to the Bank of England, to private banks of issue, or joint-stock banking companies. In the Appendix will be found an account of the principal foreign banks, and of those of Ireland and Scotland; and also a series of useful tables compiled, at my request, by Mr. Keppel, one of the most accurate accountants in the city of London. I wish I were at liberty to mention the names of two other gentlemen, of great commercial experience and high character, who have done me the favour to revise this volume in its progress through the press. If upon the subject of which it treats it have any pretensions to authority, I owe it entirely to their suggestions, and to the kind vigilance with which they have preserved me from falling into material errors."

Compendium of Modern Geography. By Rev. Alexander Stewart. 3d Edition.

We are happy in adding our testimony to that of the many journalists who have ex-

pressed their approbation of this little work. It is extremely well arranged and very neatly got up. We think it unquestionably superior to either Goldsmith's or Guy's, though that is not saying much in its favour. Our principal doubt is about the manner in which it is to be used; if to be committed to memory at so many sentences per day, we think the learning it and the not learning it at all would be nearly equal in utility. A more miserable plan of teaching geography was never devised than that of making the pupil learn by heart a shapeless mass of facts about the population, language, manners, religion, &c. of every country as they are found in the geography-book, and scarcely ever looking upon a map. The thorough study of maps is the *sine qua non* in elementary geography. After he knows a map or two by heart, then the perusal of such a work as this, and of narratives of voyages and travels, becomes really serviceable to him. Experience has proved the utility of this plan of proceeding.

The Producing Man's Companion; an Essay on the Present State of Society, Moral, Political, and Physical, in England; with the best Means of Providing for the Poor, and those Classes of Operatives who may be suddenly thrown out of their regular Employments by the Substitution of new Inventions. By Junius Redivivus. 12mo. 2nd Edition.

It is not easy to exaggerate the number and magnitude of the evils which its present institutions inflict upon the great body of society. The remains of feudal injustice and oppression; the pernicious operation of bad laws, made for the exclusive benefit of the rich, and the mal-administration of good ones, which increases the misery they were intended to alleviate among the poor; together with the rapid advance of intellect, and the improvement and application of science to the great business of trade and commerce, all seem to be rapidly hastening on a crisis when some great and radical change may be expected. There are some writers who, with sobriety and good sense, suggest remedies that are practical; and though we do not subscribe to all the doctrines advanced by Junius Redivivus, it is impossible to deny him the praise of benevolent intentions and vigorous powers. He is an accomplished and remarkable man, and in verse and prose possesses very remarkable faculties.

The Modern Cymon. From the French of M. Paul de Kock.

We have perused these two volumes with considerable pleasure and amusement. They exhibit a very faithful picture of French manner and society, and the characters are without exception drawn with inimitable fidelity and humour. The idea of the publishers in getting up this translation was, to

give the English public an opportunity of judging of the merits of one of the most celebrated French novelists, divested of the impurities in which he is too apt to indulge. These impurities would here be a great objection to a work, but our neighbours on the other side of the water are not so scrupulous. De Kock is distinguished for his accurate knowledge of human nature in general, and his skill in depicting individual instances of folly or absurdity. One great objection to translations is, the difficulty of preserving the spirit of the original, and we may almost go the length of saying, that to translate well, is as difficult as to write well. The present translator has fulfilled his task with ability, and therefore the reader who has not perused the original will not, as in ordinary circumstances, have to regret the loss of the spirit of the original. As the present work is likely to be very successful, other novels of the same author are, we hear, in the course of translations; and we understand that one of them, which possesses peculiar interest, has been prepared from the French, by Mr. C. Ciyatt, and will shortly be published.

Charterhouse Prize Exercises, from 1814 to 1832.

This is a proud monument to the institution whose name it bears. Of course the exercises are of various merits, but they are all worthy of a place in a publication designed to do honour to the masters and pupils of the Charterhouse. We recommend that the present volume should commence a series to be published at the intervals of two or three years; this will prove a useful stimulus to the emulation of the youthful aspirants for literary distinctions.

Some of these exercises are of such promise—both as to vigorous conception and classical execution—that we shall be disappointed if the names appended to them in a few years are not pronounced with admiration and delight at the bar and in the senate. We think we discern two or three embryo poets and orators.

THE DRAMA.

It is a sad and sorrowful task, in these days of reform, to go on recording from month to month, and almost from year to year, the abundant want of everything like dramatic excellence. Translations and dansures ring the changes at both houses, with an occasional variety afforded by the illness or versatility of Mr. Kean's health or judgment, or the introduction of a farce, for which, when it is good, we have learned to be exceedingly grateful. At

DRURY LANE—we have had a very pleasing version of Auber's charming ballet opera of *Le Dieu et la Bayadère*, brought out by the joint aid of Messrs. Bishop and Fitzball, under the new title of the *Mad of Cashmere*. The original story is one of considerable beauty, from that in-

exhaustible source of the extraordinary, the Indian mythology. The god Brama, in one of his incarnations, meets with very indifferent treatment from the inhabitants of the city of Cashmere, from whence he is driven by the police. The only one ready to take pity upon his abject fortune and condition is a dancing-girl, a profession always despised in India. She flies with him to her hut, conceals him there, and becomes enamoured. Her sister, who has the gift of song, by her harmony diverts the attentions of Brama from the dancing-girl to herself: this causes them to display their respective powers. In conclusion, the dancing-girl is seized by the authorities of Cashmere, and condemned to be burnt. She is placed upon the pile: it is fired; the god Brama becomes revealed, and her apotheosis ensues.

Mademoiselle Duvernay was as near perfection as possible; and, while bringing Taglioni to our remembrance in some of the movements, did not lose by the comparison. Miss Bett's singing-girl was like all she does—excellent, without superiority. We hear that Mrs. Wood refused the part; why, we cannot tell. Mr. Wood improved in this character, and we are glad of it, for it was needed. He is less woody than usual, both in his singing and acting.

A Miss Duff, formerly a pupil of the Academy of Music, has played occasionally Madame de Meric's rôle in our old favourite *Don Juan*. She is at present an unequal singer, but promises well.—Mr. Martin progresses in Leporello. There is much to applaud in a new actor's making so successful a debut in a part by no means easy.—Mr. Barnard has appeared in his own play of *The Nervous Man*,—and a nervous undertaking it must have been for one so unaccustomed to public performance. He was driven to it; and we consequently do not feel called upon to criticise his performance, as we should have done had he been a volunteer. He is one of the victims to the unjust theatrical system, against which we have so frequently raised our voice. Others are reaping the harvest his abilities sowed; for his farce was, with one late exception at the other house, the best of the season. Drury Lane has also been so good as gratuitously to announce Mr. Kean's appearance at Covent Garden! We were prepared for almost any absurdity in that quarter; but this almost surpassed our belief.

COVENT GARDEN.—The novel upon which Mr. Planchée's new play is founded has been dramatized in Paris; and we would remind Mr. La Porte, that much as we admire the internal arrangements of the French theatres, we do not admire the constant grafting of French plays upon the English stage. The plot of *Reputation*, or *the State Secret*, is almost too difficult for us to unravel but we will try. Otto, Count of Splügen, (Warde) is secretly married to the Princess Frederica, (Miss Taylor) sister to the Landgrave (G. Bennett.) He likewise holds the post of prime minister, and being of steady and sedate habits, his absence from a court festival is remarked, and commented on by the prince and his courtiers. A bet is made that he is engaged in an affair of gallantry, and they break up for the purpose of discovering him, and determining the wager. He is on a secret visit to his bride, but is intercepted by the Chamberlain (Abbott) on his way home, and, to prevent any suspicion, he feigns to have been engaged in an amour with a lowly maiden, Helena (Miss Tree), whose name he accidentally becomes acquainted with through the boy, Fritz (Miss Poole). This slander spreads abroad, and the loss of reputation to Helena is the consequence; her brother Hugo (Mr. C.

Kean), maddened at the reproach, sets himself to discover and punish the offender. This he is enabled to do through the agency of Fritz, and immediately he seeks the presence of Otto, and demands of him the public assurance of his sister's innocence. He receives every satisfaction from the Count, but his public acknowledgment of where he spent his time, and which would give a clue to the development of the State Secret. Dissatisfied with this determination, Hugo is resolved upon revenge, and associates himself with a conspiracy formed against the state. As agent of the conspirators he is introduced as a spy into the bed-chamber of the Princess, there becomes acquainted with the secret, which he uses as an instrument to obtain the public avowal from the Count. Doubting the faith of the Count, he steals a note from the Princess's chamber, which discloses her marriage, and this note he gives to Anselm (Haines) the lover of Helena. The Landgrave is wounded in a scuffle with Anselm, and obtains possession of the document. The whole of the *dramatis personæ* are brought together in the last scene; the Landgrave half dead, half drunk, dooms his sister and the Count to the axe, which awaits but the signal of another cup to descend upon her neck. The fatal wine cup is at his lips; but, as in the *Critic*, death stops him short. The lady descends from the scaffold to ascend the throne. This is but an imperfect sketch, but sufficient, we trust, to give our readers a general idea of the subject.

We have good reason to believe that dramatizing this story was in a great degree forced upon Mr. Planchée; and, truth to say, he affords us more amusement in the general way than any of our play wrights. He has a sort of epigrammatical manner of turning his short pieces, which renders them *piquant* and entertaining; and though his style lacks *finish*, it is never deficient in *point*; this is more than we can say in general, and if we cannot award the laurel, which belongs only to the genuine dramatist, we cannot but praise his fertility and industry.

The drama possesses the merit of striking situations, qualities readily acknowledged, and more highly appreciated, in the present times than of old; and had these been supported by language having some approach to poetry, and acting having some relation to it, its success might probably have not been so transient as under its present circumstances it is likely to be. Mr. C. Kean was intrusted with the part of Hugo, and fully confirmed us in those disadvantageous opinions we had before hazarded as to his powers. Mr. Warde, as Count Otho the minister, acted extremely well; his delineation of the character was well conceived, and the result of considerable study and reflection. Miss E. Tree, without any opportunity of displaying her talents, did as she always does, what the author sets down for her, well. Miss Taylor neither in look, manners, nor actions, displayed any thing of the princess. Mr. G. Bennett, heaven defend us from again witnessing Mr. G. Bennett's drinking and dying exit. It was solemnly ludicrous. Mr. Abbott's forced pleasantry and new wit, must only be matters of record, not of comment. Mr. Haines is much misplaced in the character of Anselm. We must confess that the curtain descended amid shouts of applause, and thus write our own condemnation—it is even so; we only wish that to prevent unnecessary interruption, some judicious servant of the theatre was placed in the orchestra to give the time by a motion of his hand. When shouts of tremendous applause should mount to the regions on high—secure of their sending back the echo of "the most sweet voices" of "the people."

We are glad to welcome Mr. Hacket, an American, on our English boards; a grain of his real talent will have more effect in blowing away the bushels of light chaff which have been written on the subject of the United States and their inhabitants, by empty-headed and empty-pocketed individuals, than any attempt to set matters right, which should emanate from those less prejudiced and better informed on the subject. Varying in climate and productions, with thousands of miles of sea-coast, it is no wonder that the creature, man, exhibits various peculiarities in this mighty union.

Though last, not least, we have to notice Mr. Poole's clever *Nabob for an Hour*; the materials for the plot, have nothing in themselves of a particularly novel nature; but the whole is so skillfully worked out—and so cleverly managed, that it excites the genuine mirth of the audience, and deserves the "run" it is likely to obtain; the dialogue is polished and sparkling—the points good—and the acting above all praise. Bartley as the Nabob, the inimitable Keeley as Dick Dumpey, and his intelligent, vixenish wife as Nancy Scraggs, were the triumphant pillars of the performance. Next to Miss Kelly, we have no such actress in that peculiar line, as Mrs. Keeley. She identifies herself to perfection with the person whose name she bears; and never suffers the audience to remember that she is only acting a part until the curtain drops. She moreover dresses the character and not herself. She would never have done what pretty Miss Sidney did the other night in the *Merchant of Venice*, display a Parisian bonnet on the head of a Venetian lady. She is earnest, attentive, and industrious, and reaps her meed of fame and profit accordingly.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—At a recent meeting, Mr. Faraday delivered a lecture on the practical prevention of dry-rot. After adverting to the extensive decay of wood in ships, houses, and other structures of that material, involving a loss of such magnitude as to have excited almost universal search after a remedy, Mr. Faraday said he would pass by all propositions for its prevention, except that one absolutely introduced by Mr. Kyan, and to which the lecturer had paid particular attention. The process is now largely in use. The wood, prior to its application, is immersed in a solution of corrosive sublimate; in the course of a week a load of it is found to have absorbed five gallons of solution; at the end of that time it is removed, and shortly after becomes fit for building. The preservative powers of corrosive sublimate in furs, stuffed birds, anatomical specimens, &c., are well known; and those which it exerts over wood seem not to be less decisive, and far more useful.—Pieces of timber thus prepared were put into a fungus-pit at Woolwich for three years, and at that time taken out perfectly sound. Canvas and calico, treated in a similar manner, were also found to be preserved from mildew or decay. Mr. Faraday's suspicions appear to have been excited not so much as regarded the preservative power of the process, but the healthiness of the wood, canvas, &c., impregnated by it, and he required that such prepared materials should be thoroughly washed, and then submitted to a test for proving the power of resisting decay. He found, after calico and canvas had been washed in water, until all the solution which that fluid could remove had disappeared (mercury was still present), such prepared materials were preserved in a damp cellar, while the

unprepared went rapidly to decay. Having ascertained this combined state of the mercurial preparation, Mr. Faraday expressed his opinion that the organic substances could be well preserved by it without deriving any unwholesome quality to deteriorate their application.

Mr. Faraday has also delivered a lecture on the velocity and nature of the electric discharge. This subject was taken up for Mr. Wheatstone, as forming part of a serious investigations into which he has entered relative to the nature of the impressions produced by light on the organs of vision. The object is to ascertain whether the time occupied by the passage of the electric spark is appreciable; if it be, then the existence of an electric fluid, or of two fluids, and the direction of the passage, may be determined. When a bright object passes very rapidly before the eye, the retention of the impression upon the nerve makes the object appear as a line. The lines of light from a cutler's wheel, when in motion, prove this effect. Mr. Wheatstone's object is to make electric sparks pass in a certain direction, but while so passing to give them motion sideways; in which case, if they occupy a portion of time in their direct course at all comparable to that which could be impressed upon them laterally, they would appear as oblique, and the obliquity being either in one direction or another, would indicate the passage between the two conductors. After some trials, Mr. W. gave up the idea of making the balls, between which the sparks were passing, traverse laterally, and substituted a rapidly revolving mirror, inclined at an angle greater or smaller to the axis of rotation. In such a mirror, images travel with extreme velocity through a very large circle; and it is the combination of this velocity with that of the electric spark which is looked to as affording hopes of observing a sensible deviation in the course of the spark. Notwithstanding the extreme character of this test, the time occupied by the transit of electricity did not become sensible. Hence its velocity must be almost infinite. Many other beautiful applications of the revolving mirror were then shown. By it sparks, which appeared perfectly continuous, were shown to be intermitting; in fact, no luminous phenomena produced by common electricity could be found which was constant *i. e.*, which did not intermit. On the contrary, the spark from the voltaic battery appeared to be constant, *i. e.*, produced by a continuous current.

THE NAVAL AND MILITARY LIBRARY AND MUSEUM.—This establishment (now consisting of three thousand and twenty members, amongst whom will be found officers of the highest rank and talent in the United Service) has for its object the formation of a Repository for every thing connected with the professional art, science, and natural history. The importance and general advantage of such an institution may be gathered from the interest it has created in the military and naval circles, and from the almost unprecedented support it has received. The second Annual Report is before us, by which we find that the Government have afforded the society their protection—considering very justly, that it is a national undertaking, and likely to be highly beneficial to the country, and therefore deserving of their support. The report states that—

“While liberal contributions of books, charts, maps, plans, models, objects of natural history, and specimens of art, from all quarters of the world continue to pour in from the widely-dispersed members and friends of the institution, it is very gratifying to us to announce to the meeting and the generous contributors, that his Majesty's Government, at the express instance of our Most

Gracious Sovereign, and with a due consideration of the public utility and benefit likely to result from our establishment, have been pleased to grant it the use of a more spacious building, situated in Scotland Yard, Whitehall.

“The very valuable donations which have been presented, and of which the printed list gives a full account, will no longer remain unpacked, or crowded together as they have hitherto been in two or three diminutive apartments, but will very soon, we trust, be scientifically classed, arranged, and fully displayed, so as to fulfil the objects of the Institution, by enabling the members to have full and easy access to every part of the collection.

“The house which has been placed at our disposal, and of which possession has been very recently obtained, is not in a sufficient state of repair; although it contains space enough within its walls for the present purposes of the institution, yet that space was so inconveniently arranged, that it would have been impossible to have derived full advantage from it without considerable alterations and repairs. G. L. Taylor, Esq., Civil Architect to the Admiralty, has the superintendence of these repairs, being responsible, not only to your Council, but also to the Board of Works, to whom it was necessary to submit the plans of such alterations as were deemed necessary.

“The Council have sanctioned a contract with Mr. Baker for the sum of 1830*l.*; and the work, which may reasonably be expected to be completed in three months, is now in progress. This estimate includes builder's work alone. The internal fittings will also require a considerable sum. But our funds are in so flourishing a state, as to enable us to do all that will be immediately required.

“In the plan for the requisite accommodation, the attention of the Council has, in the first place, been directed to three principal divisions, comprising the Library, the Model Room, and the collection of Specimens, illustrative of Natural History and of the Arts; these, as we proceed, will of course admit of many subdivisions: in addition to these main points, our attention has been directed to a proper apartment for the delivery of lectures, for the advancement of science, as relates to the two great arms of the nation's strength, the Naval and Military Services. Our printed list already shows names of professors too well known to need comment; to these we may look for that stimulus to our progress which their aid is sure to give. Under such auspices, those of our members who have made discoveries which relate to our professions, will have the means of their explaining them.”

VARIETIES.

St. Alban's Abbey.—We are rejoiced to find that the question of the restoration of St. Alban's Abbey is rapidly gaining on the attention of the public. The edifice is a noble specimen of sacred architecture, and is mixed up with so many stirring historical associations, is of such vast antiquity, and presents so many attractive features to the eye of taste, that to suffer it to remain in its present dilapidated state, would be an act of Gothic barbarism unworthy of this age of intellectual refinement. We need not inform our readers that St. Alban's Abbey is just now in the last stage of decay. The hand of time has so heavily pressed upon it, that rafters and roof, tower and buttress, have been each and all dropping daily piece-meal to earth; and would ere this

Varieties.

Varieties.

For the ruin. For the date of the foundation of the venerable fine—we must, we believe, go back to the earliest periods of English history. Its old walls have rung to the shouts of the people for the victories of Cressy—of Poitiers—of Agincourt—and been graced by the presence of an Elizabeth and a Burleigh, when they offered up their thankgivings for the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Surely an edifice thus associated with our dearest and proudest recollections, and on which no Englishman can gaze without feeling his heart beat quicker at the sight, should not be suffered to fall, unnoticed; to decay, as though it were a mushroom, Regent-street structure of yesterday! Its very aspect—majestic in ruin—impresses veneration on the mind; it is history appealing to the eyes as well as to the thought; it is the past challenging the consideration of the present. To wrest the revered fabric from decay, and make even Time himself let go his hold for a season, on its "fair proportions," is an act worthy of a nation which holds it as an axiom, that there are other things in life worth considering beyond the mere vulgar accumulation of wealth. Our readers will be pleased to find that the subscription is going on favourably, and the repairs, under the judicious and economical management of Mr. Cottingham, are considerably advanced. Let the public, however, bear in mind, that the amount of subscriptions still requires increasing, and that, even as a matter of choice, a large number of subscribers, each presenting a small sum, is more desirable than a short list of names, each contributing a magnificent donation. If there is any work of waste, mingled with holier feelings and ennobling associations, which ought to be the work of a union of all classes of society, surely an instance must be found in the restoration of such a temple as St. Alban's Abbey.

British Museum.—The number of persons charged with criminal offences, in 1832, was 20,829; committed for trial, males, 17,486; females, 3,343—20,831; against whom no bills were found and prosecuted, 2,166. Of those convicted, 1,449 were sentenced to death; and the remainder transported for various terms, imprisoned, whipped, fined &c.; only 54 were, however, executed.

London University.—At a general meeting of proprietors, recently held, it was stated, that the original capital, 168,882*l.*, arising from shares and donations, had been sunk, and a debt incurred of 2,946*l.*, which debt would, from the excess of expenditure over probable income, be increased by the end of October to 3,715*l.*

New Southern Continent.—The "Literary Gazette" states, that an immense tract of land had been discovered by a whaler in the Antarctic Ocean. It is about latitude 67 degrees, and nearly due south of the Cape of Good Hope.

Astronomical Notice.—The second disappearance of the ring of Saturn will take place on April 28, and its visible breadth will gradually diminish until that time, affording the lovers of practical astronomy a fine opportunity of trying their telescopes in three essential qualities of defining, illuminating, and magnifying power. The plane of the ring will pass the earth on the 10th of June, and after that time it will gradually increase in its apparent breadth in the ratio of little more than 1-100 part of a second in twenty-four hours. The northern side of the ring will then continue visible until the next conjunction of its plane with the earth and sun, which will include a period of nearly fifteen years.

British Museum.—The accounts of this establishment have been laid upon the table of the House of Commons. The balance in hand, December 1831, was 4,752*l.* The Parliamentary property belonging to the trustees, and 148*l.* received for the sale of the Synopsis, and other Museum publications, make the total receipts amount to 23,170*l.* for the year 1832. The payments for the same year are 18,572*l.*, thus leaving a surplus in hand of 6,598*l.* The salaries of the officers amounted to 2,742*l.*, and 4,950*l.* is paid for extra services; 3,675*l.* is paid to servants and attendants, 499*l.* for rent and taxes, 1,032*l.* for purchase of books, and 853*l.* for purchase of manuscripts. The expenditure for the current year is estimated at 16,844*l.* The number of persons who were admitted to view the British Museum and to the Reading Rooms has wonderfully increased of late years. In 1826, 79,151 were admitted; in 1827, 81,228; in 1828, 68,101; in 1829, 71,336; in 1830, 99,112; in 1831, 147,896. About 1,950 visited the Reading Rooms in 1810; 8,820, in 1820; and 46,800, in 1832. The days of public admission to the Museum are Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from ten till four.

Spring Bank.—The restoration of such a temple with the earth and sun, which will include a period of nearly fifteen years.

Navy Estimates.—In the Navy Estimates for the year 1833-4, under the head of wages, there is a reduction of upwards of 2000*l.*—under that of victuals of 24,000*l.*; in the expenses of the Admiralty Office there is a reduction of 17,000*l.*; in the Navy Pay Office of more than 3000*l.*; in his Majesty's establishments at home of 5000*l.*; in his foreign establishments of about 3300*l.*; in those to artificers of 33,000*l.* in the home, and 11,000*l.* in the foreign branch; in the naval stores 54,000*l.*; in new works of about 44,000*l.*; and in the miscellaneous services of 7000*l.*; the total amount of the estimates for the effective service of 1833-4 being 2,713,431*l.*; and that for the year that is past, 1832-3, being 2,910,366*l.*, exhibiting a total saving of no less a sum than that of 196,935*l.*

Poor Rates.—In the year ending March 1832, there was levied in England for paupers 8,255,315*l.* 12*s.*, out of which there was expended for the relief of the poor 6,731,131*l.* 16*s.* was an increase of three per cent. on the preceding year. The number of select vestry assessed in these levies was 2,234; the number of assistant overseers was 2,234; the number of roads 6,731.

to the latest period—Deposited, from Jan. 28, 1832, to the latest period the return can be made, 761, 368.; drawn for in the same period, 1,264,118. 7d. The months in which the sums were principally drawn out were April, May, June, and July, last year, the crisis of the Reform Bill. In June, the amount taken out was 368,976 10s. 2d.

Concise.—The expenses of the
shipment in England from Jan. 1, 1900

chre was found, about six inches in thickness, a layer of the remains of a funeral pile, consisting of bones, charcoal, and several iron nails; but no vestige of urn, earthen vessel, coin, or fibula. It appears from inspection of the surrounding site that the ground had been removed to a large extent, and perhaps to four feet in depth, for the funeral pile; that afterwards the principal portion of the remains had been collected into an elongated mound, and covered with the tiles as above described. The vacant part were filled through a lapse of ages with fine earth. A sepulchre of nearly similar form was found in 1768. The above curious specimen of an ancient tomb is now deposited in the Yorkshire Museum.—*Y. Herald*.

Dissect.—As some labourers were a short time since digging up a piece of meadow ground, about half a mile from Pool, they turned up an urn containing several hundred Roman coins. The urn, which was unfortunately broken, was of fine pottery. The coins were in the finest preservation, and were of the reigns of the Emperors Valerianus, Gallienus, Claudius Gothicus, Quintillus, and Aurelianus; of Salonina, the wife of Gallienus; and of the usurpers (some of those known as the thirty tyrants) Postumus, Lelianus, Victorinus, Tetricus, and Tetricus Cesar. These individuals all reigned from the middle to the latter part of the third century. The coins are nearly all of the third brass, and only a few of silver. Many of them are commonly met with; but some, particularly those of Quintillus, who reigned but seventeen days, are of considerable rarity. But the most interesting circumstance connected with the discovery of these coins is, that it sets at rest whether Poole was or was not known in the period during which the Romans had possession of this island; for this discovery—which, we believe, is not an isolated one, as similar coins are stated to have been found recently—so near the town, together with the remains of Roman vincinal ways, still traceable leaning thither, shows that our topographers are erroneous in saying that Poole was unknown in the British, Roman, or Saxon times.—*Western Flying Post*.

Improved Book-Binders Cutting Press.—The improvements here are two, first, the suspending of a board under the press, which shall serve as a gauge upon which the book to be cut may rest, instead of adjusting it as heretofore, by the aid of a mark made on the edges of the paper; there are to be three screws with nuts on them to support and adjust this board, or gauge; two of them descend from the right-hand cheek, and one from the middle of the left, each of them passing through the board, and having nuts underneath it. The second improvement is the fixing of the two strips of wood, called the square, and cutting board, to the cheeks of the press by means of screws, so formed that they can be readily adapted to other squares and cutting boards, instead of replacing them every time a book is put into the press.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Arnott's Elements of Physics, or Natural Philosophy, Vol. I. 8vo. bds., and Vol. II. Part. I. 8vo. Fifth Edition.

Leonard's Voyage to Western Africa, 12mo.

A Treatise on the Physiology and Diseases of the Eye. By J. H. Curtis. 8vo.

An Introduction to the Study of English Botany. By Geo. Banks. 8vo. Plates.

Piccioliana; or, Anecdotes and Memoirs of Mrs. Piccioli. 8vo.

The Wondrous Tale of Alroy. By the Author of "Vivian Grey." 3vols.

Commentary on the Revelation of St. John. By R. B. Cooper. 8vo.

Rev. R. Burton's Lectures upon the Ecclesiastical History of the Second and Third Century. 8vo.

The Parliamentary Pocket-Companion for 1833. 12mo.

The Transactions of the Linnæan Society, Vol. XVI. Part III.

Mahon's War in Spain, with Additions. 8vo.

The Lake of Killarney. By A. M. Porter. New Edition. 3 vols. 12mo.

Captain Head's Overland Journey from India to Europe. Oblong folio. bds.; India proofs.

The Dynasty of the Kajars, and History of Persia. With Plates. By Sir Harford Jones Brydges. 8vo.

Bishop Middleton on the Greek Article. New Edition. By Rev. H. J. Rose. 8vo.

Dendy's Book of the Nursery. Foolscap 8vo.

Aikman's History of Religious Liberty in England. 18mo.

Constance. A Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo.

Sketches in Greece and Turkey, with the Present Condition and Future Prospects of the Turkish Empire. 8vo.

Elliott's Views in the East. 2 vols. imperial 8vo.

LITERARY REPORT.

"The Tyrol." By the Author of "Spain in 1830."

"Waltzburg." A Tale of the Sixteenth Century.

"My Ten Years' Imprisonment in Italian and Austrian Dungeons. By Silvio Pellico. Translated from the original by Thomas Roscoe.

"The Gardener and Forester's Record" of the Culture and Management of Fruits, Vegetable, Forest Trees, and of all Subjects connected with the above Arts, calculated for information and improvement therein.

"Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea." By Cyrus Redding, Esq. With several Engravings; forming Nos. 78 and 79 of "Constables Miscellany."

"Poor-Laws and Paupers Illustrated." No. 1. "The Pariah." A Tale. By Harriet Martineau; under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

Dr. O. C. Wood announces a Translation from the German of Von Hammer's History of the Assassins. The French translation mentioned in our last is but indifferently done, and the work is of much interest.

"The Life, Times, and Correspondence of Dr. Isaac Watts." By the Rev. T. Millner, Author of the "History of the Seven Churches of Asia."

"The Narrative of Two Expeditions into the Interior of Australia," undertaken by Captain C. Sturt, by order of the Colonial Government, to ascertain the nature of the country.

"An Historical Sketch of the Princes of India, Stipendiary, Tributary, Feudatory," &c.; with a Sketch of the Origin and Progress of British Power in India. By an Officer in the service of the First India Company.

The Countess of Blessington is occupied in writing a novel, "The Repealers," the object of which is, we understand, to depict the present melancholy condition of Ireland.

A curious work is announced, of which report speaks highly, with regard to both interest and information, entitled, "A History of Priestcraft in all Ages and Nations up to the present moment."

A new edition of "Phœnician Ireland," by Henry O'Brien, Esq., A.B., author of the "Prize Essay," upon the "Round Towers," is announced.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE POLITICIAN, No. XIV.

Remarks on the Malt-Tax—Letter from a Whig Ten-Pound Householder to the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the Budget.

THE Ministers have been beaten by their friends, the country gentlemen, who have stolen a march upon the metropolis. The Malt-tax is to be reduced one-half. Very well. How is the revenue to be made up?—Not by further cuttings down; because if that be *possible now*, it should have been possible *before*; and a reduction of expenses, as the only consequence of reduced taxation, will be a premium to every man to attack every tax. No—the Malt-tax must be made up by some other tax: what that may be, Heaven knows!—it ought, perhaps, to fall on that class who have repealed this one,—viz. the country gentlemen. The Assessed Taxes—will they go too? Sooner or later all these takings off must terminate in one great putting on: the tide of events makes towards a Property Tax. And objectionable, in many respects, as that tax certainly is, it will be, perhaps, the most popular of taxes on the whole. We may see, by the bye, in the divisions on these recent debates, what is the *real* feeling of the House of Commons. There is but a very *faint* desire for further constitutional change; consequently, the minority on the Ballot is small—the debate attracted no interest—the House was thin—the discussion wretchedly cold and feeble. But the debates on the Currency, Mr. Robinson's motion for a Property-tax, the recent victory over the Malt-Tax, and the meditated sallies against the rest of the Budget, prove that the House is, on the whole, faithful to the great trust confided to it by the people, and anxious, above all things, for a relief from fiscal burthens. God defend us, at all events, from quackeries! and not condemn us to lose our credit by the economy of resisting our debts.

We cannot here too strongly reprobate the language used at the Metropolitan

meeting against the Assessed Taxes, and the treasonable threat of men too rich, at least, to have the plea of distress, that they will refuse to pay taxes imposed by the nation to pay the debts of the nation.

We pause here to give insertion to a letter on the Budget, from an honest Ten-pound Householder. He is a little hard upon some parts of the proposed alleviations; but his letter may serve to put in a clear point of view the state of feeling in the provinces;—it may show a Government that is beset with unprecedented difficulties, that both Tory and Radical are gaining ground upon them, and that the middle class, which ought to be their natural strength, are beginning the most to desert them. For our own part we should deeply regret their abdication. They have done much that would have secured the everlasting gratitude of the nation, if they had not, by a sort of voluntary perverseness, counter-balanced the benefit. There are evidently two parties in the Cabinet;—and if the people are pleased to-day, one of these parties insists on the right of disappointing them to-morrow. Heaven help them and us! for we dislike and fear these times more and more. Would to God the Ministers, by a firm and consistent conduct, would suffer us to rally round them as the great landmarks of good government! In so much that is vague and uncertain, vain would we keep our eyes to one certain point. We dread that the day is coming when the honest friends of the people, in their determination to defend national faith and individual property at all hazards, will be the staunchest opponents to the popular demand. But now to our Householder's letter:—

Letter from a Whig Ten-Pound Householder to the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the Budget.

I am, my Lord, but a poor man, who, thanks to the exertions of the administration to which your Lordship belongs, was admit-

ted to the right of voting for Members of Parliament, for the first time, in the last election. The ministers, no doubt, *had* their difficulties in obtaining Parliamentary Reform—humble individual though I be, I also have had *mine*! I am a tradesman with a large family, and most of the custom which I receive has been given to me by certain great families in my town—the Parson, and the Captain, and his worship the Mayor, and the Squire who lives at the hall as you enter the town. I dare say your Lordship would laugh to hear these called great families; but I assure you they are quite as proud, and think as much of commanding their tradespeople and their tenants, as if they were the richest peers in the realm. They are mighty particular in exacting the votes of all whom they deal with, and they call that sort of exaction “the legitimate influence of property.” Now, your Lordship must know, that these great people are all violent Tories, and thereby opposed to your Lordship’s administration. They brought down a fine young gentleman, a lord’s son, and insisted on our voting for him, because *he* had voted in the last Parliament against reform, and was resolved to vote against your Lordship, should we return him to the next. There were two other candidates in the field—one was what is called an out-and-out Radical; the other was “a gentleman Reformer,” and of an old Whig family. Our borough returns only one member—we returned the Whig. For my part I would not vote for the Tory, who abused your Lordship, because I thought the time was come for considerable changes in the mode—partly of governing, but principally of taxing, the people. Neither would I vote for the Radical, who abused your Lordship still more, because I thought that your administration would be the best for carrying these changes into effect;—I voted, accordingly, for the Whig candidate;—I lost my Tory customers, and ever since I have been several shillings a week the poorer for my patriotism. What is very provoking, I am not considered exactly a patriot for my pains—and the Radicals look upon me as a half-and-half sort of fellow. Had I voted with them I should have got praise—had I voted for the Tory I should have got pence—as it is, I have got neither the one nor the other.

Still, my Lord, I have consoled myself, and let me add, I do still console myself, by hoping that your Lordship and your colleagues will make all smooth, and that by your exertions, economy, and wisdom, I shall gain more from a reduction in taxes than I shall lose from a loss of custom;—on the other hand, there is some pleasure in the triumph I shall enjoy over the Radicals, by pointing to the acts of the minis-

ters, and saying, “You see what they have done.” Now, my Lord, if you ask me why I expected and expect so much, I will tell you, that your own language taught me to expect it from a reformed parliament and a reforming ministry. When you attacked the unreformed parliament, for what did you blame it?—For its profligate expenditure! When they told you it had worked well—you replied, “No; that it had not worked well—for it had been always exceedingly extravagant.” When they asked you what you wanted a reformed parliament for—you answered, “As a court wherein to effect other reforms.” I have a file of old newspapers—I keep them in my back parlour—they are very convenient in refreshing one’s memory. Well, my Lord, I find those were the arguments used by Lord Grey, by Mr. Stanley, by Mr. Macaulay, and by your Lordship, to say nothing of other fine speakers who support the ministers, but are not at present in office;—I had, therefore, every reason for believing that you intended to be much better than those who had gone before you; and that indeed you have been,—but to be better than bad is hardly sufficient. Indeed, I confess that I, and my friends in the town of—, began to be a little staggered when we saw that the first thing your Lordship and your supporters did, was to put into the chair of your reformed house a gentleman who, had he given his vote one way or the other, would have prevented a reformed parliament ever meeting at all. “Why,” said my neighbour Styles to me—(Styles is a very active, acute man)—“when we summon a public meeting about Negro slavery, we don’t call on Mr. Whipcord, the planter, to take the chair—when we meet to petition for a reform in the church, we don’t beg the Rector to preside over us—and I must say, it is a little discouraging to see, after all the pains and so forth that we have just taken to return reformers, that the very first thing these gentlemen do is to elect an anti-reformer. Why, it seems as if they were laughing at us.” “No!” said I, “the ministers are economical—you know we save four thousand a year by it.” This was an argument undoubtedly of much importance. The whole country considered it as such; the House of Commons—the reformed House of Commons—did the same; and I think old Styles *might* have been wrong to this day. Well, but if some thought choosing a Tory for your chairman was an inauspicious beginning, they opened their eyes in good earnest when they saw what you did next. Our fellow countrymen in Ireland had been oppressed, and harassed, and impoverished—you finish the matter by taking away from them every shred of the constitution. They were so wronged that their petitions grew noisy—you took away

the right of meeting to petition altogether. By way of making the matter up to them, you have certainly promised to reform the Church—you have taken off ten Bishops—but many say that they would sooner see Bishops in the pulpit than soldiers in the jury-box—and the blackness of the phiz makes them think very little of the size of the sugar-plum. This is the common opinion in my town. However, Ireland is—Ireland! and, like the eels, she is used to the culinary operations of legislative benevolence. Besides, property must be preserved, &c. &c.; and having doubts upon the subject, I put my scruples in my pocket. The next cry that was raised amongst our more reading and radical folks was on the *Sinecure* votes. I thought you were wrong, I confess; but there was a good deal of unjust clamour on the subject,—and, after all, I have a great respect for the prerogative. Besides, I waited for the budget. It is out, my Lord; and I won't flatter your Lordship—there are only two opinions on the matter—the Tories laugh at it—the Radicals, even the moderate Radicals, abuse it. There are two grievances in taxation that we especially complain of in our part of the world—and our part of the world is very little different, I fancy, from the rest of England—these two are the taxes on knowledge and the taxes on industry. By the taxes on knowledge, we mean no abstract and refined idea, which is to be picked up only from philosophers. Some people say—"Why, you can't eat and drink knowledge; why should you be so anxious to abolish the taxes upon it?" The answer is very plain—"because knowledge teaches us the cheapest modes of obtaining meat and drink." Our town, my Lord, is situated in one of those districts which, a short time since, were called the "disturbed." Two years ago riots, and machine-breaking, and incendiarism, were common among us. It was not only the bad characters that were engaged in these offences—several of our most industrious and hardworking labourers were among the criminals—induced by the form of example, and by the ignorant persuasion—1st. That to destroy corn would raise wages; and, 2dly. That the law could only sentence them, if detected, to a month's confinement to hard labour (and to hard labour, God knows, they had been condemned all their lives!) We have seen these men taken away from their families, and sent to the hulks, for no other crime than that of not knowing their own interest and the laws of their country. We wished therefore to have in future amongst us those cheap modes of publication which may allow every man, however poor, to know the nature of his offence and the penalty which he incurs. These modes of diffusing cheap information are only to be obtained from

cheap periodicals; and therefore, my Lord, as in our Christian and civilized district we happen to have a regard for the lives and virtue of our poor neighbours, we did desire, and from a reformed Parliament we did expect, that the stamp duty, which now prohibits cheap periodicals, would be abolished. We expected this the more, because you yourself had assured us that you were convinced of the fact I have just stated, and that you were conscious that a stamp duty on periodicals was a premium upon vice, and the main means of perpetuating distress. You allowed this in Parliament publicly—you argued against this tax out of office—you professed the same opinion in office—you declared your creed to be, that ignorance was the cause of immorality—that immorality (and this all the recent evidence on the Poor Laws goes to prove) was the cause of distress—and we did not doubt therefore, that, as far as you could, you would remove that ignorance which was the root of national affliction. You bring forward your budget—you have 1,500,000*l.* to dispose of—this tax upon knowledge is not one-third part of that sum—we conclude that, of course, you will redeem your pledges—not a whit of it—you have not taken off a single shilling of that tax. With the candour which marks your words, you declare, in your speech, that you think this tax "*poisons the mind of the people*;" and then, leaving the poison to operate as it may, you declare you have something better to do with the money!—something better than the morals of a nation! Well—I said our second grievance in taxation was the burthens upon industry: if you would not take off the tax which makes men criminals, we might comfort ourselves, with a sigh, that your excuse would be the necessity of taking off those which make men paupers. You proceed like the "Devil on Two Sticks," you make a descent on the housetops, and lavish your fiscal generosity upon tiles. What do the poor care for tiles?—It is not a tax upon the poor, but a tax upon the rich gentlemen who build houses, and let them at eight per cent. And these are the people you have relieved. Marine insurances!—Does your Lordship think we have so much leisure that we make summer excursions on the sea? Raw cotton!—Well, there is some sense in taking off a tax upon *that*, I allow; but when my Lord Althorp takes off the tax upon raw cotton, he makes no boon to the people—none in the world. For who *put the tax upon raw cotton*?—Why, my Lord Althorp himself! He makes the giants first, and *then* he kills them. The soap duty—you take off half.—We are very much obliged to you—cleanliness is a virtue. You allow then that soap is necessary for the body; but there is a soap also for the mind—and on that you keep up the price of cleanliness. Half the

duty on soap!—it is well meant—the best thing you have done. I might say that it is still not low enough to defeat the contraband trader—and that

“The smuggler and the poor divide the prize.”

But I will not be too critical where I see some merit. You reduced the duty on advertisements,—in what way?—so as to make a man who can afford three advertisements pay prodigiously less than the poor devil who can only pay one. In this instance, it would seem as if there had been a sort of fellowship with certain quack doctors, who advertise to unfortunate youths and maidens destruction on scientific principles every day in the week. The servant and the clerk, who can only afford one advertisement, are put to the highest terms—the overgrown razor-vender and the quack doctor to the lowest. True, it is now said that the newspapers have shamed your Lordship out of this gradation; but there it is—there is what I complain of,—so obvious and easy an improvement would have suggested itself to you, had your Lordship but consulted practical individuals. Under such profound secrecy you can but prepare the public disappointment; I complain also, that, while you prepare nothing by deliberation, you concede amendment only to clamour. You consult nobody; and therefore you must err, however honest and able;—and it then depends on the quantum of noise made as to the quantum of error that is redressed!

So much for the principal part of your Lordship's budget. Oh! I forgot though—there is the window tax! In this you actually make such an adjustment of taxes, that the rich man, who has a large store-room with five windows, shall be, indeed, considered and eased; but the poor shopkeeper, with only one window to his front shop, gets no relief at all. But perhaps your Lordship, as you never consult anybody, did not know that there are some shops in existence that have only one window; perhaps you supposed that a shop so small as not to have a warehouse did not exist. I have read a story of poor Marie Antoinette, that when the people complained of the want of bread, she said innocently, “Why don't they eat cakes then?” Your Lordship is not unjust—I suppose you, therefore, a *little* in the dark as to practical matters; and whenever the people complain of not having bread enough, I dare be sworn you will recommend them to go to the cake-shop; but, however, a man gains *something*, even when he is in the wrong, if his error gives *somebody* satisfaction. These rich aristocrats of dowlas and tallow,—these five-windowed-traders,—these mighty ones of Bond-street and Marylebone,—what do *they* say? Are *they* pleased—are *they* contented? Not a bit of it: they have summoned a great meeting to

assure you of their disappointment and talk treason. You have framed your relief so unhappily, that even those who gain the most by it are discontented.

This, then, is the history of your Lordship's budget. You had 1,500,000*l.* to spend: you have thrown the greater part of the sum entirely away,—you have managed to spend it with at least the smallest possible benefit to the people,—you have hit on a solution of the arithmetical problem, “Given 1,500,000*l.*—reduce them to 0.” By a series of small boons, by trying to please this man and ease that man,—you have neither pleased nor eased any one. A great load might have been taken from the shoulders of one class or another; you have preferred dabbling to the weight of pin's heads with all classes. What ought to have been the obvious plan to a financier? Should he not have said, “In taxation small benefits are no benefits?” Should he not have applied to some one or two great taxes, and got rid at once of the tax and the expense of collecting it? He should not have made all the grinding-stones go round a little slower, but he should have broken up one of the grinding-stones, and sold the materials to improve the others. He should have got rid of the whole tax in order to get rid of the whole machinery. Thus, even with 1,500,000*l.*, some *great* good might have been effected, and the country have beheld the dawn of effectual relief, not in the amount of the reduction, but in the large mind which learned upon what principles to reduce.

But let me be still more plain. When the people struggled for a Reformed Parliament;—when they underwent the ordeal of excitement and suspense,—when they saw without complaint their trade suffering and their commerce stagnant,—when, in defiance of the threats of the great warrior, they braved the vengeance of his returning power, and rallied round a baffled and fainting Administration,—when they bore you back amidst bonfires and huzzas to your proud pre-eminences,—believe me, they did not calculate on a budget that was to promise relief only to the amount of a million and a half. They expected, at least, that you would say, as an excuse for so diminutive a saving, “This is all we can do, supposing our present expenditure continues the same. You see that it is not enough. What is the consequence? Why, that with a bold and unsparing hand we *must* cut down all expenses on the one hand, or modify the unequal principle of taxation on the other.” Of the first you give us no hope; of hope of the second you have already denied.

My Lord, I am not, as I have before said, what is called a Radical;—no; I am a moderate, quiet man, who hates rash schemes, and has no wish to sacrifice this generation for the experiment of benefiting posterity.

But I, and all of the Whig party in our town, (and on Saturdays the market makes it wonderfully full,) feel our confidence in the Administration beginning to shake. We don't know what to say when we are told—"This is the very Parliament you summoned: you have the mightiest majority at your back that the House of Commons ever saw,—and what have you done? Elected to your chair an avowed enemy of Reform!—declared *Sinecures* a part of the prerogative!—put Ireland under Military Law!—(by the by, we are to pay for the soldiers!)—refused a Commutation of Taxes!—and brought forward a Budget, in which the most solemn expectations are violated, and the principle of DO LITTLE is illustrated by the principle of DO IT BADLY!"

We don't know well what to say when we are told this. You have no idea how many amongst your old friends now exclaim, with old Styles—"It was not for this that I—(yes, we must all look to ourselves)—that I renounce my Tory customers that I might return Lord Grey's supporter—it was not for this that I bore the jeers of the Radicals, that I might assist his friend. I candidly confess, that unless the second session regain the confidence Ministers have lost in the first, I shall be Whig no more—I will either be a Tory and Conservative of my customer, or a Radical—and then content myself, at least, with the praise of undeniable patriotism."

All this, there is no doubt, is very improper in one man to address to another—if that other has the power to ruin him; for what seems to me very odd is, that the more harm a man has the power to do you, the more impertinent it is thought in you to beg him to refrain from harming you. But I have not yet renounced all that confidence I entertained so warmly four short months ago.—And I think that when you see a man walking into a quagmire, it is a sign of liking, not of hatred, to pull him pretty sharply by the shoulder, and beg him to see where he is going.

So, wishing long life to your Lordship, and better health to your Lordship's next budget,

I have the honour to be, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient servant,

A WHIG TEN-POUND HOUSEHOLDER.

April 25, 1833.

"ARMY REFORM.

"BY A CI-DEVANT CAVALRY OFFICER."

THE subject of this pamphlet, rather than the pamphlet itself, induces us to offer a few observations on it: and our reason is, that in fact by the amount of our current expenditure, under the head of military charges,

(for this is the largest of all the estimates to be provided for,) the extent and pressure of taxation must mainly be regulated. Now, those who know what that pressure is, and the distress consequent on it, will probably excuse a page or two being devoted to so dry a topic.

We cannot compliment the anonymous writer of this brochure on the amenity. or kindly feeling evinced in it towards the profession he states himself to have belonged to; but some of his remarks are nevertheless shrewd, to the point, and worthy of the attention of those who, not already conversant with such details, may yet be desirous of taking part in discussions on the estimates.

"The system," (he says,) "of perpetuating the *half-pay*, by young men purchasing old officers' half-pay, (including generals') has rendered it *immortal*; after eighteen years of peace, it flourishes like an evergreen." This has been a flagrant abuse, and has been carried to a shameful extent. In truth, the system of purchasing commissions in the army is altogether a monstrous specimen of unblushing impudence and corruption. But abuses long continued are no longer recognized as such. And whatever plausible cant may be urged in favour of the practice, it is certain it did not originate in any of the reasons which have been since excogitated in its defence, and which, if they were worth any thing, would be equally applicable to the sea service. The truth is, the practice originated with corrupt and corrupting ministers, who, having contrived or permitted that commissions in the army should become articles of traffic, gave them to their political adherents as money's worth. Eventually, the system having become general, is openly sanctioned by authority. Ours is the only army in the world in which there is a pecuniary qualification for command, instead of zeal, conduct, or valour.

The writer proposes, on the ground of economy, the establishment of a large force of *stationary colonial* corps. In this there is no novelty, but it involves important considerations which do not appear to have entered into his speculations. He attacks the *sinecures*, *pluralities*, and *regimental colonelcies* of the generals; and, were he less flippant and indiscriminate, not without reason. He insinuates that the present appointments and former pecuniary rewards enjoyed by his Grace the Duke of Wellington are enormous and excessive. These are, unquestionably, points fairly open to debate. But when he attempts to depreciate the military exploits of the Duke, when he repeats the hackneyed, futile pretexts of some French pamphlet writers, to prove that the battles of *Quatre Bras* and *Waterloo* were only won by the English army through accident, he betrays an entire ignorance of

the matter; and if he prove any thing, it is that he himself most probably never shared in any such services. But a warrior of the barrack-yard, or of Hounslow Heath, may still be capable of contributing to administrative economy.

His objections on the subject of Chelsea Hospital we in a great degree concur in; and would add a word or two from our own knowledge. In this institution the system of jobbing has flourished, and the King's regulations have been utterly violated—so much so, that instead of veteran soldiers, non-commissioned officers, or meritorious subalterns filling certain appointments, as was the intention of the Legislature, there have in many instances been selected for them the valets-de-chambre, gamekeepers, butlers, electioneering or political agents, or partisans, and other such protégés of former *Postmasters-General*, or of their friends or colleagues. We are well aware that the present noble Lord at the head of the Pay Office is incapable of making such appointments. He will do well, however, to clear the public establishment under his auspices from this species of vermin, and so send them back to the unscrupulous patrons who thus pensioned them off at the public expense.

We coincide in many of his strictures concerning the Guards. The advantages, peculiar privileges, and superior pay and rank enjoyed by this corps over the rest of the army, are invidious and undeserved distinctions. This regiment is, in fact, an aristocratical institution, engrafted on a public service. On this gewgaw of royalty, this select preserve of the Aristocracy, about 70,000*l.* yearly* of the public money is wasted. But the prejudice to the *morale* of the Army generally, by the existence of a privileged corps, not selected on account of merit or service, is a consideration of more consequence. The carplings of the writer on the History of the Coldstream Guards, by Colonel Mackinnon, are paltry and contemptible. Colonel Mackinnon is a Guardsman; he writes as a Guardsman; and his account of the Coldstream is distinguished by good sense, much and careful research, contains many curious and interesting historical facts, and altogether does him great credit.

The writer proposes a most sweeping reduction of from 20 to 35 per cent. from the pay of all generals, officers, and soldiers, without distinction or exception; and, having great confidence in the Whig ministry, counts on their adopting this crude, extravagant proposition, forgetting how they served Sir Henry Parnell for having suggested some fractional part of this species of retrenchment.—But we must draw these observations to a close.

Constant complaints, we find, are made in Parliament, on the subject of the taxes. But while many of the popular members loudly call on the Chancellor of the Exchequer to repeal various and considerable imposts, they yet allow him to pass almost *sub silentio*, or at least with little serious opposition, those estimates which justify and even compel him to continue the imposts against which they declaim! This, in our opinion, is an inconsistency which electors should see to, by giving more definite instructions to those in the guardianship of their interests.

But the real difficulty of any essential and well-considered plan of reduction being carried into effect with respect to the Army, is, that certain false friends of the court set their faces against it. They deem any such proceedings as most "*destructive*,"—and look upon a standing army, a *generous* scale of expenture, a liberal distribution of commissions and promotions, as the true and indispensable attribute of a monarchy, especially surrounded, as ours is, by a splendid and powerful, but also for their junior branches and followers, a needy and grasping Aristocracy. But the views of the court in this respect are well supported elsewhere. There are probably, *at least*, two hundred members of the House of Commons' Patriots, Whigs and Tories, of all shades and gradations, who have good and sufficient personal or family reasons for not desiring a too vigilant curtailment of this wide and convenient branch of expenture. Thus it is, that from amidst friends and foes the ministers find an overpowering body of supporters on both sides of the House,—all desirous, on this question, not to thwart the court and the chiefs of the army. For the scions of the great families, the Army is an excellent resource.

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON'S MEMOIRS ON THE IRISH UNION.

THE affairs of Ireland have come of late so frequently under discussion, that the book of Sir J. Barrington, evincing upon the whole considerable ability, is a work of interest. Ramblingly written, it extends over that period of years which commences with the struggle of Ireland for independence, and continues down to her union as an independent state with the independent state of Great Britain.

The claim of the British Parliament to bind Ireland by British statutes was first disputed in a little pamphlet, by Mr. Molyneux, which, now scarce and almost forgotten, obtained for the writer a reputation the more considerable to him from the circumstance that the book was burnt by the hangman. This work appeared in 1698: but up

* Beyond a similar number of troops of the line.

to 1779, at which period Ireland appears to have been in the most desponding and depressed condition, little effort had been made to procure either constitutional or commercial liberty for the Irish people. As long as Poyning's well-known law, which prohibited the Irish Parliament from more than simply assenting to or dissenting from the will of the English Privy Council, was in force—as long as that law was in force, and the law enacted in the 6th year of George the First—and which gave to England the express power of legislating for Ireland whenever it was thought proper to insert her name in any statute—as long as these two laws existed and were acted upon, it is quite clear that the Legislature of Ireland was a mere mockery of the magnificent name that it assumed, and that the Parliament of Ireland was no more a national parliament than the coronet of the Lord Lieutenant was a sovereign's crown.

The name existed, and that was all; and so little indeed was the insignificance of senatorship thought an honour to dispute, that almost up to this time the member duly elected was not given the trouble to be elected again—once a member, he remained always a member, to the great ease and comfort of his constituents.

The contest with America humbled the pride of England; a disposition to concede was wrung from her by a mighty concession; and the demand of Ireland for a free constitution, however disagreeable, was still less obnoxious than the demand of the United States for absolute separation. But this was not all: the French royalists were leagued with the American revolutionists; Ireland was threatened with invasion—"Ireland, without money, militia, or standing army, without ordnance or fortification," was threatened with invasion; and since no less dangerous alternative remained, she was allowed to act in her own defence. The volunteers, the most singular military force that ever existed in any country, and bearing no resemblance to any, if we except, perhaps, the German Landwehr, in the last campaigns of 1812 and 1813—the Irish volunteers were formed, and formed with an eagerness and enthusiasm which resulted from the love of military enterprise natural to the Irish people.

"Self-governed, they accepted no commissions whatever from the crown, and acknowledged no connexion whatever with the government. The private men appointed their own officers, and occasionally cashiered them for misconduct or incapacity—they accepted no pay whatever—the more wealthy soldier cheerfully shared his funds with his poorer comrade, and the officers contributed their proportions to the general stock-purse." No army could be enrolled under regulations more contrary to our notions

of discipline, no army was ever better disciplined. The influence of rank and character which conferred command was sufficient to procure obedience—every man was a soldier, and the best citizen stood highest in the service. One peculiarity attended an army so peculiarly formed—its desires for a time were sure to be the desires of the community. Arming, then, against a foreign foe, it became anxious to secure domestic benefits. Mr. Grattan, thus supported at the opening of the session of 1779—80, made an amendment to the address which Mr. Burgh (then prime serjeant) afterwards couched in the terms, "that it is not by temporary expedients, but by free trade alone, that this nation is now to be saved from impending ruin;" and this amendment of the Irish parliament was followed by the British parliament "proceeding to pass various resolutions, declaring that it was expedient forthwith to repeal the several statutes and laws of Great Britain which restrained the commerce and manufactures of Ireland, and, in that respect, partially to place her on a level with British subjects."

But concessions made to people with arms in their hands should never be short of full and ample satisfaction: resist and conquer, or concede and satisfy, are the only alternatives that present themselves to an able and stern-minded minister in such a difficult conjuncture. Few ministers, however, are statesmen of this character, and there are few examples of such a wholesome policy being pursued. Commercial concessions were followed by constitutional demands; the question whether Ireland was or was not an independent kingdom,—a question that depended upon no abstruse or logistical reasoning, but on the very simple fact of whether she was in a situation to assert her independence or not—was theoretically treated as matter of argument, but brought rather practically to issue, by a proposition of Sir Lucius O'Brien, that the King of Great Britain should, as King of Ireland, declare war against Portugal, with whom the neighbouring United State was in the strictest term of friendship and amity. The cause was one which appealed powerfully to the Irish nation: the Portuguese had refused to receive their articles of commerce, as by treaty they were bound to do those of England. Sir L. O'Brien's amendment was of course lost, but it gave the keenest spur to the desire, already popular, for some express acknowledgment of that which the Irish doubted of—while they claimed it as unquestionable—their national independence: this the volunteers, and, backed by the volunteers, the parliament, were determined at every risk to obtain. The meeting at Dungannon of 200 volunteer delegates took place:—the armed bodies

throughout Ireland echoed the resolutions of their delegates. The Irish parliament granted the supplies for six months instead of two years—the Priests, Catholic and Dissenting, claimed that liberty “without which,” said they, “life is but a prison, and society a place of bondage.” The ministry of Lord North was dismissed; Lord Carlisle was recalled; and the Duke of Portland, as the envoy of Lord Rockingham’s cabinet, proceeded to Ireland with the message, “that mistrusts and jealousies had arisen there, and that it was highly necessary to take the same into immediate consideration, in order to a final adjustment.” To this message, delivered at a meeting of parliament, by Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Grattan replied, by moving a declaration that “the crown of Ireland is an imperial crown, inseparably connected with the crown of Great Britain; but that the kingdom of Ireland is a distinct kingdom, with a parliament of her own, the sole legislature thereof.” The effect of Mr. Grattan’s speech and amendment, says Sir J. Barrington, who was present, “was instantaneous and decisive; Ireland was committed, and must persist; Great Britain had lavished in America her powers of resistance;” and even Fitzgibbon, the stern, stubborn, and the tyrannical Fitzgibbon, called upon the people “to stand firm in the unretractable position in which they had placed themselves.” It is not our intention to follow further a subject which must be so well known to the generality of our readers as that of the tacit acknowledgment of Ireland’s rights which was made by the repeal of the British statute (6th George I.) Divisions among the liberal party now arose; Mr. Flood demanding a positive recognition of Irish independence, Mr. Grattan being satisfied at the repeal of those laws which interfered with it. Gratitude for the Whig ministry prevailed, and Mr. Grattan was for the time triumphant. Shortly after, the Duke of Portland closed the Parliament in a speech “that every cause of party jealousies and discontents was finally removed; and that both countries having pledged good faith to each other, their best security will be an inviolable interest to their compact.” It is to this compact, to this final adjustment, that Sir Jonah Barrington perpetually refers, in contending against the union; from which, he asserts, the two nations were barred by their previous declarations. Is it necessary to say, that all final adjustments and final compacts are absurd? The fallacy of supposing that any government can finally bind a succeeding government is almost too antiquated, we should hope, to call for present refutation. An adjustment spoken of as final at any time can only mean that at that time it settles all pending disputes; and really the accusation at duplicity

and treachery, and so forth, against the Duke of Portland, and against the English nation for subsequently effecting another arrangement, is neither worthy the Irish cause nor the talents of its advocate. The union is to be defended or to be assailed on the ground of its utility or its necessity at the period when it took place. As to the champions or the opponents of the Union, they indeed, as individuals, may be judged according to their motives; and we believe, that neither the one party nor the other were guided by perfectly pure and unselfish ones. Some made their fortunes by it, some saw they would be ruined if it took place. To some it cleared the road to advancement in Ireland, to some it opened the road to advancement in England; and in the most corrupt and most intriguing of all corrupt and intriguing parliaments, as many jobbers or would-be jobbers stood, in all probability, by one side as by the other. The first debate on the subject of the Union took place the 22d of January, 1799. On the 24th was the main debate. It commenced about seven o’clock. Silence prevailed in the galleries; an indecent noise ran through the corridors; it was the bustle of the canvass. Lord Castlereagh, silent, ran his eye anxiously round the assembly. Several opposition members rose at once to tell the Secretary their opinion of his merits. Sir J. Parnell opened the discussion. Mr. Ponsonby’s speech, directed personally against Lord Castlereagh, was very effective; but Mr. Plunkett’s, on the same side, was the great speech of that night; and it was then that he vowed the little Hannibals of Mr. Cobbett to an eternal hostility to the invaders, as he called them, of his country’s freedom.

For the address 105
Against 111

Majority against government 6

That this majority was not decisive Sir Jonah Barrington attributes to the subsequent motion of Mr. Ponsonby, “That this house will ever maintain the undoubted birthright of Irishmen, by preserving an independent parliament of Lords and Commons resident in the kingdom,” being met by two or three members, Mr. Fortescue the first, declaring that though they had voted decidedly against the Union, they did not wish to bind themselves for ever; and this declaration, which at once showed that the triumph of the anti-unionists was but momentary, and that the defeat of government could not be considered final, introduced doubt and irresolution into the one party, and hope, almost amounting to confidence, into the other. The augury was true; for in the next session the question was carried for the ministry by a majority fluctuating between forty and fifty,—never

less than the one, never more than the other.

The blackness of the transaction on the side of government was the gross and indisputable treachery with which the Catholics were inveigled into dissension with the anti-unionists, and subsequently betrayed by the pious monarch and his perfidious minion. On the side of the parliament, the historian and eulogist of the parliament says enough to convince us that there never was an assembly so ill qualified to superintend the interests of a nation as that which, according to his own account, unblushingly sold those interests. The unparalleled profligacy, the profligacy unparalleled even in parliamentary annals, with which members on the same night spoke on both sides of the question—the disgraceful haggling after the price of political prostitution, which, in one or two instances, Sir J. Barrington lays before the public eye, give as sordid a picture of patriotism as any who wished to caricature the independent parliament, *bullied* by Fitzgibbon, and *bought* by Castlereagh, might well desire.

From the year 1780 to the year 1800 we are far from denying that Ireland made considerable progress in civilization; and the commercial advantages which she then, for the first time, enjoyed, are sufficient to account for this. But during the whole of this period, there is not one moment when she may be said to have enjoyed anything like political tranquillity. She was in a state which might procure temporary advantages to liberty, but which, if continued, could alone be favourable to military despotism. The government of armed men, and the pretensions of an armed parliament—though the one body and the other may, for a while, speak the language and breathe the spirit of freedom—must, eventually, tend to merge the rights and feelings of the citizen in the duties and passions of the soldier. The scenes of this animated time are vividly and strikingly portrayed in the book before us. We see the Bishop of Derry enter Dublin with his splendid guards; the gallery of the House of Commons filled by the graceful beauties of the vice-regal court; and in the strong and living delineation of the celebrated characters of the time—Ponsonby, with his cool collectedness, Grattan with his drawing energy, Curran with his quaint vivacity, and Fitzgibbon with his towering pride—the author has been remarkably successful; his description, indeed, of individuals, is the best part of his volumes.

ed lovely to the eyes of a young man enamoured of moral and intellectual beauty; Shelly's devotion to freedom, therefore, was ardent and sincere. He would have submitted with cheerful alacrity to the greatest sacrifices, had they been demanded of him, to advance the sacred cause of liberty; and he would have gallantly encountered every peril in the fearless resistance to active oppression. Nevertheless, in ordinary times, although a generous and unhesitating patriot, he was little inclined to consume the pleasant season of youth amidst the intrigues and clamours of elections, and in the dull and selfish cabals of parties. His fancy viewed from a lofty eminence the grand scheme of an ideal republic; and he could not descend to the humble task of setting out the boundaries of neighbouring rights, and to the uninviting duties of actual administration. He was still less disposed to interest himself in the politics of the day, because he observed the pernicious effects of party zeal in a field where it ought not to enter. It is no slight evil, but a heavy price paid for popular institutions, that society should be divided into hostile clans to serve the selfish purposes of a few political adventurers; and surely to introduce politics within the calm precincts of an university ought to be deemed a capital offence—a felony without benefit of clergy. The undue admission (to borrow the language of universities for a moment) is not less fatal to its existence as an institution designed for the advancement of learning, than the reception of the wooden horse within the walls of Troy was to the safety of that renowned city. What does it import the interpreters of Pindar and Thucydides,—the expositors of Plato and Aristotle, if a few interested persons, for the sake of some lucrative posts, affect to believe that it is a matter of vital importance to the state to concede certain privileges to the Roman Catholics; whilst others, for the same reason, pretend, with tears in their eyes, that the concessions would be dangerous, and, indeed, destructive, and shudder with feigned horror at the harmless proposal? Such pretexts may be advantageous, and perhaps even honourable, to the ingenious persons who use them for the purposes of immediate advancement; but of what concernment are they to Apollo and the Muses? How could the Catholic question augment the calamities of Priam, or diminish the misfortunes of the ill-fated house of Labdacus? or which of the doubts of the ancient philosophers would the most satisfactory solution of it remove? Why must the modest student come forth, and dance upon the tight-rope with the mountebanks, since he is to receive no part of the reward, and would not emulate the glory, of those meritorious artists? Yet did this most inapplicable question mainly contrib-

ute to poison the harmless and studious felicity which we enjoyed at Oxford.

During the whole period of our residence there, the University was cruelly disfigured by bitter feuds, arising out of the late election of its Chancellor: in an especial manner was our own most venerable college deformed by them, and by angry and senseless disappointment. Lord Grenville had just been chosen. There could be no more comparison between his scholarship and his various qualifications for the honourable and useless office, and the claims of his unsuccessful opponent, than between the attainments of the best man of the year and those of the huge porter who, with a stern and solemn civility, kept the gates of University College,—the arts of mulled-wine and egged-hot being, in the latter case, alone excepted. The vanquished competitor, however, most unfortunately for its honour and character, was a member of our college; and in proportion as the intrinsic merits of our rulers were small, had the vehemence and violence of electioneering been great, that, through the abuse of the patronage of the church, they might attain to those dignities, as the rewards of the activity of partisans, which they could never hope to reach through the legitimate road of superior learning and talents. Their vexation at failing was the more sharp and abiding, because the only objection that vulgar bigotry could urge against the victor was his disposition to make concessions to the Roman Catholics; and every dull lampoon about popes, and cardinals, and the scarlet lady, had accordingly been worn threadbare in vain. Since the learned and the liberal had conquered, learning and liberality were peculiarly odious with us at that epoch. The studious scholar, particularly if he were of an inquiring disposition, and of a bold and free temper, was suspected and disliked: he was one of the enemy's troops. The inert and the subservient were the loyal soldiers of the legitimate army of the faith. The despised and scattered nation of scholars is commonly unfortunate; but a more severe calamity has seldom befallen the remnant of true Israelites than to be led captive by such a generation! Youth is happy, because it is blithe and healthful, and exempt from care; but it is doubly and trebly happy, since it is honest and fearless—honourable and disinterested. In the whole body of under-graduates, scarcely one was friendly to the holder of the leaves and the promiser of the fishes. All were eager,—all, one and all,—in behalf of the scholar and the liberal statesman; and plain and loud was the avowal of their sentiments. A sullen demeanour towards the young rebels displayed the annoyance arising from the want of success, and from our lack of sym-

pathy; and it would have demonstrated to the least observant, that, where the Muses dwell, the quarrels and intrigues of political parties ought not to come. By his family and his connexions, as well as by disposition, Shelly was attached to the successful side; and although it was manifest that he was a youth of an admirable temper, of rare talents and unwearied industry, and likely, therefore, to shed a lustre upon his college and the University itself; yet, as he was eminently delighted at that wherewith his superiors were offended, he was regarded from the beginning with a jealous eye. A young man of spirit will despise the mean spite of sordid minds; nevertheless, the persecution which a generous soul can contain, through frequent repetition, too often becomes a severe annoyance in the long course of life; and Shelley frequently and most pathetically lamented the political divisions which then harassed the University, and were a more fertile source of manifold ills in the wider field of active life. For this reason did he appear to cling more closely to our sweet studious seclusion; and from this cause, perhaps, principally arose his disinclination,—I may say, indeed, his intense antipathy,—for the political career that had been proposed to him. A lurking suspicion would sometimes betray itself that he was to be forced into that path, and impressed into the civil service of the state,—to become, as it were, a conscript legislator.

A newspaper never found its way to his rooms during the whole period of his residence at Oxford; but when waiting in a bookseller's shop, or at an inn, he would sometimes, although rarely, permit his eye to be attracted by a murder or a storm. Having perused the tale of wonder, or of horror, if it chanced to stray to a political article, after reading a few lines he invariably threw it aside to a great distance; and he started from his seat, his face flushing, and strode about, muttering broken sentences, the purport of which was always the same: his extreme dissatisfaction at the want of candour and fairness, and the monstrous disingenuousness, which politicians manifest in speaking of the characters and measures of their rivals. Strangers, who caught imperfectly the sense of his indistinct murmurs, were often astonished at the vehemence of his mysterious displeasure. Once, I remember, a bookseller, the master of a very small shop in a little country town, but apparently a sufficiently intelligent man, could not refrain from expressing his surprise that any one should be offended with proceedings that seemed to him as much in the ordinary course of trade, and as necessary to its due exercise, as the red ligature of the bundle of quills, or the thin and pale brown wrapper which enclosed the quire of

letter-paper we had just purchased of him. A man of talents and learning, who refused to enlist under the banners of any party, and did not deign to inform himself of the politics of the day, or to take the least part or interest in them, would be a noble and a novel spectacle; but so many persons hope to profit by dissensions, that the merits of such a steady lover of peace would not be duly appreciated, either by the little provincial bookseller or the other inhabitants of our turbulent country.

The ordinary lectures in our college were of much shorter duration, and decidedly less difficult and less instructive, than the lessons we had received in the higher classes of a public school; nor were our written exercises more stimulating than the oral. Certain compositions were required at stated periods; but, however excellent they might be, they were never commended,—however deficient, they were never censured; and, being altogether unnoticed, there was no reason to suppose that they were ever read. The University at large was not less remiss than each college in particular: the only incitement proposed was an examination at the end of four years. The young collegian might study in private as diligently as he would at Oxford, as in every other place; and if he chose to submit his pretensions to the examiners, his name was set down in the first, the second, or the third class,—if I mistake not, there were three divisions,—according to his advancement. This list was printed precisely at the moment when he quitted the University for ever;—a new generation of strangers might read the names of the unknown proficient, if they would. It was notorious, moreover, that, merely to obtain the academical degrees, every new comer, who had passed through a tolerable grammar-school, brought with him a stock of learning, of which the residuum, that had not evaporated during four years of dissipation and idleness, would be more than sufficient. The languid course of chartered laziness was ill suited to the ardent activity and glowing zeal of Shelley. Since those persons, who were hired at an enormous charge by his own family and by the state to find due and beneficial employment for him, thought fit to neglect this, their most sacred duty, he began forthwith to set himself to work. He read diligently,—I should rather say he devoured greedily, with the voracious appetite of a famished man,—the authors that roused his curiosity: he discoursed and discussed with energy; he wrote—he began to print—and he designed soon to publish various works.

He begins betimes who begins to instruct mankind at eighteen. The judicious will probably be of opinion that in eighteen years man can scarcely learn how to learn; and that for eighteen more years he ought

to be content to learn; and if at the end of the second period he still thinks that he can impart anything worthy of attention, it is at least early enough to begin to teach. The fault, however, if it were a fault, was to be imputed to the times, and not to the individual, as the numerous precocious effusions of the day attest.

Shelley was quick to conceive, and not less quick to execute. When I called one morning at one, I found him busily occupied with some proofs, which he continued to correct and re-correct with anxious care. As he was wholly absorbed in this occupation, I selected a book from the floor, where there was always a good store, and read in silence, for at least an hour. My thoughts being as completely abstracted as those of my companion, he startled me by suddenly throwing a paper with some force on the middle of the table, and saying, in a penetrating whisper, as he sprang eagerly from his chair, "I am going to publish some poems." In answer to my inquiries, he put the proofs into my hands. I read them twice attentively, for the poems were very short; and I told him there were some good lines, some bright thoughts, but there were likewise many irregularities and incongruities. I added, that correctness was important in all compositions, but it constituted the essence of short ones; and that it surely would be imprudent to bring his little book out so hastily; and I then pointed out the errors and defects. He listened in silence with much attention, and did not dispute what I said, except that he remarked faintly that it would not be known that he was the author, and therefore the publication could not do him any harm. I answered, that although it might not be disadvantageous to be the unknown author of an unread work, it certainly could not be beneficial. He made no reply; and we immediately went out, and strolled about the public walks. We dined, and returned to his rooms, where we conversed on indifferent subjects. He did not mention his poems, but they occupied his thoughts; for he did not fall asleep, as usual. Whilst we were at tea, he said abruptly, "I think you disparage my poems. Tell me what you dislike in them, for I have forgotten." I took the proofs from the place where I had left them, and looking over them, repeated the former objections, and suggested others. He acquiesced; and, after a pause, asked, might they be altered? I assented. "I will alter them." "It will be better to rewrite them; a short poem should be of the first impression." Some time afterwards he anxiously inquired—"But in their present form you do not think they ought to be published?" I had been looking over the proofs again, and I answered, "Only as burlesque poetry;" and I read a part, changing it a little here and there.

He laughed at the parody, and begged I would repeat it. I took a pen and altered it; and he then read it aloud several times in a ridiculous tone, and was amused by it. His mirth consoled him for the condemnation of his verses, and the intention of publishing them was abandoned. The proofs lay in his rooms for some days, and we occasionally amused ourselves during an idle moment by making them more and more ridiculous; by striking out the more sober passages; by inserting whimsical conceits; and especially by giving them what we called a dithyrambic character, which was effected by cutting some lines in two, and joining the different parts together that would agree in construction, but were the most discordant in sense.

Although Shelley was of a grave disposition, he had a certain sly relish for a practical joke, so that it were ingenious and abstruse, and of a literary nature; he would often exult in the successful forgeries of Chatterton and Ireland; and he was especially delighted with a trick that had lately been played at Oxford, by a certain noble viceroy, at that time an undergraduate, respecting the fairness of which the University was divided in opinion, all the undergraduates accounting it most just, and all the graduates, and especially the bachelors, extremely iniquitous, and indeed popish and jesuitical. A reward is offered annually for the best English essay on a subject proposed: the competitors send their anonymous essays, each being distinguished by a motto; when the grave arbitrators have selected the most worthy, they burn the vanquished essays, and open the sealed paper endorsed with a corresponding motto, and containing the name of the victor. On the late famous contention, all the ceremonies had been duly performed, but the sealed paper presented the name of an undergraduate, who is not qualified to be a candidate, and all the less meritorious discourses of the bachelors had been burnt, together with their sealed papers—so there was to be no bachelor's prize that year. When we had conferred a competent absurdity upon the proofs, we amused ourselves by proposing, but without the intention of executing our project, divers ludicrous titles for the work. Sometimes we thought of publishing it in the name of some one of the chief living poets, or possibly of one of the graver authorities of the day; and we regaled ourselves by describing his wrathful renunciations, and his astonishment at finding himself immortalized, without his knowledge and against his will: the inability to die could not be more disagreeable even to Tithonus himself; but now we were to handcuff our ungrateful favourite, that he might not tear off the unfading laurel, which we were to place on his brow? I hit upon a title at last, to which the pre-eminence

was given, and we inscribed it upon the cover. A mad washerwoman, named Peg Nicholson, had attempted to stab the King, George the Third, with a carving-knife; the story has been long forgotten, but it was then fresh in the recollection of every one; it was proposed that we should ascribe the poems to her. The poor woman was still living, and in green vigour within the walls of Bedlam; but since her existence must be uncomfortable, there could be no harm in putting her to death, and in creating a nephew and administrator to be the editor of his aunt's poetical works.

The idea gave an object and purpose to our burlesque; to ridicule the strange mixture of sentimentality with the murderous fury of revolutionists, that was so prevalent in the compositions of the day; and the proofs were altered again to adapt them to this new scheme, but still, without any notion of publication. When the bookseller called to ask for the proofs, Shelley told him that he had changed his mind, and showed them to him. The man was so much pleased with the whimsical conceit, that he asked to be permitted to publish the book on his own account; promising inviolable secrecy, and as many copies *gratis* as might be required: after some hesitation, permission was granted, upon the plighted honour of the trade. In a few days, or rather in a few hours, a noble quarto appeared; it consisted of a small number of pages, it is true, but they were of the largest size, of the thickest, the whitest, and the smoothest drawing paper; a large, clear, and handsome type had impressed a few lines with ink of a rich glossy black, amidst ample margins. The poor maniac laundress was gravely styled "the late Mrs. Margaret Nicholson, Widow;" and the sonorous name of Fitzvictor had been culled for her inconsolable nephew and administrator: to add to his dignity, the waggy printer had picked up some huge text types, of so unusual a form, that even an antiquary could not spell the words at the first glance. The effect was certainly striking; Shelley had torn open the large square bundle, before the printer's boy quitted the room, and holding out a copy with both his hands, he ran about in an ecstasy of delight, gazing at the superb title-page.

The first poem was a long one, condemning war in the lump; puling trash, that might have been written by a quaker, and could only have been published in sober sadness by a society instituted for the diffusion of that kind of knowledge which they deem useful—useful for some end which they have not been pleased to reveal, and which unassisted reason is wholly unable to discover. The MS. had been confided to Shelly by some rhymester of the day, and it was put forth in this shape to astonish a

weak mind; but principally to captivate the admirers of philosophical poetry by the manifest incongruity of disallowing all war, even the most just, and then turning short round and recommending the dagger of the assassin as the best cure for all evils, and the sure passport to a lady's favour. Our book of useful knowledge—the philosopher's own book—contained sundry odes and other pieces, professing an ardent attachment to freedom, and proposing to stab all who were less enthusiastic than the supposed authoress. The work, however, was altered a little, I believe, before the final impression; but I never read it afterwards, for when an author once sees his book in print, his task is ended, and he may fairly leave the perusal of it to posterity. I have one copy, if not more, somewhere or other, but not at hand. There were some verses, I remember, with a good deal about sucking in them; to these I objected, as unsuitable to the gravity of an university, but Shelley declared they would be the most impressive of all. There was a poem concerning a young woman, one Charlotte Somebody, who attempted to assassinate Robespierre, or some such person; and there was to have been a rapturous monologue to the dagger of Brutus. The composition of such a piece was no mean effort of the muse; it was completed at last, but not in time—as the dagger itself has probably fallen a prey to rust, so the more pointed and polished monologue, it is to be feared, has also perished through a more culpable neglect.

A few copies were sent, as a special favour, to trusty and sagacious friends at a distance, whose gravity would not permit them to suspect a hoax; they read and admired, being charmed with the wild notes of liberty; some, indeed, presumed to censure, mildly, certain passages as having been thrown off in too bold a vein. Nor was a certain success wanting,—the remaining copies were rapidly sold in Oxford at the aristocratical price of half-a-crown for half-a-dozen pages. We used to meet gownsmen in High-street reading the goodly volume as they walked—pensive with a grave and sage delight—some of them, perhaps, more pensive, because it seemed to portend the instant overthrow of all royalty, from a king to a court-card.

What a strange delusion to admire our stuff—the concentrated essence of nonsense! It was indeed a kind of fashion to be seen reading it in public, as a mark of a nice discernment, of a delicate and fastidious taste in poetry, and the very criterion of a choice spirit.

Nobody suspected, or could suspect, who was the author; the thing passed off as the genuine production of the would-be regicide. It is marvellous, in truth, how little talent of any kind there was in our famous univer-

sity in those days; there was no great encouragement, however, to display intellectual gifts. The acceptance, as a serious poem, of a work so evidently designed for a burlesque upon the prevailing notion of the day, that revolutionary ruffians were the most fit recipients of the gentlest passions, was a foretaste of the prodigious success, that, a few years later, attended a still more whimsical paradox. Poets had sung already that human ties put Love at once to flight; that at the sight of civil obligations he spreads his light wings in a moment, and makes default. The position was soon greatly extended, and we were taught, by a noble poet, that even the slightest recognition of the law of nations was fatal to the tender passion; the very captain of a privateer was pronounced incapable of a pure and ardent attachment; the feeble control of letters of marque could effectually check the course of affection; a complete union of souls could only be accomplished under the black flag. Your true lover must necessarily be an enemy of the whole human race—a mere and absolute pirate. It is true, that the tales of the love-sick buccaneers were adorned with no ordinary talent, but the theory is not less extraordinary on that account.

The operation of Peg Nicholson was bland and innoxious; the next work that Shelley printed was highly deleterious, and was destined to shed a baneful influence over his future progress; in itself it was more harmless than the former, but it was turned to a deadly poison by the unprovoked malice of fortune.

We had read together attentively several of the metaphysical works that were most in vogue at that time, as "Locke on the Human Understanding," and "Hume's Essays," particularly the latter, of which we had made a very careful analysis, as was customary with those who read the Ethics and the other treatises of Aristotle for their degrees. Shelley had the custody of these papers, which were chiefly in his handwriting, although they were the joint production of both in our common daily studies. From these, and from a small part of them only, he made up a little book, and had it printed, I believe, in the country, certainly not at Oxford. His motive was this. He not only read greedily all the controversial writings on subjects interesting to him, which he could procure, and disputed vehemently in conversation with his friends, but he had several correspondents with whom he kept up the ball of doubt in letters;—of these he received many, so that the arrival of the postman was always an anxious moment with him. This practice he had learnt of a physician, from whom he had taken instructions in chemistry, and of whose character and talents he often spoke with profound veneration. It was, indeed, the usual course

with men of learning formerly, as their biographies and many volumes of such epistles testify. The physician was an old man, and a man of the old school; he confined his epistolary discussions to matters of science, and so did his disciple for some time; but when metaphysics usurped the place in his affections that chemistry had before held, the latter gradually fell into disrepute respecting existences still more subtle than gases and the electric fluid. The transition, however, from physics to metaphysics was gradual. Is the electric fluid material? he would ask his correspondent; is light—is the vital principle in vegetables—in brutes—is the human soul? His individual character had proved an obstacle to his inquiries, even whilst they were strictly physical; a refuted or irritated chemist had suddenly concluded a long correspondence by telling his youthful opponent that he would write to his master, and have him well flogged. The discipline of a public school, however salutary in other respects, was not favourable to free and fair discussion; and Shelly began to address inquiries anonymously, or rather, that he might receive an answer, as Philalethes, and the like; but, even at Eton, the postmen do not ordinarily speak Greek—to prevent miscarriages, therefore, it was necessary to adopt a more familiar name, as John Short, or Thomas Long.

When he came to Oxford, he retained and extended his former practice without quitting the convenient disguise of an assumed name. His object in printing the short abstract of some of the doctrines of Hume was to facilitate his epistolary disquisitions. It was a small pill, but it worked powerfully; the mode of operation was this.—He enclosed a copy in a letter, and sent it by the post, stating, with modesty and simplicity, that he had met accidentally with that little tract, which appeared unhappily to be quite unanswerable. Unless the fish was too sluggish to take the bait, an answer of refutation was forwarded to an appointed address in London, and then in a vigorous reply he would fall upon the unwary disputant, and break his bones. The strenuous attack sometimes provoked a rejoinder more carefully prepared, and an animated and protracted debate ensued; the party cited, having put in his answer, was fairly in court, and he might get out of it as he could. The chief difficulty seemed to be to induce the person addressed to acknowledge the jurisdiction, and to plead; and this, Shelly supposed, would be removed by sending, in the first instance, a printed syllabus instead of written arguments. An accident greatly facilitated his object. We had been talking some time before about geometrical demonstration; he was repeating its praises, which he had lately read in some mathematical

work, and speaking of its absolute certainty and perfect truth.

I said that this superiority partly arose from the confidence of mathematicians, who were naturally a confident race, and were seldom acquainted with any other science than their own; that they always put a good face upon the matter, detailing their arguments dogmatically and doggedly, as if there was no room for doubt, and concluded, when weary of talking in their positive strain, with Q. E. D.: in which three letters there was so powerful a charm, that there was no instance of any one having ever disputed any argument or proposition to which they were subscribed. He was diverted by this remark and often repeated it, saying, if you ask a friend to dinner, and only put Q. E. D. at the end of the invitation, he cannot refuse to come; and he sometimes wrote these letters at the end of a common note, in order, as he said, to attain to a mathematical certainty. The potent characters were not forgotten when he printed his little syllabus; and their efficacy in rousing his antagonists was quite astonishing.

It is certain that the three obnoxious letters had a fertilizing effect, and raised rich crops of controversy; but it would be unjust to deny, that an honest zeal stimulated divers worthy men to assert the truth against an unknown assailant. The praise of good intention must be conceded; but it is impossible to accord that of powerful execution also to his antagonists: this curious correspondence fully testified the deplorable condition of education at that time. A youth of eighteen was able to confute men who had numbered thrice as many years; to vanquish them on their own ground, although he gallantly fought at a disadvantage by taking the wrong side. His little pamphlet was never offered for sale; it was not addressed to an ordinary reader, but to the metaphysician alone; and it was so short, that it was only designed to point out the line of argument. It was in truth a general issue; a compendious denial of every allegation, in order to put the whole case in proof; it was a formal mode of saying, you affirm so and so, then prove it; and thus was it understood by his more candid and intelligent correspondents. As it was shorter, so was it plainer, and perhaps, in order to provoke discussion, a little bolder, than Hume's *Essays*,—a book which occupies a conspicuous place in the library of every student. The doctrine, if it deserve the name, was precisely similar; the necessary and inevitable consequence of Locke's philosophy, and of the theory that all knowledge is from without. I will not admit your conclusions, his opponent might answer; then you must deny those of Hume: I deny them; but you must deny those of Locke also; and we will go back

together to Plato. Such was the usual course of argument; sometimes, however, he rested on mere denial, holding his adversary to strict proof, and deriving strength from his weakness. The young Platonist argued thus negatively through the love of argument, and because he found a noble joy in the fierce shocks of contending minds; he loved truth, and sought it everywhere, and at all hazards, frankly and boldly, like a man who deserved to find it; but he also loved dearly victory in debate, and warm debate for its own sake. Never was there a more unexceptionable disputant; he was eager beyond the most ardent, but never angry and never personal: he was the only arguer I ever knew who drew every argument from the nature of the thing, and who could never be provoked to descend to personal contentions. He was fully inspired, indeed, with the whole spirit of the true logician; the more obvious and indisputable the proposition which his opponent undertook to maintain, the more complete was the triumph of his art if he could refute and prevent him. To one who was acquainted with the history of our University, with its ancient reputation as the most famous school of logic, it seemed that the genius of the place, after an absence of several generations, had deigned to return at last; the visit, however, as it soon appeared, was ill-timed. The schoolman, of old, who occasionally laboured with technical subtleties to prevent the admission of the first principles of belief, could not have been justly charged with the intention of promoting scepticism; his was the age of minute and astute disceptation, it is true, but it was also the epoch of the most firm, resolute, and extensive faith. I have seen a dexterous fencing-master, after warning his pupil to hold his weapon fast, by a few turns of his wrist throw it suddenly on the ground and under his feet; but it cannot be pretended that he neglected to teach the art of self-defence, because he apparently deprived his scholar of that which is essential to the end proposed. To be disarmed is a step in the science of arms, and whoever has undergone it has already put his foot within the threshold; so is it likewise with refutation. In describing briefly the nature of Shelley's epistolary contentions, the recollection of his youth, his zeal, his activity, and particularly of many individual peculiarities, may have tempted me to speak sometimes with a certain levity, notwithstanding the solemn importance of the topics respecting which they were frequently maintained. The impression, that they were conducted on his part, or considered by him, with frivolity, or any unseemly lightness, would, however, be most erroneous; his whole frame of mind was grave, earnest, and anxious, and his deportment

was reverential, with an edification reaching beyond the age—an age wanting in reverence; an unlearned age; a young age, for the young lack learning. Hume permits no object of respect to remain; Locke approaches the most awful speculations with the same indifference as if he were about to handle the properties of triangles; the small deference rendered to the most holy things by the able theologian Paley is not the least remarkable of his characteristics. Wiser and better men displayed anciently, together with a more profound erudition, a superior and touching solemnity; the meek seriousness of Shelley was redolent of those good old times before mankind had been despoiled of a main ingredient in the composition of happiness, a well directed veneration.

Whether such disputations were decorous or profitable may be perhaps doubtful; there can be no doubt, however, since the sweet gentleness of Shelley was easily and instantly swayed by the wild influences of friendly admonition, that, had even the least dignified of his elders suggested the propriety of pursuing his metaphysical inquiries with less ardour, his obedience would have been prompt and perfect. Not only had all salutary studies been long neglected in Oxford at that time, and all wholesome discipline was decayed, but the splendid endowments of the University were grossly abused; the resident authorities of the college were too often men of the lowest origin, of mean and sordid souls, destitute of every literary attainment, except that brief and narrow course of reading by which the first degree was attained; the vulgar sons of vulgar fathers, without liberality, and wanting the manners and the sympathies of gentlemen. A total neglect of all learning, an unseemly turbulence, the most monstrous irregularities, open and habitual drunkenness, vice, and violence, were tolerated or encouraged, with the basest sycophancy, that the prospect of perpetual licentiousness might fill the colleges with young men of fortune; whenever the rarely exercised power of coercion was exerted, it demonstrated the utter incapacity of our unworthy rulers by coarseness, ignorance, and injustice. If a few gentlemen were admitted to fellowships, they were always absent; they were not persons of literary pretensions, or distinguished by scholarship; and they had no more share in the government of the college than the overgrown guardsman, who, in long white gaiters, bravely protect the precious life of the sovereign against such assailants as the tenth Muse, our good friend, Mrs. Nicholson.

As the term was drawing to a close, and a great part of the books we were reading together still remained unfinished, we had

agreed to increase our exertions and to meet at an early hour. It was a fine spring morning on Lady-day, in the year 1811, when I went to Shelley's rooms: he was absent; but before I had collected our books he rushed in. He was terribly agitated. I anxiously inquired what had happened: "I am expelled," he said, as soon as he had recovered himself a little, "I am expelled! I was sent for suddenly a few minutes ago; I went to the common room, where I found our master, and two or three of the fellows. The master produced a copy of the little syllabus, and asked me if I were the author of it. He spoke in a rude, abrupt, and insolent tone. I begged to be informed for what purpose they put the question. No answer was given; but the master loudly and angrily repeated, 'Are you author of this book?' If I can judge from your manner, I said, you are resolved to punish me, if I should acknowledge that it is my work. If you can prove that it is, produce your evidence; it is neither just nor lawful to interrogate me in such a case and for such a purpose. Such proceedings would become a court of inquisitors, but not free men in a free country. 'Do you choose to deny that this is your composition?' the master reiterated in the same rude and angry voice." Shelley complained much of his violent and ungentlemanlike deportment, saying, "I have experienced tyranny and injustice before, and I well know what vulgar violence is; but I never met with such unworthy treatment. I told him calmly, but firmly, that I was determined not to answer any questions respecting the publication on the table. He immediately repeated his demand; I persisted in my refusal; and he said furiously, 'Then you are expelled; and I desire you will quit the college early to-morrow morning at the latest.' One of the fellows took up two papers, and handed one of them to me; here it is." He produced a regular sentence of expulsion, drawn up in due form, under the seal of the college. Shelley was full of spirit and courage, frank and fearless; but he was likewise shy, unpresuming, and eminently sensitive. I have been with him in many trying situations of his after life, but I never saw him so deeply shocked and so cruelly agitated as on this occasion. A nice sense of honour shrinks from the most distant touch of disgrace—even from the insults of those men whose contumely can bring no shame. He sat on the sofa, repeating, with convulsive vehemence, the words, "Expelled, expelled!" his head shaking with emotion, and his whole frame quivering. The atrocious injustice and its cruel consequences roused the indignation, and moved the compassion, of a friend, who then stood by Shelley. He has given the following account of his interference:

"So monstrous and so illegal did the outrage seem, that I held it to be impossible that any man, or any body of men, would dare to adhere to it; but, whatever the issue might be, it was a duty to endeavour to the utmost to assist him. I at once stepped forward, therefore, as the advocate of Shelley; such an advocate, perhaps, with respect to judgment, as might be expected at the age of eighteen, but certainly not inferior to the most practised defenders in good will and devotion. I wrote a short note to the master and fellows, in which, as far as I can remember a very hasty composition after a long interval, I briefly expressed my sorrow at the treatment my friend had experienced, and my hope that they would re-consider their sentence; since, by the same course of proceeding, myself, or any other person, might be subjected to the same penalty, and to the imputation of equal guilt. The note was dispatched; the conclave was still sitting; and in an instant the porter came to summon me to attend, bearing in his countenance a promise of the reception I was about to find. The angry and troubled air of men, assembled to commit injustice according to established forms, was then new to me; but a native instinct told me, as soon as I entered the room, that it was an affair of party; that whatever could conciliate the favour of patrons was to be done without scruple; and whatever could tend to impede preferment was to be brushed away without remorse. The glowing master produced my poor note. I acknowledged it; and he forthwith put into my hand, not less abruptly, the little syllabus. 'Did you write this?' he asked, as fiercely as if I alone stood between him and the rich see of Durham. I attempted, submissively, to point out to him the extreme unfairness of the question; the injustice of punishing Shelley for refusing to answer it; that if it were urged upon me I must offer the like refusal, as I had no doubt every man in college would—every gentleman, indeed, in the University; which, if such a course were adopted with all,—and there could not be any reason why it should be used with one and not with the rest,—would thus be stripped of every member. I soon perceived that arguments were thrown away upon a man possessing no more intellect or erudition, and far less renown, than that famous ram, since translated to the stars, through grasping whose tail less firmly than was expedient, the sister of Phryxus formerly found a watery grave, and gave her name to the broad Hellespont.

"The other persons present took no part in the conversation: they presumed not to speak, scarcely to breathe, but looked mute subservency. The few resident fellows, indeed, were but so many incarnations of the spirit of the master, whatever that spirit

might be. When I was silent, the master told me to retire, and to consider whether I was resolved to persist in my refusal. The proposal was fair enough. The next day, or the next week, I might have given my final answer—a deliberate answer; having in the mean time consulted with older and more experienced persons, as to what course was best for myself and for others. I had scarcely passed the door, however, when I was recalled. The master again showed me the book, and hastily demanded whether I admitted or denied that I was the author of it. I answered that I was fully sensible of the many and great inconveniences of being dismissed with disgrace from the University, and I specified some of them, and expressed an humble hope that they would not impose such a mark of discredit upon me without any cause. I lamented that it was impossible either to admit or to deny the publication,—no man of spirit could submit to do so;—and that a sense of duty compelled me respectfully to refuse to answer the question which had been proposed. ‘Then you are expelled,’ said the master angrily, in a loud, great voice. A formal sentence, duly signed and sealed, was instantly put into my hand: in what interval the instrument had been drawn up I cannot imagine. The alleged offence was a contumacious refusal to disavow the imputed publication. My eye glanced over it, and observing the word *contumaciously*, I said calmly that I did not think that term was justified by my behaviour. Before I had concluded the remark, the master, lifting up the little syllabus, and then dashing it on the table, and looking sternly at me, said, ‘Am I to understand, sir, that you adopt the principles contained in this work?’ or some such words; for, like one red with the suffusion of college port and college ale, the intense heat of anger seemed to deprive him of the power of articulation; by reason of a rude provincial dialect and thickness of utterance, his speech being at all times indistinct. ‘The last question is still more improper than the former,’ I replied,—for I felt that the imputation was an insult; ‘and since, by your own act, you have renounced all authority over me, our communication is at an end.’ ‘I command you to quit my college to-morrow, at an early hour.’ I bowed and withdrew. I thank God I have never seen that man since: he is gone to his bed, and there let him sleep. Whilst he lived, he ate freely of the scholar’s bread, and drank from his cup; and he was sustained, throughout the whole term of his existence, wholly and most nobly, by those sacred funds that were consecrated by our pious forefathers to the advancement of learning. If the vengeance of the all-patient and long-contemned gods can ever be roused, it will surely be by some such sacrilege! The favour which he

showed to scholars, and his gratitude, have been made manifest. If he were still alive, he would doubtless be as little desirous that his zeal should now be remembered as those bigots who had been most active in burning Archbishop Cranmer could have been to publish their officiousness during the reign of Elizabeth.”

Busy rumour has ascribed, on what foundation I know not, since an active and searching inquiry has not hitherto been made, the infamy of having denounced Shelley to the pert, meddling tutor of a college of inferior note, a man of an insalubrious and inauspicious aspect. Any paltry fellow can whisper a secret accusation; but a certain courage, as well as malignity, is required by him who undertakes to give evidence openly against another; to provoke thereby the displeasure of the accused, of his family and friends; and to submit his own veracity and his motives to public scrutiny. Hence the illegal and inquisitorial mode of proceeding by interrogation, instead of the lawful and recognized course by the production of witnesses. The disposal of ecclesiastical preferment has long been so reprehensible,—the practice of desecrating institutions that every good man desires to esteem most holy is so inveterate,—that it is needless to add that the secret accuser was rapidly enriched with the most splendid benefices, and finally became a dignitary of the church. The modest prelate did not seek publicity in the charitable and dignified act of deserving; it is not probable, therefore, that he is anxious at present to invite an examination of the precise nature of his deserts.

The next morning, at eight o’clock, Shelley and his friend set out together for London on the top of a coach; and with his final departure from the University the reminiscences of his life at Oxford terminate. The narrative of the injurious effects of this cruel, precipitate, unjust, and illegal expulsion upon the entire course of his subsequent life would not be wanting in interest or instruction; of a period when the scene was changed from the quiet seclusion of academic groves and gardens, and the calm valley of our silvery Iris, to the stormy ocean of that vast and shoreless world, to the utmost violence of which he was, at an early age, suddenly and unnaturally abandoned.

STEAM, A POEM.

By the author of “Corn-Law Rhymes.”

“Tools and the Man,”—*Edinburgh Review*

WELL, gaze thou on the hills, and hedge-side flowers!

But blind old Andrew will with me repair
To yonder massive pile, where useful powers,
Toiling unconsciously, aloud declare

That man, too, and his works, are grand and fair.
 Son of the far-fam'd self-taught engineer,
 Whose deeds were marvels in the bygone days!
 Ill it becomes thee, with ungreatful sneer,
 The trade-fed town and townsmen to dispraise.
 Why rail at Traffic's wheels, and crowded ways?
 Trade makes thee rich; then, William, murmur
 not

Though Trade's black vapours ever round thee
 rise.
 Trade makes thee sage; lo, thou read'st Locke
 and Scott!

While the poor rustic beast-like lives and dies,
 Blind to the page of priceless mysteries!
 "Fair is the bow that spans the shower," thou
 say'st;

"But all unlovely, as an eyeless skull,
 Is man's black workshop in the streeted waste."
 And can the city's smoke be worse than dull,
 If Martin found it more than beautiful?
 Did he, did Martin steal immortal hues
 From London's cloud or Carron's gloomy glare—
 Light-darken'd shadows, such as Milton's muse
 Cast o'er th' Eternal—and shalt thou despair
 To find, where man is found, the grand and
 fair?

Canst thou love Nature, and not love the sound
 Of cheerful labour? He who loathes the crew
 To whose hard hands the toiling ear is bound,
 Is dark of spirit, bilious as his hue,
 And bread-tax-dy'd in sordid lust's true blue.
 "Thou lov'st the woods, the rocks, the quiet
 fields!"

But tell me, if thou canst, enthusiast wan!
 Why the broad town to thee no gladness yields?
 If thou lov'st Nature, sympathise with man,
 For he, and his, are parts of Nature's plan.
 But canst thou love her, if she love not thee?
 She will be wholly lov'd, or not at all.

"Thou lov'st her streams, her flowers; thou
 lov'st to see
 The gorgeous halcyon shake the bulrush tall;
 Thou lov'st to feel the veil of evening fall,
 Like gentlest slumber on a blushing bride;
 For these are Nature's!" Are not thou hers,
 too?

A portion of her pageantry and pride,
 In all thy passions, all thou seek'st to do,
 And all thou dost? The earth-worm is allied
 To God, and will not have her claims denied,
 Though thou disown her *yellow-worm*, and scorn
 The lowly beauty of his toil and care.
 "Sweet is the whisper of the breezy morn,
 To waking streams!" And hath the useful share
 No splendour? Doth the tilter's cottage wear
 No smiles for thee? "How beauteous are the
 dyes

Which grove and hedgerow from their plumage
 shake!"

And cannot the loud hammer, which supplies
 Food for the blacksmith's rosy children, make
 Sweet music to thy heart? "Behold the snake
 Couch'd on its bed of beams!" The scaly worm
 Is lovely, coil'd above the river's flow;
 But there is noble beauty in the form
 That welds the hissing steel, with ponderous
 blow;

Yea, there is majesty on that calm brow,
 And in those eyes the light of thoughts divine!
 Come, blind old Andrew Turner! link in mine
 Thy time-tried arm, and cross the town with
 me;

For there are wonders, mightier far than thine:
 Watt! and his million-feeding enginery!
 Steam-miracles of demi-deity!
 Thou canst not see, unnumber'd chimneys o'er,
 From chimneys tall the smoky cloud aspire;
 But thou canst hear th' unwearied crash and roar
 Of iron powers, that, urg'd by restless fire,
 Toil ceaseless, day and night, yet never tire,
 Or say to greedy man. "Thou dost amiss."

Oh, there is glorious harmony in this
 Tempestuous music of the giant, Steam,
 Commingling growl and roar, and stamp and hiss,
 With flame and darkness! Like a Cyclop's
 dream

It stuns our wondering souls, that start and
 scream

With joy and terror; while, like gold on snow
 Is morning's beam on Andrew's hoary hair!
 Like gold on pearl is morning on his brow!
 His hat is in his hand, his head is bare;
 And, rolling wide his sightless eyes, he stands
 Before this metal god, that yet shall chase
 The tyrant idols of remotest lands,
 Preach science to the desert, and efface
 The barren curse from every pathless place
 Where virtues have not yet atoned for crimes.
 He loves the thunder of machinery!

It is beneficent thunder, though, at times,
 Like heav'n's red bolt, it lightens fatally.
 Poor blind old man! what would he give to see
 This bloodless Waterloo! this hell of wheels!
 This dreadful speed, that seems to sleep and
 snore,

And dream of earthquake! In his brain he feels
 The mighty arm of mist, that shakes the shore
 Along the throng'd canal, in ceaseless roar
 Urging the heavy forge, the clanking mill,
 The rapid tilt, and screaming, sparkling stone.
 Is this the spot where stoop'd the ash-crown'd hill
 To meet the vial, when bee-lov'd banks, o'er-
 grown

With broom and woodbine, heard the cushat lose
 Coo for her absent love? Oh, ne'er again
 Shall Andrew pluck the freckled fanglove here!
 How like a monster, with a league-long mane,
 Or Titan's rocket, in its high career,
 Towers the dense smoke! The falcons, wheel-
 ing near,

Turns, and the angry crow seeks purer skies.

At first, with lifted hands, in mute surprise,
 Old Andrew listens to the mingled sound
 Of hammer, roll, and wheel. His sightless eyes
 Brighten with generous pride, that man hath
 found

Redemption from the manacles which bound
 His powers for many an age. A poor man's boy
 Constructed these grand works! Lo, like the
 sun,
 Shines knowledge now on all! He thinks, with
 joy,
 Of that futurity which is begun—

Of that great victory which shall be won
By Truth o'er Falsehood ; and already feels
Earth shaken by the conflict. But a low,
Deep sigh escapes him, sadness o'er him steals,
Shading his noble heart with selfish woe ;
Yes, every cloud his melancholy brow.
What ! shall the good old times, in aught of good
Yield to these days of cant and parish-pay,
The sister-growth of twenty years of blood ?
His ancient fame, he feels, is past away ;
He is no more the wonder of his day—
The far-praised, self-taught, matchless engineer !

But he is still the man, who planted here
The first steam-engine seen in all the shire—
Laugh'd at by many an Eldon far and near ;
While sundry sage Newcastles, in their ire,
Swore that a roasting in his boiler-fire
Would best reward the maker. Round his form
The spirit of the Moors wrapp'd fold on fold
Of thund'rous gloom, and flash'd th' indignant
storm

From his dilating eyes, when first uproll'd
The volumed smoke, that, like a prophet, told
Of horrors yet to come. His angry scowl
Cast night at noon o'er Rivlin and Don,
And scared o'er Loxley's springs the screaming
fowl ;

For rill and river listen'd, every one,
When the old Tory put his darkness on.
Full soon, his deep and hollow base forth brake,
Cursing the tilting, tipling, strange machine ;
And then the lightning of his laughter spake,
Calling the thing a " Whimsy." * In this day
A " whimsy" it is call'd, wherever seen ;
And strangers, travelling by the mail, may see
The coal-devouring monster, as he rides,
And wonder what the uncouth beast may be
That canters, like a horse with wooden sides,
And lifts his food from depths where night pre-
sides,
With twinkling taper, o'er the in-back'd slave,
Who, laid face upward, hews the black stone
down.†

Poor living corpse ! he labours in the grave ;—
Poor two-legg'd mole ! he mines, for half-a-
crown,
From morn to eve, that wolves, who sleep on
down,
And pare our bones, may eat their bread-tax warm !

But could poor Andrew's " whimsy" boast an
arm,
A back like these ? Upstart of yesterday !
Thou doubler of the rent of every farm,
From John o' Groat's to Cornwall's farthest
bay !
Engine of Watt ! unrivalled is thy sway.
Compared with thine, what is the tyrant's power ?

* When the steam engine (not Watt's) was first employed in drawing coals from mines, it was nicknamed a "whimsy," by those who admired the wisdom of our ancestors ; and to this day it is called a " whimsy."

† The colliers are all weasel-backed, in consequence of the position in which they work.

His might destroys, while thine creates and
saves.

Thy triumphs live and grow, like fruit and
flower ;

But his are writ in blood, and read on graves !
Let him yoke all his regimented slaves,
And bid them strive to wield thy tireless fly
As thou canst wield it ! Soon his baffled bands
Would yield to thee, despite his wrathful eye
Lo ! unto thee both Indies lift their hands !
Thy vapoury pulae is felt on farthest strands !
Thou tirest not, complainest not, though blind
As human pride ; earth's lowest dust art thou,
Child of pale thought ! dread masterpiece of mind !
I read nor thought nor passion on thy brow !
To-morrow thou wilt labour, deaf as now !
And must we say—" that soul is wanting here ?"

No ; there he moves, the thoughtful engineer,
The soul of all this motion ; rule in hand,
And coarsely apron'd—simple, plain, sincere,—
An honest man : self-taught to understand
The useful wonders which he built and plann'd ;
Self-taught to read and write,—a poor man's son,
Though poor no more,—how would he sit alone,
When the hard labour of the day was done,
Bent o'er his table, silent as a stone,
To make the wisdom of the wise his own !
How oft of Brindley's deeds th' apprenticed boy
Would speak delighted, long ere freedom came !
And talk of Watt ! while, shedding tears of joy,
His widowed mother heard, and hoped the name
Of her poor boy, like theirs, would rise to fame.
Nor was she unpropitious : he is famed
For patience, foresight, and improving skill,
And virtues, which might make the proud ashamed.
Lo ! yonder shines his dwelling on the hill,
But by himself !—and she is with him still ;
Happy to live, and well prepared to die.

How unlike him is Grip, the upstart alry,
Who on the dunghill, whence he lately rose,
Lost his large organ of identity,
And left his sire to starve ! Alas ! he knows
No poor man now ! but every day he goes
To visit his nine acres, pitiless
Of him who tills the road, that shoeless boor,
Who feeds his brother exile in distress.
Hark ! muttering oaths, he wonders why your
poor

Are not all Irish ! Eyeing, then, the moor,
He swears, if he were king, what he would do !
Our corn-importing rogues should have a fall ;
For he would plough the rocks, and trench them
too,

And then of bloody Papists doth he bawl ;—
If he were king, he'd hang or shoot them all.
And then he quotes the Duke ! and sagely thinks
That princes should be loyal to the throne.
And then he talks of privilege, and winks.
Game he can't eat, he hints ; but kills his own.
And then he calls the land a marrow-bone,
Which tradesmen suck ; for he no longer trades,
But talks of traffic with defensive sneer.
Full deeply is he learn'd in modes and grades,
And condescends to think my lord his peer !
Yet lo ! he noddeth at the engineer,—
Grins at the fellow—grunts—and lounges on !

THE LATE MR. O'KEEFE.

We have the pleasure of presenting to our readers some fresh records of the life of one to whose exertions many of the living, and still more of the dead, have been indebted for some of the gladdest moments which their social existence has known. After the publication, in 1826, of the two volumes of his "Recollections," the veteran dramatist was instigated, on hearing them read over to him by his daughter, to call forth from the stores of his memory several anecdotes and traits of character which had not suggested themselves during the composition of the work. These were penned down at his dictation by the hand of the same affectionate assistant, and are here offered as the gleanings of that field whose harvest has previously created so much enjoyment. As they consist of detached remembrances, we give them under separate heads, as follows:—

A DESPERATE HUMORIST.

Tom Ecclin was a gentleman not over rich, but noted in Dublin for out-of-the-way conduct and humour, and most extravagant oddity of behaviour. He was called "the facetious Tom Ecclin." One day, walking over Essex Bridge, he went up to a lady who was quite a stranger to him, and told her he had been her adorer many years, at the same time imploring her pity and her favourable regard to his addresses. The lady, astonished and hurt at his audacity, scarcely answered him, and walked on in her way from Essex-street to Chapel-street. He got before her, and again facing her, said that she was the most beautiful of angels, that life to him was nothing if attended with her indifference, &c. The lady still walked on, and he kept close to her side. "Well, then," said he, "cruel fair one! you are resolved to see me perish—and you shall—and I will." With these words he took a spring, jumped upon the balustrade of the bridge, and leaped into the Liffey! Of course the lady screamed, and a crowd gathered, and all was consternation. It was some time before the intelligence was obtained that he had safely swum in his clothes to the slip at the Bachelor's Walk.

The above circumstance was the subject of much wonderment for a few days. Some time after, there was a grand city dinner at a tavern called the Rose and Bottle, in Dame-street. The mayor, sheriffs, aldermen, common-councilmen, and so forth, met in confederate conviviality. One of the company was Alderman Sankey, who had served most of the city offices with rectitude and credit, but was of a grave and rigorous cast of mind. At the table was also an opulent citizen, not over brilliant in ideas,

who generally took the wrong end of every rumour that might be afloat. Having heard of the above adventure of the facetious Tom Ecclin and the lady, he got it into his wise head that it was Alderman Sankey who had performed this ridiculous exploit. After the cloth was removed, when all was sober hilarity, and pleasant decorum, as expedient at a civic dinner, this heavy-brained guest turned to the alderman and said,—

"Alderman Sankey, what made you jump off Essex Bridge and swim to the Bachelor's Walk? Ah, the lady! True, but what made you *do so*?"

"Sir," said the alderman, gravely, "I never jumped off Essex Bridge."

"Oh! didn't you? I heard you did."

And still, at the second, third, and fourth circulation of the bottle, the worthy cit would turn to him again, and say, in a loud voice,

"But, Alderman, what the d—! I *could* possess you to jump off Essex Bridge in your clothes, and swim to the Bachelor's Walk?"

This question, repeated every five minutes, greatly annoyed the alderman; nor could the other be convinced of his error, until one of the company luckily cast an eye upon Forrester's print over the mantel-piece. He took it down, and showed it to the citizen, who read under it, "The facetious Tom Ecclin."

"Ah, true! it was *Tom* that jumped off the bridge. I recollect now, Alderman Sankey, it was not *you* that swam in your clothes to the Bachelor's Walk!"

EARLY INTRODUCTION.

When my brother Daniel was first brought home to Dublin from Mullingar (where he had resided from his infancy), I was a child in frocks (or rockets, as we called them then), and he in boy's clothes—a light, long surtout coat, and a three-cocked hat. I was so fond and proud of him that I got into a fancy of *introducing* him to everybody, whether I knew them or not. To do this, I thumped and knocked with my little fists and knuckles at people's doors till they were opened, and then I would say to them, although perfect strangers to both of us, "This is *my brother Dan*!" The doors were often shut in our faces.

A HUMAN WARBLER PERCHED ON A BOUGH!

In the year 1759 one of our associates, about twelve years of age, of the name of Bourke, was a kind of idol for his fine voice and exquisite taste in music. He had an evening custom (like the Paris "Rossignal") of climbing up into one of the high trees in the Beau Walk on Stephen's Green, there to sit and sing. His melodious doings attracted the company to that spot. The

sole motive with this boy was the pleasure he gave his hearers.

FORRESTER, THE IRISH ARTIST.

Forrester took a fancy to make etchings of the singular characters in Dublin, for which each person sat to him. There was "the facetious Tom Eccles,"—"Mill Cusheen," distinguished for a form not like any else in the world,—*"Bryan the Fool,"* an idiot with a curly head, who used to walk through the streets in a long coat, with a belt buckled round him. There was also "Garretty Whistle," dressed in a fantastic manner, who went about the town beating a little drum, and wearing sundry feathers all round his hat,—and "Peg of Finglas," a large bulky woman, clean, and smartly dressed, but without a bonnet; she went from door to door, not begging, but talking to people, and making them talk to her,—and "Blind Daniel the Piper," whose mode was to play on his pipes until he gathered a crowd round him, and then to stop in the middle of the tune, saying, "Enough for nothing;" the words of this broad hint were engraved underneath his portrait. All these etchings displayed marked genius.

Another of the individuals who afforded exercise to Forrester's talent was Father Murphy, a priest of exemplary character, who died in my childhood. He was a fine preacher, and, in the dreadful riots between the "Liberty" and "Ormond" parties, when even the military were unable to quell these desperadoes, Father Murphy (like Hersilia with the Romans and Sabine) would step forth between the ferocious bands, calm and undaunted. When his presence had made all silent, he addressed them with a few words of eloquence, and immediately the combatants dispersed their several ways—the "Ormond" party back over the bridge to Ormond market and its precincts, and the "Liberty" faction up across Thomas-street to their looms and habits of industry. In those horrid conflicts some lives were lost.

When Father Murphy died, Forrester made a cast from his face, and also drew a fine likeness of him, which he engraved. It represented him dressed in his white surplice and scapulary. The face was rather large and full, with dark eyebrows, and wig. All the above characteristic portraits by Forrester were whole-lengths, except this of Father Murphy, and none of them were caricatures. This ingenious artist was sent by the Dublin society to study at Rome, where, I suppose, he died, for I never heard of him since.

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN "YOUTH."

In my juvenile days some one gave me a

note to Digges the actor, that he might put me in to see the play. I was brought through the dark lobbies, and up and down many stairs and windings, to his dressing-room, where I found him preparing himself for his part that night of *Young Norval*. There were six large wax candles burning before him, and two dressers in attendance. I was struck with awe, almost to veneration. After suffering me for a sufficient time to stare at him with astonishment, he said, "Take the child to the alips;" and I was led through the carpenter's gallery, the cloudings and thunder boxes, and placed in a good seat, where I saw the play with great delight.

A few evenings afterwards, I was resolved to see another play. Being acquainted with a youth who was one of the band, an apprentice to Mountain, my great object was to get to sit by him in the orchestra, and see the opera. Intent on this, I thrust my hat into my pocket, and rushed in from the street at the stage-door where old Taase kept the hatch-door, with spikes on it. "What the plague is the boy at?" he cried, as I dashed past him up the stairs. I then ran down again, got under the stage, and hid in the sedan-chair kept there for "High Life below Stairs." My purpose was to sit snug till the going-up of the curtain, and then to join my young friend in the orchestra. One of the scene-men, however, discovered me, and turned me out of the house, just before the curtain went up. This was a sad disappointment; but many a night afterwards did I sit in the orchestra to see a play, through the kindness of the band, who were told of the above adventure, and some of whom lived long enough to move an elbow to Darcy's serenade of "Good-morrow to your night-cap!" and Dermott's "Sleep on, sleep on!" in my own "Poor Soldier." I had also the satisfaction of procuring for more than two or three of them engagements among the band at Covent-Garden Theatre, through my influence with Mr. Thomas Harris.

AN OFFENCE TO DOCTORIAL DIGNITY.

It was the custom in my youth, for all medical people, young and old, to wear very large well-powdered wigs. A schoolfellow of mine, Lofty (Loftus) Dempsey, at Father Austin's, was, when about fourteen years of age, consigned as pupil to a very eminent surgeon. I had not seen young Lofty for some time, until I met him accidentally in Chequer-lane. I spoke to him in my way, as my friend and fellow-student, jovially, and in high glee. He, in his way, (or rather in that of his new profession), just gave me a nod, tossed up his be-wigged head, and was passing me, as I thought, very proudly.

He was dressed in a full suit of black, with large cuffs, and deep skirts to the waist-

coat, gray silk stockings with white clocks, long-quartered shoes, and large cut-polished steel buckles, inlaid with gold, and lace ruffles to the last joint of his fingers—while his enormous powdered wig, frizzed and raised up high behind, showed his pole uncovered, except the shining paste stock-buckle, and his very big three-cocked hat, coming down upon his left brow.

Thus caparisoned, young Lofty Dempsey paced on, with the gravity of professional consequence. Nettled at his superciliousness, I forthwith took three steps after him, seized his wig by the friz, snatched it off, and threw it over the hatch-door of a little huxter's shop. He was confounded with shame and vexation, for there he stood, in full view of all the smiling passers-by, with his closely-shaven bald head at the shop-door, calling to the little old woman within to hand him out his wig.

As he was much older and taller than myself, I ran away in full laughter, towards Grafton-street, lest his anger should give him surgical skill a new job.

A TERRIFIC JOKE.

I was one day, when a boy, at the Anatomical Theatre in Dublin, with a party of young friends, pupils to surgeons. Whilst I was gazing about, absorbed in wonder and curiosity, they, in their waggery, contrived to slip out, one by one, and leave me alone in the middle of the room. Anon, I heard a rattling sort of noise close at my ear. I turned round, and there, at my elbow, stood a complete full-grown skeleton, nodding his head, shaking his bones, and grinning at me! He had descended from his usual place (that part of the roof immediately over the centre of the room), by means of a cord and pulley, through which appliances he could be occasionally let down so as to stand upon the floor.

A GIGANTIC EFFORT.

Cornelius Magrath, the Irish giant, made a show of himself in a room on College Green, on the left hand, going to the Parliament House. There he died; whereupon a party of the college lads got into the house, and up stairs, with a view of carrying off the body to be dissected at their anatomy-house. Finding that they could not conveniently get the dead giant down stairs, they actually took out the window-sash, and hoisted him out, body and bones, into the street, and thence on to the college. Subsequently I saw his skeleton there, up against the wall in the anatomical theatre, among other skeletons of all ages and dimensions. I was one of the crowd under the window viewing the above enthusiastic exploit, which the parties to the

"abduction" averred was for the improvement of surgery.

A MOCK ELECTION.

In my youth it was a Dublin custom to elect every year a *King of Dalkey*. This election was carried through by a jolly set who liked a bottle and a laugh. They went from Dublin through the bay in a fine barge, with attendant music, and landed on Dalkey island, where they dined gloriously, and treated their mimic sovereign with all manner of observance.

The island, where these pseudo-regal ceremonies were enacted, lies on the south side of the bay, a little beyond Dunleary. It is divided from the land by a very narrow sea, called the Sound of Dalkey, which I have swum across. Thence, from the sea-side, uprise these rocks, called Roche's Town.

MOSSOP AND THE CALL-BOY.

In most affairs of life where duty of station is expected, the descending to pleasantry with ignorant subordinates is a hazardous practice. One night in the green-room, while Mossop stood talking to some of the other performers, with his back to the fire, and himself dressed in full puff as Cardinal Wolsey, with rich crimson satin robe, lace apron, and cardinal's hat, the call-boy, in the course of his duty, came to the door, and after first looking at the paper he had in his hand for the names he had to call, said aloud, as was proper, "Mr. Mossop!"—"Gone up the chimney," was the thoughtless answer of the great actor and manager. "Glad of it, sir," was the pert reply of the call-boy, who went his way immediately. Mossop, with whom it was at that time a point of strong expediency to maintain his dignity and keep on the stilts, was suddenly struck with confusion at his imprudence. He turned away from the half-averted looks on the vexed performers, and inwardly censured himself for thus absurdly lowering his own importance.

WOODWARD AS HARLEQUIN.

Woodward, besides being so fine a comedian, was excellent in Harlequin. In one of the pantomimes he had a scene in which he acted as if eating different kinds of fruit. Soft music was played; he came on—sat at a table (on which there was placed *nothing*), and made pretence of taking up the stalk of a bunch of currants. Then, holding high his hand with the points of finger and thumb compressed, he seemed to shake the stalk, and to strip off the currants with his mouth. In like manner he would appear to hold up a cherry by the stalk, and, after eating it, to spurt the stone from his lips. Eating a gooseberry, paring an apple, sucking an

orange or peach, all were simulated in the same marvellous fashion. In short, the audience perfectly knew what fruit he seemed to be eating by the highly ingenious deception of his acting.

Woodward's chief excellence lay in his attitudes, which he adapted to the music, according to the vicissitudes demanded by the various passions represented. Hence he was called the "Attitude Harlequin." There was always another Harlequin for the jumping through walls and windows, and such matters of routine. One night, by some blunder, the two Harlequins met each other full in the centre of the stage, which set the audience in a clamour of laughter.

Smock Alley, the rival theatre, availed itself of this mistake in a comedy where one of the characters was made to say to another,—"Ha! we meet here like two Harlequins on Crow-street stage!"

This reminds me of another odd trifle. A stupid kind of actor, being in a room where by accident the light was extinguished, came out with the would-be brilliancy of—"Hey! we're now *all of a colour*, like Harlequin's jacket!"

AN IMMOVEABLE PERSON.

Mossop was so correct and particular, that in the parts he studied from (one of which I saw and read), he had marked in the margin even the expression of the face, the raising and lowering of an eyebrow, and the projection of an under-lip. In his acting he had a certain distinct spot upon the stage for almost every speech. One night, "Venice Preserved" being the play, Knight, who was the Reinhold, being rather imperfect, requested the Prompter to take care and watch him. "I will," said the Prompter, "when you are at my side; but when you are O. P. I cannot be bawling to you across the stage."—"Never mind that," replied Knight, "that's *my business*."

All went on well until the scene of the meeting of the conspirators, when Mossop (the Pierre), according to settled business, had to cross over to the Prompter's side. Accordingly he would have advanced exactly to the spot—but there stuck Reinhold! Mossop, in an undertone, desired him to get out of his way. "I cannot, sir," he replied, still keeping his ear as close as possible to the Prompter and his book. This rather heightened the fury of the embarrassed Pierre. After a few ineffectual attempts to drive Knight from his post, Mossop went on, and never was the reproof against the conspirators, particularly Reinhold, spoken by Mossop with more spirit and bitterness than upon that night.

MOSSOP AND THE PROPERTY-MAN.

There was in Crow-street theatre a com-

edian of the name of Walker, who had a very large nose, which helped out the laugh much. One night, when Rowe's tragedy of "Jane Shore" was under performance, Mossop, standing at the side as Lord Hastings, ready to go on, saw near him a new property-man, with a large loaf under his arm. The following dialogue took place between them, much to the amusement of the standers-by:—"What have you got there?"—"My property, sir, for the last act."—"What act? what property?"—"Why, sir, it is for Mr. Walker, who does the baker."—"Baker! and what's that loaf for?"—"Why, sir, you ought to know best; but is it not for the baker to throw after Jane Shore as she is walking starving about the streets?"—"Go along, sir," said Mossop sternly, "you and it; and I wish Mr. Walker would keep to his musical comedies, and not show himself, that is to say, his nose, at all while tragedy is going on; and, for the future, do you take your list of properties from the Prompter himself, and not from laugh-baking jokers."

MOSSOP AND THE FIDDLER.

Arrigoni, the fine performer on the violin, and leader of the band at Smock-alley theatre, seldom retired into the music-room while the play was going on, but remained to see it. Mossop was playing Zanga one night, when Arrigoni, who was sitting alone in the orchestra, happened accidentally to take up the bow of his fiddle which was lying before him. This occurred in one of Zanga's finest scenes, a soliloquy, I think. On going off the stage he sent for Arrigoni to the green-room, and gave him a most severe reproof.

"I happened, sir, to cast my eye upon you when you were fingering your fiddle-bow, and it put me out so much that—"

"Sir," said Arrigoni, "I only rubbed a little rosin on my bow to prepare it for my violin-concerto between the play and the farce."

"Your fiddle-concertos, sir," replied Mossop, "are not to *disconcert* my tragedy; and I desire in future that you will keep your hands quiet, or else make yourself an absentee from the orchestra while my scene is going on."

A NEW KIND OF "JOLLY" BOAT.

A fellow-student of mine had a boat of his own, in which he amused himself and his companions on the Liffey. I met him one day with his palette and pencils, and, on my inquiring whither he was going, he asked me to help him out with a touch, as he was going to new-paint his boat himself. Of oil-painting I knew nothing; but, having the style of all the Italian and Flemish painters full in my imagination, I thought of

Teniers and Homskirch, &c., and when we got into the boat I told him to sit down and be quiet: then, taking his palette and pencils, I dashed out upon a board a party of jovials drinking round a table. All had comic faces, some with wigs turned awry, and they were variously smoking, laughing, singing, &c., all grotesque, but natural, and according to the rules of design, for I had been well instructed in drawing.

My young friend was wonderfully delighted. The board, when dry, was placed in the boat, opposite to where the boat-guests sat, in full view of all; and it had a pleasant and whimsical effect. Indeed, it answered a good purpose; for if any of the youths got crusty or quarrelsome, a single glance at my merry pencil-work would change a frown into a hearty laugh. We often crowded the boat to take water-excursions at the hazard of drowning ourselves and my drinking-jovials."

AN ODD MARK OF DISTINCTION.

At the time when there was a great talk in England of "The Flying Highwayman," Digges, in Macheath, was in high favour with the town. He wore a round hat, which was at that time unusual, and in the front of it he always stuck a turnpike ticket. Being asked the reason of this singular *offiche*, he answered—"Macheath is one who mixes with the world at large, men of play, &c., whereas 'The Flying Highwayman' is a wild animal who springs over turnpikes and cannot be caught. Now this ticket shows I am not he, for I *pay the turnpikes*."

Digges was the best Macheath I ever saw, in person, song, and manner.

THE HARMONY OF CONTRAST.

There came over to Dublin, as a show, a beautiful little foreigner, a female, about twenty-five years of age, and not above three feet high. Previously to this she had been at most of the courts of Europe. She was elegantly formed, and had a very handsome face: her conversation, accomplishments, and polite manner were captivating. Robert Mahon, before he came upon the stage at all, was, like his father, by profession a dancing-master; and, at his benefit at Crowstreet, he put in his bill that he would dance a minuet with the *Coriscan Fairy*.

After the fourth act of the play, the stage being clear, he, five feet eleven inches in height, led on this three-foot partner. Both were in full dress of the fashion of the day. The orchestra played Marshal Saxe's (or what is called Woffington's) minuet, which, before the *Minuet de la Cour* was composed, was the air always danced to on such occasions. In the course of the dance, Mahon had to put on his three-cocked hat, which made him look above six feet two, and to

take his partner's hand, and lead her to the front of the stage; yet their movements were so graceful, and their dancing so excellent, that all tendency to laughter and ridicule was effectually kept off; and the interests of Terpsichore, in the hands of the little lady and tall gentleman, had a full triumph.

TERRORS OF A DEBUT.

The first appearance of Mahon at Covent Garden theatre was in the opera of "Thomas and Sally." The second act opens with the entrance of Thomas, who, attended by a number of sailors, has to come from the lower end of the stage, and approach the lights, while the symphony is being played. Although Mahon had a strong party of friends in the house, to support him, as the phrase is, and although he was a most scientific singer, he was so frightened at appearing before a London audience, that, at the very moment for beginning his song, "From ploughing the ocean," &c., he could not remember a single word. To go on was, with the orchestra, an *obligato* affair; and they did so, but somewhat piano, after the proper method of accompanying the voice. Though perfectly oblivious of every syllable, Mahon felt the necessity of letting the sound of his voice be heard, and therefore, making an effort, he blurted out an irregular series of sounds, which, however, he managed to keep in unison with the first violin. The audience were all attention and silence; but still they heard nothing but the wordless notes from him. The other actors who were on with him were confounded and ashamed, and endeavoured to throw him the words; but, in his bewilderment, poor Mahon could not catch a single one. At length the patience of the audience was tired out; and, perhaps through attributing his odd manner to another cause, a multitude of hisses (distressing sound to actor's ear!) arose from all parts of the house.

In the sequel, however, Mahon made amends a thousand-fold, by his merits as a singer and actor, for this one unfortunate lapse.

CONSTRUCTIVE USE OF SKULLS.

When at Sligo, I saw a wonderful and stupendous monument of antiquity, the ruins of the great church. It was in a roofless condition; but the massy walls and the high altar remained. A number of rugged steps led up to the latter, before which, at a few yards' distance, and exactly in the centre, was a pyramid, about twelve feet high, quite regular in its form, composed of human skulls. On each side was a wall, five or six feet high, three feet wide, and about ten feet long, perfectly exact in shape, and consisting entirely of human bones. At a short

distance from this ruin stood a large edifice, once the mansion of the Countess of Desmond, celebrated in Irish history.

A LIBERAL TRIBUTE TO THE MEDICAL CHARACTER.

During the first season I was in Cork, there was a stagnant pool close by the town. The physicians and other *medicals* had a meeting about it, and drew up a report that the existence of such a nuisance was prejudicial to the health of the inhabitants. These, adopting the example thus suggested, all signed it, and presented it to the mayor and aldermen. The pond was thereupon filled up, and the nuisance and danger done away with. Was not this a piece of disinterested candour on the part of those whose living depends on the sickness of others? Indeed, this disposition, notwithstanding Foote's "Devil on Two Sticks," Molière's "Malade Imaginaire," and my own Dr. Grigsby, in "The World in a Village," is a real attribute of physicians all over the world; a general kindness of heart is prevalent among the class. In my own case I remember two excellent instances—Dr. Saunders and Dr. Reynolds, who, on my pressing upon them repeatedly the usual fees, refused, in nearly the same words, though at an interval of several years respectively,—"No, no, my good sir; I have been indebted to you for many an evening's intellectual enjoyment."

A HANDY REJOINDER.

The Cork ladies have a reputation for good-humour, pleasantry, and wit. One day, at a dinner party where I was present, a lady asked another, who was remarkable for great length of arms, to reach her something, adding—"But you must stretch a *long arm*." "I have it *at hand*," was the answer.

A RETORT IN KIND.

When the celebrated Father O'Leary was once dining in a large company, where a very young English officer was present, the latter, concluding that O'Leary, from religion and function, had more affection for a Stuart than a Guelph, gave a toast thus—"Father O'Leary, here's the king!—not *your* king." O'Leary quietly took up his brimming glass, and, keeping exactly to the word of the toast, said, "Captain, here's the king!—not *your* king."

THE TWO VOLUNTEERS IN AN INVOLUNTARY SITUATION.

At the time when the Dublin volunteers were embodied, enthusiasm was very high. Crawford and Daly, the rival managers of Crow-street and Smock-alley theatres, who

were by no means on good terms with each other, belonged to the same corps. One day, in a march through the town, the commanding officer, by an arch manoeuvre, contrived that these two fine, tall, handsome figures of rivals, armed, and in full regimentals, should walk side by side. As the corps stepped on, it afforded much amusement to the spectators to watch the countenances of each, compelled by duty and patriotism to a comportment which every body knew was far from their minds.

"AN EXCUSE FOR THE GLASS."

Jack Kane, the actor, had a little horse, called "Shelty," which he put up to be raffled for. The terms were, that the setter-up and the winner should give a dinner and a dozen of claret. Shelty was won, and the terms complied with, which made a very merry day. The winner immediately set him up again; and thus, by the continuance of the same terms, *another* merry day was made. Again and again was the same process repeated; in short, it went on through the whole play-acting season, so that Shelty was constantly set up, raffled for, and won. Strange to say, however, no one ever saw the little horse subsequently to the first setting-up; for either he was sold, or taken to some distant place, or perhaps he died months before the end of the raffling. However that may be, both setter-up and winner, with hearty good will, kept to the original terms; and the jolly set went on rattling the dice-box, and throwing their *cinq*ue and *quatre* for Shelty, without more inquiry. Nobody ever asked what stable or pasture Shelty was in, at the time. The only cry of these *bon-vivants* was—"Come, now for a throw for Shelty!"

A GOOD REASON FOR BAD ACTING.

When Wilder was one evening playing Young Meadows, in "Love in a Village," some one made a remark, how badly he acted. I ventured to account for it, by replying,—"*Of course; how can it be otherwise? Young Meadows is be-Wilder-ed.*"

DAWSON THE PLAYER.

In the *play* scene of Hamlet, George Dawson, in his young days, had to perform "one Lucianus, Nephew to the Duke," and, at his entrance, was so much frightened, that he stood still and silent. Mossop, sitting on the ground at Ophelia's feet, addressed him as usual, with "Come, murderer, leave your damnable faces and begin." This frightened the boy still more, as, at the moment, he forgot these words were really in Mossop's part, and thought they were addressed to his own very self. The elder Dawson, his father, was the Polonius of the

night; and, standing on the lower step of the throne, watched the whole affair with Gentleman-usher-like propriety. George, with the little bottle in his hand, and drawing close to the lower curl of the player-king, asleep in his chair, repeated,—“Hands black—no—thoughts black—and time agreeing, and no creature seeing—the mixture vile of—of—of.” Here he happened to cast a look towards the angry face of his father, who bit his lips, and shook his wand at him, in wrath and reproach. Unable to recollect another word of the speech, he hastily cried out—“Into your ear it goes!” and, dashing down the bottle, ran away, to the horror of his father, the anger of Mossop, and the amusement of everybody else.

Though young George could make but little of a printer's devil, or a mock assassin, he became afterwards quite a favourite comedian, and an excellent harlequin. In the latter, he one night had nearly tragedized the pantomime. Pantaloon, clown, and other fools, being in full chase after him, he had to make his escape by leaping through the scene. The carpenters, as in duty and custom bound, ought to have received him behind the scenes, by holding a carpet ready. Unmindful of this they were taking their mug of ale; no carpet was there, and, as it fell out, poor Harlequin George fell down on the boards—a descent of some eight or nine feet. Happily no bones were broken; but through this act of negligence he was most severely hurt, and kept out of employment many months.

SCENIC RECOLLECTIONS.

At the bottom of the stupendous Powerscourt Waterfall, on Lord Powerscourt's estate, among the Wicklow Mountains, there was, in my earlier days, a pavilion, with its thatched roof supported by the trunks of tall trees; it formed, internally, an octagonal room, about thirty feet every way; it was open, except on two sides, but you could occasionally shut or throw up each flat at an instant. Here were sofas, a cupboard of china, tea-things, plates, glasses, knives, forks, kettles, &c.; a closet of books, no attendance, and “nothing to pay.” Any parties that might choose to resort thither brought their own tea and cold provisions. Nothing was ever stolen, or destroyed, or defaced—a circumstance to the honour of the liberal-minded owner of this delightful spot, and highly to the credit of the inhabitants of so large a metropolis as Dublin.

The Dargle, or Dark Glen, in that quarter (where I have spent alone, or with my young companions, or accompanied by my family, many happy hours, and indeed days,) is a vast mountain, torn in the centre by the giant-hands of nature, and presenting an *ensemble* of deep and grand caverns, rocks,

trees, precipices, waters in dark abyss, and golden streams, such as no language or pencil can describe. Myrtles and arbutus were here in wild profusion. There were winding paths to make accessible the steepest heights and depths, with seats and recesses, and a beautiful place of rest, called the Moss-house. This all-charming and astonishing spot is, or was, free to the stranger. No spider-cicerone to start upon you with a croaking voice of routine explanation, and an out-stretched paw of venality. You had all these enchanting beauties of nature for nothing!

The Dargle is ten Irish miles from Dublin: there are three different ways to it from thence; one is out from Stephen's Green, over Ball's Bridge, through Booter's Town, where you get on the sea-beach—through Black Rock, half-way to Dunleary, up through Cabinteely, Langhlin's Town, leaving Bray Head to the left, Enniskerry, and so among the mountains. Another way out of Stephen's Green is through Donnybrook, Galloping Green, Still Organ, and Cornel's Court. This route is very elevated, and commands a view of the sea, the bay, and the hill of Howth, all the way. The third, and most inland road, is from Dublin out of Kevin's Port, through Rathmines and Rathfarnham, and there you immediately rise upon the Wicklow Mountains, and continue among them until you reach Powerscourt.

At Lord Powerscourt's house is an octagonal room, lined with looking-glass, as is also the ceiling. The floor is inlaid with a sort of mosaic in ivory, ebony, &c. in very beautiful symmetry.

When at the Dargle, I have often gone to sleep on a moss-bank, lulled by the roar of the Powerscourt Waterfall. Throughout the whole domain one met with pretty recesses, benches, and every means to accommodate, charm, and refresh the visitor.

I quitted Ireland in June 1781, and never since returned to my native land. Forty-eight years I have been now in England (1829,) but, during my weary pilgrimage in and about London, roughing it through every obstacle in my way to fame, and, as I hoped, to fortune, my Irish mind has been often at the Dargle and Powerscourt, when it ought to have confined itself to those dramatic temples, Covent-garden, Drury-lane, and the Hay-market theatres.

A HAPPY DELIVERANCE.

On one occasion a fire happened at my house in Eustace-street, Dublin. After sitting up late with a party at supper, I had to pass through the room in which my two infants, Tottenham and Adelaide, slept, in order to get to my own bed-room. On opening the door, flames and smoke burst

full upon me. The curtains of their little beds were in one blaze. Both were asleep. I snatched them up in my arms, and ran down stairs with them,—not without our being all a little scorched. Their mother found afterwards, on inquiry, that they had been left by their maid (as she supposed) asleep, and that, on finding themselves alone, they got out of bed and ran to the fire, where they began kindling straws and bits of stick. Our unusually late supper that night saved my poor dear children.

THE PRINCESS DAHSKOFF.

When I was in Cork, I saw the Russian Princess Dashkoff, the favourite of Catherine, Empress of Russia, who cuts such a famous figure in the revolution of that day. I do not know the cause of her being at Cork. It was said she was banished by her gentle friend, gray Katty, who was so kind to Warsaw. She lived on the Mall, in lodgings of twelve guineas a-week. I saw her at the play, in a side-box. She was not young, but I could perceive that she attracted more attention than the performers. On her first entrance, she took out a large coloured silk handkerchief, and spread it over the edge of her box,—not a mode with the Cork, or any other Irish, or *Great British* ladies. This Princess Dashkoff was certainly not very far from my mind when writing the character of Mrs. Cheshire (Rusty Fusty) in "The Agreeable Surprise."

A STUDIOUS PERFORMER.

Edwin told me that his method was, when he got a new part to study, to turn it about and about, as an artist drawing from a bust, in order to find the points which might give him most power over his audience. The part of Tipple, in "The Flitch of Bacon," first introduced him to public attention. This piece brought a great deal of money in Ireland, and proved to Shield a fine vehicle for his melodies. To the late Sir Henry Bate Dudley, its author, I was under many obligations for the very kind and favourable mention of my dramatic pieces in his newspaper, "The Morning Herald," during a series of upwards of forty years.

AN IRISH EXCENTRIC.

In my published "Recollections," I have given some account of "Tom Five-Cards," a Dublin buck of the first water. A few further particulars here suggest themselves to me respecting him. Tom was so much given to practical capers that it was a matter of some little peril to meet him accidentally in the streets. My brother and one or two friends of mine were once passing with me the entrance of Skinner Row, from Castle-street, Dublin, when we met Tom exactly at

the opening. Just then a tipsy man chanced to be passing us, with his reel and stagger. We laughed, which put him into a great rage, and produced much flourish and abuse. We wished to pass on, but Tom Five-Cards called to us to stop a moment, and then planted himself before the drunken fellow in an attitude of defiance. The latter attempted to strike, and fell. Tom instantly, with his arms a-kimbo, and his head in a jig position, danced round him, singing to the tune of "Sir Roger de Coverley." The man got up, and made ineffectual blows at Tom, who, still singing and dancing round him, gave him at intervals little taps on the cheek, which kept him in an irritated state of foam and fury. The excitement was increased by the laughter of the standers-by, for a croud began to gather round them. Every time the man fell, Tom carefully helped him up, and then continued his dance, his song, and his taps of the cheek, the drunken fellow not being able to return a single blow.

In the year 1782 Tom Five-Cards became a real man of fashion in London. He had his establishment, fine house, livery servants, equipages, capital horses, &c. Some years afterwards, he lived in chambers in the Temple. I was with him one morning when his man of business called upon him, and they talked most profoundly of stock, and funds, and so forth. "Ay, O'Keefe!" said Tom, "you see how we manage affairs in London!"—Poor fellow! he managed affairs so that he died in the Fleet. This is accounted for by the fact that he was professionally a man of play.

THE RISING OF THE DEAD.

By Mrs. Hemans.

*He that was dead, rose up and spoke—he spoke—
Was it of that majestic world unknown?
Those words, that first the bier's dead silence
broke,
Came they with revelation in each tone?
Were the far cities of the nations gone,
The solemn halls of consciousness or sleep,
For man uncurtained by that spirit lone,
Brought from their portal back across the deep?
—Be hush'd, my soul! the veil of darkness lay
Still drawn:—thy Lord recalled the voice departed,
To spread His truth, to comfort His faint-hearted,
Not to unfold the mysteries of its way.
—Oh! take that lesson home in silent faith—
Put on submissive strength to meet, not question
Death!*

EPIGRAM ON A GRANDILOQUENT WRITER.

WHY we with difficulty read
His works I now discover;
A lofty style must be indeed
Most awkward to get over.

LETTERS ON THE CONDITION OF
THE WORKING CLASSES IN VA-
RIOUS PARTS OF ENGLAND.

NO. I.—THE SHEFFIELD GRINDERS.

MR. EDITOR,—Changes producing un-mixed good or evil seldom occur in society. Revolutions of the most destructive character, which shake the towers of the social structure to the earth, are sometimes necessary, unless men would be content to dwell in a time-worn and tottering edifice, concealing, in its obscure and loathsome recesses, reptiles, and hiding under its eaves the blind birds of night. Even the gradual improvement of society occasions temporary evils. All progress is difficult; on every step we shed the tears of woe and the sweat of toil. Disappointments are frequent: we sow wheat and reap tares; or when we go to gather the harvest, we find that mildew has fallen on it in the night, or that tempest has destroyed it.

No system has yet been developed tending so powerfully as that of commerce to assist the diffusion of civilization over the world, and to aid the growth of right social institutions in the communities of our own country. Our labourers are no longer serfs, dependent on the bounty of some marauding chief, beneath the shadow of whose castle their wretched huts are built. The disgraceful usurpations by which, in that dark era, they were oppressed are abolished; to each man his house is his castle, and his hearthstone a sanctuary. Ere long the remains of feudality will be uprooted by the efforts of that honest and vigorous middle class which commercial enterprise has created, and whose healthful influence society already begins to feel. Exclusive privileges, unholy and antique tenures, and unjust distinctions, will be destroyed: society will cease to play the stepdame to her children,—cherishing some at the expense of others,—bidding her toil-worn sons pay in bloody sweat for the gems of the tiara and the gold of the coronet. Our merchants will not expend their treasures, nor our more enlightened artisans spill their blood, in wars, to strengthen "legitimacy's crutch." The day is not very distant, we hope, when men will not be cajoled by a drunken sergeant to accept the king's bribe, and leave the loom and the plough for the bayonet and the bivouac, or desert the peaceful cottage for the bloody trenches and the abrupt and ghastly breach. But ere these changes occur, serious duties devolve upon us all in our respective situations; and no efforts will more effectually tend to bring about the results we hope to attain than those directed to improve the condition of the labouring classes of society.

The increase of manufactures has occasioned the sudden colonization of extensive

districts, the rapid aggregation of vast masses of population, and an unforeseen development of new energies in the mass. Society has assumed new relations in the great towns which have been thus created. The hum of population, the roll of wheels, and the clangor of mechanical operations have banished silence from former solitudes. Rivers, whose unresisted torrents were then poured impetuously onward from their parent mountains to the ocean, are now diverted, and made the obedient drudges of the will of man. As, during the period in which these changes have occurred, the energies of the inhabitants have been absorbed by exertions necessary for their production, it would have been wonderful had not some evils, unexpectedly engendered by the changes themselves, baffled, as yet, the best-directed efforts for their removal, had not others of a more obscure character, by their gradual progress, almost escaped observation, until they had produced disastrous effects, and had not some, whose existence was known, been suffered to remain, because of the pressure of incessant occupation and overwhelming anxieties. Such evils chiefly affect the labouring classes, and their exposure is a duty demanded from all who wish the natural to be separated from the accidental effects of commerce; and would thus, at the same time, remove a stigma from its character, and hasten its peaceful triumph. In the efforts necessary to this result, each citizen ought to avoid an ignoble view of the duties of his station; and, acting on the most enlarged and general principles, assist the promotion of the happiness of the mass.

Guided by these feelings, I have, for some time past, been engaged in an investigation of the condition of certain classes of artisans, whose social condition is distinguished by circumstances, interesting alike to the physician and the economist, and demanding the interference of an enlightened and sagacious policy.

Evils of this nature are easily overlooked by the mass of society. Sometimes they exist in districts remote from those circles which would feel the deepest interest in attempting their removal, or their character may be so obscure, that one portion of even a small community may live in ignorance of the miseries suffered by another. In larger towns, subjects of controversy frequently arise between the more wealthy and the poorer classes: the price of labour, the introduction of machinery, questions of municipal policy, and fiercer political feuds, tend to separate the capitalist and merchant from the working men. Anxieties, inseparable from vast enterprises, absorb the thoughts and occupy the time so much, that great evils may affect large bodies of the citizens, and remain unknown to those

whom the accidents of society thus remove from immediate contact with them. The first step to the cure of a disease is a knowledge of its character; and ere we can hope to establish a right social condition in the various classes of our general system, the evils suffered by each must be discriminated, and the interest of every order of society be excited for their removal.

He, then, whose duty it is to sit by the couch of the dying artisan should not merely seek to soothe his agony, but to learn the source of his malady, and attempt the extirpation of those defects in society which make it the inheritance of the labourer. He who, in the performance of public services, climbs the rickety stair to the cold and desolate garret of the pauper, ought to inquire into the social accidents or national evils which have occasioned his destitution; and, whilst breathing the heavy atmosphere that surrounds the victim of pestilence, he endeavours to trace the circumstances that promote its dissemination among the hovels of wretchedness and crime, he has such peculiar opportunities of beholding the consequences of defects in the structure of society, that he cannot be excused from the duty of exposing their pernicious influences; else, how shall they learn their existence whom the refinements and elegancies of life have surrounded by a charmed circle, into which these spectres of misery cannot intrude? What other voice shall be heard in those haunts of fashion, whose votaries a single wail of the victims whom he daily beholds would scatter with affright? Some one must pass between the hut and the palace, and with a voice less harsh than that of the despairing crowd become the interpreter to power of the wants and wishes of the wretched and abandoned.

Your magazine is a vehicle most appropriate to this office, and I am anxious that its pages should, for some time, be devoted to the promotion of these objects; and with that view it is my intention to send you a series of letters, illustrative of evils suffered by particular classes of the poor which demand the attention of the public.

The Sheffield grinders are a bold and vigorous-minded race—uncouth and ill-educated—prone, from circumstances which will be described, to dissipation—but active and acute, and distinguished by an independence of character which adds to the ordinary manners of the artisan a certain unusual roughness. They earn from twelve to fifteen shillings a week or more, but their wages, from the recent embarrassments of commerce, have of late been considerably reduced. The streets inhabited by the working-classes in Sheffield are well paved, and the houses are generally commodious and are better finished than those of the

poor in many other towns. The manners of the grinders result, in a great measure, from the independence of their social position. They bargain with the merchant for the money they receive for grinding certain articles of Sheffield hardware, and they pay a rent to proprietors of mills for the use of the moving power necessary to turn their grinding-stones, and for the room in which the power moves. In these rooms, denominated “hulls,” many grinders work together, each having his own “trough,” in which the stone turns, and immediately behind which he sits astride on a rough wooden bench or “horsing.” Closely beneath the “horsing” the grinding-stone revolves with great rapidity, and the whole employment consists in applying to the stone the articles to be ground. When this work, as will be explained, was more healthy than it now is, a man has been known to spend sixty years of his life uninterruptedly in this monotonous toil. In each “hull” is a fire-place, and round the hearthstone, in the intervals of their employment, the grinders assemble. They are tenants of the proprietors of the mill, and contractors with the merchant, and at the “hull hearthstone” the topics of the trade or of their “combination” are debated; its rules are discussed, the prices of labour are communicated, and schemes are agitated for their mutual advantage. At other times, amusement or dissipation prevail; and thus the grinders strengthen their peculiar opinions and habits, and grow up a singular, independent, and almost insulated race.

My chief object in this letter is the description of a disease to which they are liable in consequence of their employment. This malady is improperly denominated by those artisans the “grinders’ asthma,” but is a form of tubercular consumption, peculiarities in the character of which result from its origin. The inhalation of an atmosphere loaded with filaments, or with particles of stone and metal, irritates the internal surface of those tubes (*bronchi*) which convey the air into the lungs in the process of respiration. The irritation thus excited occasions a chronic cough; the voice becomes hoarse and harsh, and the artisan liable to more serious catarrhs, and to inflammation of the substance of the lungs, from exposure to changes of temperature and other ordinary exciting causes. If he be long subjected to the influence of these circumstances, an extreme susceptibility of impressions is developed in the lungs—the cough is very distressing on waking from sleep, or passing from a warm to a colder atmosphere, and from speaking or walking quickly. By degrees, the irritation of the lining membrane degenerates into a chronic inflammation which occasions morbid secretions from its surface, thickening, or ul-

ceration. This chronic inflammatory action gradually descends lower, until at length it penetrates the air-cells themselves, and occasions the deposition of a small, white, round body, resembling an exceedingly minute pea, and which is denominated a tubercle, and is the cause of consumption or phthisis. These tubercles subsequently occasion fresh irritation in the substance of the lungs; then fresh depositions of a similar character: so that the lungs are often studded throughout their whole tissue with these miliary bodies, or they are crowded together in masses surrounded by a hard structure impenetrable to the air. The lungs are alternately so extensively disorganized that the sufferer dies in this stage from the interruption of the respiratory function, or the tubercles gradually soften in the centre, and are coughed up mingled with sputa, and leave large irregular cavities in the pulmonary tissue, technically denominated 'caverns.' This is the pathology of phthisis; and the grinders, from that propensity to self-deception by which we all attempt to hide the disasters to which we are liable, conceal the fatal nature of their malady under the name of "grinders" asthma, a disease which is seldom fatal until late in life.

The grinder, when at work, sits astride on the rough bench, or "horsing," placed immediately behind his stone, and, as he applies the article which he grinds to its surface, he naturally bends forward over it. The stone and the steel are rapidly worn during their contact, and the minute spiculæ of metal and particles of grit dust are propelled by the rapid revolution of the wheel into the air, which thus becomes loaded with them. The grinder's face is blackened by an impalpable steel powder, and especially about the nose and mouth, to which it is drawn during inspiration. By the inhalation of these particles is occasioned that fatal malady of which the grinders perish.

Dr. Knight, a most intelligent physician of Sheffield, has communicated a valuable paper on this disease to the "North of England Medical and Surgical Journal;" and as his statements on this subject must, from his long residence in Sheffield, be received with peculiar respect, I shall make occasional quotations from his paper of details, which I have heard confirmed by other professional gentlemen of that town, or have verified by personal observation.

"The articles which are ground in this neighbourhood," says Dr. Knight, "are forks, awl-blades, fire-irons, razors, scissors, pen-knives, table-knives, large pocket-knives, files, joiners' tools, saws, sickles, and scythes. Some of these are ground on dry grindstones, others on wet grindstones; hence the grinders are divided into two classes, the dry and the wet grinders—and there is a third class, who grind both wet and dry—altogether they

amount to about two thousand five hundred; of this number about one hundred and fifty viz. eighty men and seventy boys are fork-grinders—these grind dry, and die from twenty-eight to thirty-two years of age. The razor-grinders grind both wet and dry, and they live to betwixt forty and forty-five years of age. Some exceptions to these general remarks may be met with amongst those who have continued to work at open wheels in the country, and amongst others who have been absent for many years from their employment as soldiers." When the grinder leaves his occupation for a few years, the lungs recover from the irritation to which they had been subjected; and though, perhaps, somewhat more liable to its renewal, when subjected to the influence of the same exciting causes, than he would have been had he never suffered from the effects of his trade, yet a considerable time elapses before the disease is again excited, and his life is thus considerably prolonged. The grinders generally begin to work as apprentices when they are about twelve or fourteen years of age, and twenty years of uninterrupted employment at dry grinding are generally fatal; but if they are absent two or three years at successive intervals, their lives may be prolonged much beyond this period. The grinders profess to have observed that the most irregular and dissipated amongst their workmen suffer least from the malady to which they are liable. It is certain that when only part of their time was formerly spent in this occupation, their mortality was exceedingly smaller; and this observation of the grinders just alluded to proves that the benefit derived from even a temporary cessation from this employment, during one or two days in the week, more than counterbalances the injury the constitution receives from spending those days in dissipation.

In 1814 the mortality of the fork-grinders had recently been so alarming, that an inquiry was made by the grinders themselves concerning the numbers who had perished in four preceding years. From this investigation it was discovered that out of sixty fork-grinders then employed in the trade, twenty six had died in four years, the average of whose ages was thirty-three. There are about one hundred edge-tool-grinders in Sheffield; and, during the last nine years, about thirty are said to have died, the average of whose ages was little more than thirty-five. Among the fork-grinders now in Sheffield, there are a considerable number who have, at different periods, been absent from their employment, either as soldiers, or in other occupations, and hence their mortality has been less than usual. There are about sixty fork-grinders above twenty years of age; and the following is a statement of the ages of fifty-six of these artisans—the average period they have worked at the

grinding-wheel—the time they have been absent—and the number of those who are affected with their peculiar malady, and of those who are free from it.

Age.	No.	Total period at Average. period. wheel.	Total period. Average. absent.	Free from all with malady.	malady.
Above 50	3	58	19½	38	12½
45 to 50	2	39	19½	26	13
40 to 45	6	122	20½	49	8 ½
35 to 40	9	171	19	46	5 ½
30 to 35	14	262	18	5	8
25 to 30	16	131	13 ½	6	8
20 to 25	12	125	10 ½	11	1

A similar disease prevails in many employments in which the artisan respires an atmosphere loaded with small particles or filaments. Pâtissier, in his treatise on the maladies of artisans, has given interesting details concerning the effects of some of these occupations. Stone-cutters and masons often inhale sharp angular fragments of stone which are driven into the air by their mallets; thus the greater part of them are tormented with cough, and some of them become asthmatical, or even phthisical. There is a memoir, at the close of Bloué's *Précis d'Opérations de Chirurgie*, "on the phthisis which attacks the workers of freestone, or *Saint-Rock*." "The greater part of the workmen are attacked by the disease of Saint-Rock before they are forty years of age: some, however, though very few, escape phthisis, and live as long as other men. This disease commences by a dry cough, which continues for some months: the patients then expectorate: their sputa are successively white and frothy, thick, bloody, and purulent: they experience occasionally great oppression, and a burning sensation in the trachea: the voice is hoarse, and there is continual fever. The region of the liver is hard, and the patients complain of suffering and a sensation of weight. The epigastrium is tender. The appetite continues until diarrhoea occurs; then the sputa are arrested; the hair and nails fall off; sleep is impossible, or accompanied with profuse perspirations. The sufferers become emaciated like spectres; the limbs, the feet, and the hands are oedematous, and death occurs soon after the commencement of this anasarca. This affection may continue six months, a year, or sometimes several years."

"The dust detached from the stone penetrates the lungs by the mouth, is arrested in the respiratory canals, mingles itself with the mucosities with which these organs are lubricated, and sometimes forms true calculous accretions, which excite cough and expectoration of blood, and may even occasion dangerous inflammations of the pleura and lungs. M. Blozier has observed, 'that

the men who work freestone are more subject to catarrhs than other men exposed to cough and violent labour.' These diseases degenerate most frequently into cases of phthisis, which slowly terminate fatally."

The Sheffield grinders are early apprenticed to their fatal trade. A boy is as capable of working at all the lighter branches of the occupation as a man; and hence some combinations have framed rules to prevent men from having above a certain number of apprentices, except they are their own children. In the absence of these regulations, some dissolute workmen would subsist in idleness on the earnings of the boys apprenticed them. Some boys, whose constitutions predispose them to be affected with consumption, soon experience the injurious effects of this occupation, and are obliged to leave it for other employments. Others, more robust, are for some time conscious of little inconvenience; but, after a certain interval, the characteristic symptoms of the malady gradually supervene. They are subject to a chronic cough; to a difficulty of breathing, increased by rapid motion, or especially by mounting an ascent; they become pale and meagre; their chests are bent forwards, and their shoulders raised; their physiognomy assumes the withered character of premature old age; the muscles shrink, and become attenuated; and the eyes are hollow and anxious. Then follow the symptoms of that destructive malady, consumption:—expectoration of blood and purulent matter; nightly colliquative perspiration and profuse diarrhoea; irritative fever, restlessness, extreme emaciation, swellings of the feet and legs, a lingering agony, and then death.

Can it be a just subject of wonder, that with an existence so precarious and miserable, victims from an early age of so fatal an occupation, the grinders should be prone to dissipation? Monotonous, unvaried labour, is itself a curse which degrades man from his higher destinies. What worse punishment was ever devised to subdue the spirit of the most reckless felon, than that he should be condemned to sit at a revolving stone ten hours of every day, grinding steel, and inhaling the germs of a fatal malady—his only passport from the prison of toil? Suffering such a fate, man seeks to drown his misery in the delirium of inebriation. In the jocund revel he forgets the grim "hull," the dirty trough, and the continual scream of his wheel. He flatters himself that the cup, which is a solace to his woe, is a remedy for his disease, and justifies what is grateful to his appetite and Lethe to his mind, by maxims of prudence and expediency.

The origin of the fatal system, which occasions so great a mortality among the grinders of Sheffield, is thus described by Dr. Knight:—

"Until the beginning of the last century, grinding was not a distinct branch of business, but was performed by men who were also employed in forging and hafting; hence they were exposed but seldom, and then only for a short time, to the pernicious effects of grinding. They worked also in large, lofty rooms, which did not contain more than six or eight stones; were open to the roof, without windows, and with the cog-wheel always on the inside; thus, such a circulation of air was constantly kept up, that the small quantity of dust raised from these few stones was soon carried away. The wheels were always situated in the country, by the side of running streams, and frequently two or three miles from the habitations of the workmen, so that they had the advantage of pure air and moderate exercise in passing to and from their employment. Moreover, for several months during each summer, they could not work more than four or five hours a day, owing to the scarcity of water. The grinders, at that time, lived chiefly in the country, had less intercourse with each other, and were consequently less exposed to those excesses which frequently prevail where large bodies of workmen are congregated together: they were distinguished for their simple manners and temperate habits. This was the golden age of the grinders.

"About the beginning of the last century, the division of labour was gradually introduced into the manufacture of cutlery, and grinding became the sole employment of the grinder. Some time after the middle of the same century several grinders were observed to die of complaints nearly similar. The attention of their companions was excited, and they found the complaint was peculiar to themselves. Still, however, it was far from being common; for they continued to enjoy all the advantages which their predecessors had possessed, except that, being no longer employed in hafting and forging, they passed all their working hours at the grinding-wheel.

"Towards the close of the last century, it was found that the business of grinding had so much increased, that the grinding-wheels already established were insufficient; but as every fall of water within five or six miles of Sheffield was occupied by wheels, it was impossible to add to their number. In this emergency, those connected with the trade resolved to avail themselves of the power of steam; and, in the year 1786, the steam-engine was applied to the purposes of grinding. A great revolution then took place in the circumstances of the grinder. He now worked in a small, low room, where there were eight or ten stones, and sometimes as many as sixteen persons employed at one time. The doors and windows were kept almost constantly

closed; a great quantity of dust was evolved from so many stones, and there was scarcely any circulation of air to carry it away. The steam-engine, unlike the stream that had formerly supplied his wheel, allowed him no season of relaxation; it worked, on an average, eleven hours in the day, and six days in the week. The grinders began to reside, more generally, in the town; most of them lived near their respective wheels; their habits became less temperate; whilst the steady and industrious, having now an opportunity of working as much as they pleased, died at an earlier age than even the idle and the dissipated. So general has this destructive malady become of late years, that the result of some inquiries, made in 1822, showed that out of two thousand five hundred grinders, there were not thirty-five who had arrived at the age of fifty, and perhaps not double that number who had reached the age of forty-five; and out of more than eighty-four grinders, exclusive of boys, it was reported there was not a single individual thirty-six years old.

"As all attempts to cure grinders' asthma, whilst the grinder continued to follow his employment, had failed, it was natural that the parties who were interested should endeavour to find out some means of preventing it. Many expedients have been suggested. Dr. Johnstone proposed that the mouth and nostrils should be covered with crape; but, in a short time, the dust from the stone and the moisture of the breath rendered the crape nearly impervious, and then the heat and oppression of the breathing became intolerable. Another contrivance was suggested by Mr. Abraham, a most humane and intelligent inhabitant of Sheffield. It consisted of magnets, so arranged as to intercept the particles of dust in their passage to the mouth and nostrils. A full account of this ingenious invention may be found in the 'Transactions of the Society of Arts,' vol. xl. page 135. So highly was it valued by this Society, that they presented Mr. Abraham with their large gold medal; and his fellow-townsmen, in order to show the interest they felt for the grinders, as well as to reward Mr. Abraham's ingenuity, requested his acceptance of a service of plate, value one hundred pounds.

"Such were the favourable auspices under which this invention was submitted to the attention of the grinders; yet this 'life-preserving apparatus' was never generally adopted by them, nor even partially, for longer than five or six months. The trouble of arranging the magnets, and of removing the dust as it collected upon them, was too great for the grinders; besides, it was the metallic particles which the magnets were chiefly calculated to arrest; and there is reason to believe, from facts that will be

adduced hereafter, that the grit-dust is not only the most copious, but also the most injurious, part of what is inhaled by the grinder. Mr. Abraham's merit, however, was not confined to the application of magnets for the relief of the grinders; he suggested another contrivance, which, though less scientific, has proved of more practical utility, by giving rise to that series of improvements which have been since more or less adopted. It consisted of an additional apparatus, which was formed of a piece of coarse sacking, or flannel, attached to a frame of wood; this was to be placed before the stone, and closely behind the safety-guard of magnets, so as to secure all the dust which they had failed to arrest. This sacking, or flannel, was to be kept constantly wet, and the dust was to be shaken out of it when sufficient had been accumulated. The next improvement was made by Mr. John Elliott. He made a box, and lined it in the inside with coarse canvass; the box was wider at one end than the other; the wide end was applied to the stone, and the canvass, when used, was to be kept moist with water. It was, however, soon discovered, on experiment, that the dust and the air from the stone dried up the moisture, and rendered the box useless.

"But whilst Mr. Elliott was making experiments with his box, he observed that the dust was driven with great force into it; and, on opening the smaller end, and applying his hand to it, he found that the revolution of the stone produced a current of air sufficiently strong to drive the dust *through* the box. This fact immediately suggested a new idea: he attached to the box a kind of chimney, and covered the top of this chimney with crape, in order to allow the air, but not the dust, to pass through it. Some of the finer dust, however, still passed through; to arrest this, a piece of wet cloth was stretched on two supporters a little above the crape. This improvement quickly led to another;—the chimney was carried through a hole in the wall, or a window, and the dust was driven entirely out of the room. But it was found that the current of air, produced by the revolution of the grindstone, was not of itself sufficiently strong to carry the dust away effectually; and it was ingeniously proposed to increase its power, by placing a fan at the entrance of the chimney,—this fan to be turned by being connected with the machinery of the steam-engine. The effect of this simple contrivance was extremely gratifying. The dust, as soon as it was evolved from the stone, was carried through this chimney with very great velocity; and a sanguine hope was entertained, that the means had at length been discovered of preserving the grinder from the injurious effects of his trade. This apparatus was for some time generally

adopted by the grinders, with such slight modifications as suited the convenience of particular individuals. It did not, however, entirely answer their expectations: disappointment produced indifference; and I believe it is very little used at present. It was found, by experience, that, notwithstanding the quantity of dust driven off through the chimney or flue above described, still a considerable portion of the finest dust was carried round by the stone, and, rising up under the face of the grinder, was drawn in by his breath. It was proposed to obviate this defect by directing a stream of air along the under side of the stone, so as to meet this current of dust, and check its further progress towards the lungs of the grinder. But the great interest which had been excited a few years before had now died away, and I believe this plan has never been tried. I may also mention that an apparatus has been invented by Mr. Thomason, of Birmingham, a model of which he very handsomely presented to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Sheffield. It was too complicated and expensive for general use, and would apparently—for it was never tried—have been less efficient than some of those contrivances already detailed.

"It is the opinion of those who have paid considerable attention to the subject, that much might be done towards lessening the injurious effects of grinding. At present both wet and dry grinding are frequently done in the same room. It seems desirable that these two processes should be carried on, as much as possible, in separate rooms, so as to preserve the wet grinder from the effects of the dust raised in dry grinding. A large quantity of dust settles on the machinery during the night, and is diffused through the room in the morning as soon as the engine is set in motion; thus, before even the grinder begins to work, the atmosphere is so loaded with dust as to prove extremely irritating to the lungs of one unaccustomed to breathe it: this additional source of pulmonary irritation might be removed by the machinery being properly dusted every morning. The idle, and even the dissipated, frequently live longer than their more abstemious companions. As this longer duration of life is attributed to their washing down the dust by drinking freely, it is made a pretext for habits of intemperance: in reality it is owing to their being a shorter time at the grinding-wheel. This fact would, however, suggest the propriety of grinders being allowed to work only a certain number of days each week. No work ought to be done on dry stones that can be done on wet ones."

These suggestions are excellent; but the grinders are a reckless race, and, unless precautions are enjoined by the law, every suggestion will be disregarded. Let a short bill, therefore, be passed this Session through

the House of Commons, rendering the foregoing provisions imperative, under heavy penalties; but especially enacting that dry and wet grinding shall be carried on in separate rooms. The proprietors of the mills should, moreover, be compelled by this law to lay large main flues on each floor, and provide each with fans to be turned by the machinery, in order that a continued current of air may be maintained in them, and a small flue should be made to open into them from each stone. By means of this current of air passing the stones, and kept up by the constant action of the fans in the main flues, the dust would be drawn into them, and the atmosphere of the rooms would be comparatively free.

The wet grinding still remains, and for it no effectual remedy has been devised. The mortality occasioned by this employment is less than that resulting from dry grinding, but it is an evil of a frightful magnitude. It is an important question whether, under the pressure of the accidental circumstances of life, men should be permitted to destroy themselves. The grinder is apprenticed to his trade at a period when his judgment is immature, and when every novelty attracts the buoyant spirits and unburdened mind of youth. When the seven years of his apprenticeship expire he is of age: he has learned an employment whose hazards are alarming; but he must either cast himself on the cold charities of the world, battling alone with a hard necessity, or persevere in his fatal trade. The instincts which support the soldier in the perils of war, steep the spirit of the grinder in recklessness. His death is but antedated. "All men think all men mortal but themselves." Surely is it an unwelcome thing to the young, the hopeful, and the happy, to leave the pleasant face of nature, and be shut up in one of the narrow crevices of the earth's breast,—but not to the miserable. Moreover, the grinder cheats himself with the delusions that are common to man: though he is to die, yet, since he is respited, he can "eat, drink, and be merry." Then follow the cares of life; the burthens of a wife and family; accumulating demands and decreasing strength; and the grinder, when he might have hoped to retire and repose his exhausted energies, falls the victim of his trade.

Our system of secondary punishments is neither corrective nor exemplary. Crime is often committed in order that the criminal may enjoy the benefit which the law awards for the encouragement of crime. Our laws send felons to the Arcadian solitudes of New Holland; whilst our industrious poor, unable to defray the expenses of emigration, are driven by stern necessity to accept the eleemosynary stipend doled out to them by the agents of the parish, or to die in the crowded poor-houses of our large towns.

For one part of this enormous evil we propose a remedy. Let government gradually build a large gaol in Sheffield, erecting successive portions every year until it is capable of holding two thousand five hundred felons, and the machinery necessary for their employment. Send thither the most obdurate felons of England, and establish in this gaol the system of the penitentiaries of America. Confine each felon solitarily to the grinder's stone,—let him hear nothing but the screams of his Ixion-like wheel during nine or ten hours of every day—let him know that every day of this employment subtracts another from his life,—and let him live in the knowledge that he is a self-destroyer, wasting his existence under some unseen eye that constantly watches him at his work; and if the spirit of the most desperate villain be not subdued by this fate, no punishment can correct him.

Thus, also, the grinder's fatal trade might be extinguished as an occupation for our honest and industrious poor.

THE ITALIAN GENTLEMAN.

"Andrea Vivano, the Italian gentleman who lately lived with Master Husborn without the town, was yesterday found dead in the bed which the gaoler had permitted him to occupy. The crowner's 'quest hath already been taken, and it has been pronounced that the deceased had swallowed some potent drug, by which he was enabled to sleep himself to death. There is strange discourse abroad about certain horrible crimes which the dead man attempted, if he did not in truth really perpetrate; but as it is said that the peace and reputation of a lady will be greatly affected by its general publication, we refrain from telling our readers even what little we know of this dark business."—*Woodhead's County Chronicle*,—Thursday, Sept. 26, 1776.

THE above paragraph appeared at the time mentioned in a newspaper, printed by one Wm. Woodhead, and published by him at his shop, the King's Head, in a little passage, called Harold Street, in the ancient port of Hastings. Sixty years ago, the very few *chronicles* circulated in the counties were conducted by gentlemen, who would have considered themselves disgraced, and marked for public contempt, if they had given to their little neighbourhood a tale of horror, which, however true, would certainly, in its publicity, deeply wound the feelings of some innocent persons who with it were unhappily connected. The editors of those days had no idea of pandering to the public curiosity by printing the sorrows or sins of private families; nor had they any idea that the time would arrive when not only every piece of the current scandal of the day would appear on their sheet, but when money would at last be profusely paid to any ingenious or mendacious personage

who could exclusively report a tale of terror or wonderment. Consequently the worthy Mr. Woodhead never gave to the public the history of "The Italian Gentleman." A long period, however, having elapsed since its conclusion, and as nothing now lives and breathes which can claim kin or friendship with those whom it concerned, it is given to the world without any suspicion of impropriety or fear of reproach in its publication.

Master Jacob Husborn lived in a castellated stone house standing between Hastings and Silscomb; a small place in which some medicinal springs had been discovered, and so advertised as to draw to its baths and villas many visitors. He was proud to believe that his dwelling had been erected by one of his own ancestors about the time of the ascension of Queen Elizabeth; but he possessed no written records of his family by which the fact could be placed beyond controversy. He had, however, a few hundred acres of the good land of Sussex, which had certainly descended to him in direct entail from his great-grandfather; and out of the revenue which they produced (he farmed them not himself), he was enabled to support the fitting establishment of an English country gentleman, who aspired to nothing more than lodging, feeding, and drinking genteelly and sufficiently, without being indebted to either physical or mental exertion, or the still more despised operations of trade and barter. Whenever Mr. Husborn was obliged to deliver his opinion on matters not immediately connected with the dining-room or the stable, he betrayed himself as an *ultra* amongst that class of landholders who took their tone from the minister and court of the day. Such men, and the prejudices which distinguished them, are so rapidly passing away, that it may be worth while to expend a few lines in delineating the political character of a man who, had he not been that which is about to be described, in the day in which he lived, would have been stigmatized by his contemporaries as a Jacobin, a leveller, a traitor, or even something worse.

Husborn, then, according to the faction of his day, held in most sincere respect "all the powers that be." In his king, George the Third, then in the very prime of his years, he contemplated all the goodness and all the power which distinguished all the benevolent and all the puissant kings whom the western world could boast; and he doubted whether he should be more praised for the constancy he exhibited to the beauty of his wife, or admired for his indefatigable exertions in endeavouring to produce such stupendous turnips as the earth had not hitherto seen. Of Lord North, the minister, his opinion might be guessed by his frequent assertion that those who opposed the

principles which distinguished his administration could not by any possibility be either gentlemen or Englishmen. The Americans, who were now seriously mooting the question touching the sovereignty of the British parliament, were the objects of his most bitter, and, strange as it may now appear, most conscientious reprobation. He prayed every night that the honour of England might not be tarnished by treating with the rebels while one of them retained arms in his hands; and he offered thanksgiving for the hope that was in him, that General Howe and his gallant brother, who were going out with thirty thousand Hessians and Waldeckers, would pretty soon bring them to acknowledge the natural obedience which they owed their kind mother-country. Such was Mr. Husborn at his club, or occasionally amongst the neighbouring gentry on a grand jury; at home the most passionless and most healthful animal in the world, which has hitherto given a practical assent to the assertion, "that all that is right."

The household of Husborn comprised but few individuals; and its monotony must have been unbearable to one of less phlegmatic temperament. He had been early left a jolly, tearless widower, the father of one child, who alone of all created things could bring warmth and expression to his voice, brilliancy to his eye, or emotion to his heart. Margaret Husborn was some years past the season of absolute youth, but she was constitutionally the true offspring of her parent; and it seemed as if the seasons of infancy, womanhood, and mature age, were to pass over her without bringing forth those fruits of feeling, passion, and judgment which are wont to distinguish her sex. She was, indeed, a woman—full of the virtues and full of the weaknesses of her kind—loving, credulous, passive, believing, she was the creature, the slave, the admirer of all beings more intellectual than herself, with whom she became placed in contact. The Italian gentleman lived beneath the roof of the father and daughter thus described. This circumstance is easily explained. The Cinque Ports, about the middle of the last century, were the favourite resorts of the idle, the fashionable, and the opulent, who were instructed by their physicians to seek health and amusement on their gay shores. Amongst such visitors to Hastings was the foreigner whose name has been given; and as it was not then accounted disreputable, even amongst people of independence, to receive such inmates within their dwellings, Vivano became domiciled with Jacob Husborn and his gentle daughter Margaret. The Italian was a man of singular aspect and bearing; and though it does not appear, that even from among the most discerning of those

who looked upon him, any judgment was elicited to the prejudice of his personal and moral character, yet it may not be uninteresting to give the description which was written by one who had long observed and could well describe appearances, if he could not speculate on their probable indication of principles and effects.

Signior Andrea Vivano, at the time hinted at, was probably about the age of thirty. He had lived with Master Husborn more than twelve months—a most unusual circumstance, considering the short season-visits which people were in the habit of paying to the coast; and it was remarked that he had much improved the healthful hue of his complexion, and increased the rotundity and apparent strength of his limbs, since he first made his appearance. That which was most remarkable about him was his unvarying sameness of manner. Did the sun shine merrily in the skies, and all animated nature in some manner seem to rejoice in the calm and majestic beauty of the material world, Vivano would walk abroad, in his usual half-quiet and half-sullen mood, and seem as if he feared or disdained to raise his eyes to the glorious clouds above. In the wildness of the winter storm, amid the night tempest, when the spirits of the water shrieked, as if in mockery of the cries of drowning mariners, and all along the coast Christian men were busy in setting up lights to direct the endangered bark, he would walk out to look on the battle of the elements; but then, also, were his looks dull and passionless as those of a weary student at the close of his midnight labour; neither by countenance nor voice did he express fear of the great and mysterious powers which were busy around him, or the least hope or prayer that they would sink into peace, and leave man and his merchandise unscathed. Yes, the look of the Italian was certainly not repellent, though it must be confessed it was an object of curiosity to those speculators who pretended to look through eyes into hearts; and it disappointed those who thought to find every biped possessed of the human face “divine.” In a word, his head was such a one as a young sculptor, well versed in the mechanical rules of his study, but incapable of high conceptions, would produce,—a model perfectly regular, without a fault, but also without a grace.

Whatever the stranger might be to the curious, he was, however, an accepted friend to Husborn. He reposed upon his imperturbable stillness; and when he ventured to launch into talk, and favour his inmate and his daughter with a few speculations on the course of events, finding his observations ever received without dissent, he began to plume himself on his sagacity, and inwardly applaud the intelligence and

high breeding which was displayed by at least one of his hearers.

Months passed away; and it began to appear, as time fled, that the approach of a more intimate union was about to take place in the little circle. Husborn had for some time seen that Vivano had spent much of his time with his daughter Margaret. He observed his conduct at first with apathy or indifference; and at last, so much had his friendship increased, that he sometimes thought of making a few necessary inquiries into his family and fortune, and accepting him for his son-in-law at once. He was the more induced to arrive at this conclusion, because, dull-eyed as he was, he could not but observe that his fair daughter, nothing loth, accompanied the Italian in all his long and gloomy walks, and, besides, wasted with him many hours in the library,—an apartment in his house into which no intrusion ever occurred. This equivocal intimacy continued to increase; not that, indeed, Vivano was more tender than at first in his attentions to Margaret, but every one could see, save the indolent father, there was a touching submission and respect in the conduct of the lady towards her lover, which declared him the lord of her heart and the master of her destinies, which she had not betrayed during the first few months of their acquaintance.

The dark cloud which had long been rising against the peace of Husborn at length reached its height, and was about to burst on his devoted head. He, too, felt the course of fate concerned him, though he knew not how or wherefore—he fluttered and trembled as a bird does when the heavy air is burdened with the coming storm. Every night he pressed his pillow he determined that the ensuing morn should be dedicated to a long interview with his guest, the conclusion of which, he doubted not, would be the recognition of one of some fortune, perhaps of rank, as the husband of his daughter. Meanwhile, Margaret partook of the change which seemed to pervade all the family. The gay and almost reckless air, with which the young and innocent are wont to enjoy existence, had fled, and gloom and impatience sat on her once calm brow. She seemed to desire to be alone with her father; yet, when she appeared the most so determined, Vivano would decline his usual walk, or hour of study, and, looking at her full in the face, would declare that he could not, would not, lose her society. It became evident that the manner in which the indolent English gentleman, his simple daughter, and the strange Italian, lived together, had in it nothing of the elements of duration, and strange circumstances presently dissolved it.

A court-martial was about to be held by the officers stationed with their troops at

the castle of Hastings, on a fellow who had committed so atrocious a crime, that every one knew, though nobody of course spoke about it, that the trial, the sentence, and its execution, would succeed each other between sun and sun. One morning Vivano said, indifferently (it was his custom to attend all judicial proceedings relating to criminal affairs, and all public punishments and executions which occurred within an easy range of his residence) that he should visit the castle. "There, of course, my dear lady," said he, addressing himself to Margaret, "you will not wander."

Margaret trembled, and was the colour of one who had lain a day in the tomb.

"Where will you spend the day?" continued Vivano, in the same careless tone, but with his singular eyes turned broadly on the lady's face.

"I—I," said Margaret, laying her hand on the shoulders of her father, who, almost unconscious of their presence, had been musing with his face towards the fire—"I purpose, as the day is dry and fine, walking hence to the house of Madam Dorothea; my aunt, I hear, is unwell, and—" Margaret again turned and encountered the colourless eyes of the Italian—"and," said she, in a firmer tone, "with your good will, I will visit her, and return on the morrow."

"Thy will and mine," said her father, with more sprightliness than was usual, "my good wench, are one; but, prythee, be not long away. And you, Signor Vivano, I shall look for you ere night-fall; you know how our chess-board stands, and to-night I will be revenged."

The Italian smiled after his fashion; and, shortly afterwards, Margaret having twice kissed her father's cheek, a token of affection rarely known to pass in their phlegmatic family, each went forth, apparently to fulfil the purpose each had appointed.

The evening came, the urn hissed, and, the fire hummed cheerfully; the chess-board, on which a game half played was exhibited, seemed to occupy the entire attention of Master Husborn, except that at intervals he turned somewhat impatiently towards the door. "Aye," said he, mentally, again peering towards the table, "thus I shall circumvent him, and prove my skill." But Vivano did not return; and the disappointed player, after concluding the game in his own mind a dozen times entirely to his own satisfaction, with a dismal air ordered his servant to light him to his chamber; and particularly desired, that *when* the Signior came home, he should be told that master had gone to bed, vexed that he had not returned in time to finish the game.

Some time after midnight the Italian gentleman did return, and, with his usual taciturnity, nodding good-night to the servant, after he had received his message,

went to bed. In the morning Husborn looked peevish. Vivano, who had risen before him, accosted him frankly.

"Well, Sir," said he, "the foolish wretch was shot—the hour was midnight. I could not forego the sight. You know my foible; it is my philosophy, not my want of humanity, which makes me curious to contemplate the way in which the human taper is extinguished. If I had returned in the evening I should have lost the pleasure—I mean the interest—I take in such scenes, and I should have been vexed to my own death to have been beaten in the match, which must yet, I suppose, be played out between us."

"Well," replied Husborn, with returning good humour, "the night is passed, and the present is a new day; our bonny Margaret will return anon, and we shall all again be merry."

The day did pass, but without its anticipated merriment—the lady returned not; the following night was passed in restlessness—the next day came, and was prolonged in its length by anxious thoughts—the succeeding night was one of trembling fear—the third day, since the departure of Margaret on her little journey, lingered in its course, yet she returned not to her home.

"Sir," said Vivano to Husborn, whose mind, unused to any occurrence out of the common course of an English independent life, seemed utterly broken by the loss of his daughter—"Sir, good and obliging Sir, I will instantly take horse, and visit the lady at whose house your daughter is sojourning; doubtless some sudden illness, perhaps, after all, of little import, has imprisoned her in her chamber. Be assured of her good presence, or at least happy tiding, ere night."

Husborn sank into his chair, bewildered in doubt and fear, and Vivano immediately took his leave. The father passed another day of undefined anguish: the night was destined to give point and purpose to the arrow of grief which was about to cleave his heart. Long after the clouds of evening had fallen on the earth, the slow approach of a horse was heard at the gate. Husborn hastened to the portal of his house and received Vivano, who seemed labouring with some great sorrow and much physical exertion, and ready to sink to the ground. For a moment he looked as if he had forgotten his own wound, and was conscious only of the apparently prostrate situation of his friend. He led him into the accustomed parlour, and placing him on a chair, sat down in another beside him, unconsciously drawing a third before their position. The instant these movements were completed, Husborn cast his eyes on the seat, and suddenly perceiving it was empty, he struck his open hands on his brow, and wept like a young child. Uncourted groans and sighs passed a few minutes; and Vivano waited

the return of comparative placidity and intellect before he spoke. The old man—he had much advanced in age during the last five days—drew his hands from his brows, and drying them mechanically with his handkerchief, turned towards his companion a look which needed not the interpretation of words.

“Sir,” said the Italian, recurring to his usual cold equanimity of manner, “I have read in some books of my native land, that the brave English tremble, like curs, on the first approach of danger and bereavement; but that the moment the demons of evil and grief really present themselves, they assume the courage and constancy of their bold country dogs, and perish not but in the warm and painless hour of struggling and warfare.”

Husborn replied to this exordium with a childish look of inquiry. Another minute of silence ensued, when the speaker continued,—

“Your—my Margaret has not visited the relation she spoke of, nor has the lady seen your daughter since the spring of the last year.”

Again the childless father pressed his hands upon his eyes, as he would shut out forever the light of heaven, and the consciousness of existence. Vivano paused. After some time, Nature ever true to herself, permitted the paroxysm of grief to subside, and Husborn, slowly taking his rigid fingers from his temples, turned a piteous look towards his companion, which seemed to intimate that he was prepared to hear the worst. The speaker continued,—

“Your daughter, on the evening of the day she left us, was seen walking alone near the White-horse rock; a few hours afterwards, an alarm was raised along the coast that a boat’s crew from a pirate brig, which the night before had run into one of the neighbouring creeks, had committed many acts of violence and plunder, and had seized an unprotected woman, as she was wandering by the edge of the waters.” Husborn again averted his face; but, as he seemed to retain a consciousness of the meaning of the words addressed to him, Vivano steadily continued:—Upon hearing this rumour, I spurred my horse to the beach, and after some time lost in tiresome inquiry, I arrived at the huts of a few fishermen, by whom, as it afterwards appeared, the rumour of the atrocious acts of the pirates had been sent abroad. It signifies not to mention that the plunder of the seamen was made up chiefly of the coarse provisions of the country people: they bore with them a woman whom they had seized on an unfrequented strand. Several old and discreet fishermen told me that, when the alarm was raised, and they discovered with their glasses that the rovers were four leagues from land, they saw distinctly, standing up amidst their

dark-blue jackets, the figure of a tall lady dressed in flowing white. I inquired why they did not make pursuit? They laughed at my question. Her topmost bit of canvas, said one, only was visible when the first officer of his Majesty’s revenue cutter was acquainted with the outrage.”

Vivano paused, not as if he had concluded his recital, but with a tone which indicated an expectation of hearing some remark made on that which he had already detailed. Not a word was heard: he gently raised the candle, and looked for some moments intently on the face of Husborn; it was partly hidden from view, having fallen on his right arm, as it lay extended on the back rail of the chair. “Malice domestic” could not for a time “touch him farther.” He had fallen into a swoon, and was, for a certain period, dead to the pains of the present hour, and to all the hopes of the future. Vivano silently returned to his seat, and sat down like a piece of art, fashioned in imitation of humanity,—looking like warm life, but being, in reality, without breath or pulse. This statue-like position and silence were maintained upwards of an hour, when the Italian gentleman rose with the utterly noiseless manner which distinguished all his movements, gave another look at the unconscious Husborn, and gliding out of the room, passed to his own chamber.

The sixth morning after the abduction of his daughter, Husborn met again, at the breakfast table, his friend and companion. A strange alteration was seen in his appearance. The hearty rotundity of his countenance was broken up; his fleshy cheeks, which so lately bore the shape and hue of vigour, hung in shallow folds on his sunken jaws; his eyes, which, but a few days before, were round and bright, were now reduced to narrow lines, which, obscured with rheum and tears, scarce could take in the glaring light of day; and his manly hands prematurely shook with the weakness of confirmed palsy and extreme age.

“Wherefore did you leave me last night?” he slowly enquired, in the tone of one who would speak something reproachfully, but that he feared to do so.

“I thought, sir,” replied Vivano, “that you were asleep. I know how golden are the minutes which the unhappy pass in slumber. Consider your calmness this morning,—perhaps it is owing to your having been left so long undisturbed.”

“Alas! I slept not,” replied the afflicted man; “I think I shall never sleep more—here, I mean.”

The seventh and the eighth day since the departure of Margaret succeeded each other, and it became evident, in this brief space of time, that the amiable and plethoric Husborn would not suddenly die of grief for the

loss of his daughter. He seemed to bear the pressure of his woes, as does the tortoise a huge stone placed upon his enduring back; the weight which was upon him made him breathe hard, and remain on the spot on which he was fixed, yet he did breathe, and live. Deprived of the companionship and ministration of his daughter, Vivano became more necessary to him than ever. He now seldom spoke; but, when he did, he called him his son, and entreated him not to leave him alone in a world which contained for him few of kin, friendship, or acquaintance. "When I die," said the old man, "the house and lands are yours; abide here, and wait the coming of my child." Another of those oblivious fits, so common to men of his physical nature, succeeded, and Vivano carried him to his couch.

Husborn's remark that on this earth he should sleep little, proved no chance prophecy, but the emanation of some inward and spiritual knowledge. On the night of the ninth day of his distress, after sitting some hours listlessly in company with Vivano, he said, "My son, I have thrice watched the coming and going of the moon, and the nights appeared to me to be treble their usual length. I cannot sleep."

"Sir," said the Italian gentleman, somewhat carelessly, "that should be cured; madness or death must assuredly succeed after a certain number of watching hours. Here now," said he, producing a small phial, "I have the means of commanding tranquil sleep and happy dreams: it is a medicine discovered by a monk of Rome. Take it; seek to slumber without its aid; but, should the hour of midnight again strike on your ear, swallow the whole contents, and quickly you will fall asleep, in the pleasing consciousness of the coming of a peaceful and happy morn."

The passive patient took the nostrum from the hand of his friend, and shortly afterwards the household retired to rest.

The Italian gentleman rose early the next morning, and, with noiseless tread, approached the sick man's door. He listened with much attention for some minutes, and returned. An hour afterwards he glided again to the chamber; all was yet still. He then dressed himself; and desiring the servant not to awaken his master, who happily was in a deep sleep, departed for a walk, which, as he said, would occupy several hours.

Vivano had scarcely passed beyond call from the house, when the bell of Husborn's chamber was rung somewhat violently. The servant instantly entered, and beheld his master sitting upright in the bed. "The Signior Vivano," said he, wildly, "I would speak with him."

"He has left some time," said the man, "on his morning's walk, and I know not which road he has taken."

"Was this done kindly?" rapidly replied the master. "Well, go, and quickly, to Dr. Mytton, and say I need to see him instantly."

The message was a joyful one to a faithful servant who loved his master, and he hastened to deliver it. Hitherto all men of known skill and advice had been kept from his presence by the interposition of Vivano, who denounced the healing art as one of absolute conjecture.

After a very short lapse of time, the gold-headed cane of the physician preceded him in his progress to the sick chamber. The servant had, in fact, met him within a few paces of Husborn's house, to which he was, as he told him, purposely proceeding. In a few minutes he was standing by the side of his patient, had his hand on his pulse, and was anxiously tracing the fearful contortions which now shook his frame. He saw, in a moment, temporary delirium had seized on his friend, and that the present was no moment to enter on business, which required the highest exertions of sanity and self-possession.

"By what fires are those demons burnt, who steal away a man's heart. See, doctor," said the bewildered man, tearing open his vest, "see, they have stolen mine; what a horrible void is here!"

"Your daughter," said the physician mildly. He had, with learned and humane skill, touched the chord which vibrated to intelligence; "your daughter," he repeated in a soothing tone. The wild aspect of the sick man fled at once; he threw himself forward on the bosom of the doctor, and covered him with his tears. Taking instant advantage of this sudden return of sensibility, Dr. Mytton gently chid his patient for his irritability. "Do you know," said he, "that I come to tell you some chance exists of recovering your lost daughter?"

Husborn raised his head from the bosom of the physician, and sprang up with convulsive strength.

"Nay, my friend," he continued, "I did not say she *had* been recovered; I did not say she was alive and in safety amongst her friends: but be patient, bear the dispensations of Heaven, and cease not to pray that they may fall lightly on you."

The sovereignty of the poor father's intellect at this instant appeared perfectly restored. He placed himself in a quiet, retired posture; and, taking the hand of his attendant, said, in a plaintive but composed tone, "I know you, Dr. Mytton: you have dealt kindly towards me; but it avails not. I know what I have lost. I need now no opiate for the mind, no administration of false hope, to give me peace and resignation. As you have commanded me, I bow to the will of Heaven."

"Master Husborn," said the physician,

still more depending on the improved manner of his patient, "I have spoken to you the words of hope; and when did Dr. Mytton"—rising as he spoke with some dignity—"when did Dr. Mytton give his patient hope of escape from sorrow or death, that he had to thank the churchyard-stone for concealing his falsehood or his ignorance?"

"Never, never!" said the patient. "But where," continued he, in a voice which increased every moment in power and vivacity, "where is my Signior Andrea Vivano? He had used to watch my bedside, though he never spoke to me such words of good cheer as I have heard from you." The physician changed countenance when he heard the name of the Italian; but Husborn did not notice the circumstance, and proceeded. "He will be angered when he returns to find that I have taken counsel of you; he hath heretofore administered to me. Here—ah, here! is a draught which I should have taken last midnight, had not the watching of three nights following each other procured me sleep."

"Let me see it," said the physician, in a quick, tremulous tone, seizing at the same time a very small bottle of some black liquid, which lay on a table within reach of the bed. Without saying another word, the doctor opened the bottle and tasted the contents. With a convulsive effort he instantly ejected the liquid; and, in a sort of constrained composure of manner, put the phial into his pocket. "Farewell, my friend," said he to Husborn; "remember that I, Dr. Mytton, have given you hopes of soon coming health and peace. I shall visit you again ere the day be out, and in the mean time repose in quiet. Follow only the directions of your faithful servant, whom I will instruct in his duty."

The physician took a hasty departure; and, at the door, summoned Felix, the honest servant of the house. "When does the Signior return?" quoth he. "Perhaps, sir, in two hours." "Tis well," he replied; "be without your master's door while he is absent; when he returns, on your life remain within his chamber, and see that the patient receive nought from any hands but mine. Anon I shall return." "Safe," said Felix. The doctor and the fellow seemed to understand each other; and, as the one departed, the other proceeded directly to his master's bed-room door, and quietly laid himself across it.

It was near mid-day when the Italian gentleman returned. Upon entering the house, he looked quickly round, and in a somewhat hurried tone inquired the health of his host. "Somewhat better," briefly replied Felix; "he sleeps still, and must not be disturbed." Vivano appeared to recoil for a moment upon himself; but,

suddenly recovering, he waved his hand in token of his approbation of the intelligence, and walked into his apartment.

The Italian had scarcely seated himself, and produced from his pocket a parcel of papers, which he was about to peruse, when a peculiar rap at the door called Felix from his post to receive the physician. "Stout Felix," said the Doctor, "I will now take charge of your master: stand you at the portal; let none now within go home; but, at your discretion, admit all who seek to enter." The doctor walked slowly towards the room occupied by the foreigner; and as he put his hand on the lock, turning back his head, he saw the mayor of Hastings, his jurats, and attendants, in an imposing, but quiet array, enter the house. He drew back, and gave them precedence; and in a moment the retired parlour of Master Husborn was filled with important personages, and became the scene of grave business. An athletic man, stepping directly up to the Signior, inquired if his name was not Andrea Vivano. "So they call me," said the Italian with hesitation. "Then here I arrest thee," said the man, putting his heavy hand between his neck and his shoulder; "here I arrest thee, Andrea Vivano, for sundry capital felonies."

A hum of expectation filled the apartment, notwithstanding it was occupied nearly altogether by those who knew the mystery of the whole business. The Italian, making no present reply to the momentous summons with which he had been visited, the mayor stepped forward into the middle of the apartment, and spoke as follows:—"Signior, on the oaths of two good and veritable men I have issued my warrant, charging you with having compassed and designed the deaths of more than one of his Majesty's subjects. We are instructed that one of your victims now lies in this house in mortal extremity; and therefore are we here in person to take from him his last evidence, so that your crimes, if they be proved against you, escape not punishment in this world by the untimely death of true witnesses."

"May it please your worship," said Dr. Mytton, stepping forward with alacrity, "the worthy Master Husborn is not in *extremis*. The whole course of examination, which will doubtless end in the committal or deliverance of *that* man, may, with much physical benefit, take place in his presence; nay, I almost predicate that the excitement of his latent feelings, which certainly will be exhibited on the occasion, may determine him at once towards health and reason."

"As you advise, worthy doctor," said the mayor; "such a course will at least save the time and trouble of further examinations."

Presently the whole party were in the

spacious chamber occupied by Master Husbourn. He sat, after the physician had whispered something earnestly in his ear, with much placidity and self-possession in an easy chair placed in the centre of the room. The mayor and his attendants were soon suitably accommodated; and the prisoner having been placed between the athletic man who had arrested him and the stout Felix, the worthy Dr. Mytton, who seemed to take upon himself the office of public prosecutor, stepped forth. "Call," said he, with the voice of one expecting to be obeyed, "Miss Colville." An attendant went to the door, and ushered in a matronly woman, of suspicious gentility of appearance. "Look round," said the physician, "and see if you behold any of whom it becomes you on your oath to testify the truth."

The woman turned round, and encountered the figure of the Italian gentleman, as he stood, with folded arms, calmly looking towards the ceiling of the room. "That is the man!" she at once exclaimed; "I know him by his *whitely* eyes."

"Briefly, but truly, declare what you know of him," said the mayor.

"First relieve me of that weight of gold!" exclaimed the woman, throwing down a heavy purse of guineas; "I cannot breathe freely while it lies on my bosom."

For a moment the witness breathed hard, and trembled; then, clasping her hands, and appearing to look upward with joy and gratitude, in a firm tone she spoke as follows:—

"On the night of the 7th of the current month, that gentleman, whose name I know not, but who, as I take it, is a foreigner, entered my obscure lodgings in the outskirts of the neighbouring town of Winchelsea. I need not detail the discourse which privately engaged us. I promised to receive at his hands, at a certain coming time, a lady whose situation required a matron's care, and, for her honour's sake, a matron's vigilance. At the time appointed they came. I thought, while I looked on the young stranger, that she might have withheld her visit for some time, at least; but that was not my business. He had great ado to part from her: she wept much; and I heard her detain him, almost by mere force, until he had made many vows, the purport of which I could scarcely collect. At length he came down stairs. 'Here,' said he, giving me that purse, which then contained five more pieces, 'here is for thy charges; and,' said he, whispering, 'they will serve thee well until I return from that foreign clime to which I have privily told thee I am destined; but,' added he, 'if—and thou knowest the chances of the time—neither mother nor child should remain to be thy burthen, the residue of the purse is thine.' I was about to ask some explanation, but he hastily bade me be silent and discreet, and van-

ished. The next day I looked on my lodger; her eyes were red with weeping. I could have taken my sacramental oath she had been my own poor daughter, who died broken-hearted about fifteen years ago, when she was about her age. From that moment I resolved she should receive from my hands all the care and service of a mother. A night or two afterwards, screams of anguish issued from the lady's room: I rushed from my door, and summoned a worthy man, one Master Gournay, who lived near me. He was by her bedside in a few minutes; and in an hour afterwards he made me understand, frightened as I was, that my lodger had given birth to a dead child; and that, being now in a state of high delirium, my sole business was to take care lest in a moment of returning strength she committed violence on herself."

Husbourn, who had been sighing audibly during this recital, at length demanded, with emotion, "Does she live—does she live?"

The physician waved his hand, and in a moment his daughter Margaret was on her knees before him. The good man uttered a sort of hysteric laugh; his face and neck then suddenly assumed a purple colour, his eyes closed, and he fell back on his chair. The physician and Master Gournay hastened to him. "This I feared," said the latter.

"If you bleed him," observed the Italian, for the first time breaking his peace, "he dies upon the spot."

The medical men exchanged a brief look of incredulity; and, before ten could be counted, they had struck a lancet into his arm, and his blood spouted directly on the prisoner. Not many minutes elapsed before the benevolent doctors succeeded in restoring, not only animal life, but perfect sensibility to the patient. He spoke not; but he raised his daughter, and placed her by his side.

"May it please your worship now," said Dr. Mytton, "my patient's strength having, contrary to my anticipation, shown itself unequal to the present hearing of the full developement of the scenes of guilt whereof the gracious course of events has given me the knowledge, permit me to depose to certain particulars, which, doubtless, will determine your worship at once to hold this man with a strong hand until he abide his trial. Sitting last night alone in my study, this gentleman, Mr. Gournay, a worthy practitioner of Winchelsea, called on me. It is the custom of medical men, as well amongst those of small talents and fame as with those of regular title and extensive practice, to take counsel of each other; and more especially do we exchange advice amongst ourselves when some moral wrong, too often the cause of bodily disease, comes to our knowledge. In fine, Mr. Gournay told me that he had been suddenly called to attend an unknown female, whom he had

delivered from the pains of childbirth, and the imminent danger of madness or death, who had, by the advice of her lover, swallowed an almost certain poison. All, he said, that he could elicit from the poor patient was, that her lover had promised to be her husband; that he had convinced her her confinement must be secret, while he solemnly guaranteed to give full satisfaction to her friends; and, finally, that the last promise he extorted from her was, that, at the moment she felt the pains of a mother come upon her, she should swallow the contents of a small phial (a portion of which Mr. Gournay presented me with), which, he assured her, would carry her through her hour of trial without pain or consciousness. I immediately set out to visit the young female, and at once knew her to be the daughter of the honest Master Husborn. I said not a word of this recognition, but went home. In the morning, early, I took my way to this house, pondering in my mind what would occur in my interview with its master, whose loss, and consequent illness, I had been made acquainted with. While I was thus filled with doubtful anticipations, walking slowly, I was summoned to hasten my pace, to give aid in a case of imminent danger. I found this sufferer," pointing to Husborn, "bereft of reason. By moral and physical means, I in part restored him to the dignity of his nature. He confided to me his secret sorrows; and amongst other matters which seemed to him of least importance, he showed me this small phial, the contents of which he had been requested, by his dear acquaintance, friend, and son-in-law that should have been, Signior Andrea Vivano, now standing there, to quaff off, at midnight, as the means of procuring the blessing of sleep." A pause ensued, and all eyes were turned towards the Italian gentleman. The physician continued—"The phial found in the hand of the young lady by my colleague, and that delivered to me by Master Husborn, are alike; and the contents of both the syrup of the poppy of Nalolia, a thrice mortal poison. A tithe part of the contents now remaining, swallowed by any present, would produce instant and unresisted death, unless, as it does happen with the human economy once in about fifty experiments, a retching sickness should supervene, and the drug should be rejected."

A general respiration of breath, which seemed indicative alike of satisfaction and horror, pervaded the whole chamber. Silence ensued; and the mayor, taking up a pen, was about to sign a paper, when he was interrupted by a hollow laugh, which proceeded from the Italian. "Well!" he exclaimed, with affected ease, "to what purpose is this mummery? You say I administered my good medicine to this simple man and his daughter, to destroy, and not to save their lives.

Be it so: the bad opinion of any here will not affect the peace of an Italian. Behold, they are alive! I have committed no murder; set me free!"

"Signior," said the magistrate with extraordinary gravity, "you contemplated murder, and worked warily for its consummation. I know not the laws of your country; but here, in England, where we know no assassins, if a man take counsel to circumvent the life of his fellow-creature, and is prevented in his design by the kind interposition of Providence, nevertheless he is amenable to the same mortal penalty as if his machinations had been successful."

The Italian closed his eyes for a moment, but made no reply. The magistrate proceeded to complete his signature; and presently the apartment was cleared of all neighbours and strangers.

The event of the following day has been recorded by the intelligent William Woodhead. It only remains to mention, that, amongst Vivano's papers left in the house of Master Husborn, a fair copy of the will made in his favour was found, and a citation from the elders of the University of Padua, calling on one Signor Vicentino, a physician, to appear at a private examination, in the case of certain libels issued against, charging him with attempting the lives of two women living in that city. The latter document bore the date June 5, 1775.

THE GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF AN INVESTMENT.

SIR,—You are a wise man, so the people say in our town (a very respectable town, that has its own market and its own circulating library). You are a wise man, and you write books, and you make speeches, and pass for having a great deal of general information. Now, Sir, if you really are so clever, you have an opportunity of doing me a very essential service, and (what is likely to touch your philanthropy) this great service to me may be performed without any trouble or expense to you.

I am not an author, Sir, thank God! No offence, I hope. I am not an author, so that I am not going to ask you to read and correct my three volumes, or to praise them. I am not an author, or that which is, or used to be, a term synonymous—a poor man. I am not a solicitor for your panegyrics, nor for your purse: I am tolerably rich, and tolerably stupid, and have grace sufficient to thank Providence for these and all its blessings. But still riches have their cares, and stupidity its cogitations. I come to you thus careworn and cogitating. I come to you, and beg you will whisper me some advice that will bring rest to my pillow, and give interest to my property. My case is really

a hard one,—more hard than any one without experience could readily imagine. I have heard of a certain Jason who went in search of a golden fleece; of a very dirty fellow, named Diogenes, who took a lantern to look for an honest man.—I have heard, too, of a Mr. Cælebs who went looking about for a wife (that, too, must have been a difficult business, if the gentleman wanted a good wife, and was himself a little difficult): I do not know any one I can recommend, without, indeed, it is my youngest daughter;—but you are married, Mr. Editor, and this is foreign to my subject, or has only such relation to it as I was going to establish when I intended saying that neither Jason, when he went after his golden fleece,—nor Diogenes, when he sought his honest man,—nor Cælebs, when he looked out for his wife, had half such trouble or painstaking thrown away as I have had in looking after my—my—my *Investment*! Yes, Sir, it is an investment I am looking for, and pray can you tell me where to find one? If you are a superficial observer you will say the matter is easy; so any inexperienced fortune-hunter says it is to run away with an heiress. But give me leave to tell you the matter on hand is a difficult one,—a very difficult one; as urgent as difficult, for what is a man to do who does not mean to live beyond his income? Get an income! and, to get an income, he must find an investment. My situation is this:—About thirteen years ago, I came into a property of one hundred thousand pounds. It was on mortgage; but the gentleman on whose property the mortgage was, though rich enough to pay me my interest regularly, was always careless enough not to do so. Lawyer's letters would be written, and lawyer's letters returned; and it was never till after six months, and much botheration, that I got my quarter's dividend paid.

"How can you be such a fool?" said a neighbour to whom I was relating my misfortunes. "Put your money in the funds; nothing is like funded property;—so comfortable; no trouble. Dividend-day arrives,—dividend paid,—no lawyers. Stockbrokers, clear-headed fellows, settle your business, and there's the money."

Now this advice would not have weighed with me so much coming from any other man; but coming from Mr. David Dofornothing, who was said to have a large fortune himself, and who always spoke in that sharp, short, decided tone, which is deemed natural as breath to the nostrils of a man of business, it decided me at once, and I gave notice that my mortgage should be withdrawn. Many difficulties occurred; money could not be raised,—property could not be sold,—lawyer's bills got heavy; at last, however, my one hundred thousand pounds, though somewhat shorn of their beams, were extracted from the vice-like

jaws of the Hedgeworth estate. The five per cents. were the security at that time in vogue; and, after coquetting a little while with the fours and the threes, I closed with the fives, and there was an end of the matter. The first year passed away, and nothing could be more delightful: my income was as punctual as my clock; and, in addition to my income, I learnt from my stockbroker that my capital was increased by a thousand pounds. "For," said he, "funds have risen nearly one per cent. since your investment."

Admirable investment! thought I, and excellent contrivance for making money comfortably, without fuss or fidget. "Ay," said the broker, rubbing his hands, "and I dare say they will rise two per cent. by the next year." I went home, had my house new painted and papered, took an extra footman, and hired a villa at Richmond for the season. Now I had bought into the five per cents. at one hundred and twenty pounds, so that the interest I received for my money was four per cent. I had got four and a half on my mortgage, but the comfort of the thing made the difference. Murmurs, however, shortly after arose that the five per cents. were to be paid off. Stocks fell. I saw them fall with indifference, until the idea struck me, that, as I had gained a thousand pounds by their rising one per cent., I must have lost ten thousand pounds by their descending ten. The thought was horror. I hastened to my broker. "Yes, oh yes, Sir, said he smiling, "if you sell out, you'll lose ten thousand pounds; but if you don't sell out, why, Sir, if you don't sell out, and the five per cents. are not paid off, you'll lose nothing." "Well, that's a comfort," said I, breathing more freely; "then I won't sell out." "But," continued the broker, finishing his sentence with a pinch of snuff, "if the five per cents. are paid off, why then, instead of ten thousand pounds you'll lose twenty thousand pounds." Good God, what would my poor aunt say? Loose twenty thousand pounds in one year; and how?—simply in seeking an investment. I waited a day or two: the malignancy of the reports increased; funds fell proportionably; and, at last, I sold out with a loss of fifteen thousand pounds, having sold in the morning, whereas, if I had waited till the evening, I should have lost seventeen thousand pounds. "How very lucky you've been!" said the broker, as he enclosed me a list of the sale. My one hundred thousand pounds were now very considerably reduced; and, with the remaining capital in my hands, I stood hesitating and uncertain where to place it.

Well, Sir, for one year I could not muster up sufficient courage to venture further than Exchequer Bills. Twelve months had thus elapsed, when, sitting one day at my writing-desk, and much meditating upon this unprofitable state of things, my old friend and

schoolfellow, Joe Harris, was introduced to me. Joe Harris was always thought a sharp, shrewd, dashing fellow, who lived better than other folks by making twenty shillings go farther than they could. His income was known to be derived from twenty thousand pounds, and he spent about eighteen thousand pounds a year. I could not have been visited more opportunely; and I put to Joe Harris, Sir, the very question I have been putting to you. He laughed in my face. "An investment," said he, at four per cent. ! why I, by having my wits about me, make ten per cent. of every farthing of my money."

"Get me but four, and you shall have the surplus." "A bargain! There are Spanish bonds,—what can be more secure than Spanish bonds? Representative government, free people—free as air. Spanish bonds are only at sixty: and here are Russian bonds—bonds of the despotic autocrat—at a hundred: is not that monstrous? all a Jew's trick. Buy Spanish bonds, I tell you: they give nine per cent. for your money, and are as sound as hearts of oak, my boy. What the devil! do you think I'd advise you to a foolish thing? What should I gain by it?"

The last argument was unanswerable: it convinced me; and I invested thirty thousand pounds of my remaining eighty-five thousand pounds in the bonds of the Cortes. For the first year they brought me two thousand eight hundred pounds in interest, and this was all that remained of my capital the year after. Don't think, Mr. Editor, that I had rashly speculated;—the government was acknowledged and established,—the Spanish King was free and consenting,—the English ambassador was at his court. . . . The rest of what I was going to say you'll find in an article in "The Times," written nine years ago last February; by reading which I very much justified myself in my own conceit. But neither that article nor any other article has ever brought me back my money: one of the reasons for my low estimate of literary talent.

Since that time, Sir, it's useless to tell you that my remaining capital has unfortunately wandered through a variety of investments. I've had iron shares, and salt shares, and silver shares, and gold shares; and Brazilian bonds, and Colombian bonds, and Greek bonds, and French bonds. Ay, only think of that—there was the unkindest cut of all—those French bonds; everybody said those French bonds were so secure. As I alternately lost my hundreds in the Mexicans, and the Brazilians, and the Greeks, and the Colombians, every one said to me, "But why don't you purchase French bonds?" Well, Sir, I did purchase French bonds; and what was the consequence?—what was the consequence? Could I help

the revolution? Had I anything to do with the Glorious Days? I knew no more of Charles the Tenth, and Prince Polignac, and Marshal Marmont, and Monsieur Laftte, and General Lafayette,—I knew, Sir, no more of these people than the man in the moon—never had a word to say to any of them—never even dreamt of the gentlemen; and yet do they contrive between them to make a revolution which loses me ten thousand pounds:—ten thousand pounds went in three days of glory with which I had nothing to do—which brings me no glory—not a grain;—on the contrary, all my friends, the very friends to whose advice I owe my misfortune, call me a great fool for not having seen that liberty must triumph! I did not want to have anything to do with liberty—I never was a politician; and here I lose thirty thousand pounds because liberty is beaten in Spain, and ten thousand pounds because liberty is victorious in Paris!

I don't want to appeal to your pity, or to the pity of any man living; but I only ask you whether mine is not a very pitiable case! And then, I have got thirty thousand pounds yet left to plague me, and that's my reason for troubling you. How shall I invest it? I tell you at once that I've washed my hands of all foreign and outlandish speculations. No mines, Sir, either. There is hardly a metal that is not pregnant to me with painful recollections. I want to look at home for "some safe and wholesome security;"—such is the language and such the terms that all my friends use to me, and I wish for nothing better than to find this "safe and wholesome security" they talked to me about. The four great national investments, my bankers tell me, are Bank-stock, India-stock, Land, and the Funds; which last, by the way, have already used me, as I explained at the beginning of my narrative, rather hardly. The first words that struck me, I confess, were, "Bank-stock." "Safe as the Bank," "sure as the Bank," "sound as the Bank," were words that had rung in my ears from my earlier boyhood; and no sooner had that investment been mentioned than I wondered at my former follies, and imagined that all my cares were happily concluded. Still, not wishing to engage hastily, though with the fairest prospects, I mentioned my intentions to a wary friend, a great woollen merchant, who, having a house in Threadneedle-street, was, I thought, more likely than any one to advise me on the subject of the Bank. "Good God!" said he, "don't you know the charter is just expired? It's found to be all trickery and humbug. It's lucky, indeed, that you came to me. God knows if the Company will even pay a shilling in the pound. You may as well throw your money into the Thames. A man in these days

cannot be too cautious." "Very true," said I, in a melancholy voice; "and so, after what you say of the Bank, I'll think no more about it." This, of course, I made up my mind to: and India-stock next claimed my consideration. I readily remembered that an old uncle of mine, who died exceedingly wealthy, was always called by the family "as rich as the Indies:" besides, all people went out to India to make their fortunes; and I had no doubt, therefore, that India-stock must be of a very solid and advantageous description. "What!" said my wary friend, who had been at school with me, and who, though a woollen merchant, was always fond of his classics—"what!" said my wary friend, "quo tendis iter? You avoid Scylla, which is the Bank; and you plunge into Carybdis, which is the East India Company. Do you know what a horrid set of people you were about to connect yourself with? Do you know what the East India Company are?—Do you know what they are?" he repeated in a more awful tone. "I don't say that they are murderers, but I'll tell you what they decidedly are—they are monopolists. They suffer women to be burnt alive, Sir, and they double the price of tea—and—and—in short, in a free country like this, they are not to be tolerated. Liberty won't allow it, Sir—liberty won't allow it." "Oh," said I, mournfully, mindful of Spain and of France, "if liberty means to have anything to do with the concern, I wash my hands of it at once, and there's an end of that matter."

Land and the funds now seemed my only resources. The idea of purchasing a farm much pleased my wife; and my eldest boy, who is just beginning Virgil, cited, with a very pretty voice, something about "Agri-colæ," which I knew was very pat to the purpose. I determined then to consult a great landed proprietor, an intimate acquaintance of mine, as to the best means of making a safe landed investment. "You can't be serious!" he exclaimed. "What! think of purchasing land, and at this moment, too!—why, the man must be mad! I've landed property, it's very true, that came to me from my ancestors, and which I can't get rid of; I wish I could. Landed property, Sir, is destruction. As to farming land yourself—look ye, it's the high road to a prison. Say you let your land for a term of years—at an average price, taking one year with another: the year is a fair one, and you get your rent; the year is a bad one, and no rent is paid you: murmur, and the tenant leagues with the poachers, opposes you at the vestry, sticks the opposition colours about his windows at an election, lets your hedges go out of order, works out your land, and—doesn't pay you your rent after all. But if a man would have bought land twenty years ago, who would buy it

now, with the total repeal of the corn-laws hanging over his head? In five years every landed proprietor will be a beggar, Sir." "Then there is nothing else," said I, at last, "but to go back," (the ordinary course, as our curate, a very sensible man, informed me, in all human undertakings,)—"there is nothing else," said I, "but to go back to the funds; and, after all, they can't well reduce the three per cents, as long as there are fours. This idea, at once simple and conclusive, pleased me; and I mentioned my intention to a cousin who passes amongst us for a very far-seeing man, and in whom my wife and I have a considerable confidence. "Reduce, indeed!" said he, shoving back his spectacles over his bald forehead,—"reduce, indeed! no such luck for the fundholders. I'll tell you what their next reduction will be," slapping me familiarly on the back, and turning a glass that was on the table topsy-turvy,—"*that's* what it will be, Sir (pointing to the inverted glass). You and I will live to see the day when people will talk of the funded system as they talk of Law's system, or any other ridiculous and jobbing contrivance. Why, what do you think it is, this funding system? Your father wants a sum of money, and he does not like to stint himself to pay it, so he quietly sits down and writes a draft payable upon his neighbour's grandson, whom he never saw, whom he knows no more of than the child unborn, for he is the child unborn; and then the old gentleman's family make a noise, and say that its infamous if the neighbour's grandson don't pay this bill at first sight. This, Sir, is the funded system; and this, I say, can't last ten years—no, nor five years, now that we have a reformed Parliament."

I can't say that I quite understood my cousin's mode of arguing, though he speaks very slowly, and lays an emphasis on every syllable, which always induces me to believe that what he says is of great importance. I can't say that I quite understood my cousin's mode of argument. But I did not at all like his action of turning the wine-glass topsy-turvy. "So, then," said I, "you would not advise me to invest my money in the funds?" "No; to be sure I would not," said he, thumping his fist heartily on the table.

Now you see, Sir, the full extent of my misery. The four great national investments, says my banker, are Bank-stock, India-stock, Land, and the Funds; and I am equally ruined if I invest my money in Bank-stock, or India stock, or in land, or in the funds.

You need not speak to me of mortgages, Sir. I thought of that, and spoke of it, though I forgot to say so, to my friend the landed proprietor. But, as he said to me, if land is worth nothing, what's a *debt* upon land worth?

In short, Sir, here am I, a very prudent man, who have already lost seventy thousand pounds, because I did not like to live beyond my income; and now, wise as I am grown by experience, there seems no way to preserve my capital but spending it. This, since it is at once the most prudent and agreeable thing, I should have no objection to do; but my wife says that the whole thirty thousand pounds must go to our eldest boy, and that we must put by out of our income a provision for the younger children. It's in vain that I rationally point out to her the impossibility of what she requires; in vain I tell her that there's no such thing now-a-days as income—that it's an idle and fallacious word—that the very term "income" is a syren, which only lures on to the destruction of capital. "Nonsense, nonsense, my dear," repeats Mrs. —; "you should do as everybody tells you, and get into none of your foolish scrapes and schemes, but find a good wholesome investment."

Now, Mr. Editor, if you have the bowels of compassion in you, tell me where such an investment is to be found, or satisfy my wife that she disquieteth herself after a vain shadow, and that the most sensible thing we can do with our money is to get rid of it as fast as we are able.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,
JONATHAN TOOMUCH.

* * We regret that Mr. Jonathan Toomuch in his zeal for advantageous speculation, should have overlooked that auspicious investment sold some three years ago in the neighbourhood of Gattón. At present, since he asks our advice, what does he think of investing his remaining thousands in the purchase of an estate in Jamaica?

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXPOSED.

FROM AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS AND UNDOUBTED FACTS.

To the Editors of the New Monthly Magazine.

SIR,—We are indebted to the present Government for a measure, the tendency of which is to remove much of the oppression that has for ages been accumulating on us,—I allude to the appointment of a Committee to investigate the State and Management of all Corporate Bodies. This seems to aim at the very root of monopoly—the great engine of injustice. Unfortunately, it does not include some of the most injurious of those institutions which have been founded on improper distinctions, and are depending for their existence and power on the secrecy of their transactions.

In the hope that others may follow a salutary example, I shall do all in my power to expose the evil doings of the Royal Academy of the Fine Arts,—an establishment assuming merits that do not belong to

it, and exercising a harassing tyranny over the profession it 'pretends to foster. It is true that a society that contains no extraordinary wealth or talent, that has not endured three-quarters of a century, and depends on misconception and misrepresentation, will cease to exist when other monopolies are exposed and corrected. There are, however, good reasons for not deferring the statement I am about to make. A monopoly of so recent an origin affords opportunities of tracing the early progress and intrigues of such bodies, not to be found in corporations cradled in a darker and more distant age.

It may be said, that any portion of society that claims for its members a permanent control over the opinions, productions, or actions of their fellow-creatures, assumes a power which the most concealed individuals, standing unconnected with party, would be ashamed to ask—a power calculated to degrade intellect and repress independent exertions.

How far has the Royal Academy been guilty of this assumption? In 1765, King George the Third granted a charter to the Society of Artists, under the management of twenty-four Directors, including a President, Vice-President, Treasurer, and Secretary. In those days, when the distinction between royal and national property was not understood, the eyes of the public were not opened to the mischief of such grants: it was not perceived that the right of conferring honours, properly intrusted to the Prince, was nothing in its effects compared to the practice of granting exclusive power over commerce, industry, or talent. The Sovereign may be supposed to know something of those who perform services to the state, either in a civil or a military capacity; but he must trust implicitly to ministers or favourites for information on science, literature, or the arts; and as the actual ministers of the crown have themselves too much to attend to, to advise the king on such matters, so they are of course left to favourites, who are at once ignorant and irresponsible: the creatures themselves of favouritism, they have their favourites in return. The power of favourites was soon felt by the chartered Society. Strange, the celebrated engraver, one of its members, had offended the Earl of Bute; and I will leave it to those who have seen, or may hereafter consult, Strange's Letter to that nobleman, to say, whether that offence did not give rise to the plot that created the Royal Academy on the ruins of the original chartered Society. It is enough for me, that whilst the twenty-four directors were consulting how to obtain from the King a command to form a Royal Academy, and adopt that title, four of those same directors obtained that right for themselves, without

having communicated their intention to their coadjutors; and when their object was accomplished, and not till then, they informed their victims that the monarch had been graciously pleased to command that a Royal Academy be instituted under his special care! The other twenty directors imagined, of course, that they were to share the granted boon, and it was meant that for a time they should entertain this opinion; but as soon as they had allowed the plaster-casts, and other property, to be conveyed from their school in St. Peter's-court, St. Martin's-lane, to the rooms in Pall-mall, taken for the new Academy, their eyes were opened, and they were informed that the four favoured members had alone the right of electing whom they pleased to the honour of associating with themselves. George the Third visited the exhibitions of both societies, the old chartered Association as well as the new Academy; he likewise declared, that he did not intend to support one set of men more than another. But it was soon found that the favourites had resolved otherwise; and we need not wonder if the frankness of the Prince gave way to the manoeuvres of courtly partisans, particularly when, as supreme proprietor of the Royal Academy, its welfare became of some consideration; for we must not forget, that his Majesty not only provided the premises, but also that he had promised to make good any deficiency in the revenue of the new institution. When the King was at length made to understand how Mr. Strange had been misrepresented to him, that gentleman was knighted; but the real mischief once accomplished continued to exist: a responsible, because a chartered, society had been sacrificed to an unchartered establishment, whose secret conclave issued its *final* decisions with no other control than that of a sovereign to whom they had free access, whilst it was denied to those who suffered from its mal-administration. Even if Strange had been guilty of want of courteous deference to the monarch, this would have been no cause for granting despotic rights and influence to a small number of artists over the many who pursued that career. It has been said that they possessed no power out of their own establishment, and that within their walls they had every right to do as they pleased. It is easy to prove that this is incorrect on both points: first, that they assumed power and direct influence in various institutions and public transactions; and, in the next place, that they have not, nor ever had, a right to inveigle other artists by false and unjust pretences within the range of their control. It is manifest that the Prince, his Ministers, nay, the Parliament itself, have lent their power to a body of men who have no legally corporate existence, though,

through the supineness of others of equal talent with themselves, and countenanced by authority, they exercise unlimited control over the fine arts of this country.

I shall endeavour to prove, from the history of the Academy,—1st. That it is averse to a charter that would render it amenable to the laws of the country; 2nd. It has done little to promote, and much to prevent, the advance of the fine arts; 3d. That a progress in the fine arts has been most conspicuous in those branches which have not been subjected to the care or instructions of the Academy; 4th. That the control held by that institution over rising genius reduces artists to an abject dependence on their will, totally at variance with that freedom and dignity without which the fine arts can do but little in support of civilization and virtuous sentiment; 5th. That instead of keeping their power within their walls, they have attempted to produce an universal subservency to their dictation and interest,—so much so, indeed, that even the House of Commons has deputed its authority to this Company, which depends on the breath of its patron, losing sight of that important distinction between royal and national institutions.

1st. As to its dislike to a legal charter. In 1802, the President West, having differed with a majority of the Council, and aware of his influence with the forty, summoned a general assembly, and, contrary to one of their fundamental laws, which places the whole management in the hands of the Council, those who had opposed the President were suspended. An appeal was made to the King, who referred it to the Attorney-General; and the result of his opinion was, that the suspended members were, by order of his Majesty, restored; but Sir Robert Adair's advice, to have recourse to a charter, in order to prevent dissensions, was not attended to, any more than Barry's proposal, some years before, as it is given in his Letter to the Dilettanti, 1799, in these words:—"I further propose, that the Academy recommend to the Council to reconsider the business respecting the security and disposal of the property of the Academy, and that some proper means be adopted to obtain for the Academy such a chartered and legally corporate existence as will connect it with the nation." I pretend to no particular knowledge of the secret machinations of this institution; but having perused the *Annals* and *Epochs of Art* by Mr. Prince Hoare, their secretary for foreign correspondence, who, in several instances in the last of those works, refers, not to the *Annals* made out by himself, and to be considered as the Academy's authentic documents, but to the above-mentioned Letter to the Dilettanti, I consider the contents of that letter authentic, and the passage here quoted to contain

the principal cause of Barry's expulsion. His desire to have proper securities on the funds of the institution, and the still more important wish to see it connected, by charter, with the nation, were not to be endured: besides, he saw no necessity for suspicious secrecy.

2nd and 3d. These points may be conveniently illustrated together. The expressions of Fuseli, in the Academy Lectures, printed with the sanction of that body, would sufficiently prove the first; the latter becomes evident from reference to the history of our principal artists. Mr. Fuseli says—"We have now been in possession of an Academy more than half a century; all the intrinsic means of forming a style alternate at our command; professional instruction has never ceased to direct the student; premiums are distributed to rear talent and stimulate ambition; and stipends are granted to relieve the wants of genius and finish education; and what is the result? If we apply to our Exhibition, what does it present, in the aggregate, but a gorgeous display of varied powers, condemned, if not to the beasts, at least to the dictates of fashion and vanity? Florence, Bologna, and Venice, each singly taken, produced more great historic pictures than all Britain together, from its earliest attempts at painting to its present efforts." We may smile at a monopoly as the stimulant to ambition, and at the folly of granting stipends to relieve the wants of genius, after looking over the list of their pupils who have obtained the gold medal either in painting or sculpture; but no one can doubt that Mr. Fuseli is right as to the result. One of the panegyrists of our Academy has, indeed, remarked, that it is unfair to reproach the institution with incapacity, when every academy in Europe is equally liable to the same reproach. However inconsistent the fact and the conclusion may be, I heartily join in supposing other academies to be also amenable to the same censure: it is not the individual, it is the system that works evil; for, as Barry so well said, "low artists will sway and govern in an academy who could never have been known to the public if that academy had not been in existence." If we next consider how many of the best living and late artists were not educated by the Academy, and how thin the remaining phalanx would appear without them, we need go no farther to prove that the establishment is worse than useless. Martin and Clennel were pupils of Muss; Flaxman studied with his father, and, under the chartered Society, at the Duke of Richmond's gallery—a few months only at the Academy, where he claimed, but was denied the gold medal; Opie was the pupil of Dr. Wolcot, who brought him from Cornwall; Chantrey learned carving at York, resided some time at Twickenham,

visited Italy, and returning thence was elected into the Academy as Flaxman had been; Bird of Woolverhampton was none of theirs; Wilkie they will hardly claim, although he did for a short time draw amongst them: his first master, Graham, of the Edinburgh Academy,* might with more justice claim the glory of his education, but in either case his performances were not esteemed: he was unnoticed and unknown till his native talent, displayed in a shop window at Charing-cross, fixed the attention of the public—the public approved, and *then* the Academy found merit in his works. Sir Thomas Lawrence, in his youth, received premiums from the Society of Arts; but when he became a probationer for admission to the schools of the Royal Academy, his claim was not allowed, and he withdrew to seek eminence without their instructions. Gibson, now the greatest sculptor in Europe, was a ship carver at Liverpool, assisted by the advice of Canova when at Rome. In Landscape painting, Doctor Monro, of the Adelphi, did more to advance the art than any academy in Europe: under his direction, Turner, Girtin, and Varley acquired style and taste. The genius of Danby and Stanfield learnt to sport in the glimmer of sun-light or float on the surface of the waters without their guidance. Bonington was a stranger to their schools. But how can the instructions in the Royal Academy be thought of any value, when we find that their own Presidents and Professors arose to their highest honours without being students of the establishment? Reynolds of course was not a student, nor West, who came not to England until his studies were completed; Sir Thomas Lawrence was refused, and yet at his death they had not an artist fostered under their direction fit to succeed him; they elected Mr. Shee, now Sir Martin, who may have studied with them, but who acknowledges himself a pupil of the Dublin Academy, or rather of Mr. W. West, professor at that institution. The succession of Professors is equally decisive. The first was Penny; after him came Barry—he was too good, and they expelled him; Opie succeeded, and Fuseli, a Swiss, came next; and lastly Mr. Phillips, the only one of all the professors of painting they can call their own. What would become of them without external support and renovation, if in sixty years they were unable to rear more than one professor of painting, and not even one President for their own

* There are Serious objections to all gratuitous institutions for learning. The provincial academies are, however, much less objectionable than the Royal at Somerset-house; their influence extends not so wide, they compete with each other; and a teacher with his pupils constantly under his eye, is better than a new visitor every month.

use, although, long ere the Academy was in existence, Hogarth, Reynolds, and Barry learnt to think and to paint? If the disinterested exertions of the Academicians have been so unsuccessful, let us ascertain the extent of their liberality, by enquiring into the advantages they derive from their appointment. It is hardly necessary to mention, that the Exhibition is so completely under their management, that they declare, in their Catalogue, that the *decision of the Council is final*. Now the advantages of this management alone are immense. We think it strange that the East India Company should enjoy exclusively the trade to China, and yet we allow forty self-elected Painters, Sculptors, and Architects to say, "none shall place their works in the only exhibitions sanctioned by Government and Royalty itself, and of course by the nobility, without our gracious permission."

How do they manage the Exhibition? They of course begin by placing their own performances in the best situations; they next proceed to fill up the gaps with such pictures as they think most suited to the general effect, without fear of being complained of individually; for their operations are secret,—their decisions final. Having arranged the pictures to their mind, the forty Academicians, and eighteen or twenty associates, are let in to paint during four days on their works, to the disparagement of the pictures of the unprivileged artists. This completed, every nobleman and gentleman who is supposed to take an interest in the fine arts is invited to dine with the President and members of the Royal Academy; a sumptuously splendid dinner is provided;—wine makes the soul generous; complimentary toasts pass freely round; the guests join in the raptures of the entertainers, and, in honour of the chairman, declare portraits to be the only genuine historical paintings; nor does any one present dare to deny the foul aspersion on intellectual art. Perhaps at that very moment the highminded artist, whose sense of independence precludes his participating in their joys, as it also shuts out the opportunity of selling his pictures, receives the accustomed notice, that it is impossible, for want of space, to admit his pictures: he has no other choice than mean submission or wretched penury. If we turn our eyes to the Academician, we behold employment ever attendant on power and influence. If extravagance or misfortune prevent him from making a provision for old age, he is allowed an annuity not inferior to the hard-earned income of some of the proudest of the profession. In like manner his widow receives a pension equal to that which the country pays to the suffering family of many a distinguished officer who fought and bled in a foreign land. Yet all that

the Academicians do is perfectly disinterested! The public is surely not aware, that the liberal instruction so much talked of is also paid for out of the general fund; the lectures of the professors, the attendance of the visitors, have each their appointed stipend. Add to all this the chance of being appointed keeper, librarian, or secretary, with a handsome salary, and some of the advantages of the situation, with much of the disinterested liberality of the members, will be understood; but lest the reader suppose that those duties in which they have no obvious interest are here overlooked, and to convince him that without remuneration there would be but little liberality, I must state, that some years ago, when the importation duty on pictures and prints was exorbitant, government generously allowed the studies of artists to be introduced free; but to prevent imposition, placing confidence in the Royal Academy, two members of that body were required to attend at the Custom-house, examine the pictures on which the permit was claimed, and make their declaration accordingly. For this task there was no remuneration provided; and will it be believed, that these disinterested gentlemen frequently, on that account, postponed their visit till the neglected artists lost sight of their property, which, in some instances, indeed, found its ultimate way to the sale-room! You would charitably suppose this negligence to be, at least, accidental. By no means: for some, yes, some even of the most liberal and distinguished among the Academicians, declared, when called upon to perform this duty, "that they considered it a very troublesome office; it was a great sacrifice of valuable time that ought to be devoted to the interests of their families, and for which they received no remuneration whatever." As the Academicians arranged among themselves to perform this duty in rotation, it could only fall upon each of them once in twenty months. But when one had discovered that by deferring it until the period of his successor, he could shift it entirely from his own shoulders, the practice soon became too frequent; and yet they were all disinterested and liberal men!

4th. We are come to a charge of great interest—that the Academy holds an oppressive sway over the aspiring mind, and paralyzes at once its vigour and its independence. Their elections afford ample means and undoubted proofs of this assertion. No artist can be elected an associate unless he be at the time an exhibitor: now, as the Council possess the power, at their caprice, of excluding your works from the exhibition, it is self-evident, that, by so doing, they effectually shut you out from the honours and degrees of the institution, without, too, either appeal or remedy, for

their decision is *final*. If a large historical picture, even were it equal to Raphael's Transfiguration, were to be sent to them for exhibition, they might deem it inconvenient to find a place for so large a performance; that excuse would be sufficient to expel the artist from the list of candidates. They will tell you that you may come again next year with a production of similar dimensions, for it cannot be expected that ten pictures should be excluded to allow room for one. *Artists, men of talent and sympathy*, would say this!—men, too, who are appointed on the pretext of reviving the historical school! Some may think that ten gold frames will attract more visitors than one grand painting; that a man of genius can pare down his imagination at their bidding; that he must and will submit to the dictation of men who calculate merit in the fine arts according to the receipts of the exhibitions. The walls are loaded with trash, cry the public. True—but trashy portraits; and every fool who has had his likeness taken sends twenty more fools, at a shilling a-piece, to stare at it! In the mass of those who set their names down on the list of candidates for the associateship, some, having failed in the attempt, cannot bring themselves to the task of renewing the appeal; but a great number, prompted by the necessities of a family, or the excitement of relations, who view the advantages of a seat in Council with the same disinterested liberality as the Academicians themselves inscribe their names, year after year, on this list of dependents.* The lowest number of candidates, for some years past, is forty-eight. It is, therefore, impossible for them all to succeed; but the great majority are in a state of vassalage to the members—the whole thus forming a supreme faction of forty senators, twenty knights, and fifty plebeian clients. The practice of attending the superiors' levees, and that of imploring their vote and interest, are among the more insignificant, the least odious kinds of servility; the very words and thoughts of the clients are under subjection; these gentlemen would as soon sign a petition to free them from the oppression, as paint a picture contrary to the advice of members in Council; and if Government should institute an inquiry, the willing evidence from this quarter would probably be scanty and imperfect.

The situation of those who obtain the honours of the associateship is well defined as the purgatory of the Academy: it is in this intermediate state of torture that they prove their fitness for a happier condition. If talent must raise them to the higher rank, why is not Clint among the privileged?

* Martin having once put his name thereon, is deemed by them conceited, because he would not repeat it. Gibson had more patience, but it is supposed to be exhausted.

But from the evidence of facts, it is not too much to infer that a hasty or ungovernable temper, a large family with scanty pecuniary means, and sometimes professional jealousy, are the main reasons that keep out men of talent. If poverty is to be a cause of exclusion, (and what artist doubts it?) then is the superannuated fund reserved for improvidence alone; and this is called encouraging the fine arts! Further reasons for many strange manoeuvres we can but guess at, through the veil of secrecy that partly hides their transactions—glaring facts alone are outward signs; but when they indicate that Martin and Gibson are inadmissible to rank and honour among artists, that Clint and Arnold are condemned to perpetual purgatory, whilst, with the exception of Mulready, there is, perhaps, not a single instance of an Academician who has improved since his nomination, we feel the mass of evidence more than sufficient to prove to us that the system may indeed promote subservience, but does not foster merit.

It is now time to illustrate the last charge, viz. that the Academy, whilst it forbids members of other similar institutions becoming members of their own, interfere with everything that can add to their power and interest, claiming a right to administer national establishments, which ought ever to be kept unmixed with royal bounties or direct ministerial influence. In this it not only assumes control over artists, it pretends to dictate to the nation. In the *Annals* and the *Epochs of Art*, by the Secretary for Foreign Correspondence to the Royal Academy, Mr. Prince Hoare informs us that there was a time when that institution was allowed to decide the claims of candidates for public monuments. One of the first cases of the kind was that in 1783, when the island of Jamaica applied by its agent to the Academy to adjudge premiums for the designs that might be offered for a statue of Lord Rodney, and inspect its execution. Instead of advertising an open competition, they appointed five members from among themselves. This brought shame upon them; for three of the five, aware of the intrigues of a faction amongst the forty, paid no attention to the invitation, and Bacon and Tyler were the only competitors, to the great mortification of the President. Again, in 1792, when the East India Company voted a statue to Lord Cornwallis, the case was still worse, for only one model was presented, precluding all competition whatever: this excited the indignation of the East India Company. I shall mention one more instance. In January, 1806, they refused to allow Bacon (junior) to present a model for the monument to Lord Nelson; Government condemned their decision in May. Thus were the East and West Indies, and Government itself, trifled with. It was time to put an end to

such proceedings; and yet their amanuensis complains that these appointments had gradually been taken from them, and the power placed in the hands of the Committee of Taste, composed of gentlemen of enlightened views and liberal education, but not professionally conversant with the fine arts; whereas, in former days, the President was nominated a member of the first commission to see public monuments executed by native artists: the Committee for regulating the Situations of Monuments in the Cathedrals being at the same time composed of some gentlemen of the Monument Committee, and two painters, two sculptors, and two architects, members of the Academy. They utter these complaints, and at the same time assure you they have no wish to interfere with general art, or monopolize that territory of taste which extends beyond their own modest domain!

The appointment of the Committee of Taste, in 1798, having thus checked their ambition in one way, the Academy had recourse to another speculation; for, in 1804, these disinterested gentlemen proposed to Government a plan for a *Gallery of British Honour* at an expense of 5000*l.* per annum—of course to be, like all the transactions already noticed, for their sole benefit. However, Mr. Pitt discountenanced the preposterous demand; so did Mr. Fox, when they had the assurance to renew it. Unfortunately their influence at court enabled them to gain an ascendancy in the British Institution, founded in 1805; for the Prince refused his sanction and patronage unless means were devised to secure the Academy from the effects of *opposition*, although their own creation was in *opposition* to the chartered Society. To accomplish this purpose, the President of the Royal Academy was appointed honorary member of the new establishment, the members were each allowed free admittance, and a favourable attention secured to all pictures which had been already exhibited in their rooms, by articles introduced in the rules and regulations of the new institution; besides one to have the British Gallery closed during the exhibition at Somerset House. As the Royal Academicians can exclude from their exhibition all but their own and their friends' works, and enjoy, moreover, a preference at the British Gallery, that institution is virtually a dependence on that monopolizing authority—historical painting is discouraged, and portraits admitted, contrary to its original purpose. Their power was not yet at its height;—a national gallery of the works of deceased artists was formed under the auspices of Lord Goderich. A direct interference at such a time might have excited suspicion and discontent; but, by getting their President raised to the dignity of a trustee to the British Museum, both *national* institutions

were at once brought under the influence of a *royal* irresponsible society of artists; for the Gallery is under similar regulations with the Museum, and in several points dependent on its management.

All this assumption of power was still insufficient. According to the practice of all companies, chartered or not, their expenses and extravagance had kept pace with their revenue, and at length their receipts declined. If they had really been active in promoting their own interest when their income was increasing, they would not relax in their exertions in the hour of necessity. A plan was submitted to the trustees of the National Gallery, for a building decorated with Corinthian columns, to receive the National Gallery and the Royal Academy—to be constructed on the site of the King's Mews. This plan was submitted, by Mr. Wilkins, R. A., the Academy's architect, to Ministers, in 1831, and some months after a meeting of ministerial and other leading members in Parliament took place, the President of the Academy being present; drawings were submitted, but they contained no indication of a Royal Academy, the whole of the design in question applying to the National Gallery only. The drawing was found so inadequate in beauty and importance, that it was suggested that Parliament would rather grant a larger sum for one handsome building, than furnish money for an edifice that could do no credit to the nation—that if a greater expense was incurred for a more extensive building, the Royal Academy, or some of the Societies at Somerset House, might be brought to it. The gentleman who made this proposal was not aware that he had fallen into the very plans that the architect had submitted to Government, but for some reason or other withheld from the present assembly. At a subsequent meeting, the larger drawings were produced, a grant was then obtained from Parliament of 50,000*l.*, exclusive of a few hundreds for the warming apparatus; and this included the whole expense; 15,000*l.* being furnished for the first year. A model has also been made, and most of the gentlemen capable of forming an opinion who have seen it, declare the elevation (although designed by the Academic architect) to be impure, inconvenient, and disproportioned. All this has been done without Parliament being informed, or any one inquiring whether the Academy had any claim on the country; whether it was private, royal, or national property; whether its members had funds of their own; or how far it was prudent or proper to connect a royal institution with a national establishment. It is true Mr. Hume declared, that, having communicated with various artists, he had reason to fear that the academicians managed the concern rather for their own interest than the public

good; he therefore hoped that their bye-laws and regulations would be investigated before they were installed in the new building.

It has been properly observed out of the house, that the Royal Academy has no better claim on the public than the society in Suffolk-street, or that of the painters in water colours, or indeed any other private society, or even individuals. We are told that accommodation in Trafalgar-square, in lieu of the apartments at Somerset House, is but a fair exchange; that their present rooms would be particularly convenient for government offices; that the King gave 26,000*l.* for the said premises, and therefore the exchange is no favour whatever. Parliament would have done well to ascertain who received the 26,000*l.*, and what became of the money, and also whether that sum included the purchase of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies' rooms; besides, it is not certain that those apartments are worth anything like the amount. When we consider the expense of converting them into public offices, their present internal arrangement being altogether unfit for such a purpose, their actual value to Government can be very little. Mr. Wilkins has acknowledged that the new palace at Trafalgar-square will exceed the Parliament grant by 25,000*l.*, and others say that 150,000*l.* will not cover the whole expense; if, therefore, the Academy is to obtain one-half of a new building worth more than 10,000*l.*, in place of an old concern originally worth 26,000*l.*, according to their own account, who can say that it is a fair exchange? Is it wise to enter into a bargain with an irresponsible society? Why not investigate, listen to complaints, and assist the oppressed, instead of levishing the public money on oppressors? The course pursued in getting up the plan and designs bears too much resemblance to the jobbing of former times, before the new charter of freedom was obtained. Surely this is not to continue; the first building erected out of the funds of a free people will not be made a disgrace to the administration that procured us the Reform Bill—a lasting monument of vanity and degraded art; nor will an uncontrolled, self-elected body of men be longer permitted to usurp our rights.

I am, Sir, &c.

March 12th, 1833.

G. F.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Sir Henry Parnell—Harlequin-Influenza—The Body Pledge—Englishmen Baptized, but not Born by Act of Parliament—No Trust—The Love of the Unseasonable—March of Intellect—The General Amnesty—Richard Coeur, the Bill-Conqueror—Go and make Gooseberry Pies—Examination of Prisoners—The Press Power—Fatal Facility of Printing.

SIR HENRY PARNELL.—One of the pleasantest things in these latter days is the election of Sir Henry Parnell for Dundee. There has been something like a free choice here, and the ground of preference was high political worth. It was Parnell against the field; out of all the world was he chosen; and the only possible motive was admiration of his public conduct, respect for his talents and his character. Neither the Dundee testimony to his merit, nor a view of his conduct, can be very agreeable to some of the men with whom he used to co-operate. His reason for leaving office must be gall and wormwood to some who have no intention of quitting it:—

“When I was Secretary of War I examined minutely every item of expenditure, with a view of making reductions; and, after having satisfied myself as to the several points, I communicated the result to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, furnishing at the same time a system of estimates which I approved of. Although it appeared at the time that my leaving office was in consequence of opposing the payment of five millions of the public money to Russia, believing the payment to be improper, the true cause of my quitting office was my unwillingness to bring forward estimates such as the Ministry approved of, believing them to be improper, and such as I could not vote for. Had I consented to bring forward the estimates without reduction, I have no doubt but I should have been still in office; but I have always acted on one principle—that of doing what I considered right, without deviating to one side or another. I could not, when in office, consent to vote for those things which I had so long opposed.”

As for liberal opinions, the profession of them is no rarity; the difficulty is to find men who hold opinions to be any other than stepping-stones. It is moral worth,—steadfastness in political faith,—sincerity and truth in the advocacy of the cause he holds, that have raised Sir Henry Parnell's character to its present pitch of elevation. He almost alone, of many high names, has thought the same thing right, both in and out of office. This seems but a poor test to the speculatist; but alas! the man of practice has of late found office an ordeal even more formidable than has ever been dreamed of. They who wish to live long and well in the stormy times that are coming must adopt Sir Henry Parnell's maxim. In or out pursue the right. Dundee is a new borough; it has the merit of having chosen for its first and its second members two of the honestest men that ever sat in the House.

HARLEQUIN-INFLUENZA.—The theatres have been shut up on account of the influenza: a tragedy or a farce, as people like to view it, which takes up a stage so wide that it will admit of no other performance. The fact is, that the influenza is a great pantomime; some unseen Harlequin is probably playing his pranks. It is not Harlequin-death: when he has a fit of fun, no-

thing will serve him but a stroke of cholera or black plague; but some merrier imp, who slaps poor people on the nose or the neck, and straightway they begin to complain of rheum or else rheumatics, limp and hop, grow red in the eyes, and large in the throat. Perhaps there are more epidemic imps than one; they are now having a full swing in town. "Do you see that fine girl?" one imp may be supposed to say to another, as they are wandering about the streets. "She is going to a ball to-night." "Give her a slap, Atrabolos," cries his companion. "Oh no; it is a shame." "Stuff: I have this instant put her lover and his whole family to bed; the creatures were eating a hearty supper, and laughing, as if Epidemos did not exist. I pounced among them; and just touched them round. Oh! you should have seen the effect of my *hocus pocus*. First they were silent: some then began to get red in the nose; others put their hands out to feel their head; some drew their pocket handkerchiefs; one old woman hobbled to bed, and her grandson scrambled for the doctor. The servants came in: slap the second. They soon found their way back again, and now they are all in bed." "Oh!" said Atrabolos, "that is nothing to my exploits. You know the women were going to have a court-day; well, I went the round of the milliner's shops, and struck five hundred modistes all of a heap in the course of a morning. I thought I should have died to see the finery drop, and be bedropped: in short, the whole army of millinery was put *hors de combat*; and, in place of their robes and their ruffs, the ladies received nothing but the 'prevailing complaint'—this is our *nom de guerre*. When we take a walk and amuse ourselves, the poor devils fly into their holes like sared rabbits. "There is a bank open, let us establish a run upon it, Epidemos." "Pshaw, Atrabolos: you are for half measures. I will stop it at once. Observe a moment, and see what course the currency question will take in this individual case. Ha! ha! ha! There is a check for them. How will you have it? Heads or tails,—neck and heels: and that last stroke on the old cashier will give him a disease in the chest; he will hardly recover. I should not be surprised if they have to put him at full length into the iron safe. See how they troop;—ninety-four filed off already! Mark how each calls at the doctor's shop." "Come, let us be off, Epidemos; that firm is pretty weak now: payment is stopped; a very small dividend will return to business to-morrow. Do you see those blue and yellow lights where the crowd is flocking? Yes; that is the shop of a fellow making a fortune by our fun. See how he is corking up black draughts,—he is almost lost in James's powders: he cannot dole out his poison fast enough.

Listen to the murmurs of his customers." "Let us slap him, Atrabolos: stick him fast between a bottle of Tinctura Rhei and a jar of Cantharides. There he is;—he can't speak: and see, instead of cutting a plaster, he is cutting capers. I have given it to him in the acute shape. His apprentice will put him to bed, and prevent his turning our sport in this neighbourhood into serious earnest." "That will do, Epidemos. Where shall we go?—to the play?" "Oh, no: the theatres are shut up. I amused myself at rehearsal this morning. But there are the chapels." "True: if poor Rowland Hill had not just been so cruelly treated by that brute Mors, we should have had a fine field. As it is, let us go to the House of Commons. It is said, Hume has made five thousand speeches this session; we will give the reporters a rest, and send him home to 'economize' his animal substance."

[*Exeunt Atrabolos et Epidemos.*]

THE BODY-PLEDGE.—To send a man to prison for debt is to pawn his body for a specific sum. The gaoler is the pawn-broker; instead of three balls, his sign is a bunch of keys. Pawnbrokery is, however, a rational proceeding, for the pledge always retains the value for which it is engaged; but body-pledging has this folly in it, that the moment the body is pledged, it loses value,—sometimes the whole of its value, always the greater part. Putting an honest man in prison is like taking the cork out of champagne, and double locking it in a cool cellar.

ENGLISHMEN BAPTISED, BUT NOT BORN BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.—It is a specimen of the wisdom with which our laws are cared for, that, at this moment, and for some time past, in this country no provision has been made for the registration of births. Baptism alone is registered by the clergyman, and as baptism may take place at any period, and perhaps, in half the births, never according to church forms, there is virtually no public record of the ages of children under a certain age. The subject has been very properly brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Wilks, who stated that the registration of the birth clause was accidentally omitted in the bill, owing to some botching amendment between the Lords and Commons. Admirable legislation!

But the registration of birth, of marriage, and of death, is a strictly civil proceeding; the use of it is altogether worldly, and is clearly an affair of municipal government. Let people celebrate their marriages by what religious rites they please; let them bury their dead according to such forms as are approved in their community; but let it be incumbent on them all to register the fact, and witness it by their presence, before an officer appointed for the purpose, the keeper

of the documents of the district in which the event takes place. But who is this officer? There is none such; it is only one deficiency out of many. When a proper municipal machinery is established, he will not be wanting. He is in the French administration, the *maire* of the district: his name does not matter much; any municipal institution, however, that leaves him out, or hands the duty over to parson and clerk, is so far faulty, and, indeed, most imperfect. The parish documents, such as they are, are at present in very unsafe keeping: they frequently days and nights remain in the cottage of the clerk or the parsonage, neither of which places are fire-proof. The keeper of these documents, and all parish accounts, papers, leases, and agreements, ought to have a receptacle above accidents. A duplicate should also be preserved in the capital, and out of them a national registry formed, a department which would go well with a national registry of wills; and also the official registry of mortgages, and other acts, in case that wholesome measure should be enacted.

NO TRUST.—The Scots Greys, on arriving at York, sent round a trumpet and a serjeant to warn the inhabitants against trusting any of that corps beyond the amount of a day's pay. This must be allowed to be a candid proceeding. It is vulgarly exemplified by the proverb of "calling stinking fish;" a degree of honesty never expected from mortal fishmonger. Fame is generally reputed a liar. Virgil's portrait has been hitherto the accredited form of painting her; artists, however, who wish to delineate a *true* Fame, should, in future, take a trumpeter of the Scots Greys as a model. The act is, after all, highly creditable to the regiment; though the branding "No Trust" on the colours of so famous a body of men may be considered a somewhat severe instance of self-denial. Yet the true way of preventing men from getting into debt, drunkenness, and disgrace, is to insist upon the ready-money principle, which, were it carried into universal practice, would, at one stroke, annihilate the debtor's gaols and ruin three-parts of the lawyers of the country.

The exception to be made is of trade: trade is a speculation. When one man sells another's goods for re-sale, if he does so on credit, he joins in some measure in the speculation, and, in case of its failure, ought not to be invested with the baleful power of seizing the body of his creditor, tearing him from his family, destroying his hopes, his prospects, his happiness, and, in most instances, his character. People ought to associate in anticredit societies, and all members of it write upon their doors, "No Credit here," after which it should be

unlawful to sue the inhabitant who had thus imitated the wholesome example of the Scots Greys.

THE LOVE OF THE UNSEASONABLE.—

The absurdities of this exceedingly civilised land yield an abundant harvest to the observer; a man with a taste for them, with but a small annuity to supply his necessities, might live a most luxurious life on the follies of the capital alone. What necessity for plays or operas, or parties or races, with the ways of London open to him? But then he must have a true relish for them; he must be no cynic to sneer, but an epicure in folly, who hugs himself and chuckles with delight over a nice little piece of the true absurdity. The prevalent "love of the unseasonable" is a fine example of folly. The sight of people buying green peas in April, at four guineas a quart, and raspberries at half a crown an ounce, would be a treat for a whole evening to one who revelled in such entertainment. Bad peas in April, at a price as dear as gold, instead of fine peas in June, at the price of bread or potatoes, and that not from any eager longing, or any excessive love of the pea-flavour, but simply that people may open their eyes at table, and exclaim in their hearts, "What an Amphytrion!" If chips were to be had only at the same price, they would be presented in a *consommé* of bank notes. A man who has green peas at his table in April knows that thereby he is one of few; he is an exclusive *par force*, or forcing. To enjoy the same pleasure that many share is alien to the spirit of England, and this is the principle and secret of the race of fashion in this country. The few enjoy a pleasure till the many gradually learn its source and master its approaches; it is then deserted for another. Rank and riches are for ever "seeking pastures new:" when the vulgar herd rushes in, away they troop like scared fowl. Society in England is constructed on the same principle attributed to matter, which is held together by the attraction of cohesion and held off from a too close union by the attraction of repulsion. We are bound together in one whole of civilization, but detest fellowship; separate ourselves into small divisions, and when these divisions cannot be kept up naturally, we do it artificially; and when other means fail, resort to green peas in April.

MARCH OF INTELLECT.—A little boy, at one of the hospitals, was frequently found in a most unseemly state. His age, of two years and a half, forbade the idea of his being drunk, to say nothing of his inability to walk to the gin-shop, or, when he was there, to pay for his drams. Yet the general appearance of the creature, as well as the odour of his breath, which ought, as that

of an infant, to have been as pure as new-made hay, permitted no doubt of the fact: it was pronounced by the doctors that the small beast was drunk; in short, an habitual drunkard. The means of inebriety were discovered in the case of spirits of wine used for the cupping-glasses; it was found that the boy took a cupping-glass too much; the rogue had stolen a march upon the doctors; his inquiring spirit had led him into the secret of the spirit of wine; but, alas! his knowledge stopped short at its most direct use. This is always the result of a smattering. The first use a servant makes of his literature is to read his master's letters; but this is no more an argument against education, than this child's drunkenness against burning spirits of wine under the cupping-glass. The march of intellect is a *mauvais pas* when it halts: science must not be taken at the wrong end, or the pupil will be found drunk instead of a doctor.

THE GENERAL AMNESTY.—It is a matter of some surprise that the doctrines of Mr. Attwood are not more popular. Its opponents even allow that the majority of heads of houses are insolvent; from east to west, from Charing-cross to Whitechapel, it was stated, in the Commons, that every other house contains an insolvent. In Downing-street, Lord Althorp was told, in a large assembly, that one-third of Regent-street had been bankrupt, and that three times as many compositions had been made in the same district. To the arithmetic of this statement objections have been made, since four-thirds happen to be more than the whole. It is easily answered, however, by observing, that one person may make several compositions, inclusive even of the bankrupt himself, previous to his bankruptcy. But if these statements are not exaggerated, the insolvents are the majority of the country, and therefore it is surprising that there is not a louder applause of the Attwood scheme. The fact is, it is not generally understood that it would act as an amnesty, or the outcry of the insolvents would make the welkin ring; that is to say, if it be true that we are so very insolvent. Now, instead of mystification about currency, depreciation, and Peel's Bill, would it not be better at once to proclaim a great amnesty of debt? Let it be stated at once, that that clause of the Lord's Prayer, "Forgive us our debts," (according to one translation,) is now to be acted upon; that the great ledger of pecuniary sins is to be wiped out, and we are all to begin afresh from the 1st of April—that next year we shall all be without debt in the world. This is pleasant doctrine for the sinner in this way, and perhaps would be the shortest plan. Or, if this plan is not adopted, we have another to propose,

which may be equally agreeable to the currency people; let them declare all debts, from tomorrow, irrecoverable, the debtors only being bound to pay interest for them in perpetuity, at the rate of the funds. This would convert individual debts into national ones; relieve all the insolvents, of which the majority is said to consist, by means simply of a partial tax. Here is an equitable adjustment; it has the merit of being less of a robbery than the currency scheme, and not so much of a bankruptcy as Mr. Cobbett's; it is an *arrangement* for the relief of the national distress. We recommend it to some nostrum-monger in want of a popular article.

RICHARD COSTER—THE BILL-CONQUEROR.—Crime has its heroes as well as virtue; every year sees the canonisation of famous men on the wrong side; "reformers," always happy in a small minority; "equitable adjusters," on a private scale; upholders of the "currency," who cannot bear the stagnation of the circulating medium. Names arise upon the memory, sacred to enormity: Robin Hood, Turpin, Huffy White, Ikey Solomons. Should the minority ever get the upper hand, these are the heroes that will be commemorated in college declamations, where now nought is heard but of Cæsar and Alexander, Locke and Bacon. The year 1833 will in future ages be famous as terminating the career of Richard Coster, a great conqueror in the East—a sort of Jenghis Khan, or Nadir Shah, in the city; one who has made war upon civilisation for now upwards of twenty years. In a book called the "Commercial Annual," we have seen a slight sketch of his exploits; the form of the narrative is a banker's note-book. The historian first detected the rising genius of Coster in the year 1810; he was then in Newgate, Bristol. Great men frequently rise from small beginnings; in a few years he appeared above the horizon of town; had a firm in the city, attached Co. to his name, and thenceforward carried on the war under various titles from various quarters, and with a numerous and well-appointed army, year after year, till the Journal ends abruptly at the date of 1823. The banker probably thought, that after that period his hero was before the world, and stood in no need of his memoranda. In barbarous ages, conquerors assumed the sword, and ravaged countries with fire and slaughter. Conquest, however, partakes the character of the times; the achievements that used to be effected with steel are now performed by paper. The BILL was Richard Coster's great implement of war. We have an idea of who was the inventor of gunpowder, but who invented the bill? What army is to be compared with a troop of indorsers? What masked battery equal to a fictitious firm?

The stamp gives justice to the cause, and, with an able general acceptor and a drawer of note, no power on earth can stand a well-arranged BILL: this was the origin and the support of Coster's power. His firms were imposing, various, and numerous; his backers were well disciplined; his bills business-like; he knew the country well, and understood the grand art of combined movements; the result may be anticipated. He had a brilliant and not a brief career; his track was marked by spoliation and suffering, as in the case of all conquerors; but he shed no blood, and this is his grand improvement upon the practice of barbarous times. He overran the commercial world; nay, he made its treasures his own, and availed himself of its most precious resources, but he spared life. Richard Coster may not say, dying, he never wrote a line he wished to blot, but he may leave his native land, declaring, that, though a Paper-Cromwell, he is "guiltless" of his country's "blood."

GO AND MAKE GOOSEBERRY PIES.—A meeting was held on Wednesday, the 17th, at Guildhall, to consider of the introduction of Poor Laws into Ireland. The assembly permitted a Mr. Rosson, described as a barrister, to talk thus:—

"Absentees would never be induced to agree to poor-laws for Ireland, and the business must be taken into hand by Englishmen, in spite of the absurd theories and often-refuted nostrums of political economists. Of these he would refer to the works of Dr. Chalmers and Miss Martineau. The former had published a work which consisted mainly of the exploded doctrines of Mr. Malthus, viz., that population had a natural power to double itself in fifteen years. And it was this that had led Irish landowners, who supposed it to be based in truth, to drive the tenantry off their lands, to prevent the accumulation of population. Mr. Sadler's Law of Population had completely refuted the assumptions of Dr. Chalmers, and it was lamentable to see the Doctor's name still lent to sanction a false political doctrine. He (Mr. Rosson) would dismiss further notice of Dr. Chalmers, by saying that he intended to send the Doctor a gold ring with the motto '*Ne Doctor ultra Cathedram*.' Miss Martineau, in her work called 'Cousin Marshall,' had supported the same misnamed system of political economy, taking the errors of Malthus as the basis of her speculations; and he would say to her, as Dr. Primrose is related to have said to his daughter, in the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' after she had shown her ignorance of a scientific subject, 'Go and assist your mother in making gooseberry pies.' (Hear, hear, and laughter.) The young lady might be talented, and her reception by the learned lord who so ably filled the woollack would lead to that supposition; but she decidedly had no talent for political economy. (Hear, hear.) The splendid dreams of theorists would go for nothing; practical demonstration was the thing required; and all that he thought the meeting would ask for of the Government was a full and impartial inquiry, that the truth might be elicited. (Hear.)"

Nay, the wisecracks of the city seem to have applauded this stuff. It was bad enough to let this busy gentleman be the spokes-

man of the meeting, and to move the first resolution; but that, when he began to defile such names as Chalmers and Martineau with mere mention only, they did not hoot him from his stand, proves that the reign of Cockneydom is immortal. The intellect of Mr. Rosson appears to be about on a par with a flea in the influenza; and yet the city of London, in Common Hall assembled, permitted this lively little monster to play, hop, and skip, and bite over the names of Chalmers and Martineau, benefactors of their race, ornaments of their age. But the whale must have its shrimp. "Go and make gooseberry pies." Why should Miss Martineau be sent to make gooseberry pies,"—but because she is of the sex which chiefly gives us our cooks? And is not Mr. Rosson of that sex that goes to make tailors? would it not be right to say to him, Go and help your father to make breeches? He makes very bad speeches, possibly he might show talent in stitching: it is clear that he botches matters of science. Men of Mr. Rosson's fractional species cannot bear intellectual superiority in women: they say with the Jewish synagogue-service—"Oh Lord, I thank thee that I am not a woman." Now if woman turns out to be their superiors, then there is nothing on earth that such persons have to thank God for: the resource is spite. The barrister's sycophancy is not, however, wholly consumed by the overflow of his tiny streams of gall. "The young lady might be talented, and her reception by the learned lord who so ably filled the woollack would lead to the supposition." Ah, yes! Miss Martineau has nothing to give a 'sycophant barrister: but the Lord Chancellor—Oh, yes! he has only to give a reception, and straightway the recipient is talented. Mr. Rosson has the Commentator's leave to knock at the Lord Chancellor's door as often as he pleases; but he promises never, therefore, to call him talented.

EXAMINATION OF PRISONERS.—"The Lord Mayor.—Prisoner, did you tell Mr. Mott where you bought it?"

"Mr. Humphreys (for the prisoner).—He is not bound to answer that question."

"The Lord Mayor.—Well, if you didn't tell Mr. Mott where you got it, you will tell me, perhaps?"

"The prisoner appeared to be desirous to speak."

"Mr. Humphreys.—You are not obliged to tell anything about it."

"The Lord Mayor.—I will not allow any solicitor to interfere for the purpose of preventing me from examining a prisoner. His Lordship repeated the question."

"Mr. Humphreys.—My Lord, you have not the power legally to examine the prisoner in that manner. It is illegal in every respect."

"The Lord Mayor.—I shall examine him according to my own plan. I am convinced that I am justified. I have, upon former occasions, mentioned the authority upon which I act."

"Mr. Humphreys.—I beg, then, that your ques-

tions may be put down, my Lord. I repeat to my client, that he is not bound to answer.

"The Lord Mayor.—An honest man would not refuse to answer any question: on the contrary, he would be glad to acquit himself if he could by answering every question. I should wish to discharge him this moment, if I thought him an honest man; but you don't wish him to answer me.

"Mr. Humphreys.—I certainly object to such a mode of examination as your Lordship is pursuing. It is against the practice of magistrates, and wholly unknown to professional men."

This is a description of dialogue that is constantly occurring at the Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor, with much good sense, but altogether contrary to a favourite maxim of law, invariably endeavours to learn all he can from the prisoner. This practice is always strenuously resisted by the attorneys, and has given rise to much controversy. The question lies in a small compass: there is but one purpose to serve—the detection of crime for the sake of the public; this object is to be pursued in all ways, unless where the individual inconvenience does not exceed the chance of good to the community. Now, is this the case in interrogating a culprit in a preliminary examination? The question is, is a man to go to prison on the suspicion? His own story will probably commit him if he is guilty; if innocent, it is highly probable that it will discharge him. Here both parties gain. The only objection that has been urged is on the ground of the examination being a species of moral torture; true, but only to the criminal; and why is he to be spared moral torture, when the welfare of the public is the result? If the examination of an innocent man produced moral torture, then we should have to weigh his individual inconvenience, and the advantage likely to arise to the public. But such an interrogatory is so far from being either an inconvenience or a torture to an innocent man accused of crime, that he would court such an opportunity of clearing himself, and consider it his best privilege. This, however, would not suit the Old Bailey practitioners, whose harvest comes after the committal—who care very little for the result of the trial, but who must have their client safe in gaol for a season. Most generally the accused is guilty, and the objection to the interrogatory is therefore intelligible enough; they dare not say that they dread their client will commit himself; they therefore mouth out some maxim of law, the spirit of which is always that the criminal shall have a good chance of escape. With the lawyers the whole matter is an affair of art; the game must be caught by rule, or not at all. This is the meaning of giving "law" in sport; if the object were to kill vermin, the fox would be slaughtered at once; but no, he is let go—he runs, until distance secures him a fair chance of escape;

and this is called "law." So it is in the game of justice; the lawyers enjoy, nay live by, the chase; and an unceremonious destruction of the vermin-criminal would not only put an end to the day's sport, but the day's subsistence. It is the rule, therefore, to give him "law." First the game is bred and preserved, and then he is bagged. He is then let loose—law is given; if death ensue, it is all fair; the probability, however, is that the quarry will give the hounds another run.

THE PRESS-POWER.—There is something remarkable in the manner in which the power of the press—the Fourth Estate—has been recognised by the two rival despots of the East. Both the Grand Seignior and the Pacha of Egypt, in different ways, have recognised the legitimacy of the periodical press. In a speech from the throne, the Sultan acknowledged the services of the editor of the Smyrna newspaper, and permitted that functionary to address him, *vis à vis*, after the manner of a royal representative, in a set speech. The Pacha of Egypt has sent over to Europe for the editor of a newspaper, as he used to do for steam-engines and spinning-jennies, and has assigned him a salary equal probably to that of one of his best generals. This direct mode of acknowledging the New Power is very different from the style in which it is alternately coquetted with, and flouted by, the old governments of the West. The orientals, of course, intend to use it as a tool—a slave, and already class it as a weapon in their armoury. In Europe, the press sets up for itself: it is sometimes master, sometimes agent: its position is uncertain; it neither knows how to obey nor always to command, and yet it feels conscious of the power of ordaining. The depositaries of power in Europe are various, and the sources often independent of each other. The periodical press sometimes speaks with the voice of one, and sometimes another; it now proclaims the privileges of the aristocracy, now the rights of the people. The way in which it has been treated is curious. Were the monster of Frankenstein among us, what should we do with him? The timid would cry, Kill him at once, we cannot bear this constant state of alarm; the prudent would say, No, let us bind his arms, and then he may wander where he pleases—he can hurt nobody; on the contrary, wiser persons would say, Tie his legs, his arms may then beat the air; the generous would say, Let us teach him, and when he knows what is right, he will feel no inclination to do mischief. Objectors, however, would cry, Education is tedious; who is to answer for him in the meantime? Build a strong

house for him, chain him to the wall, feed him on bread and water, and then if he likes to learn, let him—he will have leisure. Under such circumstances, it is not likely that his education would proceed very fast; he must, however, learn in his own defence: if not, his masters, getting tired, would blind him to save trouble, and then the result would be like that of the glorious book of Solomon, he would pull the house down over the head of himself and his persecutors. So may be shadowed forth the present condition of the press in Europe.

FATAL FACILITY OF PRINTING.—In the lives of most great poets of whose biographies any details are known, it is found that, on arriving at a certain age—even preceding that of their legal majority—they celebrated the period by a conflagration of their earliest attempts at song. These very poems are not to be supposed all lost: a good idea or a strongly felt sentiment is never lost on a man of genius; he may but handle it rudely in its early expression, but when he burns his juvenile efforts, he takes care to preserve the valuable parts in his mind, and as to which are such, no better critic is usually to be had than the originator, if he be truly a man of genius. This is a sort of sifting now become almost impossible. The present facility of printing, joined with the natural desire to be read immediately consequent upon production, though it may be of a thing which the writer will afterwards be rejoiced to burn, is such that the young poet has no chance of escape. He is sure to print; of the wholesome effect of suppression he can have no experience. His ought-to-be-burned MSS.,—the trials of his pen,—the putting out of his poetical feelers, appear unhappily in little hot-pressed duodecimos—the ridicule of the town, or worse, the object of its neglect: improvement the author is not permitted to derive from it; he must not borrow even from himself after he is once printed; and it is hardly likely that he should afterwards feel much appetite to please the public who, by their representatives the critics and the booksellers, treat him so ill. The consequences are lamentable: the young poet is disgusted with the exercise of his early faculties, would gladly burn that in print which he ought to have burned in MS., and gives up the cultivation of his imagination altogether; or, on the other hand, he is driven into misanthropy,—he nurses his genius and his vengeance together. Examples of the mischief of early printing occur every day. These observations have the merit at least of having occurred over some scores of juvenile volumes: the last of the kind that we have met with is “Poems by Alfred Domett.”

THE LION'S MOUTH.

“*ALIENA NEGOTIA CENTUM.*”—*Horat.*

INTERESTING ANECDOTES AND HISTORICAL TRAITS RELATING TO THE LAST POLISH REVOLUTION.

ONE of the national guard, commissioned to collect patriotic donations, witnessed an act of devotion accompanied by circumstances which give it an inestimable value. Invited to call on a lady, whose virtues and misfortunes had been known to him for three years, he found her surrounded by four young children, and dwelling in an abode, the appearance of which evidently proved poverty, supported with resignation and dignity. How great was his astonishment, when the interesting mother deposited in his hands the only remaining piece of a magnificent service of plate, which had long supplied the deficiency of her small income! After this, taking her son into her arms, “Behold,” said she, “behold all I now possess in the world; his father has left us in order to hasten to the defence of our walls, for he belongs less to us than to his country. One day this child will imitate his example, and if then I see Poland glorious and free, do not pity me, I shall not be quite unhappy.” Lieutenant N—— accepted the gift in respectful silence.

The patriotism of Polish ladies, in general, has nothing of that manly boldness which makes a female forget the character of her sex. It cannot be otherwise. In Poland, enthusiasm is unlike that sudden impulse elicited by some extraordinary circumstance, characterizing nations enjoying public prosperity. Strengthened by misfortunes, cultivated in silence, it becomes grave and circumspect. The love of their native country is, in the heart of Polish ladies, a calm and religious sentiment; it does not exclude timidity and reserve; it renders these two qualities still more touching. The wedding-ring, deposited by the Polish ladies upon the altar of their country, is its ingenious emblem. To sacrifice without hesitation their dearest affections; to suffer, and never complain; to leave martial power to men, and content themselves with the power of the mind; to share the pains of their fathers and husbands, resigning to them all the glory of triumph; it is thus that Polish mothers inculcate on their daughters the duties of women.

The peasants of the palatinate of Warsaw, who, compared to others, enjoy a state of comfort, resolved unanimously to pay in advance the taxes of the year 1831, and deposited immediately this patriotic offering on the altar of their country.

During the first days of the revolution, when the country was still in that state of

effervescence inseparable from a violent crisis, the government were at first unable to direct their attention on the innumerable troops of volunteers, who hastened to the capital, asking for arms. All these people were encamped in the open air almost a whole week in the environs of Warsaw; and endured, without uttering a single complaint, the inclemency of the season, the privation of the first necessities of life, and the most cruel trials which can be imposed on patriots.

Never were the recruits escorted by gendarmes. The march was ever opened by musicians; it gave the idea of a patriotic festival, rather than a march of young soldiers. It happened, that at the numbering of them, twice as many as were required were found. One day in particular, the organizing chiefs would have been greatly embarrassed, had not the merchants of Warsaw offered to provide for the equipment of these brave volunteers. Thus the regiment was organized.

One day, when the Dictator, Chlopicki, was reviewing the national guard, a villager desired to be presented to him. The whole troop perceived with emotion an old peasant followed by his three sons, already, like himself, wearing the uniform. The virtuous old man had sold his oxen, that the state might not be put to the expense of their clothing. Thus he gave to his country his fortune, his life, his children—all he possessed in the world.

A poor countryman, whose fortune consisted only in a little horse, was one day journeying to Warsaw. A polish nobleman, going the same way, and struck by the pre-occupied air of his fellow-traveller, held with him the following discourse. "My friend, why are you so sorrowful?"—"I am not sorrowful, sir; on the contrary: I heard our soldiers were in want of horses, and therefore intend to present them with mine. O, the excellent beast!" "And why are you so thoughtful, my good man?"—"Sir, it is because I have known my horse for a long time; my horse has always worked with me, and now I shall be left to work alone. But we ought not to regret what we give to our brethren." "My friend," replied the nobleman, with emotion, "could not we contrive to make a bargain with each other? Would you not sell your horse to me? I will give you 30 dollars for it, 15 of which you may give to the Dictator, and with the remaining 15 you can purchase an excellent work-horse."

It was with joy the bargain was concluded; but soon afterwards the countryman hastened to overtake the nobleman, and said to him, "Sir, I thank you for your goodness, but I beseech you, take back your 30 dollars. I have got an idea still better than yours. I too will turn soldier; thus I and

my horse will not separate, but serve our country together."

Among the emigration in mass of the landed proprietors of the duchy of Posen, able to bear arms, one made a visible sensation. Marcinkowski, a young physician, had obtained regard of all, both by his knowledge in the practice of his art, and that sublime love of mankind which is the lot of a few superior minds. At an age when the pleasures of life have so much attraction, he was seen renouncing every comfort, scarcely allowing himself an indispensable rest. Leaving the comfortable mansion where his reputation had placed him, he hastened to carry his earnings to the hut of the poor. His door was never closed against the unfortunate, so that he seldom could enjoy a moment's leisure; even the time for his meals depended on these short intervals, when his assistance was not claimed by any suffering being; in short, he lived only for the benefit of others. To the observation of a friend about the excess of this self-neglect, Marcinkowski replied, "The time of the poor is more valuable than mine."

Chosen to fill the office of physician in an hospital of the Sisters of Charity, it was with joy he accepted a situation the duties of which did so well agree with his sentiments. One will easily believe, that no salary was accepted by Marcinkowski; his zeal seemed to increase his means. He endowed this establishment with a portion of his income; but still more precious than gold were the continual benefits which, by his soothing consolations, this benevolent man administered to the sick, and which, more effectually than physic, contributed to recover them. The love of his country was the strongest passion of his noble heart. Scarcely had the news of the events of Warsaw reached Posen, when the Doctor took a resolution as irrevocable as sudden.

He was under the control of the civil and military authorities. He immediately addressed to them the following letter:—

"I beg to be relieved from the engagements which retain me here. I consider no obligation more sacred than to devote myself to my country, which at this moment calls all her sons to arms. When this letter will reach its destination, I shall be far from hence, and on the glorious road which no human power can make me abandon."

The sudden departure of the Doctor was an important event for the town of Posen. How many voices united to call down the protection of Heaven upon him and the cause he had embraced! But nothing could be compared to the despair of the sick in the hospital; their cries and sobbings were re-echoed through the vaults of the wards; and the Chaplain was compelled to address them in a speech, in which he reminded them that the Most High is the first protec-

tor of the poor and the orphan. But while this heart-breaking scene was affecting all, what was the remark of the person to whom the eloquent and laconic epistle of Marcinowski had been directed? "Indeed," said he, "it is not surprising: that man had always something singular about him." Let us pity those who are unable to qualify superiority and greatness of mind otherwise than by stamping it with singularity.

After the memorable night of the 29th November, the Grand Duke remained for three days longer encamped near Warsaw. Besides the regiment of the horse guard, retained by its chiefs, Vincent Krasinski and Kurnatowski, he had about 7000 Russian troops under his command. Constantine, however, considered his cause as lost: instead of trying the assault, he offered to negotiate with the administrative council, who, for the moment, ruled the new order of things. The council agreed to the proposal; and on the 2d of December, a deputation, composed of Prince Adam Czartoryski, Prince Lubeki, Count Wladislas Ostrowski, and Joachim Lelewel, left the town for the enemy's camp. Admitted into the presence of the Czarewitch, the deputies perceived at the very first moment, that in him a great moral revolution had taken place. Thus a violent political shock develops not only the strength of nations, it also operates powerfully upon the spirit of every individual. That despotic confidence which does not admit even the possibility of a doubt had forsaken Constantine. For the first time in his life, experience had taught him that there exist other rights than those of the despot, and that the latter may be subjected to strange vicissitudes. From his habitual impetuosity, he had fallen into a sort of dejection. He listened in silence to the conditions which the deputies had come to propose to him, as the only means of accommodation, when one word, all on a sudden, called forth again those fits of violence which were inherent in his character. Count Ostrowski addressed him thus:—"Yes, Prince," said he, "it is the faithful execution of the constitution, the base of social order, that we demand of our Sovereign." "Of your Sovereign, of your Sovereign!" cried the Grand Duke, rushing suddenly before the Count, a well-known sign of wrath, "tell me who will dare to place himself between the Sovereign and the constitution? Who will dare?" At this question, the noble deputy retreated two steps, and leaning on his sword, caused it to make a clash—a clash which was understood by all the assistants, and which caused his terrible interlocutor to shudder.

At the moment when an artillery officer had pointed a cannon, he had his two legs shot off by a bullet. "The cannon is well pointed; fire!" cried he, falling. Off went

the shot, set a waggon on fire, and spread terror and death among the ranks of the enemy.

During the battle of Grochow, a boy, fourteen years of age, showed the intrepidity of a hero. This young soldier, named Ferdinand Danowski, carried away by an inconceivable bravery, had, in the middle of uninterrupted musket shots, advanced to an isolated elevation. There calmly facing the enemy, he did not cease firing; and it was not till after he had killed three soldiers and the officer commanding the troop, that he fell himself, struck by a ball. Being removed by his comrades who had run to his assistance, and who could not suppress their emotion, he said to his officer, without suffering a single complaint to escape him, "Save me, Colonel, I may still render some service to my country."

Garezynski, formerly a staff officer, nearly sixty years old, re-entered the ranks of the army as a private, and fought at the side of his son at the battle of Kurow. They were surrounded by a number of about twenty Russian dragoons. In vain did they endeavour to ward off their blows; the young man received a deep wound. Garezynski, seeing this, displayed a desperate bravery, and our soldiers had time to save the son and father.

A courier, sent by Marshal Diebitsch to the Emperor, having been taken by a lancer, offered him 400 ducats for his deliverance. "Though you were to give me 4000," replied the honest soldier, "I am a Pole, and shall not suffer you to pass." He immediately took his prisoner to the headquarters, presenting him to the General-in-chief, but without speaking of the action which he had performed with as much simplicity as nobleness. It was the courier himself, who, still more moved with admiration, related to the General all that had happened, exclaiming, "In all the armies of the Emperor, you would not find one single individual resembling this man."

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

SIR,—Should you think the contents of the following letter worthy consideration, I beg your insertion of them:—

The translators of Horace have unfortunately rendered Persæ, Persians; whereas, the Persians were, in the days of the Sabine bard, sunk as a nation. The writers of the Augustan era invariably designate by Persæ, the Parthians. A mistake very similar has been made by the illustrious admirer and translator of Cicero, who rendered Getæ (See Cicero. Ep. ad Att. 145.) "Goths," who were first heard of two hundred and fifty years after the persecuted orator's assassination.

It may fortune that some of your many readers were not aware of the fact; and to

English readers, unskilled in classic lore, such intelligence would not be ungrateful.

Leaving to your experienced judgment, whether or not to insert the foregoing remarks in your valuable periodical, I have the honour to sign myself,

Your humble Servant,

April 23, 1833.

P.

We have had much gratification in the perusal of *L'Europe Littéraire*, a new French Journal of remarkable excellence. Some of the Essays are full of a philosophical yet natural beauty that raises them to the height of standard compositions.

We propose shortly giving an article on the present state of the French periodical press, not forgetting the merits of the *Revue de Paris*, (edited by M. Pichot, author of the very interesting work on Charles Edward,) nor the various talent of the *Revue des deux Mondes*.

In answer to a Correspondent, who comments on an article in the Magazine of last month, called "Sketches at Paris," we beg to say that the author sent it us from Paris, where he has resided some years. We do not quite agree with his views, however amusing may be his portraits. We shall give early insertion to a very different kind of article, on the State of French Society, by the author of the paper on Talleyrand, published some time since in this Magazine.

Sonnets by A. F. B.

Poems by Theta.

Communications for the author of "The Permanent Epidemic" at Mr. Colburn's, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

Recollections of College.

REPOSE OF THE HOLY FAMILY.

A Sonnet.

By Mrs. Hemans.

UNDER a palm tree, by the green old Nile,
Lulled on his mother's breast the young child
lies,
With dove-like breathings, and a tender smile
Brooding above the slumber of his eyes :
And through the silence of the burning skies,
Lo ! the dread works of Egypt's buried kings,
Temple and pyramid, beyond him rise,
Regal and still, as everlasting things.
Vain pomps ! from Him, with that pure flowery
cheek,
Soft shadowed by his mother's bending head,
A new-born spirit, mighty and yet meek,
Through the whole world like vernal air shall
spread ;
And bid all earthly grandeurs cast the crown
Before the suffering and the lowly down.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS LATELY DECEASED.

REV. ROWLAND HILL.—THE Rev. Rowland Hill died on the 11th ult., at his house in Blackfriars-road, after an illness of about a week. Mr. Hill was born in August, 1744. He was the son of Sir Rowland Hill, Bart., of Hawkestone, an ancient and highly respectable Shropshire family. His elder brother, Sir Richard Hill, for several sessions sat in the House of Commons as member for the county: he was a man of distinguished piety, benevolence, and eccentricity, and was the author of a tract, entitled "Pietas Oxoniensis," in defence of the young men who were expelled from the University of Oxford, in 1766, for praying and expounding the Scriptures. This has given rise to the erroneous notion that Mr. Rowland Hill was one of the number. The present Lord Hill, Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's Forces, is nephew to the venerable personage who is the subject of this brief memorial.

Mr. Hill was educated at Eton College, whence he was removed to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of M.A. with some *éclat*. Before he was of age to take orders, he occasionally preached at the Tabernacle, and at the Tottenham-court-road Chapel, which threw some impediment in the way of his receiving ordination. The Bishop of Bath and Wells at length was induced to admit him to deacon's orders, which was the highest step he was permitted to attain in the hierarchy. Mr. Hill was, however, always tenacious of his clerical character, regarding himself as an episcopal clergyman. One of the first public occasions upon which he distinguished himself was in delivering a funeral oration on the death of Mr. Toplady, who had forbidden a funeral sermon to be preached on the occasion, and who, moreover, had expressed his disapprobation of some of Mr. Hill's uncanonical proceedings, although his young friend stood high in his esteem. In 1783, Mr. Hill laid the first stone of Surrey Chapel, which was opened in 1784; but although he was usually considered as the pastor, preaching there constantly during the winter, the chapel was not licensed as under his pastoral care. He generally spent a considerable portion of the summer in visiting various parts of the United Kingdom, preaching in places of worship of almost every denomination which would admit of his services, and occasionally to large assemblies in the open air. The remainder of the summer he usually passed at Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, where he had a house and a chapel. About the time that he opened Surry Chapel, he married Miss Mary Tudway, sister of Clement Tudway, Esq., M.P.

for Wells, by whom he had no issue. Mrs. Hill died a few years ago.

Few ministers of the Gospel have had to bear the scornful brunt of opposition—to contend against religious animosity—and to bear on through good report and evil report, through so long and active a career, as Mr. Hill. Few have challenged the encounter so boldly, or sustained it so single-handed. The independent and ambiguous ecclesiastical position which he assumed, as theoretically a Churchman and practically a Dissenter,—a Dissenter within the Church, a Churchman among Dissenters,—necessarily involved him, especially in the earlier part of his career, in continual polemic skirmishing. His very catholicism sometimes put on an aggressive form; for of nothing was he so intolerant as of sectarianism. But while he thus made himself many opponents, his blameless character precluded his having any personal enemies. The sarcastic or censorious polemic was forgotten in the warm-hearted philanthropist, the indefatigable evangelist, and consistent saint. It is quite true, that Mr. Hill both said and did things, occasionally, which few other men could have said with good effect, or done without imprudence. But the unimpeachable integrity and purity of his intentions, the sanctity of his life, the charm of his manners, the dignity of true breeding which rescued from vulgarity his most familiar phrases and his most eccentric actions, conspired to secure for him, through life, the affectionate veneration of all who enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance, or understood his character. In Mr. Hill, no ordinary degree of natural shrewdness was combined with an unsuspecting and guileless mind. This sometimes laid him open to imposition. Deep and accurate as was his acquaintance with human nature, he was not always quick-sighted in reading its appearances in the individual. He understood the heart better than the moral physiognomy of character: and thus his shrewdness did not preserve him altogether from forming mistaken estimates. His generous benevolence was a distinguishing trait of his character; and he seemed to have the power of inspiring his flock with a similar spirit. On two occasions on which collections were made in the churches and chapels throughout the kingdom, (the Patriotic Fund at Lloyd's, and the subscription for the relief of the German sufferers,) the collections at Surrey Chapel are recorded to have been the largest raised at any one place. The sum annually raised for charitable and religious institutions at Surrey Chapel, has been from 1,500*l.* to 2,000*l.* As a preacher, Mr. Hill was extremely unequal, as well as systematically unmethodical; generally

rambling, but pithy, often throwing out the most striking remarks, and sometimes interspersing touches of genuine pathos, amid much that bordered upon the ludicrous. But even in his most grotesque sallies, there was a redeeming simplicity of purpose and seriousness of intention. You felt that the preacher did not mean to trifle; that there was no attempt at display, no unbalanced familiarity in his feelings, or want of reverence to sacred things. In his more private expository exercises, he was generally grave and edifying, with few inequalities, and often highly impressive. In the devotional part of the service, he was uniformly chaste, solemn, and fervent. Of late years, the majesty of venerable age that invested his appearance added not a little to the impressive effect of his instructions. We shall never forget his rising to rebuke the tempestuous discord of the Bible Society Anniversary, held in Exeter Hall, in May, 1831. The keen yet mild reproof came from his lips with almost the force of prophetic authority; and the strong good sense of the few sentences he uttered, went directly home to the minds of the auditory. His physical powers had long been in a declining state, but his intellectual energies remained almost unimpaired to the end of his existence.

Among the publications of Mr. Rowland Hill are the following:—"Imposture Detected, and the dead Vindicated," 8vo. 1777.—"Sermon on the Death of the Rev. J. Rouquet, of Bristol," 8vo. 1778.—"Answer to J. Wesley's Remarks upon the Defence of the Character of Whitfield and others," 8vo. 1778.—"Sermon preached on occasion of Laying the First Stone of the Chapel in the Surrey-road," 1783.—"Aphoristic Observations proposed to the consideration of the public, respecting the Propriety of admitting Theatrical Amusements into Country Manufacturing Towns," 8vo., 1790.—"Expostulatory Letter to W. D. Tattersal, A. M.," in which the bad tendency of stage amusements is seriously considered, 8vo., 1796.—"Journal of a Tour through the North of England and parts of Scotland, with Remarks on the Present State of the Church of Scotland," 8vo., 1799.—"Extract from a Journal of a Second Tour from London through the Highlands of Scotland, and the North-western parts of England," 8vo., 1800.—"A Plea for Union, and a Free Propagation of the Gospel, being an Answer to Dr. Jameson's Remarks on the Author's Tour," 8vo., 1800.—"Village Dialogues," 2 vols., 1800.—"Apology for Sunday," 8vo., 1801.—"Cow-pock Inoculation Vindicated," 12mo., 1806.—"A Warning to Christian Professors," 12mo., 1806.—"Investigation of the Nature and Effects of Parochial Assessments being

charged on Places of Religious Worship," 1811.—"Letter on Roman Catholic Emancipation," 1813.

REV. EDMUND CARTWRIGHT. M.A., F.A.S.—On the 18th March, at Littlehampton, in Sussex, of a lingering illness, the Rev. Edmund Cartwright, M.A., F.A.S., Rector of Earnley, Vicar of Leominster, and Prebendary of Ferring, in the same county. By his amiable manners he was endeared to all who knew him, but his parishioners in particular will long retain a grateful recollection of his pastoral care and attention. His addresses from the pulpit were equally admired for the soundness of the doctrines they contained as for the persuasive and impressive manner in which they were delivered, and they were continued long after the effort became extremely detrimental to his declining health. A few weeks before his death, Mr. Cartwright officiated in the pulpit on the same day, both at Littlehampton, and Leominster, and administered the sacrament to a large number of communicants. His wasted appearance, combining with the earnestness and energy of his discourse, made on this occasion a deep impression on the minds of his affectionate auditory, who listened in almost breathless anxiety to catch the last thrilling accents of that melodious voice which was so soon to be for ever silent. Mr. Cartwright was the author of a "History of the Rape of Bramber," which is highly esteemed for the correct and extensive information it affords; and was also a contributor to the "Gentleman's Magazine," and other antiquarian publications. He was the only son of the Rev. Dr. Cartwright, well known on account of his scientific and literary attainments (especially as the inventor of the power-loom); and was also nephew to the late venerable and excellent Major Cartwright. Mr. Cartwright has left a widow and three sons; the eldest of whom is adjutant of the 23rd regiment of native infantry in Bombay; the second a midshipman on board his Majesty's ship the *Rattlesnake*, Captain Graham; and the third, intended for the navy, is at Dr. Burney's naval academy at Gosport.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Extracts from the Information received by his Majesty's Commissioners as to the administration and Operation of the Poor-Laws. Published by Authority. 8vo.

THE operation of the Poor-laws, be it for evil or good, is in their administration: that the miseries which this has created, amounting almost to the demoralization and ruin of the people, require the prompt and effectual interference of Parliament, these extracts

fully demonstrate. The Commissioners assure his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, that the modes in which the Poor-laws are administered, the motives to their mal-administration, and the results of each form of mal-administration, are so numerous and so diversified, that a complete statement of them, even without comment, would fill a much larger volume than that which they now present to his lordship. The details in confirmation of this statement are fearful; the baneful effects of the system, as it is now carried on, not in the agricultural districts merely, but through the whole country, are steadily and rapidly progressive. What is to be done? Either the Poor-laws will destroy the country, or the country must annihilate their mal-administration. Half measures will not avail. The axe must be laid to the root of the tree. Out-door pauperism must cease. Employment must be found for all that can work, and that employment must be sustained by adequate wages; and parish relief afforded only to the aged, the infirm, and the destitute, who cannot help themselves. What other changes are implied before the working poor can be brought to this condition of independence, we are not prepared to discuss; but one thing is certain, the Poor-laws cannot continue as they are; and our charitable institutions must not operate as premiums on idleness and profligacy.—Mr. Chadwick's evidence is of remarkable value.

History of Moral Science. By Robert Blakey, author of an Essay on Moral Good and Evil. 2 vols. 8vo.

This work professes to give to the general reader, and the student of moral philosophy, a condensed and correct outline of the leading theories of moral duty, which are either in common circulation in our seminaries of learning, or are referred to in the writings of our most popular theoretic moralists. A short biographical notice accompanies the analysis of each system, which, for the most part, are taken from Aikin's General Biography, the Edinburgh and London Encyclopædias, and other similar sources.

The author refers all the systems he has examined to six distinct heads—1st. The eternal and immutable nature of all moral distinctions; 2nd. That utility, public or private, is the foundation of moral obligation; 3d. That all morality is founded upon the will of God; 4th, That a moral sense, feeling, or emotion, is the ground of virtue; 5th. That it is by supposing ourselves in the situation of others, or by a species of sympathetic mechanism, that we derive our notions of good and evil; and 6th. The doctrine of vibrations and the association of ideas. Those whose doctrine is mainly

founded upon the first principle—that of the eternal and immutable nature of all moral distinctions—are Dr. Cudworth and Mr. Locke; Bishop Cumberland, who adopts however, the principle with more qualifications than several others; Mr. Wollaston, by his fitness of things; and Dr. Clarke, by the truth of things; Dr. Price, Mr. Gisborne, and Dr. Dewar.

Those writers who ground their theories upon the doctrine of utility, or, as it is termed, the selfish system, are rather numerous. Mr. Hobbes is the first on the list; Mr. Hume and Mandeville are of the same school: Pope and Bolingbroke, that is if the former understood his master, take the universal weal as the standard of morals. Paley, Godwin, and Bentham advocate the same principle. Archbishop King stands alone in maintaining that the will of God is the sole foundation of virtue,—if we except Dr. Paley, who has coupled this principle with the system of expediency. Those who are advocates for a moral sense are Shaftesbury, Bishop Butler, Dr. Hutcheson, Lord Kames, Professor Stewart, and Dr. Thomas Brown; Dr. Cogan's theory seems grounded on the same views. Dr. Adam Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments is the only one which is grounded solely on the principle of sympathy. Dr. Priestley and Dr. Hartley are the only two writers who maintain that the association of ideas is the ground of good and evil. Mr. Blakey observes, "That there are none of these different systems that are not, in some degree, founded on truth; but the great imperfection which runs through them all is, that they attempt to generalize too much. We cannot resolve all the moral feelings and habits of our nature into one general principle." And he adds, "I readily confess, however, that as a mere theory, I am inclined to approve of Archbishop King's in preference to any other." Perhaps were we to pursue the subject, we should arrive at the same conclusion. In our apprehension, religion is the great basis of morality; and as it is only by a divine revelation that we can come to a knowledge of this, in all its bearings, as we are connected with the Diet and each other, and with the present and a future state, we must decide upon the nature and obligation of virtue according to the revealed dictates of Heaven. Hence arises the necessity that the will of God should be made known to us; and when this is ascertained, the reasonableness of implicit obedience to whatever it requires.

The work is executed with considerable ability, and will be read by all who desire to obtain an acquaintance with the elements of moral science, and with the sources whence a more extended knowledge of the subject may be derived, with great advantage.

A Treatise on the Physiology and Diseases of the Eye; containing a new mode of curing Cataract without an Operation; Experiments and Observations on Vision; also on the Inflection, Reflection, and Colours of Light; together with Remarks on the Preservation of Sight, and on Spectacles, Reading-glasses, &c. By John Harrison Curtis, Esq. Oculist; and Aurist in Ordinary to his Majesty, &c. &c. 4s. 8vo.

BEFORE we proceed to give an account of this work, it may not be uninteresting or misplaced to state a few particulars relative to the author. Mr. Curtis, a gentleman whose name as an aurist has for many years stood among the foremost in this country, is descended from a family in which skill in the healing art, and the sciences connected with it, seems to be hereditary. Mr. William Curtis, the celebrated botanist, who instituted the herbarising at Apothecaries' Hall, and was the author of the "Botanical Magazine," the "Flora Londinensis," &c. was his uncle; John Curtis, his grandfather, a member of the Society of Friends, was a surgeon of no inconsiderable repute, at Alton, in Hampshire; and his father was long eminent as a physician. Having enjoyed the benefit of early instruction under the latter, in due time Mr. Curtis came to London, and diligently attended the lectures of the most celebrated professors in the metropolis; and, after obtaining his qualifications from the Royal College of Surgeons, he was appointed one of the medical officers to the Royal Naval Hospital at Haslar, where he served nearly six years. His conduct here appears to have given the greatest satisfaction to the various authorities; and, in consequence, he was promoted to the rank of a principal medical officer to the dépôt of prisoners of war at Forton, in which there were nearly 5000 men. While at Haslar, he had also the good fortune to be introduced to his present most gracious Majesty, then Duke of Clarence, on the occasion of his inspecting that establishment, and to obtain a warm expression of his commendation of his zeal and ability. At the close of the war Mr. Curtis returned to London, well versed, not only in the theoretical details of his profession, but having had the most ample opportunities of seeing disease, and, as we have shown above, having, by the testimony of the most competent persons, zealously profited by his advantages. About the year 1816, he began to make the diseases of the ear his most particular study; and seeing the numbers of the poor who were afflicted with such maladies, he successfully devoted all his energies to the formation of the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear. In this good work he was assisted by many of the brightest ornaments of rank, wealth, genius, science, and philanthropy; and the institution may now

be said to stand upon a secure and lasting basis, being supported by their Majesties the King and Queen, by several other members of the Royal Family, and by the most distinguished nobility and gentry: a glance over the list of patrons will fully bear us out as to the truth of what we here assert. But Mr. Curtis's enterprising mind was not yet satisfied; and having, in his extensive practice in all the various affections of the ear, had continual occasion to notice the intimate connexion existing between the eye and ear, and having been convinced of this fact by the circumstance of having, in many cases, cured amaurosis, dimness of sight, &c., by remedies intended only for aural complaints, he has been induced to give the subject that full and deliberate consideration which its importance deserves; one of the first consequences of which is the present Treatise, in which he explains his motives, views, and expectations, besides giving us a capital, yet popular, account of the principal diseases of the eye, illustrated by some valuable cases confirmatory of the success of his plan of treatment. But we must now lay before our readers some account of this work.

After an instructive Introduction, Mr. Curtis enters on his subject, and divides his work into six chapters; in the first of which he treats of the physiology, or structure and uses of the different parts of the eye; and ends it with a description of the organ in quadrupeds, birds, fishes, and insects: this latter portion is very interesting, and will well repay an attentive perusal. Indeed, it seems to be the aim of Mr. Curtis to amuse while he instructs; and instead of following the plan of some writers, who think that scientific knowledge ought to be conveyed only in a dry and unattractive form, he strews around his path the lighter flowers of literature, and does not disdain to enliven his subject with classical story and historical allusion. The second chapter is on the external diseases of the eye; and the third on those that are internal. Under the first class are ophthalmia, epiphora, ulceration, specks and opacities of the cornea, pterygium, staphyloma, and iritis; and under the latter, cataract, cancer, and amaurosis. Of cataract, Mr. Curtis says,—

"It is necessary thoroughly to examine the eye, and to be satisfied that the disease is actually cataract, as it is often a matter of considerable difficulty to determine whether the cataract be *spurious* or not. In all cases of incipient cataract, I should recommend, occasionally, a moderate abstraction of blood from behind the ears, and the application of a small blister to the nape of the neck, or behind the ears, which should be kept open some weeks. After the chronic inflammation is subdued, the cataract is to be touched every morning with a solution of the *potassa cum calce*, beginning with a weak solution, and increasing it gradually. In the incipient stage of cataract I am convinced much good

may be done, and a cure effected; but when the disease is become confirmed, and the patient is old and feeble, there is little to be expected, and an operation had always better be avoided."

It does appear to us that this plan of treatment is so judicious, and at the same time so simple, that it must recommend itself to the judgment of all who read it. The remarks on amaurosis, and the prescriptions for it, are equally deserving of praise, and show that the object of Mr. Curtis is to cure at the least possible amount of pain and inconvenience, and not, as we regret to say is the case with but too many oculists of the present day, to advise operations where, if they knew anything of the organ they profess to treat, they must be aware that there is not much chance of success.

A chapter on Light comes next; appended to which are selections from a series of experiments and observations on the Inflection, Reflection, and Colours of Light, by Lord Brougham, when only sixteen years of age. We are sure we need add nothing more than this bare statement to induce our readers to peruse them with avidity.

The sixth chapter is on the Preservation of Sight, and on Spectacles. It contains advice of paramount importance to all who wish to preserve their sight unimpaired to old age, and is agreeably diversified by various matters: for instance, we are told that "his late Majesty, George IV. was always particularly careful of his eyes; and it is by no means improbable that the afflictive blindness of his revered father, during several of the closing years of his life, was often present to his mind, and was the main cause of his care in this respect. The spectacles he used for viewing distant objects were No. 6; for nearer objects, No. 2; but it is very singular, that for reading he wore only preservers of 36 inches focus." The chapter is also enriched by some valuable notes from Sir David Brewster, Dr. Smith's work on Optics, Dr. Young, &c., to which we can only refer our readers.

A few miscellaneous remarks, selected from various portions of the work, shall close our notice.

The following curious physiological fact, as regards the eye of the opossum, is new to us:—"The size of the crystalline lens varies in proportion to that of the vitreous humour, and sometimes very considerably. My friend Dr. Weatherhead," adds Mr. Curtis, "found the largest lens, in this point of view, in the eye of the opossum; one of which he presented to the Zoological Society, and which is now in their gardens."

The ensuing shows how anxious Mr. Curtis is to obtain information on all that concerns the structure of the eye and ear:—"I was present at the dissection of an ostrich by Mr. Brookes, in the Gardens of the Zoological Society; and was afterwards

favoured with a more particular examination of the eye and ear of this gigantic bird, called by the Arabs *the ship of the desert*."

After giving, in the Introduction, a masterly *coup d'œil* over the structure of the human body, we have these striking remarks:

"But wonderful as all this is, and much as our astonishment is excited by the nice adaptation of means to their various ends, yet another principle remains to be noticed more wonderful than these—I mean the soul—the immortal *ego*—about the seat of which much has been written, hitherto unsuccessfully, and which some have supposed to be in the pineal gland, others in the corpus callosum, others in the cerebrum, and some in the cerebellum. Yet much as this purely speculative question has engaged attention, it is strange that so few endeavours have been made to answer the practically-important query of—Where is the principle seat of disease? Instead of discussing what we can know nothing about, would it not be wiser and better to seek to solve this great problem? If it be in any one part more than another, I should be inclined to think that part is the semilunar ganglion and solar plexus, situated near the stomach, and connected with the great sympathetic nerve, which exercises such a leading influence on all the organs of the body, and more particularly on those of the eye and ear."

The importance of an accurate acquaintance with the functions of these ganglia has induced Mr. Curtis to spare no pains to accomplish this object; he has accordingly, he tells us, recently had an opportunity of carefully examining them, when he divided with a scalpel the semilunar ganglion and solar and celiac plexuses, in the dissecting-room of the King's College, in the presence of the demonstrator of anatomy, Mr. Partridge, of which he gives a full and particular account.

Mr. Curtis's object in publishing this work, is "to prove that in diseases of the eye the best results may be expected from mild means, if employed in time; and to show that a very large portion of the operations now performed on this organ are not only unnecessary, but are in fact injurious, and destructive of the end for which they are undergone. Indeed, Professor Thomson of Edinburgh, and the late Mr. Abernethy, have both affirmed that *the triumph of surgery is to cure without an operation*."

Of the cases we have said nothing; they are plain, straightforward statements of facts, without any wordy adornments, and convince us that the aim of the author in them has been *res, non verba*. We may add, that they bear out the statements made in the Pathology in a manner the most complete. We cordially recommend the work to all classes troubled with affections of the eyes; but to our own craft it addresses itself with particular emphasis, as well as to barristers, clergymen, and indeed to all whose employments are literary. The value of the hints and cautions in the chapter on preserving the sight, &c. is so very great, that

they should be engraven on the palms of the hands of all such individuals.

John Milton, his Life and Times; Religious and Political Opinions; with an Appendix, containing animadversions upon Dr. Johnson's "Life of Milton," &c. &c. By Joseph Ivimey, author of the "History of the English Baptists," &c. &c. &c. 8vo.

JOHN MILTON and JOSEPH IVIMEY!—The historian of the English Baptists, and the author of the "Paradise Lost!" The greatest and the meanest names in our literature thus strangely associated was a problem which at first startled us, but we soon solved it, when we remembered that inferior minds frequently mistake arrogance for ambition, and that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." What could persuade the coarse, unclassical, bigoted Baptist, who stamped infamy upon himself by a vain endeavour to sully and obscure the glory of the great liberal of his party,—the illustrious Robert Hall,—what could induce this man to undertake the life of Milton; a task so entirely beyond his sphere, and for which he does not possess a single qualification? Two reasons, besides his overweening and ludicrous vanity, will account for this amazing presumption: it afforded him an opportunity of wounding the feelings of the English Catholics of the nineteenth century, by identifying them with popery as it existed in this country soon after the dawn of the Reformation, and which Milton so powerfully assailed; that his leading motive was, doubtless, the notion that he could add something to the glory of his sect by connecting the name of Milton with their distinguishing tenet—that of adult, in opposition to infant baptism. This he might have done in the Baptist Magazine, or in some single page of some forthcoming Homily, without attempting his life. If a jury could be summoned to decide on this remarkable case, they might, perhaps, bring in a verdict of "insanity;" we are sure it would not be "justifiable homicide."

Mr. Ivimey begins his preface with an assertion which he must know is not borne out by facts. "The former biographers of Milton," he tells us, "have exhibited him principally in his character as a *poet*, but have obscured his features as a *patriot*, a *Protestant*, and *Non-Conformist*." Is this to be endured, when Dr. Symmons's book is probably in every library in the empire? How dare Mr. Ivimey affirm that the character of Milton is not fully and universally portrayed in the liberal and enlightened pages of this beautiful piece of elegant and attractive biography? Was he likely to obscure the lustre of the Patriot or the Protestant, who thus describes himself in his preface—"I glory, as I profess myself to be a *whig*, to be of the school of *SOWERS* and of

LOCKE, to arrange myself in the same political class with those enlightened and virtuous statesmen who framed the BILL OF RIGHTS and the ACT OF SETTLEMENT; and who, presenting a crown which they had wrested from a pernicious bigot and his family, to the HOUSE OF HANOVER, gave that most honourable and legitimate of titles, the FREE CHOICE OF THE PEOPLE, to the Sovereign who now wields the imperial sceptre of Britain."

Mr. Ivimey also blunders in the first page, and *mistakes* from ignorance in the very next paragraph to that in which he misrepresents from prejudice. He attributes the translation of Milton's "Treatise of Christian Doctrine" to the present Bishop of Chester; he ought to have known that it was translated and published by his brother, the Bishop of Winchester, when he was Deputy Clerk of the Closet, and Librarian to the King. When the size and price of Dr. Symmons's work are considered, what are we to think of Mr. Ivimey when he declares "that the Lives of Milton have usually been so large and expensive, that they have been placed out of the reach of the generality of readers?" and is it likely that his coarse, vulgar, ungrammatical, and sectarian performance, nearly as large as Symmons's volume, and not much less in price, will supersede this admirable specimen of good writing, just criticism, and liberal and manly thinking? We cannot, therefore, flatter his "hopes that a small volume, comprising everything of importance respecting this noble-minded and gigantic man, will not be unacceptable nor unprofitable to the bulk of his countrymen." We want no Protestant Dissenting life of Milton. If Robert Hall had undertaken to give to the world Milton's Life and Times, would he have dreamed of such a thing as binding him to a sect? Hall was, perhaps, the only Non-conformist of modern times that could have done justice to such a theme. He could

"Soar aloft where Milton sits;"

while poor Joseph Ivimey never waddled beyond the precincts of a barn-door in his life. We imagine that educated, high-minded, and liberal Protestant Dissenters will feel themselves under very slender obligations to this their good Baptist brother for meddling with things too high for him.

Lives of Eminent Missionaries. By John Carne, Esq. Vol. II. 12mo. Select Library. Vol. VIII.

We noticed the former volume of this work, and commended it in terms which, we believe, it justly merits. The present is, in all respects, equal to it. The Memoir of David Brainerd is a masterpiece of biography. Mr. Carne has a true perception of moral as well as of scenic beauty; and his

descriptions are frequently touched with sublimity and pathos.

The Life of Archbishop Cranmer. By Charles Webb Le Bas, M.A. Vol. I. 12mo. Theological Library. Vol. IV.

We notice this first volume of the "Life of Archbishop Cranmer," chiefly for the purpose of announcing that such a work is in progress; and that it is our intention to enter much more at large into the contents of the entire work when we receive the second volume. We now only remark, in passing, that Mr. Le Bas writes under a very natural bias: he is something of a high-churchman; and is enamoured of his subject, not so much on account of its intrinsic excellence, as from its connexion with the hierarchy, of which he is a great admirer and strenuous defender. "The master-builder of the Protestant church of England," in our view, was not the best architect in the world. He was too full of the old model to give us the plain and simple structure of a complete and thorough reformation. He was first a persecutor; and therefore cannot be truly considered as a martyr. Those who use the sword, sometimes perish by the sword. Cranmer and Calvin were good men; but as they professed to understand the Gospel, and to teach it to mankind, they ought to have displayed its spirit. We will never extenuate the guilt of persecution, nor listen with patience to apologies offered in behalf of intolerance, whether the offender be Thomas à Becket, Thomas Cranmer, or the Rev. Charles Webb Le Bas, or any other Reverend or Right Reverend that may choose to sit in judgment upon the conscience of his brother. Protestantism implies the right of every man to think for himself in matters of religion; Popery denies this right; it assumes infallibility, and persecution is the natural and necessary consequence. The Protestant cannot persecute, without branding both himself and his system with the grossest inconsistency.

Tours in Upper India, and in Parts of the Himalaya Mountains. By Major Archer. 2 Vols.

Major Archer, during his residence in India, acted as Aid-de-Camp to Lord Combermere, and had, therefore, peculiar opportunities of making himself acquainted with many scenes and persons of which travellers, under less favourable circumstances, must have continued ignorant. The jealousy of the native Princes is well known; but their tents were uncovered at the approach of a British magnate and his train. Major Archer has turned his advantages to good account. His work contains much that is both useful and interesting: it is written in a plain and simple style, with more attention

to fact than to ornament. The more valuable portions are those which relate to the visits of the Commander-in-Chief to the courts of the native Princes; the ceremonies observed, the amusements prepared, and the character and habits of the various groups in attendance.

The Testimony of Nature and Revelation to the Being, Perfections, and Government of God. By the Rev. Henry Fergus, Dunfermline. 12mo.

A very seasonable and valuable work. Its philosophy is unimpeachable, and its theology pure and elevated. The sceptic, whether he derives his sophisms from nature or revelation, is here answered. The author assumes the principle that man is a rational, immortal, and accountable being, in a course of education for a higher stage of existence; and he has undertaken to instruct him in all that it concerns him to know in his probationary state. He, of course, attaches infinite importance to the revelation of His will with which the Almighty has favoured us in the Holy Scriptures. The Gospel, he tells us, is closely allied to natural religion; and its accordance with the appearances of the world, and the constitution of the human mind, is a proof of their common origin. It brightens our prospects under the trials of life, and gives clearer and more comprehensive views of faith and duty than the volume of creation affords; yet, as there are many valuable works on evangelical truth in common circulation, instead of enlarging on this part of the subject, Mr. Fergus has satisfied himself with giving a general view of the evidences of divine revelation; of its harmony with the intimations of nature; and of the duties of piety and obedience to which it leads. We heartily concur with him in the hope that the serious consideration of the whole may, under the blessing of God, help to confirm the faith, comfort the heart, and encourage the pious exertions of those who love the truth and desire to obey it. In this volume, and in the generality of treatises which reach us from the other side of the Tweed, we observe a commendable absence of sectarian antipathies and prejudices. These writers do not place their particular church above Christianity: in this their discretion is equal to their charity.

Lives of the British Admirals, with an Introductory View of the Naval History of England. By Robert Southey, LL.D., Poet-Laureate. Vol. I. 12mo. Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XL.

Dr. Southey is unquestionably one of the most industrious men of this working generation. He that has written so much, and who has so many readers among all classes and all parties, must possess considerable talents and a large fund of general information.

Dr. Southey, with qualifications of a very superior order, is a man surfeited with prejudices—prejudices in politics, in religion, and in literature; he has given to party what was meant for mankind. But he is, notwithstanding, a writer of great power, and is peculiarly gifted in making the worse appear the better cause. The present undertaking exhibits his talents and acquirements in a favourable point of view; and this introductory volume discovers great patience of research, great facility in the use of his materials, and a wonderful power of communicating his own impressions to the minds of his readers. He has raised a monument to the naval glory of his country in these pages, which is worthy of the biographer of Nelson, and which will place him high among the chronicles of her fame. "*O si sic omnia!*"

Entomological Magazine. No. III.

This is, to our taste, by far the best number of this interesting periodical that has yet appeared. The exquisite letter by Rusticus, on the Hop-fly, will render it highly serviceable to the grower of that very precarious plant. Rusticus seems not only thoroughly to understand his subject, but has the happy knack of making it intelligible to others. In our last notice we gave a long extract from this writer: we shall now select for quotation an article of a far different kind, yet no less excellent in its way—a Monody on the death of the celebrated French author, Latreille, who has been, during the last fifty years, continually publishing works on natural history, all of which are held in the highest estimation. The verses are appropriate, and full of good poetry as well as good feeling.

"A voice of sorrow floats upon the gale,
"Tis Science weeps—she weeps for thee, Latreille!"

At length thy bright career is o'er,
Thy honoured voice shall teach no more;
And we, who doatingly have hung
Upon the wisdom of thy tongue,
All eager lest a single word
Should chance to pass thy lips unheard.
That, as a father's to his child,
Instruction poured in accents mild,
Not only to bright science true,
But advocating virtue too—
Now drop upon thy hallowed bier
The honest tribute of a tear.

"Oh, Frenchman! dost thou wonder? wouldst thou know

Whence comes this lay, and whose this strain of woe?

And deem'st thou that no honest hand
Can hold the pen in foreign land,
And thus with grief unfeign'd bewail
Thy own, thy loved, thy lost Latreille,
Nor seek to hide his sterling worth,
Because thy country gave him birth?—

Oh ! learn that our impartial eye
Finds merit under any sky ;
Our pearls of knowledge have been strung
From every land, in every tongue ;
And shall we ill for good return,
Nor let the palm where won be worn ?
No ! when our Fire-fly spreads her wings,
An equal light on all she flings ;
A guardian banner is unfurled
For merit over all the world !

"And, Britain, as thou readest, put to rest
All envious feeling, if such haunt thy breast.

The mighty has resign'd his trust,
The teacher mingles with the dust ;
And surely we shall seek in vain
To find on earth his like again.
O, let not then thy niggard frown
Attempt to dim his radiant crown ;
But keep his matchless worth in view,
And honour give where honour's due ;
Boughs of the weeping-willow bear—
Wreaths of the gloomy cypress wear ;
And with us pay thy tribute here—
One heartfelt sigh, one parting tear."

The Political Text Book.

The Political Text Book comprises a view of the origin and objects of government, and an examination of the principal political and social institutions of England. This volume is recommended to all by its convenient size (for a great book is a great evil); to the many by its extraordinary cheapness; to the few by the judgment, care, and good taste by which it is pervaded. We find that the titles of its principal divisions are those "of society and government;" of "political rights, duties, and restraints;" of "the source, creation, and distribution of wealth;" of "property; and of political and religious distinctions." Under these several heads are arranged some most judiciously selected extracts from the writings of Swift, Smith, Rousseau, Price, Paley, Paine, Montesquieu, Milton, Mandeville, Locke, Junius, Hume, Helvetius, Hodgskin, Godwin, Franklin, Cooper, Burke, Bolingbroke, Blackstone, Bacon, and Bentham. It is almost to be regretted, though certainly an error on the right side, that we should have so little from the compiler himself; for the little of his own composition with which we are favoured creates no small desire for more; marked as it uniformly is by a spirit of humane and enlarged philosophy, and by a style possessing all the properties of harmony, perspicuity, and force. Of this excellent little volume it may, with perfect truth, be said, that there is no one important subject of politics, political economy, the principles of morals and legislation, or anything which could bear upon social institutions or public happiness, in which the reader may not have the reasonings and opinions of men the

wisest, the ablest, and the most benevolent, that ever adorned or enlightened the human race. This publication is, at the present moment, most opportune; for the great struggle between the dominant few and the oppressed many has commenced in right earnest; and the period of its duration, as well as the success of its final issue, are wholly dependent upon the kind and extent of popular knowledge.

Sermons preached in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Upper Chelsea. By the Rev. William Edelman, A.B., late Curate of that Parish. 12mo.

All that we can say of the late Chelsea curate is that in our opinion, few rectors preach so well; and that we wish all the parishes in the empire were supplied with curates such as Mr. Edelman. The sermons are plain without being coarse; their whole tendency seems to be to enkindle and to keep alive a spirit of rational devotion, as the great incentive of Christian virtue. Mr. Bradley's sermons are, we understand, in great demand among the orthodox clergy. Mr. Edelman's, we think, are quite equal to them, both as to sentiment and composition, and we cordially recommend them to the same class of readers.

The True Doctrine of the Latin Subjunctive Mood proved upon the Authority of the best Latin Classics. By the Rev. R. Bathurst Greenlaw, M. A. of Worcester College, Oxford. 8vo.

At a time when the knowledge, or rather an intimate and deep acquaintance, of the classics, is confessedly so rarely to be met, it has given us no slight degree of pleasure to find a gentleman pursuing his study of the dead languages with so much classical ardour as to raise him to the arduous undertaking of extracting truth, where so many of our very first scholars had found the bottom of the well too deep for them to reach. Mr. Greenlaw, notwithstanding the wearying duties of a school,—notwithstanding the many disappointments, the constant anxiety, which we conclude no schoolmasters are exempted from,—has, convinced of the truth of the doctrine he propounds in the book before us, ardently seized every leisure moment in following it through all the windings of its recess; and the fruit of this honourable labour are the pages now before us.

Dr. Crombie, Dr. Copleston, the present Bishop of Llandaff, and Dr. Parr, are among the number of our classics who have attempted to unravel the doctrine of the Latin subjunctive mood, and to lay down and explain rules for its right use and proper application; but all the results of their endeavours have, instead of simpli-

lying, tended to involve the use of the subjunctive mood in greater uncertainty and doubt. Each has proposed a number of rules, more or less, all having an infinity of exceptions: and in consequence of this accumulation of rules and exceptions, the subjunctive mood had become a second Tower of Babel, surrounded by builders all using different methods in its construction. The object of Mr. Greenlaw's work is to prove "that the Latins were guided by some fixed and easy principle" in their use of the subjunctive mood—what that principle is—and that it is an universal test admitting of no single exception.

The Private Life of our Lord Jesus Christ, considered as an Example to all his Disciples, and a Demonstration of his Mission. By Thomas Williams. 12mo.

We are too much pleased with the contents of this volume to quarrel with its title, which does not give a just view of its pretensions. Mr. Williams has been long before the public as a polemic and a theologian, a biblical critic, a translator of Solomon's Song, and the editor of the Cottage Bible,—a work which is learned without ostentation—which sometimes condenses in a page the substance of a volume—which patiently unravels real difficulties and starts no imaginary ones—which the scholar can consult with advantage, and which the poor man cannot read without receiving instruction and comfort. The present volume is a beautiful narrative of the entire life of the founder of Christianity. It distinguishes between the man Christ Jesus and the Divinity to which the human nature was united. In the one he is exhibited as an example; in the other as the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Mighty God, who, by miracles of power, and by sustaining the suffering being of humanity, achieved the redemption of mankind. The practical tendency of the whole constitutes its chief excellence. We congratulate the author on the continued vigour of his faculties. At the age of seventy-five a man does not want the compliments of a circle he expects so soon to leave. But yet it may gratify him to know that, in the estimation of his contemporaries, his last work is not a whit inferior to those which he produced in the meridian of his life, and that it appears to them the most appropriate close to his numerous and useful labours in the cause of virtue and happiness.

The Tyrol. By the Author of "Spain" in 1830. 2 vols.

We have had frequent occasion to praise the works of Mr. Inglis. He is an agreeable and enlightened traveller, and an hour spent in his company is always well spent. If the ground over which he has lately journeyed has been less fertile than Spain, he

has found, at least, enough to yield ample recompense for his labour.

THE DRAMA.

THE Drama has been even more than usually barren during the past month. The influenza appears to have threatened long before it came; and when it did come and actually closed the doors of our theatres—of all save one—it seemed more like a public relief than a public affliction; so far, at least, as the large houses were concerned. Of novelty, at Drury Lane and Covent-Garden, there has been none. M. Laporte has wisely abstained from expenditure that produces nought; and Captain Polhill was but little disposed to go out with a flash—to terminate his career in glory. He has given place to Mr. Bunn; and Mr. Bann, as the new lessee, has not yet had time to satisfy us as to whether he means to continue the old plan or to invent and follow a new. We shall wait with considerable anxiety to ascertain his decision upon this matter. If he can do no better than his predecessor has done, why then

"Farewell; a long farewell,"

to all the greatness of old Drury, and to all hopes of its prosperity.

The English Opera Company, at the Adelphi, is proceeding well, and we understand successfully. Few men have higher claims upon public support than Mr. Arnold—no theatre a better right to anticipate patronage on the part of all who regard the drama. Mr. Morris, at the Haymarket, has contrived to secure a very efficient *corps dramatique*—efficient we say, taking the present state of the "profession" into consideration; for perhaps, within the last half century, there has not been so lamentable a lack of talent—either original or acquired—wherewith to support the acted drama. Our great lights have either gone out or gone off—Kean in the doctor's hands, Kemble in America, Young enjoying the *otium*, &c., and Macready—we know not where. It is, therefore, to Warde, and Vining, and Kean, junior, and a few more of the true melo-dramatic school, that Shakspeare is to be confided,—if he be fool-hardy enough to show his once honoured countenance upon the boards of either of the "big" houses. We look, with deep anxiety, to the coming of a time when matters will be otherwise—when genius may be fostered, encouraged, and rewarded, as in the days when to write for and to act upon the stage were considered among the higher and more noble efforts of which the human mind is capable. Our notice of this month cannot embrace the new drama of Mr. Sheridan Knowles; and we regret it. Although we do not class him with the Beaumonts and Fletchers and Massingers, the persons of the better age of English dramatic literature, we estimate him sufficiently high to hail with pleasure any production from his pen. If he stands almost alone, at the present moment, or at least far above all competitors, it is not because there are none that can compete with him, but because there are none that will, while it is neither honourable nor profitable so to do. A better era is, we trust, at hand—we have sunk so low that it would be difficult to sink deeper.

FINE ARTS.

THE WATER COLOUR GALLERIES.—The water colour galleries, old and new, are now open to

the public. Both have deserved well, and both will, doubtless, be successful. It is known that the elder, however high may be its merits, is a sort of monopoly. It consists of a company from whence competition is comparatively excluded. Its members have had their recompense; they have earned it, and they have had it. The new—the “associated society” have adopted another plan, one more in keeping with the character of the age—more liberal; we will add more just. This body will also meet with its reward. They will earn it, and they will have it.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Mr. Faraday read a lecture on Mr. Brunel’s new mode of constructing arches. Mr. Brunel lately raised an experimental structure at Rotherhithe, consisting of a pier and two semi-arches, one on each side. One of these is the half of an arch 100ft. span; the other the half of an arch 80ft. The portion of a bridge which is thus formed is 4ft. 6in. in width, and 95ft. in length; it weighs about 105 tons, is loaded at the shorter end with 1½ tons of iron, to keep it in equipoise: it is built of brick and Roman cement, and stands upon no other support than the pier; nor was any other centering used in its construction than two or three small boards, which hung from the structure itself. These extraordinary results arise from the use of ties in the upper courses of brick-work, of which the bridge consists. The ties are of hoop-iron, about three-quarters of an inch wide and one-fifth thick; these are here and there embedded horizontally in the cement, making the joints, and trussing, as it were, the bridge, and preventing the projecting arms constituted by the semi-arches from falling. They support the arches in a manner equivalent to that of the powerful and costly centering usually referred to in the construction of large arches. Mr. Faraday explained these points, and the manner in which the practical details were carried on, by reference to experimental trials, drawings, and a model, upon a large scale, of a proposed bridge over the river Thames. The anticipated advantages of the mode are, the use of cheaper materials than stone—of substances lighter, not only in their specific weight, but because of the smaller quantity required,—diminution of the workmanship, and, consequently, of expense,—less costly foundations and centerings,—avoidance of settlements,—and non-interference with the river beneath. The value of the Roman cement in the proposed mode of construction, its hardness, its adhesion to iron, wood, or even hempen ties, were stated, and illustrated by many trials: and important numerical results were given upon these and correlative points.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.—To George Biddell Airy, Plumian Professor of Astronomy in the University of Cambridge, the Society’s medal was this year awarded, for a paper, read before the Royal Society, on an Irregularity of Long Period in the Motions of the Earth and Venus. Amongst the less perfect parts of the system developed by Newton, may be reckoned that which relates to the cause of certain small irregularities or disturbances in the motion of the planets. After a lapse of sixty years, Clairaut was the first that investigated the method by which the cause of the planetary disturbances is explained, and their effect computed. From the time of Clairaut to the present, the list is but small of those who have ventured to attack this profound and intricate inquiry. In it, however, are to be found the names

of D’Alembert and Euler, (who, with Clairaut, may be considered the founders of the planetary theory,) La Grange, and La Place, by whose researches it was shown, that the apparent anomalies in the motion of Jupiter and Saturn, which seemed at one time to impair the Newtonian system, have only tended more effectually to strengthen and confirm it: but professor Airy’s is the first successful attempt made by any Englishman, since the time of Newton, to improve the planetary tables; and in the paper alluded to, his investigations leave behind those of Euler, La Grange, and La Place, although the latter was assisted by Burckhardt.

BATH LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INSTITUTION.—At a recent meeting Dr. Kay read a paper “on the Erect Posture of the Body, as peculiar to Man,” of which the following is a brief outline:

After congratulating the Meeting upon the formation and increasing prosperity of the Institution, and expressing a hope that, in the absence of other communications, his present “feeble, and perhaps premature effort, to advance the objects contemplated in its establishment,” would shield him from the charge of intrusion, and insure to him, “as a volunteer in the newly formed corps,” the lenient clemency of his fellow associates; Dr. Kay made some general remarks upon the study of natural history, more especially that branch of it which embraces man and the inferior animals; tracing the superiority of the former to his “moral and intellectual relations with the world around him. As constituted lord of the creation, man walks forth in all the pride and majesty of undisputed authority—unquestioned supremacy. It is true, the lower tribes of animals, the subjects of his unlimited, his despotic sway, no longer fawn, and gamble, and disport themselves, for very pleasure at his feet—it is true, ‘the fear of man, and the dread of man, is now upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea’—it is true, they instinctively shun his approach, and betake themselves to their separate and secret places of retreat, and leave man the solitary tenant of the scene—or, at a distance wait and watch his every movement, disdaining closer interview. All this man knows and feels, and would fain it were otherwise; and yet, the fear which hastens flight—the liberty that would not be enslaved—and the caution that prompts to watchfulness—constitute some of the most pleasing and interesting subjects of his study.” The writer anticipated an objection that might be raised as to the “expediency of seeking to establish a position generally admitted”—observing very justly, that “peculiarities might exist in various animals, and yet the precise character of these differences which constitute generic distinctions, not always be equally conspicuous—or, if apparent, duly appreciated—the peculiarity might exist, and yet its specific nature be difficult of demonstration.” Reference was made to several authors who had broached the opposite doctrine—Moscato, in a paper published in 1771, and entitled “Von der Körperlichen ewentlichen unterschieden Zwischen der structur der Thiere, und der Menschen,” and to Monboddo, in his well-known work.

In the prosecution of his subject, Dr. Kay endeavoured to show—first, that the erect posture is adapted to the conformation of the human subject; and, secondly, that it is peculiar to man. That to preserve this posture, it is requisite—first, that the parts should be so disposed as to be maintained in a state of equilibrium; secondly,

that the centre of gravity should fall within the space occupied by the feet; thirdly, that the feet should have a surface sufficiently broad and secure for the purpose of standing." In support of the first proposition, Dr. Kay entered into a particular enumeration of the principal anatomical peculiarities observed in the human frame; showing the beautiful adaptation of each to its respective office, considered in relation to the erect attitude. This description, though highly scientific, would hardly, we conceive, possess sufficient interest for the general and unprofessional reader.—The second inquiry was then discussed, viz. whether the "erect posture is peculiar to man." This led the writer to a brief recapitulation and summary of the preceding peculiarities of organization, and to the introduction of others not previously named. From the centre of gravity not falling within the space occupied by the feet—from the relative situation and connexion of the canium with the vertebral column—from the particular construction of the inferior extremities—it was clearly proved, that the line of gravity must always be distorted while the quadruped supports itself on two feet only; whence the inference was fairly deduced, that "man is the only animal possessing the essential requisites in the necessary degree." It was not denied that some animals, *e. g.* the bear, ape, &c. might be taught to walk erect, or to assume the attitude of the more distinguished biped—but it was, nevertheless, maintained, that this position, even under the most favourable circumstances, always appears irksome, constrained, and painful. In proof of this assertion, the *Simia satyrus* of Linnæus, or Ourang-outang, was selected from the class Quadruman, and as approximating nearest in its external character to man—various eminent authorities were cited, (Cuvier, Deamand, Vosman, &c.) to show that, though this ape, or, as it has been not inaptly styled, "burlesque upon human nature," resembled man in the construction or disposition of certain parts, it in reality formed no exception to the general rule. The following conclusions were regarded, therefore, as legitimate—1st, That of all the inferior animals, the *Simia satyrus* approaches nearest in its general form to the human subject.—2d, That this animal can and does occasionally support itself in the erect posture, though with apparent difficulty.—3d, That the same horizontal, semi-depending posture, or that observed by the quadruman inclining, is natural and proper in the Ourang-outang, in common with all the ape tribe.—4th, That though it resembles man in various particulars, there exist differences sufficiently well marked, to show that man could never degenerate into an ourang-outang, nor an ourang-outang be elevated to the rank of the human species. We shall conclude our notice of Dr. Kay's paper in his own words: "Hitherto we have confined ourselves to the consideration of man as intended to preserve the erect posture—we have, as yet, spoken of him as differing from the brute only in his external form, his outward character—but there is a dignity, a majesty, it would seem, in the human countenance, which strikes awe and terror into the brute beast. It is true, man is endowed with reason—it is true, genius lightens up the fire of his eye—it is true, wisdom sits enshrined at the portals of his lips, and renders eloquent the very music of his voice; but lower that stately, towering form—conceive man, if it be possible, on a level with the brute; and what would reason avail him? (I speak by comparison) what his genius? His boasted talent and commanding eloquence, what? It may be fancy—imagination, with its fictions, may mislead—but were the same Almighty fiat which singled out a Nebuchadnezzar, and made

him a very beast of the field—were the same power which created man as he is, again to be put forth in all its energy, and in a moment to reduce every human being to the state of the disgraced monarch—from that moment, methinks, man would cease to lord it over the brute—the fear of him would go forth upon the earth no more—the hungry lion and the famished tiger, no longer recognizing the human form, would mark him out as their prey, and glut their savage appetites with his blood.

Pronaque cum spectent animalia cætera terram,
Os homine sublime dedit; cælumque tueri
Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.

VARIETIES.

House and Window Duty.—A notice on this subject has just been printed, by order of the House of Commons. The sums paid by each county are—Bedford 6,992l. 2s. 1½d., Berks 25,664l. 6s. 10d., Bucks 14,924l. 10s. 0½d., Cambridge 15,462l. 8s. 6½d., Chester 23,421l. 18s. 11½d., Cornwall 13,062l. 14s. 11½d., Cumberland 9,059l. 1s. 1½d., Derby 14,622l. 5s. 3½d., Devon 48,892l. 5s. 1½d., Dorset 16,265l. 17s. 0d., Durham 14,788l. 3s. 10½d., Essex 42,754l. 12s. 10½d., Gloucester 61,591l. 19s. 5½d., Hereford 10,631l. 12s. 6d., Hertford 23,701l. 1s. 9d., Huntingdon 5,218l. 9s. 1½d., Kent 89,577l. 17s. 1½d., Lancaster 153,056l. 3s. 5½d., Leicester 18,178l. 12s. 9½d., Lincoln 25,683l. 0s. 10½d., Middlesex 1,039,857l. 12s. 10½d., Monmouth 6,355l. 10s. 5d., Norfolk 331,570l. 18s. 7½d., Northampton 16,609l. 6s. 6½d., Northumberland 22,762l. 1s. 8½d., Nottingham 19,444l. 1s. 4½d., Oxford 18,118l. 4s. 2d., Rutland 2,250l. 0s. 2½d., Salop 20,366l. 15s. 4½d., Somerset 109,241l. 2s. 7½d., Southampton 53,220l. 14s. 11½d., Stafford 27,167l. 18s. 3½d., Suffolk 25,032l. 18s. 11½d., Surrey 191,344l. 13s. 6½d., Sussex 64,952l. 2s. 10½d., Warwick 44,594l. 9s. 6½d., Westmoreland 6,063l. 8s. 4½d., Wilts 22,353l. 1s. 8½d., Worcester 25,781l. 1s. 6½d., York 100,549l. 1s. 8½d. The places which pay most are Westminster, London, Bath, Liverpool, Southwark, Brighton, Bristol, Manchester, Birmingham, Cheltenham, Hull, Newcastle, Norwich, and Leeds, each of which places pays above 10,000l.; Greenwich comes next.

Judges' Salaries and Retired Allowances.—A return of the amount of Judges' Salaries and Retired Allowances since 1792 has just been printed by order of the House of Commons. The salary of the Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench was, in 1792, 4,000l., and those of the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and Chief Baron of the Exchequer, each 3,500l., whilst the salaries of the other Judges were each 2,400l., not including fees. Augmentations to these salaries took place in 1799 and 1809, and in 1825, when the salary of the Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench was fixed at 10,000l., that of the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas at 8,000l., the Chief Baron of the Exchequer at 7,000l., and each of the other Judges at 5,500l. The retired allowance of the Chief Justice of King's Bench, in 1799 was 3,000l., and of the Puisne Judges 2,000l.—In 1813 the retired allowances of the Chief Justices were augmented 800l., and those of the Puisne Judges 600l. each. A further augmentation took place in 1825, making the total amount of the retired allowances at present—for the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, 4,000l., for the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, 3,750l.; and for the Judges, 3,500l. The salary of the Lord Chancellor, in 1792, was 5,000l., exclusive of fees. These fees, in 1832, made the

salary amount to about 14,700*l.* No change took place in the fixed salary from 1792 until last year, when the salary of the Lord Chancellor was fixed at 14,000*l.*, with a retired allowance of 5,000*l.* The salary of the Master of Rolls is now 7,000*l.*, and that of the Vice Chancellor 6,000*l.*, with a retired allowance of 3,750*l.* each.

From a parliamentary return, printed by order of the House, it appears that there are 50,796 licensed victuallers in England, and that 24,293 of that number brew their own beer. In the district of Coventry there are 1,240 victuallers, and 1,115 brew their own beer. In Leeds there are 998, and 904 brew; in Halifax, there are 1,003, and 880 brew; in Manchester, 1,343, and 817 brew; in Sheffield, 1,063, and 901 brew; while in Durham district, out of 1,437, only 152 brew; and in Liverpool, only 167 brew, out of 1,610. In Reading, 47 out of 1814; in Norwich, 43 out of 1,050; and in Rochester, 32 out of 1,056. The total number of licensed brewers in England is 1,753; and the number of persons licensed for the general sale of beer, and who brew their own, is 13,102. The brewers in Scotland are 216, and brewers in Ireland 216. The export of beer from the United Kingdom amounts yearly to 70,136 barrels, of which 28,381 go to the East Indies, and 13,461 to the West Indies.

The Suitors' Fund.—Chancery.—An account of this important fund has just been laid before Parliament. It is a fund arising from a per centage on the property of suitors in Chancery, and the salaries of the officers of the Court of Chancery are paid out of it. In 1800, the fund was invested in stock to the amount of 643,177*l.* The dividends amounted to 19,544*l.* and the salaries paid out of it to 4,504*l.* After 1810, the fund and the salaries greatly increased. In 1832, the total amount of the fund invested in stock was 2,146,007*l.* The dividends amounted to 59,242*l.*, and the salaries to 45,077*l.*; leaving a balance of 54,000*l.* out of the dividends. The salaries comprise those of the Lord Chancellor, the Vice Chancellor, the Accountant General, Registrars, their clerks, and the porters.

The receipt stamp duties for 1832 amounted to 23,932*l.* 9*s.* 11*d.* on twopenny stamps; 28,359*l.* 7*s.* 1*d.* on threepenny; 38,324*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.* on sixpenny; and 49,485*l.* 16*s.* on shilling stamps. A total of 145,200*l.* 0*s.* 3*d.*

The following return of the number and property of lunatics confined under the authority of the Crown, has been made to the House of Commons:—

	£.	s.	d.
320 Lunatics, whose annual incomes are	250,188	1	0
47 have less than 100 <i>l.</i> per annum, amounting to	3,254	11	0
61 who have 100 <i>l.</i> , but less than 200 <i>l.</i>	8,975	8	0
30 who have 200 <i>l.</i> , but less than 300 <i>l.</i>	13,130	0	3
31 who have 300 <i>l.</i> , but less than 400 <i>l.</i>	10,080	15	10
128 who have 400 <i>l.</i> and upwards	238,047	11	11
48 whose incomes are not ascertained			
	L.250,188	1	0

The number of quarters of malt which paid duty from the 10th of October 1831, to the 20th of October, 1832, was 4,845,823. The amount of duty was 4,976,694*l.* 19*s.* 9*d.* The number of quarters used in distillation in the United Kingdom for the same period was 440,756.

Savings' Banks.—The amount of monies invested in Savings' Banks and Friendly Societies in the United Kingdom, and standing in the names of the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, is 13,540,039*l.* 7*s.* 10*d.* The investment of this capital is—in 3 per cents, 5,513-

050*l.*; 34 per cents., 592,015*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.*; Exchequer bills, 1,859,000*l.* 1*s.*

The amount of the expenses paid by the Treasury on account of committees of the House of Commons for the year 1832, was 9,076*l.* 12*s.* 3*d.* The most expensive items are, Committee on East India Affairs, 1,018*l.* 19*s.*; Irish Tithes, 771*l.* 15*s.*; Disturbed State of Ireland, 1,091*l.* 18*s.*; Factories' Regulation Bill, 1,577*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.*

Wool.—England and Wales feed 36,000,000 of sheep, each of which yields a fleece of four pounds weight, or 144 millions of pounds, which, at 1*s.* per pound, is worth 7,400,000*l.* These, manufactured, produce 20,000,000*l.* leaving a profit of 12,000,000*l.* per annum to the various manufacturers.

Coals.—By a return to the House of Commons, the quantity of coals, culm, and cinders imported into London in 1830, amounted to 2,079,275 tons; in 1831, to 2,045,292 tons; and in 1832, to 2,139,078 tons.

Cotton.—The imports of raw cotton manufactured in this country in 1781 were only 5,000,000, lbs.; in 1800, it had increased to 86,000,000 lbs.; in 1820, to 147,000,000 lbs.; in 1830, to 250,000,000 lbs. The annual value is not less than 36,000,000*l.* sterling; the wages paid 22,000,000*l.* sterling; and it keeps in employ 1,250,000 persons, or twenty-five times as many as were engaged in it fifty years ago. In Manchester alone 187,000 persons are engaged in the cotton trade.

East India Company's Debt.—It appears by accounts recently published that the total debts of the East India Company amount to 30,774,092*l.* of which 22,913,990*l.* is held by Europeans, and 7,860,102*l.* by natives.

The number of persons employed under the Board of Excise in Scotland, and the total amount of the salaries paid them for the year ending 5th of January, 1832, appear, from a Parliamentary return, to be as follows:—1,035 persons employed, salaries 110,726*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

The Phoenix Park, Dublin, contains, 1758 statute acres, enclosed by a wall; 400 acres of it are appropriated to the Government, and the remainder to the public accommodation. The annual outlay for improvements and maintenance is upon an average 1,800*l.*

A return of the number of commitments under the game laws, from the 1st of November 1831, to the 1st of November 1832, has been made to the House of Commons. We select those where they appear most numerous. Aylesbury, 104; Bury St. Edmund's, 117; Cambridge, 43; Derby, 100; Devizes, 165; Dorset, 36; Knutsford, 68; Lewes, 77; Maidstone, 69; Oxford, 151; Petworth, 82; Preston, 57; Reading, 58; Salop, 49; Southwell, 102; Stafford, 60; Winchester, 142.

The number of pounds of soap made in England, from the 5th of Jan. 1832, to the like period in 1833, is 109,104,119 pounds of hard, and 7,547,067 pounds of soft.

The number of Bankruptcies in 1822 was 1,419; 1823, 1,250; 1824, 1,240; 1825, 1,475; 1826, 3,307; 1827, 1,688; 1828, 1,519; 1829, 2,150; 1830, 1,720; 1831, 1,886; 1832, 1,722.—Total, 19,376 in 11 years.

Unrolling of a Mummy.—An extremely inter-

esting examination of a mummy took place a few days ago at the Charing-cross Hospital, in the presence of several gentlemen who had been invited by Mr. Pettigrew to witness the process. Mr. Pettigrew having made some remarks upon the subject of mummies generally, proceeded with the development of the mummy under observation. He remarked, that between the different layers of cloth there was gum and bituminous matter, and that the foot was soft, which promised well for the authenticity of the mummy.—[The general interest now became very great, and every step was watched with the utmost curiosity.] It was here discovered that the foot was gilt; it was presently discovered that the legs were gilt; the hands were laying by the sides, near the abdomen was found a small mass, which appeared as if it might have been a papyrus covered with bituminous matter: the thumb and fore-finger of the right hand were strongly gilt. Mr. Pettigrew remarked, that a mummy which was unwrapped in the Haymarket some time since occasioned doubt whether the gilt was applied at the time, as the accounts had described the nails only as being gilt; but this instance set the matter at rest, for the body appeared to have been gilt all over. The subject was a male, and the beard was extremely perfect, rather curled and red. Several insects were found, which had been preying upon the skin. Some remarkably light, fine crystals were found near the right hand, and some small pieces of grey wool near the back of the neck. The mummy is supposed to have been preserved in wax. The bituminous matter appeared to have been applied exceedingly hot, making the removal of the coverings very difficult. Mr. Pettigrew observed that he was sorry there would not be time to proceed to the examination of the mouth, in which it was not uncommon to find a piece of coin. During Mr. Pettigrew's various remarks and his unravelling of the mummy, there were frequent strong expressions of the great satisfaction and gratification which he had afforded.

New Fire.—Mr. J. Hancock, of North End, Fulham, has, we are assured, invented a compound which burns under water, and which continues inflammable in any accumulation of moisture. It is in all respects similar to the much celebrated Greek Fire. He proposes to apply it not to human destruction, but to the saving the lives of miners. It is the most perfect and unerring fuse for blasting ever contrived; the wet, damp, and water, which often interfere, being no hindrance to its effect and definite action. It may, too, be accommodated to time, as a yard will burn out in one or two minutes, or in five or six minutes, as desired. It is, moreover, as cheap as any fuse that ever was made.—*Literary Gazette.*

An eminent botanist has calculated that since the discovery of the New World, 2,345 varieties of American trees and plants, and 1700 from the Cape of Good Hope, have been transplanted into Europe; and that these being added to the introduction of exotics from China, the East Indies, New Holland, and other parts of Asia and Africa, and the confines of Europe, make the varieties of cultivated plants with which the temperate climate of Europe has been enriched amount to 120,000.

The expenses of committees of the House of Commons since 1830, have been altogether 12,629*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.* The inquiries which have cost most of this sum are the Carrickfergus election forgeries, 1,225*l.* 3*s.*; East India affairs, 1,475*l.* 1*s.*; disturbed state of Ireland, 1,091*l.* 18*s.*; Factories Regulation Bill, 1877*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.* There is one item

for the Regent-street Act of two guineas only. The Dramatic Literature Committee cost 175*l.* 9*s.*; the Waterloo New-street Bill, 13*l.* 15*s.*; Windsor and Buckingham Palaces, 260*l.* 5*s.*; civil list charges, 15*l.* 18*s.*; steam-carriages, 74*l.*; Eveham Disfranchisement Bill, 452*l.* 15*s.* 9*d.*; Irish tithes, 771*l.* 15*s.*; West India colonies, 394*l.* 8*s.*; silk trade, 657*l.* 7*s.*; Bank Charter, 386*l.*; slavery, 691*l.* 15*s.*; Liverpool Election Bill, 151*l.* 17*s.*; observance of the Sabbath, 292*l.* 10*s.*

RURAL ECONOMY.

PERHAPS no department of gardening requires more skill than the laying out of grounds. The culture of plants and tilling of the ground are comparatively mechanical, and may be practiced by persons of the meanest capacity; but to lay out grounds requires a portion of mind as well as technical skill. A landscape gardener should have somewhat of a painter's eye; he should be able to conceive the idea of a whole, and should understand how to execute detached parts in such a manner as to make each appear perfect in itself, and yet to combine harmoniously with the rest. It is bad taste to have a highly architectural villa set down abruptly in the midst of park scenery. A house is avowedly entirely a work of art, and there should be a gradual transition from it, by means of gardens, &c., also betraying marks of the hand of man, to the wild beauties of nature. Agreeably to this principle, the ground nearest the house should be highly and richly cultivated, and should display something of an architectural character in its forms and general appearance; it should consist of beds of flowers planted in masses. These beds may be of any kind of geometrical shapes, always taking care, however, to have the forms such as to harmonize with each other, so as to produce a whole, and in such positions that one could not be displaced or substituted for another without destroying the effect. It is a fundamental principle in laying out grounds, that there should be either a real or an apparent reason for every curve. A knot of trees, a bed of flowers, a statue, or a vase, will suffice to excuse a bend in the walk or plantation, which, without some such object, would be extremely unsatisfactory to the eye. In pleasure-grounds nothing can have a more beautiful effect than a fine smooth green lawn, with a few low evergreens jutting out upon it with their branches touching the ground, in such a manner as to break the formality of a straight, or even curved, unbroken line as a boundary. A smooth green lawn, however, can only be obtained where there is an open space, as grass never grows well under trees, and is besides difficult to clip and keep in order. Dug earth has also a bad effect among trees, and occasions a great deal of labour to keep it neat. The best mode is to cover the ground with ivy, which will look well both in summer and winter, and will soon form an excellent covering; it will not injure the trees, and will rather serve to protect the roots from the frost. A few ferns may be introduced among the trees with excellent effect, and nothing is finer in the process of vegetation than to watch their volute-like heads slowly unrolling themselves, and expanding into large, spreading, fan-like leaves.

USEFUL ARTS.

Railroads.—A patent has been lately granted to H. Scrivenor, Esq., the Secretary of the

British Iron Company, for an improvement in the construction of Iron Railways, which appears likely to be attended with important results, in reference to this extensive branch of our manufactures. It may be necessary to premise, for the information of some of our readers, that railways consist of two parts, the rail itself, and the chair or pedestal on which the chair rests; that both of these were formerly made of cast iron, and that cast iron for such purposes is a very inferior material to wrought iron, being much less calculated to resist any of the sudden jars or strains to which railways are peculiarly liable. About twelve years since, a Mr. Birkenshaw obtained a patent for making the rails of wrought iron instead of cast, which was found to be a great improvement, and consequently came almost immediately into general use; but the chairs or pedestals still continued to be made of cast iron, (notwithstanding the obvious disadvantages of such construction), on account of the supposed impossibility of rolling iron of the necessary shapes for constructing the chairs, unless at a very great increase of expense. This difficulty Mr. Scrivenor has succeeded in removing. The advantages contemplated by this invention are numerous:—the first and most important to the public is increased safety; the next, reduction of expense to the proprietors of railroads, as well in the first cost of laying them down as in the subsequent keeping them in repair. The steadiness and safety of the rail depend on the stability and security of the chair or pedestal on which it rests. These can never be obtained with a chair of cast iron, because that metal is not calculated to withstand the frequent jars and shocks which are occasioned by the sudden stoppages of the immense weight constantly passing along the rails. From this cause the cast-iron chairs frequently crack and split, and consequently become unsafe and unfit for use, thereby entailing a constantly recurring expense on the proprietors as well as insecurity to the public. All these evils are intended to be obviated by the chair for which Mr. Scrivenor has obtained a patent, which, being made of a better material, requires less weight of iron, and is therefore less expensive, and can moreover be constructed at the same works as the rail, and the chairs and rail can consequently be exactly fitted to each other, whereas, at present, the rails are constructed in one place, and the chairs in another. This invention promises to be attended with equal advantages to the public, to the inventor, and to the proprietors of railroads. These are only a few of the benefits that will accrue both to the public and to the proprietors of rail-roads by the use of the patent chair.

New Oven.—This oven is formed of three separate sheets of iron or tin, and is in the form of a segment of a cylinder: in making it, sheet metal of suitable dimensions is bent round so as to form about three-fourths of a circle, the edges are then joined by a flat piece, which forms the bottom of the outer case. A second piece of sheet metal is then bent into the same form, but is to be the segment of a smaller circle than the first, so that, when slipped into it, there will be the space of an inch between them; this, when in its place, is to be riveted to the bottom of the outer case. A plate is to be put on at the back end, and a rim fixed, enclosing the space between the two at the front. The space may be filled with charcoal, or other bad conductor, or may be occupied by air only. Through both these vessels two holes for flues are to be made at the top, one near to each end, and these are to lead to one common pipe, furnished with a damper;

another hole is to be made for the escape of steam. Heat is to be applied by a round stove, or furnace, under the middle of the oven, a hole being perforated through the bottom sufficiently large in diameter to receive it; and a ring of cast or of wrought iron is riveted to the bottom, in order to give the requisite strength to this opening.

A third box, made in the form of the other two, constitutes the oven proper. This is made exactly in the form of those already described, and is to be slipped into its place within them, leaving a space between it and the second box, and also between its back end and the first, which space is for the passage of smoke and heated air from the fire, around the oven to the flues. The bottom of this is exposed to the action of the fire in consequence of the perforation made through the outer box. When this last is secured in its place, a door is to be fitted to it in the usual way.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE REVENUE.

Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain, in the Year and Quarter ended 5th of April, 1833, showing the Increase or Decrease on each head thereof.

Year ending April 5th, 1833.

	Decrease.	Increase.
Customs,		£432,047
Excise,		21,088
Stamps,	£188,970	
Taxes,		15,443
Post Office,	79,006	
Miscellaneous,		2,799
Total Ordin. Revenue,	267,976	471,377
Imprest and other Monies, including Repayments of Advances for Public Works,		26,988
Total Income,	267,976	498,365
Deduct Decrease,		267,976
Increase on the year,		230,389

Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain, in the Quarter ended 5th of April, 1833, showing the Increase or Decrease on each head thereof.

Quarter ending April 5th, 1833.

	Increase.	Decrease.
Customs,		£43,628
Excise,		33,645
Stamps,		82,076
Taxes,	£59,970	
Post Office,		2,000
Miscellaneous,	9,337	
Total Ordin. Revenue,	69,307	161,349
Imprest and other Monies, including Repayments of Advances for Public Works,		378
Total Income,	69,307	161,727
Deduct Increase,		69,307
Decrease on the Quarter,		92,420

The usual returns of the net produce of the revenue for the quarter just ended are thus of a mixed character, presenting upon the whole financial year, as compared with the last, an increase of 230,389*l.*; but upon the quarter itself a deficiency to the amount of 92,420*l.* The most

unfavourable items in the account are those of the "Stamps" and "Post Office," in both of which the falling off is uniform upon the year and quarter; the first being 188,970*l.* upon the year, and 82,076*l.* upon the quarter; and as regards the Post Office, the deficiency is 70,006*l.* as to the year, and 2000*l.* to the quarter. The Assessed Taxes, on the other hand, show an increase upon the two periods—upon the first, of 15,443*l.*, and upon the latter of 59,970*l.* The "Miscellaneous" also have proved more productive by 2799*l.* upon the year, and 9337*l.* upon the quarter, than their returns in the last year. The Customs give an excess of 432,047*l.* over the receipts of last year, but are less by 43,628*l.* upon the quarter; and the Excise also, though better upon the whole year by 21,088*l.*, betrays a falling off upon the quarter to the amount of 33,645*l.* The amount of Exchequer Bills required for the coming quarter is estimated at 4,282,654*l.*

The following ministerial changes have taken place:—Privy Seal—Earl of Ripon, in the room of the Earl of Durham. Colonial Secretary—the Right Hon. E. G. Stanley, in the room of Viscount Goderich. Secretary for Ireland—the Right Hon. Sir J. C. Hobhouse, in the room of the Right Hon. E. G. Stanley. Secretary at War—the Right Hon. Edward Ellice, in the room of Sir J. C. Hobhouse. Viscount Howick has been succeeded by John Lefevre, Esq., as Under Colonial Secretary.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Vaccination.—At the meeting of the Académie de Médecine, Paris, of the 26th ult., M. Gerardin read a report of the state of vaccination in France, by which it appeared that, since 1827, the number of persons vaccinated had diminished very nearly one half! This fact is worthy the attention of the committee in our own country, now occupied in investigating the vaccine question. It appears that from the time the functions of the Vaccine Board of France and the maintenance of vaccination were intrusted to the Academy of Medicine, aided by a few prizes distributed annually by the Government to the most zealous inoculators, the number of persons subjected to the protecting influence of the cow-pox has progressively diminished. The event alluded to took place nine years ago; and the apprehension of the consequences has recently become so great, that, in a paper of the 28th ult. which now lies before us, the press is urged to co-operate with the Academy in procuring the intervention of "authority." In 1827 the number vaccinated in France was 404,295; in 1831 it amounted only to 214,360! —*Medical Gazette.*

The number of refugees at present in France, who have borne arms in unsuccessful revolts against tyranny, or otherwise suffered in the cause of liberty, amounts to between 8,000 and 10,000 persons. The French Government, with a generosity rarely equalled, has obtained from the Chambers for their support a sum of 5,000,000 francs, or about 200,000*l.* This exemplary act of beneficence received not only the support of the legislature, but was anticipated by the zealous wishes of the people of France.

The Cotton Trade.—In France, in 1831, the cotton spun was 74,000,000*lbs.*, besides the British yarn smuggled through Flanders. In Alsace, power looms are increasing fast. Average wages of spinners, 5*s.* 8*d.*; time of labour, 13 to 14 hours. In Switzerland in 1831 the cotton spun was 18,816,000*lbs.* No. 40 costs 14*d.* when

cotton is 8*d.* 3-5*th*; wages 4*s.* 5*d.*; wages in similar mills in Britain, 8*s.* 4*d.* In the Prussian and Rhenish Provinces in 1830 the cotton spun was 7,000,000*lbs.* Powerlooms have been profitably introduced. In Saxony, cotton spinning is just commencing, and fast augmenting; in 1831 there was spun 1,200,000*lbs.* cotton; average wages 3*s.* 6*d.* They spin as cheap as the British as high as No. 50 warp, and No. 80 weft. In Lombardy in 1831 the cotton spun was 4,000,000*lbs.* In Austria it is fast advancing; in 1831, 12,000,000*lbs.*; average wages 3*s.* 9*d.* In India, the new mill, twelve miles above Calcutta, works every day, 91 hours in the week. The spinner managing one mule earns 1*s.* 9*d.*; his pieces (three number) 9*d.* to 1*s.* each. No. 20 to No. 40. In the United States, in 1831 the cotton spun was 77,550,000*lbs.*

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Journal of an Excursion to Antwerp during the siege of the Citadel in December 1832. By Captain the Hon. C. S. W. 12*mo.*

The Bridgewater Treatises, Kidd on the Physical Condition of Man. 8*vo.*

Northcote's Fables, 2*d* series, post 8*vo.*

The Black Death in the 14th Century, from the German of Dr. Hecker. By Dr. B. Babington. 12*mo.*

The Tyrol, with a Glance at Bavaria. By H. D. Inglis. 2 vols. 8*vo.*

The Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion, with Notes and Illustrations. By the Editor of Captain Rock's Memoirs. 2 vols. foolscap 8*vo.*

Criminal Law; being a Commentary on Beaumont on Death-Punishment. By H. B. Andrews. 8*vo.*

Quintana's Lives of Celebrated Spaniards. 8*vo.*

Record Commission, a General Introduction to Doomsday Book; with Three Indexes. By Sir William Ellis. 2 vols. 8*vo.*

History of the French Revolution. By A. Alison. 2 vols. 8*vo.*

History of Dissenters. By Bogue and Bennet. 2*d* edition. 2 vols. 8*vo.*

Chitty's General Practice of Law, Vol. I., Part 1. Royal 8*vo.*

The Bridgewater Treatises, Whewell's Astronomy and General Physics. 8*vo.*

Cory's Ancient Fragments of the Phœnician, Chaldean, Egyptian, and other Writers. 8*vo.*

Cory's Metaphysical Inquiry on Ancient and Modern Philosophy. 12*mo.*

The Library of Romance, Vol. IV., the Stolen Child. By John Galt. 12*mo.*

The Puritan's Grave. By the Author of the "Usurer's Daughter."

The Port Admiral, a Tale of the War. By the Author of "Cavendish." 3 vols. 8*vo.*

Edgeworth's Novels and Tales, Vol. XII.—Belinda, Vol. II. 12*mo.*

Sir Gilbert Blane's Dissertations on Medical Science; New Edition. 2 vols. 8*vo.*

Roscoe's Novelist's Library, Vol. XV.—Don Quixote, Vol. III. (complete in 3 vols.) 12*mo.*

Tour in Upper India and parts of the Himalaya Mountains. By Major Archer. 2 vols. 8*vo.*

Present State of the Canadas. 18*mo.*

Faust, a Dramatic Poem. By Goethe. Translated into English Prose, with Notes, &c. 8*vo.*

The Government of India. By Major-Gen. Sir John Malcolm. 8*vo.*

Collections from the Greek Anthology. By the late Rev. R. Bland and others; new edition, by J. H. Merivale, Esq., F. S. A. 8*vo.*

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE POLITICIAN. No. XV.

Parliamentary Mismanagement of Time—Ministerial want of Foresight—Sir John Hobhouse's Conduct explained—Sir Robert Heron's proposed Motion that Members should not vacate Seats on taking Office—The National Convention—The Verdict on the Policeman.

THE mismanagement of time, during the present Session, has been this :—too much has been attempted to have had much done. It is not that Ministers have not brought forward measures—it is because they have brought forward so many, that they have completed none.—The characteristic of the time is therefore DOUBT. Throughout all the great interests, there floats an anxious spirit of disquietude and uncertainty. No man knows what will be the fate of any of the measures hitherto introduced—we cannot track them to their bourne. The West Indian question of to-day may be very different from the West Indian question of to-morrow. The Bank Charter of next week will not, perhaps, be the Bank Charter of next month. The public attention, distracted with so many questions, sees all agitated and none settled—none, at least, of a remedial nature—and this is a great misfortune ; those of a discouraging nature are, indeed, determined for the present. We are quite sure that the Assessed Taxes will not be taken off—we are not sure that tithes will not be kept on. This mismanagement of time has resulted from a want of bold and sagacious forethought in the Government ; they were not aware of the temper of the people at the commencement of Parliament. They imagined that, having effected a great change, the people were prepared for patience—as if one change in the construction of a state is not necessarily the parent of impetuous desire for a thousand changes in the working ! They imagined that, having granted a benefit to the people, they had full reason to expect

the confidence of the people—that they might accordingly assume an attitude of power, and dally with purposes of good—as if the confidence of the people is ever given to men ! No, it is given to circumstances : they may believe in a man's wish to serve them, but it is to his situation, and the powers belonging to it, that they alone trust for obtaining the service. The people saw a liberal House of Commons ; but they saw also a Tory House of Peers ; they were fearful the Ministers should halt and trim between the two—the Ministers have seemed to do so, and the popular apprehension runs at once into the popular distrust.

It is this want of foresight which has brought so many difficulties on the Government. They need not have done half so much, but they might have done it with a greater effect. Their very first act, in the very first week of Parliament, should have been the appointment of two Committees—the one to inquire into the state of the Finances, and report to the House what reduction could be made—the second, to inquire into the best means of establishing a National Education.* There would have been an openness, a courage, a grandeur in these propositions, that would have dazzled the whole people. Prepared for great changes, they would have hailed these vigorous yet safe first steps to them. Thus the ministers would have put a stop at once to the motions of Mr. Hume, which have done them so much harm. They might, with a fair front, have referred all his sinecure and saving propositions to the Finance Committee they had summoned—meanwhile they would have had time to breathe. The Committees could not have reported till the end of the Session, if so soon, and they would have had ample leisure to act upon their reports.

Thus, clearing away a load of embarrass-

* One of the first acts of the Doctrinaire Ministry has been to institute, through M. Cousin, inquiries into the Education of Prussia, in order to acquire experience for establishing Education in France.

sing motions, and commencing business with the air of earnestness and honesty, they might have devoted themselves at once to the great measures they desired peculiarly to introduce; and, by this time, instead of having lost ground with the people, they would be immeasurably higher than before the Parliament was summoned. But, wanting this foresight and frankness of design, anxious to show the higher classes that they were not the democrats they were accused of being; desirous of putting a little into this scale, because they had just put a little into the other;—they stop the gaping expectation of the people with the damp discouragement of the King's speech,—and gallop away from the hopes of England upon the wings of a despotism for Ireland. Oh, that fatal measure!—Not that the English, in general, cared much for a harsh blow upon brother Pat. So far as Ireland was concerned, they stomached the affront;—but the abstract principle of Liberty was concerned also,—and the injury to that principle offended them more than the injury to Ireland. They were made angry, too, by a droll sort of jealousy;—they were angry to see that Ireland received so early and disproportionate a share of attention,—angry that we were engaged in quarrelling with Pat, instead of minding our own concerns;—they consoled themselves, however, by the belief that, so much flogging for Ireland, the Ministers must counterbalance by a whole cart-load of cakes for England. And thus their expectations of relief, instead of being damped, were raised tenfold, by the evidence of harshness.—Thus disappointment has followed disappointment;—the ministers have seemed to be always taken by surprise, and the country always doomed to be cheated into discontent. Thus good measures have produced no satisfaction,—and a general sentiment of disgust has swallowed up the merit of many individual measures. The Irish Church Reform—the English Tithe Bill—the opening of the China trade—the well-meant, if doubtfully practical Emancipation scheme of Mr. Stanley—have fallen like flakes of snow,—melted in a moment—on the excited and acrid mind of the public.—So much good may men do,—and, for want of a greatness of design in the doing it, lose even the gratuity of thanks!

As all species of ill-doing require their victim, so the mismanagement of the Ministers has produced its own;—and, as the victim of a party is usually one of the best of the band, so the victim of the Whigs has been Sir John Hobhouse. Nothing has more deeply convinced us of the low standard and the dim comprehension of public virtue in this country than the fact that nobody understood, and nobody appreciated, the generous and noble conduct of that

most honourable man. Now,—stay,—we see a smile on your face, Sir. You are a Westminister elector? Very well;—a word or two with you:—let us consider this question. You chose Sir John Hobhouse as your representative;—he is a Minister,—but, mark, not a Cabinet Minister—viz. not a man who has a voice in any measure submitted to Parliament. He has always interested himself most diligently in the repeal of the Assessed Taxes. Nay,—mind this,—if you get them repealed next year, as you most likely will, you will owe the relief, in a great measure, to the earnestness and power with which Sir John Hobhouse began to direct, and mould, and excite, and lead Public Opinion towards the justice of affording it. Well,—he is a Minister,—he is anxious for the repeal of these taxes,—he accompanies you to Lord Althorp, he persuades Lord Althorp, he urges him publicly, and before your face, to that repeal;—but, mind, he is not a Cabinet Minister,—he has no more power than any independent member of the House of Commons to obtain it. Lord Althorp, as usual, says neither yes nor no. You go away;—Lord Althorp brings on his budget;—it dissatisfies you;—you come to Sir John;—he promises, as far as he can, to aid you. The country gentlemen alarmed at the clamour against the Assessed Taxes, resolve to make a push for themselves. Sir W. Ingilby leads the charge; and, by Jove, one fine night, when the whipper-in was asleep, they knock off two millions of the Malt Tax!—Two millions of Revenue are now gone;—two millions worth of taxes are to be made up: by way of making them up you still urge the necessity of cutting down a few millions more! You call on Sir John Hobhouse to present your petition to that effect, and to vote for Sir John Key's motion, which is to leave the revenue minus some six or seven millions. Sir John Hobhouse presents your petition;—the next day comes on Sir John Key's motion,—and the next day Sir John Hobhouse has resigned,—resigned both seat and office; it is for this you blame him. Have we stated the case fairly? Yes; that's well. You blame him for this conduct. You say he should have stayed in parliament, resigned his office, and voted for the repeal of the Assessed Taxes. Pardon us; you mistake the question: it would no longer have been to vote for the repeal of the Assessed Taxes,—it would have been to vote for a deficit, in the revenue, of seven millions;—the question was no longer what it had been;—it was no longer whether we could spare some two or three millions;—it was whether we could spare some seven millions;—it was not a question whether you would repeal the Assessed Taxes, but whether you would have a Property or Income Tax in their stead. This alters the case. Sir

John Hobhouse thinks we cannot spare seven millions, or that a Property and Income Tax would be a bad substitute. He may be wrong. We think he was; but he was not wrong on the question on which he had promised you his support. He had promised to assist you in a relief of two millions,—not in the repeal of seven:—he had promised to aid you in the removal of the Assessed Taxes, but not in establishing the necessity of new taxes (including an *Income tax*) as a substitute. In fact, any considerate and unprejudiced man must perceive that the unexpected success of Sir W. Ingilby's motion had placed the whole question on a different footing. But even thus did your late Representative vote against you? Did he mould himself to the Ministers? Did he prefer them to you? Did he value his office more than your interest?—No; he forsook the ministry,—he left his office,—he resigned seven thousand a year rather than vote against your wishes. But rather than vote to *turn out* (for so Lord Althorp's motion *imperatively* put it) the Ministers with whom he had just been acting,—rather than vote for a deficit of seven millions,—rather than vote for the substitution of new taxes,—he resigned his seat in parliament. And this is the conduct you cannot understand; this is the conduct you suspect,—you asperse. Why, good heavens! if Sir John Hobhouse had not cared for you; if he had not been nobly fastidious in his public conduct, what was to prevent his keeping both seat and office? What was to prevent his making a compact with the government, and withholding his vote altogether? You would have called on him to resign;—very well:—he might have told you to produce a majority of signatures, and in so vast a constituency, that, you are well aware, would have been impossible; or he might have told you he was chosen for his votes during seven years, and not for withholding the vote of one night. Aye, and in either of these answers public opinion would have borne him out. But because he took the most disinterested line in his power,—because he put all possible selfishness from him,—because, in the flush of ambition, in the pride of place, amidst the prospects of opening greatness, he resigned both his office and his seat, you accuse him of sinister motives. Unable to appreciate his conduct, you assign mysterious and impossible reasons to it; and that which should have placed his fair name above all suspicion, you make the pretext for all attack;—you have punished him for his virtue;—through him you have struck a blow at public virtue throughout the country. You have chosen in his stead an excellent and enlightened man, a gallant soldier, a resolute politician. We grant all this: but the victory of the best individual in England is contemptible compared with

the discouragement you have given to pure and disinterested principle.

Heartily, however, do we trust that some other constituency will shortly atone for the blindness of that which has deserted a man because he deserted seven thousand a year; and that parliament will not long lose the services of one of the very few of our public men who, to high talents, unites a sensitive honour. This, by the bye, brings us to another question. The misfortune of that dislike which liberal constituencies seem to feel to their representatives taking office is, that the government will be afraid to fill up their vacancies with liberal men; they may lose their seats in taking office. The ministers will thus be forced to renew themselves from the Tories, whose seats are usually pretty secure by wealth and family interest; and thus, in fact, the people will punish themselves, and virtually choose the very men they would desire most to have eschewed.

Sensible of the evils that would result from the necessity of vacating his seat every time a man changed one office for another,—knowing that while some constituencies are enlightened, others are bigoted,—seeing Sir Henry Parnell out of Parliament because he opposed the Repeal of the Union,—and knowing that it might equally have happened to him had he been Chancellor of the Exchequer,—a certain member, at the early part of the session, while the ministers were yet popular and the act would have been as gracious as prudent, asked Lord Althorp in the House whether he proposed to introduce any measure by which ministers might sit *but not vote* in the House by virtue of their office. Strong in the persuasion that popularity is immortal, Lord Althorp answered,—“No,” and seemed to consider the notion quite out of the reach of future expediency. There again is the want of foresight! Now Sir Robert Heron, the especial friend of the ministers, and probably with their concurrence, has given notice of an express motion, that members should not vacate their seats on taking office. At the time the member we refer to asked the question—the ministry yet popular—no motion could have been better timed; *now*, with an unpopular ministry, no motion can be more unseasonable. Thus, from the want of foresight, nothing is ever done at the time it should be; and what ought to be a wise providence against probable events, is made a clumsy remedy after they have occurred.

One word before we conclude,—on this unlucky National Convention, and the verdict of the jury. Here, again, what bungling! Why not have taken possession of the place instead of beating people out of it?—or why not have avoided all mistake and misinterpretation by at once reading

the Riot Act? Because, scream the government newspapers, the law did not require the reading of the Riot Act. Dear gentlemen, that is no answer to the question. *Did not the people believe the law did require the reading of the Riot Act?* Do you not own that they did? Do they not still believe so in spite of your assertions to the contrary? The duty of a benevolent and a wise government was to see that the people should not sin through ignorance if it could be avoided; and, knowing the sad complication of our laws, they might at least have chosen a clear law when they had the option. Here again the want of foresight!—they disperse the National Convention, a most trumpery and worthless enemy, and they bring down upon themselves the verdict of the jury that sat upon the poor policeman, and *that* is an enemy of far greater importance, for it is not the enemy of a mob, but the enemy of public opinion. We are sorry for that verdict; it was evidently honest, but its ulterior consequences may be mischievous. A National Convention is another word for national disorder; it can only be supposed to take place when all forms of regular legislation are suspended; and a verdict of “Justifiable Homicide” against a man who kills a policeman for assisting legally to disperse a mob with so ominous a name is a justification of riot against law. And this the bungling and mismanagement of the Home Secretary have brought upon us. We are sorry, also, for the feeling that seems to grow up against the Police force,—a most valuable substitute for the old watchmen. But we doubt whether they will ever be well administered and controlled,—whether they will ever be placed under a proper head, until a regular minister and central bureau of police be established. All our reforms are regulated by the poor spirit of detail, and never in the great one of a comprehensive principle. But the Bank Charter and the Slavery Question are hurrying on,—more first words, of which we are never to hear the last. We must suspend our review of past events. Well, by the way, may the measures brought before our present parliament be called *questions*,—everybody questions their merit, and nobody answers for their result!

MODERN NOVELISTS AND RECENT NOVELS.

*Mrs. Gore, her Novels and Genius—Mrs. Sherid-
don, “Aims and Ends,” “Carroll,” &c.—Mr.
Scargill, “The Puritan’s Grave”—Mr. D’Is-
raeli—Captain Marryat—“Godolphin.”*

THE changes in literature arise not so much in proportion as intelligence is in-

creased in height, but in proportion as it extends its surface. Men first like what presents itself to their senses, and in that age,—behold the passion for the drama. Enlightenment spreads, and they then like what presents itself to the mind,—behold the passion for written fictions. The drama and the novel belong to the same class,—are addressed to the same miscellaneous and extensive audience,—appeal equally to the passions,—resort to the same sources of nature,—apply the same rules of art; but the mind to which the novel is addressed has attained a further step in civilization than that to which the drama presents itself. The written fiction applies its influence to a more mature and sedate and reflective stage of intellect, when the illusive is less charming, and the active less exciting. It is natural also to suppose that, as civilization spreads, the spirit of commerce extends; as the spirit of commerce extends, fewer persons are left idle enough to go abroad for amusement,—they rather seek it at home. The novel becomes more convenient as well as less expensive than the play; it can be read at the odds and ends of leisure,—it waits your own time,—you may abbreviate or lengthen its acts as you will,—it is a pliant servant of the genius of entertainment, and conforms its proportions of diversions exactly to your necessities or your whims. By degrees, then, the novel extends its ancient and legitimate empire, and comes at last almost to monopolize the whole realm of the imagination.

But it is very remarkable, that in proportion as the demand in literature for any particular class of composition increases, the staple of the supply becomes deteriorated; the attention of all emulators of every grade of intellect is attracted to that market which is most in fashion; and the very rage for an especial description of work inundates us with a world of worse than mediocre competition. Thus when plays were most the fashion, as in the reigns of Charles II. and of Anne, we had, in proportion to the few good plays of the time, a horde of the most villainous. Thus when Scott and Byron brought poetry into fashion, there never before were so many bad poems pressed into the world. We may add, indeed, to the rush of inferior writers, the tempting demand which is made upon the better ones; they are irresistibly forced onward by the flattery of the public taste, and the natural excitement of emulation, and maintain themselves rather by a fertility in producing than a diligence in perfecting. You see, in the best of these writers, a power beyond their performance; you see that they wanted nothing but time and labour to have made their good novels into great works. We are sensibly struck with this truth in reading the novels of Mrs.

Gore. No writer of the day has a more remarkable power of industry; but instead of applying that power, like Pope, to the finish of a work, she devotes it, like *Lope de Vega*, to the rough draughts of a thousand works,—she casts off the rough impressions of her sparkling and various mind with a rapidity which defies correction. She is the great *improvisatrice* of three volumes at a breath. It is a proof of her talents that, with all this haste and precociousness, Mrs. Gore falls into neither of the two faults you would imagine most probable. In the first place, she is not an *incorrect* writer—on the contrary, her style is easy, polished, graceful, and peculiarly her own. It is even so finely executed at times that you might imagine she composed with great care and slowness; above all, she is singularly felicitous in the coinage of phrases and epithets; she is the consummator of that undefinable species of wit which we should call (if we did not know the word might be deemed offensive, in which sense we do not mean it) the *slang* of good society. Thus a preparatory school she has termed a *bread and milkery*; and she determines a whole class in an epithet when she calls a certain description of country gentry “*kill their own mutton sort of people*.” Other novelists have hit off a character by an *aphorism*; but Mrs. Gore is the first who ever hit off a character by a word! This species of conventional wit must, however, sometimes run from the just into the affected, and from the odd into the overstrained. And in such instances—not very frequent—are to be found the only blots in the easy and vivid style of the authoress of “*Mothers and Daughters*.” The second bad consequence which you would suppose must arise from hasty composition, but which Mrs. Gore happily escapes, is the evidence of exhaustion. You would suppose that the stream must run low and shallow after such repeated drainings; but, no,—there is a vitality in her composition, a copiousness in her command of words and incidents that never testify an impoverished fancy or a fatigued invention; the stream glides through new banks, but it never seems less fresh or less full. But though the consequence of an over-hasty and forced productiveness be not visible either in a negligent style or a languid story, it is nevertheless very evident in Mrs. Gore's compositions; it is visible not because she writes worse in her later works, but because she does not improve; not because her works are not good, but because they are not much better. They are excellent as sketches, but, for the most part, they are only sketches,—they want colour, body,—the principles of duration. They are more like brilliant specimens of a work than works of themselves; the story has not lain long enough in the mind,—it has

not been sufficiently saturated by the imagination; it wants depth of conception and elaborateness of execution. Her characters are not *compound* enough,—they are too much exemplifications of particular qualities or foibles,—they want that rich redundance of faculties, humours, and contradictions which marks the hand of a meditative artist,—a Cervantes or a Richardson. And it is evident that these deficiencies proceed from a want of due time and contemplation, and no lack of adequate genius. Mrs. Gore's misfortune is to be too easily pleased with the first notion of her story and her characters, and too trustful to the capacities of her subsequent invention. We doubt whether she would have the heart to rub out any characters she had once put in,—to throw half a volume in the fire,—not because it was bad in itself, but because it was not in harmony with the rest. She executes with too great a facility;—in one word, she does not *ponder* enough before she sets pen to paper. Another characteristic of Mrs. Gore's genius is a habit she has of keeping its two faculties,—the light and the serious, entirely separate; she rarely amalgamates them. Her “*Hungarian Tales*,”—to our mind the most perfect and permanent of all her works,—partake almost wholly of the soft and grave; their beauty consists in their depth of sentiment. The easy and graceful sketch of “*Mothers and Daughters*” is almost as entirely made up of the levities and glittering frigidity of social life; its tone is original in its utter absence of sentiment. True that in some of her tales Mrs. Gore has recourse to both sources of interest, but rarely with success, because evidently without sufficient preparation. She does not play the springs of both grave and gay with ease at the same time; her colours run into each other while yet moist, and the result is the spoiling of the picture. But few people ever painted with so felicitous a hand the scenery of worldly life; without any apparent satire, she brings before you the hollowness, the manœuvres, and the intrigues of the world with the brilliancy of sarcasm, but with the quiet of simple narrative. Her men and women, in her graver tales, are of a noble and costly clay; their objects are great, their minds are large, their passions intense and pure;—she walks upon the stage of the world of fashion, and her characters have grown dwarfed as by enchantment. The air of frivolity has blighted their stature; their colours are pale and languid,—they have no generous ambition,—the glory and the vision have left them,—they are *little people*!—they are fine people! This it is that makes her novels of our social life so natural, and so clear a transcript of the original.—She deals with persons whom you meet

every day, and makes you feel that with them romance and emotion—the tender and the holy—would be out of place,—would be absurd. Incarnations of the loftiness and sanctity of life dancing at ball-rooms and walking in Kensington Gardens!—what an incongruity! It would remind us of the "Spectator's" account of Punch and his wife dancing in the Ark.

This characteristic of Mrs. Gore's worldly novels—the characteristic of lowering the sources of emotion and of interest to the ordinary persons of the world from whom they are to be drawn—she shares with some other novelists of the day. In Lord Mulgrave it is peculiarly visible. You see that that charming author, whose mind is naturally fastidious and romantic, is always attempting to suit his characters to the scene in which they move. So again in the work now before us, by Mrs. Sheridan, we find two tales—the one, "Aims and Ends," of the fashionable life of the present day; another, "Oonagh Lynch," of the adventurous life of a century and a half ago. In the fashionable tale, the characters seem lowered and *inaned* unconsciously; the whole story, which betrays, in its *vein of sentiment and tone of thought*, the accomplished author's deep conception of the beautiful and good, does not contain one *single character* in which the moral beauty or goodness is displayed—the personages of the plot, breathing a common air of artifice, are rendered alike by a common constitution of selfishness—the climate darkens and flattens down the features of the mind—the form of the man is preserved, but where is the stamp of the god? Thus the heroine, who is of course made as handsome and interesting as she can be, is a coquet without principle and without heart; she trifles with her lover,—loses him without visible regret,—marries a noble fool, nearly ruins her character with a noted libertine,—is sent down to the country to reform, and is not easy till she has snared the affections of a young married curate (!)—destroys his domestic comfort,—leads him to suicide, and survives; but by way of mending the matter, turns from a beauty to a bore. The rest of the characters are on a par with the heroine—they are all drawn with consummate ability and profound experience—you can conceive no more painfully small specimens of human nature:—even the poor curate, meant to be the highest character of all, is a wayward, sensual, selfish gentleman, who, because he cannot be an adulterer, resolves to be a suicide. Yet all this want of elevation in the characters of the book is a proof of the art of the writer;—she meant to paint the low life above stairs, *and she has done it*;—she has flung aside, as impertinent to the task, all the many admirable qualities she possesses as a writer. Full of deep

consciousness of the noble, the author of "Carwell,"—the creator of the most generous, faithful, devoted, high-wrought character of modern fiction,—has only availed herself of it in "Aims and Ends," in order to paint accurately the elements of the mean;—choosing the latter toil somewhat perhaps on the principle upon which James I. in his "Demonologie," recommends an acquaintance with the devil; "for since," saith he, "the devil is the very contrary opposite to God, there can be no better way to know God than by the contrary."

The second of Mrs. Sheridan's tales—"Oonagh Lynch," is exactly the reverse in spirit to "Aims and Ends." There the author breathes a more pure and lofty air.—There all, even to the weakness and superstition of the heroine, is full of nobleness and of passion.—Chivalric loyalty,—high daring,—devoted love;—these are the mental qualities on which our author now lavishes her skill.

Mrs. Sheridan's style is pure and touching; her ornaments and allusions are introduced with much grace and effect,—her reflections appropriate, often deep and often tender. She has the fault of Mrs. Gore in not giving sufficient previous preparation to her plot; and, as elaborate compositions, neither of the tales before us is equal to "Carwell," a story which, for minute fidelity to truth, for high tragic conception, both of plot and character, has very few equals in modern fiction. But everywhere, even in this last work, you see that rarest of all literary beauties, a beautiful mind,—an intimate persuasion of the fine and great truths of the human heart,—a delicate and quick perception of the lovely and the honest—an intellect that profits by experience, and a disposition which that experience cannot corrupt. And this reflection brings us to another writer to whom it is, perhaps, no less applicable,—we speak of the ingenious, versatile and searching author of "Truckleborough Hall," "The Usurer's Daughter," and the work now on our critical table, viz. "The Puritan's Grave."

If we were to point out one romance of the day which more than another would become a Christian pastor to write, it is this last production of Mr. Scargill's. It is written in a subdued and gentle spirit of faith and charity; it is pregnant with unaffected piety,—passion there is not in it,—but there is the presence of a quiet and deep love—that blessed spirit walks, breathes, and has its being, through the whole book. The story is very simple,—the language purposely antiquated and patriarchal to suit the nature of the story and the date of its events; hence, if often eloquent and high in diction, it is often also too formal and precise; and we think, on the whole, a more easy and fluent style, such as the author

usually adopts, would have been the more advisable; the characters are few, and the four prominent ones are the Puritan and his daughter, her lover, a cavalier, and a rich and generous merchant who seems stepped out of one of her earlier dramas. The elements of these characters are neither noisy nor glaring,—they are remarkable for their stillness,—they are eloquent from their repose. In this the author has evidently tried an experiment common enough to the German novelists, and, in our opinion, he has amply succeeded. But whoever would do justice to this book must read it, as the German novels we refer to are read—with great patience, and a certain reverence; the reader must be prepared for the absence of exciting events; his mood must be in harmony with the work; he must read slowly, pencil in hand, to mark the holy and eloquent passages that occur; he must consider himself reading a tale, which, without the pedantry of a preacher, is suffused with the spirit of some beautiful homily; he will feel, as he proceeds, no very exciting interest—no hurried emotion; but when he has closed the last page, he will find his soul insensibly smoothed, and, as it were, *Christianized* over. He will recollect the work, not in any detached passages, but as one which has made a gentle but no fleeting impression on his mind; it has soothed all his better feelings, and made itself a sanctuary in his kindlier dispositions. The mind of Mr. Scargill is not of a common cast,—he loves to philosophize and to refine,—he goes, in his various novels, from experiment to experiment, and moulds his genius according to some abstract idea. He does not deal sufficiently in bold situations and strong contrasts,—he is not so popular as he ought to be, because he has too great an apprehension of the common-place. He should indulge more in dialogue, in action, in melodrama, in order to strike the herd; but then he is, to be sure, not a novelist alone; he has two other characters to sustain, and cannot easily lose sight of the refinements of a philosopher and the dignity of a pastor.

What the author of the "Puritan's Grave" wants, the author of "Contarini Fleming" has to an excess; the one injures himself by the too quiet, the other by the too restless. We have so lately reviewed the last work of Mr. D'Israeli, that we shall not now pause to analyse his peculiar genius. He only requires to strive less in order to do more,—the most perfect image of strength in the world is the statue of Alcides, but it is of Alcides in repose—the fighting gladiator pains you too much with his eternal effort. No man living, perhaps, exceeds Mr. D'Israeli in natural powers,—and he has only to learn to be *natural* in order to be permanently great. His pictures only want

one ingredient, namely, that *darkening* varnish with which Appelles is said to have always carefully subdued whatever was florid in his colours.

Of a very different kind of intellect from that displayed by Mr. D'Israeli, and, indeed, from that which characterises any of the writers we have thus briefly endeavoured to describe, is the talent exhibited in Captain Marryat's works. Far remote from the eastern and the voluptuous, from the visionary and refining, from the pale colourings of drawing-room life, and the subtle delicacies of female sentiment and wit, the genius of Captain Marryat embodies itself in the humour, the energy, the robust and masculine vigour of bustling and actual existence; it has been braced by the sea-breezes; it walks abroad in the mart of busy men, with a firm step, and a cheerful and healthy air. Not, indeed, that he is void of a certain sentiment, and an intuition into the more hidden sources of mental interest; but these are not his forte, or his appropriate element. He is best in a rich and various humour,—rich, for there is nothing thread-bare or poor in its materials. His characters are not, as Scott's often are, mere delineations of one oddity uttering the same eternal phraseology, from the "Prodigious" of Dominie Sampson to "Provant" of Major Dalgetty,—a laughable but somewhat a poor invention: they are formed of compound and complex characteristics, and evince no trifling knowledge of the metaphysics of social life. But though he may be said almost to equal Smollett in conception of character, he falls into the common deficiency of the age, and does not sufficiently meditate, work up, and elaborate his materials. His plots are never worthy of the characters employed in them,—the characters never placed in scenes calculated to call forth the rich peculiarities he has ascribed to them. He may conceive a Strap, a Lismahago, or a Commodore Truncheon; but his execution will not make us know them in the flesh and blood, in the intimate and homely, manner that Smollett has done. He presents to us delightful acquaintance, but Smollett gave us friends that last us all our lives. A hundred years ago Captain Marryat would have written perhaps but one or two novels, each the growth of some five years at least. We are sure they would have been masterpieces. He has now only to meditate, to mature, to proceed with fear and caution, in order to continue Roderick Random to the present day.

The peculiar characteristics of Captain Marryat are shared by some of his nautical brethren; and the author of "Cavendish" has evinced much ability and very vigorous promise in the works that have issued from his pen.

We have now gone as fully as our space would allow through a series of authors, each excellent in their way, each of a different school. The female,—the fashionable,—the clerical,—the naval,—all betray something of the sectarian influences. We have left ourselves but a few words to say of a new work just out, which, to much that is original, seems to add nothing, that is professional. “*Godolphin*” is the work, to all appearance, (for the author is unknown,) of an idle but cultivated person of genius; the sex of the writer does not seem to us to be easily gathered from the nature of the work; now certain passages that betray a writhing consciousness of the social position of women, (a consciousness that no man could experience,) seems to indicate a female pen; and now some deep, strong, masculine burst of passion, particularly in the first, and part of the last volume, as strongly declares the author to be of the harder sex. The style of the work is an evident imitation of that of a certain author whose novels have been popular beyond their merit; but this is only a style of words and aphorisms,—the style of mind is essentially different; a soft and enervate gentleness,—an Italian colouring of subdued enthusiasm, are the characteristics of “*Godolphin*.” Its design is very elaborate: it is evidently a work of forethought and labour:—unity of moral conception is strictly preserved throughout, and to that is often (but never vainly) sacrificed the unity of mere story. The design is declared by the author to be the influence of the great world upon genius in either sex; and according to him (or her) this influence makes the woman a brilliant intrigant, and the man a visionary sensualist. We have seen some critiques in which the design has been blamed because the woman sets out with the resolution to do so much and does so little; but this seems to us the main truth and great merit of the design,—it displays the exact and necessary position of women who are cursed with ambition. The character of Saville, a fine gentleman, would be excellent if not a little too much compounded from that of Manleyverer, in “*Paul Clifford*.” The character of Fanny Millinger, an actress, is one of the best in the book, but seems to us also borrowed from the actress in “*Wilhelm Meister*.” Nothing can be more natural than the characters and tone of the work,—nothing more improbable than the plot. This want of congruity convinces us either that the work is by two hands, or by an unpractised novelist. In proportion as an author writes novels, (and this is very remarkable in Scott, (his *plots* grow more artful, and his *characters* less so. Still, despite the want of probability in the story of “*Godolphin*” the interest is always sustained and keen. And even the visionary and mysterious nature of the tale, while it of-

fends the judgment on recollection, absorbs the emotions in perusal.*

There seems to be no abatement in the interest taken in fictions; but instead of being concentrated to a few of the best, the appetite seems to have enlarged to grossness, and devours everything miscellaneously. Formerly the novels of Mrs. Gore or Mrs. Sheridan would have run through half a dozen editions in a year; but now the circulating libraries, instead of buying six copies of Mrs. Gore’s novel, distribute their favour impartially to Mrs. Gore and five other writers; no matter what their works be, so long as they are new.

The people of Fiji believe that all things, stones, axes, chisels, &c. have a soul, and are immortal; they will, it is pretended, show you a sort of well, across which runs a stream of water, wherein you may perceive the spirits of men and stones, women, and canoes, animals, and houses,—all the defunct souls of all the pots, pans, and rubbish of the world, tumbling over one another into the Haven of Immortality. Just so seems the present miscellany of literary compositions, and the soul of the King or the Palace goes down the tide, lumbered and hid by the clattering, crowding souls of all the slop-pails and scrubbing-brushes!

JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS

WITH LORD BYRON.

BY LADY BLESSINGTON. NO. VIII.

How much has Byron to unlearn ere he can hope for peace! Then he is proud of his false knowledge. I call it false, because it neither makes him better nor happier, and true knowledge ought to do the former, though I admit it cannot the latter. We are not relieved by the certainty that we have an incurable disease; on the contrary, we cease to apply remedies, and so let the evil increase. So it is with human nature: by believing ourselves devoted to selfishness, we supinely sink into its withering and inglorious thralldom; when, by encouraging kindly affections, without analyzing their source, we strengthen and fix them in the heart, and find their genial influence extending around, contributing to the happiness and well-being of others, and reflecting back some portion to ourselves. Byron’s heart is running to waste for want of being allowed to expend itself on his fellow-creatures; it is naturally capacious, and teeming with affection; but the worldly wisdom he has acquired has checked its course, and it preys on his own happiness

* There is astrology in “*Oonagh Lynch*,” and astrology in “*Godolphin*.” Could passages in the latter work have been written by Mrs. Norton?

by reminding him continually of the aching void in his breast. With a contemptible opinion of human nature, he requires a perfectibility in the persons to whom he attaches himself, that those who think most highly of it never expect: he gets easily disgusted, and when once the persons fall short of his expectations, his feelings are thrown back on himself, and, in their reaction, create new bitterness. I have remarked to Byron that it strikes me as a curious anomaly, that he, who thinks ill of mankind, should require more from it than do those who think well of it *en masse*; and that each new disappointment at a discovery of baseness sends him back to solitude with some of the feelings with which a savage creature would seek its lair; while those who judge it more favourably, instead of feeling bitterness at the disappointments we must all experience, more or less, when we have the weakness to depend wholly on others for happiness, smile at their own delusion, and blot out, as with a sponge, from memory that such things were, and were most sweet while we believed them, and open a fresh account, a new leaf in the ledger of life, always indulging in the hope that it may not be balanced like the last. We should judge others not by self, for that is deceptive, but by their general conduct and character. We rarely do this, because that with *le besoin d'aimer*, which all ardent minds have, we bestow our affections on the first person that chance throws in our path, and endow them with every good and noble quality, which qualities were unknown to them, and only existed in our own imaginations. We discover, when too late, our own want of discrimination; but, instead of blaming ourselves, we throw the whole censure on those whom we had overrated, and declare war against the whole species because we had chosen ill, and "loved not wisely, but too well." When such disappointments occur,—and, alas! they are so frequent as to enure us to them,—if we were to reflect on all the antecedent conduct and modes of thinking of those in whom we had "garnered up our hearts," we should find that *they* were in general consistent, and that *we* had indulged erroneous expectations, from having formed too high an estimate of them, and consequently were disappointed. A modern writer has happily observed that "the sourest disappointments are made out of our sweetest hopes, as the most excellent vinegar is made from damaged wine." We have all proved that hope ends but in frustration, but this should only give us a more humble opinion of our own powers of discrimination, instead of making us think ill of human nature: we may believe that there exists goodness, disinterestedness, and affection in the world, although we have not

had the good fortune to encounter them in the persons on whom we had lavished our regard. This is the best, because it is the safest and most consolatory philosophy; it prevents our thinking ill of our species, and precludes that corroding of our feelings which is the inevitable result; for as we all belong to the family of human nature, we cannot think ill of it without deteriorating our own. If we have had the misfortune to meet with some persons whose ingratitude and baseness might serve to lower our opinion of our fellow-creatures, have we not encountered others whose nobleness, generosity, and truth might redeem them? A few such examples,—nay, one alone,—such as I have had the happiness to know, has taught me to judge favourably of mankind; and Byron, with all his scepticism as to the perfectibility of human nature, allowed that the person to whom I allude was an exception to the rule of the belief he had formed as to selfishness or worldly-mindedness being the spring of action in man.

The grave has closed over him who shook Byron's scepticism in perfect goodness, and established for ever my implicit faith in it; but, in the debts of gratitude engraved in deep characters on memory, the impression his virtues have given me of human nature is indelibly registered,—an impression of which his conduct was the happiest illustration, as the recollection of it must ever be the antidote to misanthropy. We have need of such examples to reconcile us to the heartless ingratitude that all have, in a greater or less degree, been exposed to, and which is so calculated to disgust us with our species. How, then, must the heart reverence the memory of those who, in life, spread the shield of their goodness between us and sorrow and evil, and, even in death, have left us the hallowed recollection of their virtues, to enable us to think well of our fellow-creatures!

"Of the rich legacies the dying leave,
Remembrance of their virtues is the best."

We are as posterity to those who have gone before us—the *avant-coureurs* on that journey that we must all undertake. It is permitted us to speak of *absent* friends with the honest warmth of commendatory truth; then surely we may claim that privilege for the *dead*,—a privilege that every grateful heart must pant to establish, when the just tribute we pay to departed worth is but as the outpourings of a spirit that is overpowered by its own intensity, and whose praise or blame falls equally unregarded on "the dull cold ear of death." They who are in the grave cannot be flattered; and if their qualities were such as escaped the observance of the public eye, are not those who, in the shade of domestic privacy, had opportunities of appreciating them, entitled to one of the

few consolations left to survivors—that of offering the homage of admiration and praise to virtues that were beyond all praise, and goodness that, while in existence, proved a source of happiness, and, in death, a consolation, by the assurance they have given of meeting their reward?

Byron said to-day that he had met, in a French writer, an idea that had amused him very much, and that he thought had as much truth as originality in it: he quoted the passage, "*La curiosité est suicide de sa nature, et l'amour n'est que la curiosité.*" He laughed, and rubbed his hands, and repeated, "Yes, the Frenchman is right. Curiosity kills itself; and love is only curiosity, as is proved by its end."

I told Byron that it was in vain that he affected to believe what he repeated, as I thought too well of him to imagine him to be serious.

"At all events," said Byron, "you must admit that, of all passions, love is the most selfish. It begins, continues, and ends in selfishness. Who ever thinks of the happiness of the object apart from his own, or who attends to it? While the passion continues, the lover wishes the object of his attachment happy, because, were she visibly otherwise, it would detract from his own pleasures. The French writer understood mankind well, who said that they resembled the grand Turk in an opera, who, quitting his sultana for another, replied to her tears, '*Dissimulez votre peine, et respectez mes plaisirs.*' This," continued Byron, "is but too true a satire on men; for when love is over,

'A few years older,
Ah! how much colder
He could behold her
For whom he sighed!'

"Depend on it my doggerel rhymes have more truth than most that I have written. I have been told that love never exists without jealousy; if this be true, it proves that love must be founded on selfishness, for jealousy surely never proceeds from any other feeling than selfishness. We see that the person we like is pleased and happy in the society of some one else, and we prefer to see her unhappy with us than to allow her to enjoy it: is not this selfish? Why is it," continued Byron, "that lovers are at first only happy in each other's society? It is that their mutual flattery and egotism gratify their vanity; and not finding this stimulus elsewhere, they become dependent on each other for it. When they get better acquainted, and have exhausted all their compliments, without the power of creating or feeling any new illusions, or even continuing the old, they no longer seek each other's presence from preference; habit alone draws them together, and they drag on a chain that is tiresome to both, but which often neither has the courage to break.

We have all a certain portion of love in our natures, which portion we invariably bestow on the object that most charms us, which as invariably is—self; and though some degree of love may be extended to another, it is only because that other administers to our vanity; and the sentiment is but a reaction, —a sort of electricity that emits the sparks with which we are charged to another body; —and when the retorts lose their power— which means, in plain sense, when the flattery of the recipient no longer gratifies us —and yawning, that fearful abyss in love, is visible, the passion is over. Depend on it (continued Byron) the only love that never changes its object is self-love; and the disappointments it meets with make a more lasting impression than all others."

I told Byron that I expected him to-morrow to disprove every word he had uttered to-day. He laughed, and declared that his profession of faith was contained in the verses "Could love for ever;" that he wished he could think otherwise, but so it was.

Byron affects scepticism in love and friendship, and yet is, I am persuaded, capable of making great sacrifices for both. He has an unaccountable passion for misrepresenting his own feelings and motives, and exaggerates his defects more than any enemy could do: he is often angry because we do not believe all he says against himself, and would be, I am sure, delighted to meet some one credulous enough to give credence to all he asserts or insinuates with regard to his own misdoings.

If Byron were not a great poet, the charlatanism of affecting to be a Satanic character, in this our matter-of-fact nineteenth century, would be very amusing: but when the genius of the man is taken into account, it appears too ridiculous, and one feels mortified at finding that he, who could elevate the thoughts of his readers to the empyrean, should fall below the ordinary standard of every-day life, by a vain and futile attempt to pass for something that all who know him rejoice that he is not; while, by his sublime genius and real goodness of heart, which are made visible every day, he establishes claims on the admiration and sympathy of mankind that few can resist. If he knew his own power, he would disdain such unworthy means of attracting attention, and trust to his merit for commanding it.

"I know not when I have been so much interested and amused, (said Byron,) as in the perusal of ——— journal: it is one of the choicest productions I ever read, and is astonishing as being written by a minor, as I find he was under age when he penned it. The most piquant vein of pleasantry runs through it; the ridicules—and they are many—of our dear compatriots are touched with the pencil of a master; but what pleases me most is, that neither the reputation of

man nor woman is compromised, nor any disclosures made that could give pain. He has admirably penetrated the secret of English ennui, (continued Byron,)—a secret that is one to the English only, as I defy any foreigner, blessed with a common share of intelligence, to come in contact with them without discovering it. The English know that they are *ennuyés*, but vanity prevents their discovering that they are *ennuyeux*, and they will be little disposed to pardon the person who enlightens them on this point.

— ought to publish this work (continued Byron), for two reasons: the first, that it will be sure to get known that he has written a piquant journal, and people will imagine it to be a malicious libel, instead of being a playful satire, as the English are prone to fancy the worst, from a consciousness of not meriting much forbearance; the second reason is, that the impartial view of their foibles, taken by a stranger who cannot be actuated by any of the little jealousies that influence the members of their own coteries, might serve to correct them, though I fear *réflexion faite* there is not much hope of this. It is an extraordinary anomaly, (said Byron,) that people who are really naturally inclined to good, as I believe the English are, and who have the advantages of a better education than foreigners receive, should practise more ill-nature and display more heartlessness than the inhabitants of any other country. This is all the effect of the artificial state of society in England, and the exclusive system has increased the evils of it ten-fold. We accuse the French of frivolity, (continued Byron,) because they are governed by *fashion*; but this extends only to their dress, whereas the English allow it to govern their pursuits, habits, and modes of thinking and acting: in short, it is the Alpha and Omega of all they think, do, or will: their society, residences, nay, their very friends, are chosen by this criterion, and old and tried friends, wanting its stamp, are voted *de trop*. Fashion admits women of more than dubious reputations, and well-born men with none, into circles where virtue and honour, not *à-la-mode*, might find it difficult to get placed; and if (on hearing the reputation of Lady this, or Mrs. that, or rather want of reputation, canvassed over by their associates) you ask why they are received, you will be told it is because they are seen everywhere—they are the fashion.—I have known (continued Byron) men and women in London received in the first circles, who, by their birth, talents, or manners, had no one claim to such a distinction, merely because they had been seen in one or two houses, to which, by some manœuvring, they got the *entrée*; but I must add, they were not remarkable for good looks, or superiority in any way, for if they had been, it would

have elicited attention to their want of other claims, and closed the doors of fashion against them. I recollect, (said Byron,) on my first entering fashionable life, being surprised at the (to me) unaccountable distinctions I saw made between ladies placed in peculiar and precisely similar situations. I have asked some of the fair leaders of fashion, 'Why do you exclude Lady —, and admit Lady —, as they are both in the same scrape?' With that amiable indifference to cause and effect that distinguishes the generality of your sex, the answer has invariably been, 'Oh! we admit Lady — because all our set receive her; and exclude Lady — because they will not.' I have pertinaciously demanded, 'Well, but you allow their claims are equal?' and the reply has been, 'Certainly; and we believe the excluded lady to be the better of the two.' *Mais que voulez-vous?* she is not received, and the other is; it is all chance or luck; and this (continued Byron) is the state of society in London, and such the line of demarcation drawn between the pure and the impure, when chance or luck, as Lady — honestly owned to me, decided whether a woman lost her caste or not. I am not much of a prude, (said Byron,) but I declare that, for the general good, I think that all women who had forfeited their reputations ought to lose their places in society; but this rule ought never to admit of an exception: it becomes an injustice and hardship when it does, and loses all effect as a warning or preventive. I have known young married women, when cautioned by friends on the probability of losing caste by such or such a step, quote the examples of Lady this, or Mrs. that, who had been more imprudent, (for imprudence is the new name for guilt in England,) and yet that one saw these ladies received everywhere, and vain were precepts with such examples. People may suppose (continued Byron) that I respect not morals, because unfortunately I have sometimes violated them: perhaps from this very circumstance I respect them the more, as we never value riches until our prodigality has made us feel their loss; and a lesson of prudence coming from him who had squandered thousands, would have more weight than whole pages written by one who had not personal experience: so I maintain that persons who have *erred* are most competent to point out errors. It is my respect for morals that makes me so indignant against its vile substitute cant, with which I wage war, and this the good-natured world chooses to consider as a sign of my wickedness. We are all the creatures of circumstance, (continued Byron;) the greater part of our errors are caused, if not excused, by events and situations over which we have had little control: the world sees the faults, but they see not what led to them;

therefore I am always lenient to crimes that have brought their own punishment, while I am little disposed to pity those who think they atone for their own sins by exposing those of others, and add cant and hypocrisy to the catalogue of their vices. Let not a woman who has gone astray, *without detection*, affect to disdain a less fortunate, though not less culpable female. She who is unblemished should pity her who has fallen, and she whose conscience tells her she is not spotless should show forbearance; but it enrages me to see women whose conduct is, or has been, infinitely more blameable than that of the persons they denounce, affecting a prudery towards others that they had not in the hour of need for themselves. It was this forbearance towards her own sex that charmed me in Lady Melbourne: she had always some kind interpretation for every action that would admit of one, and pity or silence when aught else was impracticable.

"Lady —, beautiful and spotless herself, always struck me as wanting that pity she could so well afford. Not that I ever thought her ill-natured or spiteful; but I thought there was a certain severity in her demarcations, that her acknowledged purity rendered less necessary. Do you remember my lines in the *Giaour*, ending with—

No: gayer insects fluttering by
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die;
And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every falling but their own;
And every woe a tear can claim
Except an erring sister's shame.

"These lines were suggested by the conduct I witnessed in London from women to their erring acquaintances—a conduct that led me to draw the conclusion, that their hearts are formed of less penetrable stuff than those of men."

Byron has not lived sufficiently long in England, and has left it at too young an age, to be able to form an impartial and just estimate of his compatriots. He was a busy actor, more than a spectator, in the circles which have given him an unfavourable impression; and his own passions were, at that period, too much excited to permit his reason to be unbiased in the opinions he formed. In his hatred of what he calls cant and hypocrisy, he is apt to denounce as such all that has the air of severity; and which, though often painful in individual cases, is, on the whole, salutary for the general good of society. This error of Byron's proceeds from a want of actual personal observation, for which opportunity has not been afforded him, as the brief period of his residence in England, after he had arrived at an age to judge, and the active part he took in the scenes around him, allowed him not to acquire that perfect

knowledge of society, manners, and customs which is necessary to correct the prejudices that a superficial acquaintance with it is so apt to engender, even in the most acute observer, but to which a powerful imagination, prompt to jump at conclusions without pausing to trace cause and effect, is still more likely to fall into. Byron sees not that much of what he calls the usages of cant and hypocrisy are the fences that protect propriety, and that they cannot be invaded without exposing what it is the interest of all to preserve. Had he been a calm looker on, instead of an impassioned actor in the drama of English fashionable life, he would probably have taken a less harsh view of all that has so much excited his ire, and felt the necessity of many of the restraints which fettered him.

A two years' residence in Greece, with all the freedom and personal independence that a desultory rambling life admits of and gives a taste for,—in a country where civilization has so far retrograded that its wholesome laws, as well as its refinements, have disappeared, leaving license to usurp the place of liberty,—was little calculated to prepare a young man of three-and-twenty for the conventional habits and restraints of that artificial state of society which extreme civilization and refinement beget. No wonder then that it soon became irksome to him, and that, like the unbroken courser of Arabia, when taken from the deserts where he had sported in freedom, he spurned the puny meshes which ensnared him, and pined beneath the trammels that intercepted his liberty.

Byron returned to England in his twenty-third year, and left it before he had completed his twenty-eighth, soured by disappointments and rendered reckless by a sense of injuries. "He who fears not, is to be feared," says the proverb; and Byron, wincing under all the obloquy which malice and envy could inflict, felt that its utmost malignity could go no farther, and became fixed in a fearless braving of public opinion, which a false spirit of vengeance led him to indulge in, turning the genius, that could have achieved the noblest ends, into the means of accomplishing those which were unworthy of it. His attacks on the world are like the war of the Titans against the Gods,—the weapons he aims fall back on himself. He feels that he has allowed sentiments of pique to influence and deteriorate his works; and that the sublime passages in them, that now appear like gleams of sunshine flitting across the clouds that sometimes obscure the bright luminary, might have been one unbroken blaze of light, had not worldly resentment and feelings dimmed their lustre.

This consciousness of misapplied genius has made itself felt in Byron, and will yet

lead him to redeem the injustice he has done it; and when he has won the guerdon of the world's applause, and satisfied that craving for celebrity which consumes him, reconciled to that world, and at peace with himself, he may yet win as much esteem for the man as he has hitherto elicited admiration for the poet. To satisfy Byron, the admiration must be unqualified; and, as I have told him, this depends on himself: he has only to choose a subject for his muse, in which not only received opinions are not wounded, but morality is inculcated; and his glowing genius, no longer tarnished by the stains that have previously blemished it, will shine forth with a splendour, and ensure that universal applause, which will content even his ambitious and aspiring nature. He wants some one to tell him what he *might* do, what he *ought* to do, and what so doing he would become, I have told him; but I have not sufficient weight or influence with him to make my representations effective; and the task would be delicate and difficult for a male friend to undertake, as Byron is pertinacious in refusing to admit that his works have failed in morality, though in his heart I am sure he feels it.

Talking of some one who was said to have fallen in love, "I suspect (said Byron) that he must be indebted to your country for this phrase, 'falling in love'; it is expressive and droll: they also say falling ill; and, as both are involuntary, and, in general, equally calamitous, the expressions please me. Of the two evils, the falling ill seems to me to be the least; at all events I would prefer it; for as, according to philosophers, pleasure consists in the absence of pain, the sensations of returning health (if one does recover) must be agreeable; but the recovery from love is another affair, and resembles the awaking from an agreeable dream. Hearts are often only lent, when they are supposed to be given away (continued Byron); and are the loans for which people exact the most usurious interest. When the debt is called in, the borrower, like all other debtors, feels little obligation to the lender, and, having refunded the principal, regrets the interest he has paid. You see (said Byron) that, *à l'Anglaise*, I have taken a mercantile view of the tender passion; but I must add that, in closing the accounts, they are seldom fairly balanced, 'e ciò sa 'l tuo dottore.' There is this difference between the Italians and others, (said Byron,) that the end of love is not with them the beginning of hatred, which certainly is, in general, the case with the English, and, I believe, the French: this may be accounted for from their having less vanity; which is also the reason why they have less ill-nature in their compositions, for vanity, being always on the qui-

vise, up in arms, ready to resent the least offence offered to it, precludes good temper."

I asked Byron if his partiality for the Italians did not induce him to overlook other and obvious reasons for their not beginning to hate when they ceased to love: first, the attachments were of such long duration that age arrived to quell angry feelings, and the gradations were so slow, from the first sigh of love to the yawn of expiring affection, as to be almost imperceptible to the parties; and the system of domesticating in Italy established a habit that rendered them necessary to each other. Then the slavery of *serventism*, the jealousies, carried to an extent that is unknown in England, and which exists longer than the passion that is supposed to excite, if not excuse, them, may tend to reconcile lovers to the exchange of friendship for love; and, rejoicing in their recovered liberty, they are more disposed to indulge feelings of complacency than hatred.

Byron said, "Whatever may be the cause, they have reason to rejoice in the effect; and one is never afraid in Italy of inviting people together who have been known to have once had warmer feelings than friendship towards each other, as is the case in England, where, if persons under such circumstances were to meet, angry glances and a careful avoidance of civility would mark their kind sentiments towards each other."

I asked Byron if what he attributed to the effects of wounded vanity might not proceed from other and better feelings, at least on the part of the woman? Might not shame and remorse be the cause? The presence of the man who had caused their dereliction from duty and virtue calling up both, could not be otherwise than painful and humiliating to women who were not totally destitute of delicacy and feeling; and that this most probably was the cause of the coldness he observed between persons of opposite sexes in society.

"You are always thinking of and reasoning on the *English*, (answered Byron:) mind I refer to Italians, and with them there can be neither shame nor remorse, because, in yielding to love, they do not believe they are violating either their duty or religion; consequently a man has none of the reproach to dread that awaits him in England when a lady's conscience is *awakened*,—which, by the by, I have observed it seldom is, until *affection* is laid asleep, which (continued Byron) is very convenient to herself, but very much the reverse to the unhappy man."

I am sure that much of what Byron said in this conversation was urged to vex me. Knowing my partiality to England and all that is English, he has a childish delight

in exciting me into an argument; and as I as yet know nothing of Italy, except through books, he takes advantage of his long residence in, and knowledge of the country, to vaunt the superiority of its customs and usages, which I never can believe he prefers to his own. A wish of vexing or astonishing the English is, I am persuaded, the motive that induces him to attack Shakspeare; and he is highly gratified when he succeeds in doing either, and enjoys it like a child. He says that the reason why he judges the English women so severely is, that, being brought up with certain principles, they are doubly to blame in not making their conduct accord with them; and that, while punishing with severity the transgressions of persons of their own sex in humble positions, they look over the more glaring misconduct and vices of the rich and great—that not the crime, but its detection, is punished in England; and, to avoid this, hypocrisy is added to want of virtue.

“You have heard, of course, (said Byron,) that I was considered mad in England; my most intimate friends in general, and Lady Byron in particular, were of this opinion; but it did not operate in my favour in their minds, as they were not, like the natives of eastern nations, disposed to pay honour to my supposed insanity or folly. They considered me a *mejnoun*, but would not treat me as one. And yet, had such been the case, what ought to excite such pity and forbearance as a mortal malady that reduces us to more than childishness—a prostration of intellect that places us in the dependence of even menial hands? Reason (continued Byron) is so unreasonable, that few can say that they are in possession of it. I have often doubted my own sanity; and, what is more, wished for insanity—anything—to quell memory, the never-dying worm that feeds on the heart, and only calls up the *past* to make the *present* more insupportable. Memory has for me

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There is one thing (continued Byron) that increases my discontent, and adds to the rage that I often feel against self. It is the conviction that the events in life that have most pained me—that have turned the milk of my nature into gall—have not depended on the persons who tortured me,—as I admit the causes were inadequate to the effects:—it was my own nature, prompt to receive painful impressions, and to retain them with a painful tenacity, that supplied the arms against my peace. Nay, more, I believe the wounds inflicted were not, for the most part, premeditated; or, if so, that the extent and profundity of them were not anticipated by the persons who aimed them. There are some natures that have a predis-

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fortunes, her sublime flights of imagination, and her researches into the subterranean regions of the intellect, till what was hers became half his own. For him the serious Face of Nature was unveiled; his was one of those clear eyes which see beauty understandingly, and one of those pure hearts which desire not only to possess, but rather to enjoy; for him the mind of man was a subject kingdom; he knew the peculiarities of the animal, as well as the prerogatives of the soul; he knew what to ridicule and what to love; and from these sources he drew the nutriment of his understanding, and left us the gnarled and knotted tree of his works. Drunk with brandy one half of the day, and with ambrosial dreams the other half, he was one of those strange mixtures of coarseness and refinement, purity and vulgarity, illusion and clear-sightedness, perturbed hopes and soothing sentiments, which the world only witnesses in its moments of earthquake.

The peculiar domain of his intellect was the region of dreams, and the predominating property of his style was metaphor: now metaphor is dream epitomised. No man ever wrote more on the Incomprehensible and the Invisible, precisely because he thought he saw and comprehended it, so clear were the shapes of his visions—so strong were the grappling-irons with which he seized them; what he saw of Heaven he told to Earth.

Thus it was that Jean Paul preserved his mind unstained and pure to the last: he knew less of life than of existence; and whilst those around him fell under the manifold perplexities and passions of the world, the current of his thoughts went on and scarcely wore him down; as in the night, dreams of unknown lands and labours visit us, and we nevertheless wake in the morning refreshed with our sleep.

Jean Paul was, however, no mystic. From his early youth he combated the crooked orthodoxy of the schools, and sought after the truth with the clear method of a lover of light, and not as a lover of darkness. His pity was not of the wailing kind; the world was to his eye "no vale of tears," as he says in one of his letters, but "rather a vale of joy." To his fellow creatures he bore the goodly kindness of a pure soul; his heart was ever ready to overflow with the purest feelings of our nature; in his friendships he was steady and ardent, as his long intimacy with Jacobi sufficiently proved, for, as he said, "he was my friend, and is so still, for death has assuredly not severed our hearts."

We say that Jean Paul was no mystic, because in fact his form and not his method was symbolical; he adopted the most poetical expressions for his philosophical ideas, and hence he has been accused of being too difficult to be understood, because few have

been clear-sighted enough to understand him. He was a lyrical poet, because he was an enthusiastic man; and he was occasionally a satirist, because he was a humorous and an observing one. Thus far and no farther has Germany gone: it would be folly to mistake her enthusiasm for passion, her humour for wit, or her observation for invention. Jean Paul was a man of the Present, a man of the People, and a man of Change; he expressed in his writings the eloquent confusion of the state of the public mind in his country, as it was in his lifetime, and is to the present day. Broken and divided in their form as is the political surface of the Confederation, and the social depths of the nation, now warm and imaginative as the South, now obscure and strong as the North of Germany, the writings of Jean Paul exhibit the most perfect unity which that disunited country has produced; they are the most harmonious expression of the many strange notes and sounds which are to be heard around. Whatever may be our opinion of Jean Paul as an individual, great is our admiration for that portion of the individual—the best and purest portion—which he has transfused into his works. He is always himself in view, not indeed as one of those Titanic poets who make mankind think, but as one who has thought a great deal for mankind. If, as we may sometimes be tempted to imagine in the despondency of ignorance, all the wisdom of the world is nothing but the science of mistakes, Jean Paul is one of those authors who endear us to our convictions by the energy and depth of his own. Few men are capable and willing to renounce all authority, and to protest against the creeds of fashion and creation with as much courage as our author. Jean Paul lived between two mighty Revolutions, and he was one of the few persons who considered them, and understood them both simultaneously. He was alive to the agitation and change of external Europe, far more than is usual among the thinkers of Germany; the French Revolution opened his horizon on one side, and on the other he saw light stream in upon him from those philosophers who were not the contemporaries of Robespierre and St. Just without deep reason. His capacious mind received much of the transitory thoughts of the wonderful crisis in which he lived; the impressions of Revolution are everywhere manifest in his writings; their effects on the social creed of mankind will be better known as those writings are better understood. "As it was written on the west gate of Chersonesus, 'Here lies the way to Byzantium,' so it is also written on the west gate of this century, 'There lies the way to Truth and Virtue,' said Jean Paul, in 1794. Since that time the bright hopes of the poet were doubtless checked

in exciting me into an argument; and as I as yet know nothing of Italy, except through books, he takes advantage of his long residence in, and knowledge of the country, to vaunt the superiority of its customs and usages, which I never can believe he prefers to his own. A wish of vexing or astonishing the English is, I am persuaded, the motive that induces him to attack Shakspeare; and he is highly gratified when he succeeds in doing either, and enjoys it like a child. He says that the reason why he judges the English women so severely is, that, being brought up with certain principles, they are doubly to blame in not making their conduct accord with them; and that, while punishing with severity the transgressions of persons of their own sex in humble positions, they look over the more glaring misconduct and vices of the rich and great—that not the crime, but its detection, is punished in England; and, to avoid this, hypocrisy is added to want of virtue.

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position to grief, as others have to disease; and such was my case. The causes that have made me wretched would probably not have discomposed, or, at least, more than discomposed, another. We are all differently organized; and that I feel *acutely* is no more my fault (though it is my misfortune) than that another feels not, is his. We did not make ourselves; and if the elements of unhappiness abound more in the nature of one man than another, he is but the more entitled to our pity and forbearance. Mine is a nature (continued Byron) that might have been softened and ameliorated by prosperity, but that has been hardened and soured by adversity." Prosperity and adversity are the fires by which moral chemists try and judge human nature; and how few can pass the ordeal! Prosperity corrupts, and adversity renders ordinary nature callous; but when any portion of excellence exists, neither can injure. The first will expand the heart, and show forth every virtue, as the genial rays of the sun bring forth the fruit and flowers of the earth; and the second will teach sympathy for others, which is best learned in the school of affliction."

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

"ANNIHILATION."

UPON the rough and many-peaked Parnassus of Germany there stood a man, apart from the rest, who uttered strains of wild poetry which have, comparatively speaking, been heard but by few! Amidst the crowd of talented men whom Germany produced in the last century, Jean Paul was the most remarkable, if not the greatest. Jean Paul was the most German of them all; the freest thinker and the boldest swimmer in the ocean of thought; the most perfect master of his language, and one of the deepest philosophers who ever was a great poet, or one of the loftiest poets who ever was a great philosopher. He did not mould his thoughts into language, but he seized that immense and plastic language and compressed it into his thoughts; never were dead words summoned to life by a more cunning magician, or ideas more precious embalméd in words. No man ever brought more capital of his own to trade with in the world of letters than Jean Paul; and moreover, he possessed the faculty of finding gold where a more superficial eye could see nothing but dross—such was the power of his observation; and of placing the old in immediate and proper communication with the new—such was his power of application. For him the spirit of Germany was a familiar spirit: he shared her deep erudition, her obscurity, her broken

fortunes, her sublime flights of imagination, and her researches into the subterranean regions of the intellect, till what was hers became half his own. For him the serious Face of Nature was unveiled; his was one of those clear eyes which see beauty understandingly, and one of those pure hearts which desire not only to possess, but rather to enjoy; for him the mind of man was a subject kingdom; he knew the peculiarities of the animal, as well as the prerogatives of the soul; he knew what to ridicule and what to love; and from these sources he drew the nutriment of his understanding, and left us the gnarled and knotted tree of his works. Drunk with brandy one half of the day, and with ambrosial dreams the other half, he was one of those strange mixtures of coarseness and refinement, purity and vulgarity, illusion and clear-sightedness, perturbed hopes and soothing sentiments, which the world only witnesses in its moments of earthquake.

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been clear-sighted enough to understand him. He was a lyrical poet, because he was an enthusiastic man; and he was occasionally a satirist, because he was a humorous and an observing one. Thus far and no farther has Germany gone: it would be folly to mistake her enthusiasm for passion, her humour for wit, or her observation for invention. Jean Paul was a man of the Present, a man of the People, and a man of Change; he expressed in his writings the eloquent confusion of the state of the public mind in his country, as it was in his lifetime, and is to the present day. Broken and divided in their form as is the political surface of the Confederation, and the social depths of the nation, now warm and imaginative as the South, now obscure and strong as the North of Germany, the writings of Jean Paul exhibit the most perfect unity which that disunited country has produced; they are the most harmonious expression of the many strange notes and sounds which are to be heard around. Whatever may be our opinion of Jean Paul as an individual, great is our admiration for that portion of the individual—the best and purest portion—which he has transfused into his works. He is always himself in view, not indeed as one of those Titanic poets who make mankind think, but as one who has thought a great deal for mankind. If, as we may sometimes be tempted to imagine in the despondency of ignorance, all the wisdom of the world is nothing but the science of mistakes, Jean Paul is one of those authors who endear us to our convictions by the energy and depth of his own. Few men are capable and willing to renounce all authority, and to protest against the creeds of fashion and creation with as much courage as our author. Jean Paul lived between two mighty Revolutions, and he was one of the few persons who considered them, and understood them both simultaneously. He was alive to the agitation and change of external Europe, far more than is usual among the thinkers of Germany; the French Revolution opened his horizon on one side, and on the other he saw light stream in upon him from those philosophers who were not the contemporaries of Robespierre and St. Just without deep reason. His capacious mind received much of the transitory thoughts of the wonderful crisis in which he lived; the impressions of Revolution are everywhere manifest in his writings; their effects on the social creed of mankind will be better known as those writings are better understood. "As it was written on the west gate of Chersonesus, 'Here lies the way to Byzantium,' so is it also written on the west gate of this century, 'Here lies the way to Truth and Virtue,' said Jean Paul, in 1794. Since that time the bright hopes of the poet were doubtless checked

and dimmed by the various clouds which arose around; he saw war and much oppression—the former was as revolting to his heart as the latter was to his head. There is scarcely a work of Jean Paul's which does not contain bitter animadversions and deep lamentations on the waste of human blood, and the cruel pastime of Princes.

Nevertheless, in all the strange changes of the Kaleidoscope of the World, Jean Paul was a happy man, because the deep convictions we have before alluded to were enough to hallow the heaven of his heart, and his imagination was ever ready to bear him away as it were on angel-pinions to the Paradisiacal regions of Eternity: he was blest in happy thoughts beyond any poet of his age, because the infinite variety of Nature was ever about him to please the childish simplicity of his spirit, and he was surrounded by myriads of personifications and metaphors—witnesses of his thoughts—"swimming round him," to use the expression of a German critic, "like the multifarious fishes of a great ocean."

We subjoin a translation of one of his most characteristic compositions—if translation is a word fit to be applied to Jean Paul; say rather that the following vision has been done into English, with a view to give a partial idea of the powers of this wonderful man to our readers.

ANNIHILATION—

A VISION.

By Jean Paul.

ALL Love believes in a double Immortality, in its own and in that of its object: from the moment in which love begins to fear that it should cease, it has already ceased. To our hearts it is the same, whether our beloved one, or merely his love disappears. He who doubts of our Eternity lends to the fair heart which opens itself before him, or to its perfection at least, the unperishable nature of the purest existence, and finds the clear one whom he has seen sink into the dark earth, glimmering over him in broken starlight in Heaven.

Man—who always questions himself too much, and others too little—cherishes not only secret inclinations but secret opinions, the contrary of which he imagines to be his belief, till some strong emotion of Fate or Poetry lays the concealed bottom of his innermost soul open before him. Thence we may, perhaps, have read the title of these pages with coolness;—we may even accept our court Annihilation; but we tremble when our heart discloses to us the horrible contents of this chimera, to think that the Earth in which we would all lay our sunken

heads to rest, is nothing else than the broad headman's block of pale crippled humanity, when it comes out of prison.

Ottomar lay in the furthestmost house of a village from which he looked out on the battle-field of the Unburied; he was in the last stage of a putrid fever. In that night his loose blood filled his agitated heart with a hell-stream of distorted apparitions, and this dark boiling stream of blood reflected the hollow light sky, and shivered forms and jagged flashes of lightning. When the morning returned in its coolness, and when the venom of the tarantula sting of fever was gone from his tired heart, the immovable storm of War roared before him with ceaseless fire and blows; and again these bloody pierced phantoms stood before him in his midnight dreams like corpses.

In the night of which I am speaking, his fever had reached the steep and critical eminence between Life and Death. His eyes were like immense mirrors in a hall of mirrors, his ears like immense ears in a whispering-gallery, his nerves reached out giant limbs to him—the moving forms on the printed bed-curtain became thick and blood-coloured, and shot upwards and fell again as in battle; a boiling waterspout drew him up in its seething vapours, and underneath, out of the innermost depth, there crept keen little ghosts, which had haunted him before in a fever of childhood, and they crept with cold clammy toadsfeet over his warm soul, and said, "We torment thee ever."

On a sudden, as his darkened heart seemed to have rolled back and worked itself out of the hot crater of his fever, the yellow gleam of a neighbouring fire shone over the paper of the room. His dry hot eye stared half-shut on the transparent figures of the curtain, which flapped in the distant light;—all at once a Form stretched itself forth from amongst them with a corpse-white motionless countenance, white lips white eyelids and hair.

The form reached towards the sick man with long crooked feelers, which played out of the sockets of its eyes. It approached, and the dark spots on its feelers closed together against his heart, like points of ice; it drove him backwards with its chilly breath, backwards through walls and rocks, and through the earth, and the feelers were like daggers in his heart; and when he sank backwards, the world broke down before him—the ruins of demolished mountains, and the rubbish of dust-hills fell below—and there poured down a hail of clouds and moons—the worlds descended in bow-shots over the corpse-white form, and suns hung round with globes sank in a long heavy fall, and at last there came a dusty stream of ashes.

"White Form, who art thou?" asked at last the man. "If I name my name thou art no more," said the white Form without moving its lips, and neither earnestness, nor joys, nor love, nor wrath, was there in that countenance; Eternity passed and changed it not.

The Form brought him on a narrow path formed of earth-clods, which were laid under the chains of dead men; the causeway went across a sea of blood, out of which there rose white hairs and children's fingers, like the blossoms of a water plant, and it was covered with brooding doves, and with wings of butterflies, and nightingale's eggs, and men's hearts. The Form crushed them all as it skimmed over them, and it drew over the pond of blood a swimming veil made of the wet linen which lies upon dead men's eyes. The red waves rose over the terrified man, and the narrowing path went over cold and slippery mushrooms, and at last over a long cool slippery adder.

He slid down, but a whirlwind turned him round, and he saw before him the extent of an immense plain of black ice, on which all the nations lay, which had died upon the Earth—starks, frozen armies of corpses, and deep below in the abyss, an earthquake was ringing in all eternity, a little cracked bell—it was the death-bell of Nature. "Is that the second World?" asked the comfortless man. The Form answered, "The second World is in the grave between the teeth of the worm." He looked upwards to seek a consoling Heaven, but above him was spread a thick black smoke, the immense pall which is drawn between the Heaven of the Worlds, and this dark chilly gap in Nature; and the ruined mansions of the part smoked up, and made the pall blacker and broader; and then there passed the apparition of a falling burning world, with its red shadow on the dark covering, and an eternal blast bore in it the wail of sinking voices.

"We have suffered, we have hoped, but we suffocate—Oh! Almighty power, create nothing more."

Ottomar asked, "Who annihilates them then?"—"I," said the Form, and it drove him among the armies of corpses, into the masked world of annihilated men; and as the Form passed before a mask with a soul, there spurted a bloody drop from its dull eye, such as a corpse sheds when a murderer approaches it. And he was led on unceasingly, by the mute funeral procession of the past, by the rotten chains of existence, and by the conflicts of the spirits. There saw he first of all the ashy brethren of his heart pass by, and in their countenances there still stood the blighted hope of reward; he saw thousands of poor children with smooth rosy cheeks, and with their first smile stiffened, and thousands of

mothers with their uncoffined babes in their arms, and there he saw the dumb sages of all nations with extinguished souls, and with the extinguished light of Truth, and they were dumb under the great pall, like singing birds whose cage is darkened with a covering, and there he saw the strong endurers of life, the numberless, who had suffered till they died, and the others who were lacerated by horror, and there he saw the countenances of those who had died of joy, and the deathly tear of Joy was still hanging in their eyes; and there he saw all the lives of the earth standing with stifled hearts, in which no Heaven, no God, no Conscience, dwelt any more; and there he saw again a world fall, and its wail passed by him, "Oh! how vain, how nothingly is the groaning and struggling, and the Truth and the Virtue of the world!" and there at last appeared his father with the iron ball globe which sinks the corpses of that ocean, and then as he pressed a tear of blood out of the white eyelid, his heart, which ran cold with horror, exclaimed "Form of Hell, crush me speedily; annihilation is eternal, there live none but mortals and thou. Am I alive, Form?"

The Form led him gently to the edge of the ever-freezing field of ice; in the abyss he saw the fragments of the stifled souls of animals, and on high were numberless tracts of ice, with the annihilated of higher worlds, and the bodies of the dead angels, were for the most part of Sun's light, or of long sounds, or of motionless fragrancy. But there over the chasm, near to the realm of the dead of the Earth, stood a veiled being on a clod of Ice; and as the white Form passed, the Being raised its veil; it was the dead Christ, without resurrection, with his crucifixion wounds, which all flowed afresh, on the approach of the white Form.

Ottomar bent his tottering knee, and looked up to the black concave, and prayed, "Oh! good God! bring me back again to my good earth, that I may dream of life." And while he prayed, the blood-red shadows of crushed worlds flew across the broad pall of smoke. And then the white Form stretched out its feelers, like arms towards Heaven, and said, "I will draw down the Earth, and then I will name my name to you."

And whilst the feelers with their black points rose higher and higher, a little cleft in the cloud became light, and it at last broke asunder, and our reeling earth sank as it were into the fascinating, greedy jaws of a rattle-snake; and whilst the cloud-girt globe fell lower, there rained upon it blood and tears, because there were battles and martyrdoms upon it.

The grey narrow Earth waved about transparent, with its young nations by the side of its stark dead nations—its arc was a long coffin of adamant, with the inscription,

"*The Past*," and in the hollow of the earth there glowed a round fire, which melted the keys of the long coffin; the lily-buds and flower-buds of the earth became mouldy, its fields were as the green skin on a pool of mud; its woods were moss, the peaks of its Alpine girdle were as a spoked wheel, its clocks all struck at once; and the hours hastily became centuries, so that no life lasted the time out; men were to be seen on the earth growing, and then waxing rudely and tall, and stout, and grey, till they bent themselves and lay down. But the men upon the earth were very happy. The lightning of Death flashed indeed ruthlessly among the careless nations, one while on the warm heart of a mother, another while on the smooth round brow of a child, on the bald head, and on the warm rosy cheek. But men had their consolation; dying lovers, those who buried, and those who wept, hung softly over those whose eye was waxing dim, the friend over the friend, parents over children, and they said, "Depart ye—we shall meet again behind Death, to part no more."

"I will show thee," said the Form, "how I annihilate them."—A coffin became transparent—in the placid brain of the Man, therein lying, the Life still glowed, plastered over with clay, surrounded by a cold dark sleep, and cut off from the broken heart.—Ottomar exclaimed, "Lying Form, the Life still glows; who extinguished the spark?"—The white Form answered, "Horror! Look down."—A village church was split asunder, a leaden coffin sprung open, and Ottomar saw his own body mouldering in it, and his brain burst—but there was no spot of Light on the open head. The Form stared at him, and said, "I have drawn thee out of thy brain—thou art already long since dead"—and it seized him cuttingly with its cold metallic feelers, and whispered,—
"Tremble, and die—I am God."

There rushed a Sun downwards which embraced the wide Heaven, melted the desert of ice, and the region of the masks, and flew on with a mighty noise in its endless curve, leaving a flood of light behind it, and the severed ether rang with ineffable music. Ottomar swam in ether, surrounded by an opaque sleet of little balls of light; from time to time the flash of a falling Sun pierced the white light, and a soft glow was wafted around. The thick cloud of light floated on the tones of the ether, and the waves of ether rocked it as it hovered over them. Till at last the cloud sank below in flakes of light, and Ottomar saw the eternal Creation lying round about him; Suns were careering above him and below him, each one bearing the flowing spring-tide of its worlds and soft rays through Heaven.

The sunny mist was floating downwards far away in the ether like a brilliant snow-

cloud, but the mortal was retained in that blue Heaven by a long sound of music coming over the waves; the sound re-echoed suddenly through the whole boundless ether, as if the Almighty hand was running over the clouds of creation.—And in all the orbs there was an echo as of jubilee; invisible springs floated by in streams of fragrancy; blessed worlds passed by unseen with the whispering of ineffable joy; fresh flames gleamed in the Suns. The sea of life smelled as if its unfathomable bottom was rising, and a warm blast came to shake the sun-rays and rainbows, and strains of joy and light clouds out of the cups of roses. All at once there was a stillness in the whole of immeasurable space, as if Nature was dying in ecstasy—a broad gleam, as if The Endless One was going through creation, spread over the suns, and over the abysses, and over the pale rainbow of the milky way—and all nature thrilled in delicious transport, as a man's heart thrills when it is about to forgive.—And thereupon his innermost soul opened itself before the mortal, as if it were a lofty temple, and in the temple was a Heaven, and in the Heaven was a man's form which looked down on him, with an eye like a sun full of immeasurable love.—The Form appeared to him, and said, "I am eternal Love, thou canst not pass away."—And the form strengthened the trembling child who thought to die of wonder, and then the mortal saw through the hot tears of his joy, darkly, the nameless form—and a warm thrill dissolved his heart, which overflowed in pure, in boundless love, the creation pressed languishingly, but close against his breast, and his existence, and all existences were one love, and through the tears of his love Nature glistened like a blooming meadow-ground, and the seas lay there like dark-green rains, and the suns like fiery dew, and before the sun-fire of the Almighty there stood the world of spirits as a rainbow, and the spirit broke its light into all colours, as from century to century, they dropped, and the rainbow did not change, the drops only changed, not the colours.

The All-loving Father looked forth on his full creation, and said, "I love you all from Eternity—I love the worm in the sea, the child upon the earth, and the angel on the sun.—Why hast thou trembled? Did I not give thee the first Life, and Love, and Joy, and Truth? Am I not in thy heart?—And then the worlds passed with their death-bells, but it was as the church-ringing of harmonica-bells for a higher temple; and all chasms were filled with strength, and all Death with bliss.

The happy man thought that his dark earthly life was closed; but the cloud-girt Earth rose again, and drew the men of the Earth back into its cloud.

The All-loving father veiled himself in the All. But a glimmering lay still upon a long iceberg far behind the sun. The high iceberg lay streaming in the rays, bended flowers were waving in their bloom towards the melting wall, a boundless land lay disclosed in the moonlight, stretching far into the sea of Eternity, and he saw nothing but numberless eyes, which looked upwards, and shone in blessed tears, as the spring with its warm showers glistens in the sun, and he felt, by the yearning and longing of his heart, that these were his own, that these were our men who were dead.

The Mortal looked up, as he fell towards the earth, with hands raised in prayer, to the spot in the blue firmament where the Endless One had appeared to him—and a still glory hung motionless on that high place—and as he trod and parted more heavily the glowing haze of our globe, the glory stood steadily in the ether, deeper than the ever-rolling earth.—And as he stood upon the earth, the glory was still in the blue east, and it was the sun.

The sick man was standing in the garden—his first bitter and poisonous dream had driven him there—the morning air was breathing around, the fire was cooled, his fever was abated, and his heart was at rest.

And as the tremble of his fever gave birth to this dream of Hell, and the victory of Nature to this dream of Heaven—as the vision of torture had hastened the crisis, and the vision of consolation the cure—even so do the dreams of our spirits not only kindle a fever in our souls, but cool and heal that fever also, when the phantoms of our hearts vanish, and we rejoice in their dispersal.

H. K.

SONNET.

MINGLED RECOLLECTIONS.

THERE is a sweet remembrance of sad things—
There is sad memory of things most sweet—
There is a mood when these strange spirits
meet,

And flit together on contrasted wings;—
There is an hour—there is a spot which brings
Such chequered mood to me; this mossy seat
Of garden-solitude, where poplars greet
On high with shadowy kiss, as, whispering, clings
Dark branch to branch, till scarce a star-beam
through

Glitters, though many in the heavens are met;
This seat and hour upcall in long review
Past joys and ills with strangely-mixed regret:
Pleasures I dare not, if I might, renew—
Sorrows I would not, if I could, forget.

G * * * .

A NEW GALLERY OF PICTURES.

Spenser, the Poet of the Painters—Character of his Genius—A Collection of Pictures from him, with analogous assignments of them to Old Masters.

An old lady, to whom Pope one day read some passages out of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," said that he had been entertaining her with a "gallery of pictures." Probably he had been reading some of the allegories, or the description of the pictures in the Enchanted Chamber; but the words would apply to the "Faerie Queene" in general. Spenser has been called, and justly, the "most poetical of poets;" not because his poetical faculty is in itself greater than that of some others, but because he is invariably, and (not to use the word in an invidious sense) *merely* poetical. His morals are deep or superficial, as the case may happen: they are those of the age. His politics are aristocratical, and are being daily refuted. But his delight in nature, in the voluptuous and the beautiful, is true and unceasing. The moment he enters upon his task, we see him, like a poetical boy let loose in a field, looking about with a determination to enjoy everything he beholds; to turn his back upon everything real, or what is exclusively called so, however he may pretend to bear it in mind; and to give himself up to the dreams of books, of romances, of mythology, of whatsoever is remote from the prose of human affairs.

But though Spenser beheld the beautiful with the eyes of a true and great poet, and could felicitously express its inner nature, there was an indolence and (not to speak it offensively) a sensuality in his temperament, resembling that of a man addicted to lying on the grass and weaving dreams of pleasure, which disposed him to content himself, if not with the surface of what he beheld, yet with the beauty of its forms and the vivacity of its colours; and hence, if in one sense of the word he is the most poetical of poets, he is in every sense the most pictorial of them,—the painter of the poets,—or, if you will, the poet for the painters; for while he has the power of conveying those impressions of the invisible, and illustrations of one thing by another, which are the innermost part of the magic of poetry, and the despair of its sister art, he is in the habit of soothing his senses and delighting his eyes, by painting pictures as truly to be called such, as any that came from the hands of Titian and Raphael. It is easy to show that he took a painter's as well as a poet's delight in colour and form, lingering over his work for its corporeal and visible sake, studying contrasts and attitudes, touching and re-touching, and filling in the minutest parts; in short, writing as if with a brush instead of a pen, and dipping with conscious

eyes into a luxurious palette. Spenser's muse is dressed in the garments of a sister who is only less divine than herself; and the union of the two produces an enchantment, never perhaps to be perfectly met with elsewhere.

It is the object of the following papers to show that the painters ought in an especial manner to love and study Spenser as their poet; that his "*Faerie Queene*" contains a store of masterly, poetical pictures, as capable of being set before the eye as those in a gallery; and that he includes in his singular genius the powers of the greatest and most opposite masters of the art, of the Titians in colouring and classical gusto, the Rembrandts in light and shade, the Michael Angelos in grandeur of form and purpose, the Rubenses in gorgeousness, the Guidos in grace, the Raphaels and Correggios in expression, and the Claudes and Poussins, and even the homely Dutch painters, in landscape. Spenser can paint a ditch, a flower-garden, an enchanted wood, a palace, a black-smith's shop, an elysium. He can paint nymphs wanton or severe; warriors, satyres, giants, ladies, courts, cottages, hermitages, the most terrible storms, the most prodigious horrors, the profoundest and loveliest tranquillity. His naked women are equal to Titian's, his dressed to Guido's, his old seers to Michael Angelo's, his matrons and his pure maidenhood to Raphael's, his bacchanals to Nicholas Poussin's; and for a certain union of all qualities in one, we know not his equal. In his gorgeousness he never loses sight of good taste: he is Raphael while he is Rubens. If he has any fault, it is that his pencil sometimes drags; not indeed from want of enjoyment, but from excess of it. He goes on, heaping touch upon touch, till the canvass runs over with luxury. But it is still luxury, and the superfluities are all in keeping. He is the inventor of a phrase which has been often quoted as doing justice to a great and neglected part of the creation. What are contemptuously called "weeds," he calls "weeds of glorious feature." This is a just description of his own weeds. The rankness of his genius is that of a mighty and beautiful soil, not of a coarse one.

We have had Shakspeare galleries and Milton galleries in England, more ambitiously than successfully painted. In truth, the speculation is dangerous. An occasional scene out of a great poet is difficult enough, but who except another race of demi-gods in painting could be expected to paint visibly up to the invisible and subtler imaginations of the *masters of thought*!—otherwise what a thing a Spenser gallery would be! However, this great poet is often more paintable than his brethren, for the reasons here given; and to young artists who have the true passion for their art, and

are bent upon being equally inspired and painstaking (the only way of proving their inspiration,) the "*Faerie Queene*" may be recommended as a special pictorial volume, a new portfolio to add to their collections. If they cannot paint everything they see in him, they may paint much, and he will help to cultivate their gusto. He will accustom them to live in a beautiful world, and to save them from tastes inferior and hurtful. The "*Faerie Queene*" is a book of beauty, visible and intellectual. If Raphael and Titian, who had Ariosto for their friend, could have known Spenser, they would have hailed his acquaintance with delight. The Italians would speak of him with transport, if they had a translation of his poem: we mean, of course, a good one, and not unworthy of him,—not inferior, for instance, to the one we possess in England of Dante, by Mr. Cary—the best poetical version in the language. As it is, the Italians know nothing about Spenser; which has always appeared to us just as if in England we knew nothing of the pictures in the Vatican or at Venice. If an Italian, after talking of the great painters of his country, were to turn round upon us, and ask us who was our great English painter, it might be answered "Spenser." It is no disparagement to the real merits of Reynolds, Wilson, Gainsborough, and others, to say that they are far inferior. Let our young artists, however, greedily lay hold of his book and study it, and perhaps they will furnish us with an answer we should like better.

We will begin with a bit of light and shade *à la Rembrandt*. It may be here observed, that Rembrandt was born long after Spenser: otherwise, from this and other passages in the "*Faerie Queene*," it might have been suspected that the poet had seen his works, for we take him to have been a diligent peruser of pictures wherever they were to be found. The collections, however, in England, were nothing in his time to what they are now, and the poet does not appear to have travelled; so that the pictorial instinct in him was very genuine. That he was conscious of it, and professedly fond of painting, we have no doubt, as well from the manifest impossibility of its being otherwise, as from critical intimations to the effect, which we shall hereafter notice. Michael Angelo he once mentions by name. Speaking of a friend's criticisms upon a poem, he says that they abounded in picturesque detail, "so singularly set forth and portrayed, as, if Michael Angelo was there, he could (I think) nor amend the best, nor reprehend the worst*."

A title, as in a catalogue, is given to each of the pictures here selected, both for easi-

* See the Letter in Todd's edition of Spenser, vol. i., p. xxxviii.

ness of reference and for the very pleasure of giving them. It makes them look more like an actual gallery. And we have added the names of such painters as they soonest bring to mind, and as appear most likely to have succeeded in their execution.

A knight, with his mistress and a dwarf, arrives at the mouth of a cave in a wood. The lady is speaking.

THE DEN OF ERROR.—*Rembrandt*, for its light and shade.

This is the wandering wood, this Errour's Den,
A monster vile whom God and man do hate;
Therefore I read "Beware." "Fly, fly!" quoth then

The fearfull dwarfe; "this is no place for living men."

But full of ire, and greedy hardiment,
The youthful knight could not for aught be staide;

But forth into the darksome hole he went,
And looked in:—his glistening armour made
A little glowing light, much like a shade.

Book I., Canto I., st. 13.

Milton has been here in his "Pensieroso:"—

Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

But his picture has not the solemnity of the other; nor did his subject require it. Modulation in verse answers in painting to gusto of handling. Spenser tastes the colour here, while he paints it,—

A little glowing light, much like a shade.

How beautifully the accent falls on the word *much*,—with that pause before it! how solemn it makes the progress of the line! how low and deep in the sound! By this light the warrior perceives a monster in the den, half serpent, half woman, the folds and huge knots of whose tail fill the whole cavern. Spenser never balks an effect for want of grandeur and amplitude of parts.

Suppose Rembrandt had painted this picture. What a beautiful thing he would have made of the armour and the "glowing light!" But would he have painted the knight himself, all youthful dignity? and the lady, all pure loveliness? Unfortunately, we know he would have failed in those.

The poet, in pursuit of his allegory, thinks proper to give us some loathsome images in the Den of Error; to relieve us from which he suddenly lifts us out of it by means of a simile, and seats us with a shepherd on a hill, in a scene fit for Cuyp:—

SHEPHERD AND GNATS.—*Cuyp*.

As gentle shepherd, in sweet eventide,
When ruddy Phœbus gins to welke in west,
High on a hill his flock to viewen wide,
Marks which doe bite their hasty supper best:
A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him molest,

All striving to infix their feeble stinges,
That from their noyance no where can rest;
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmur-
ings.

Book I., Canto I., st. 23.

This is painting, with music in it. We hear the low, deep, buzzing, annoying, but still gentle sound of the gnats,—the *murmurs* which the shepherd *mars*. What two exquisitely selected words! and how expressive is the repetition of the word *oft*! Then the sheep *biting* their *hasty* supper;—could anything paint more vividly the manner in which sheep eat,—the pettiness and yet eagerness of the motion? There is more life in it than in Milton's epithet of the "nibbling flocks." Nibbling does not imply such appetite.

The following is a picture for Nicholas Poussin,—classical, dark, solemn, imaginative. A spirit is sent by an enchanter to

THE HOUSE OF MORPHEUS.—*Nicholas Poussin*.

He making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters, wide and deepe,

(what a fine weltering line, fit for the painter of the "Deluge!")—

To Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire.

Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is: there Tethys* his wet bed
Doth ever wash; and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver dew his ever-drooping head;

Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spread.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast;

The one faire fram'd of burnysht ivory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them *farre doe lye*
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Which oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.

By them the sprite doth passe in quietly,

And unto Morpheus comes, when drowned deep
In drowsie fit he finds; of nothing he takes keepe.

And, more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,

And ever drizzling raine upon the last,

Mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the sowne

Of swarming bees, did cast him in a sowne.

No other noyse, nor people's troublous cries,

As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,

Might there be heard: but careless quiet lies

Wrapt in eternall silence, far from enemies.

Book I., Canto I., Stanza 39.

What a solemn, remote, fantastic, dreamy picture is here, like those of some of the old German painters, but with more rich-

* The sea.

ness in it! We are to fancy a scene at the foot of enormous mountains, deep, perhaps, as the middle of the earth, and on the unknown borders of the sea; there is no light, yet something instead of it that serves to show an ivory and a silver gate; the house is partly covered and partly open, with the sea washing the heavy drapery of the god's bed; "ever-drizzling rain is lulling him upon the loft," mixed with the sweet sound of bees; and the watch-dogs are far off, far even from the gates; while everything like enmity is in endless remoteness.

Now for a picture to equal that famous one of Correggio, in which he made all the light emanate from the figure of the infant Jesus. But did the poet intend us to have this literal notion of the light, or to feel only the lustre of the sentiment? He has perplexed the borders of the visible and invisible, and fairly left us to feel on the subject as we please. Let the reader, accordingly, make his choice. We confess we think, by the last line, that he meant us to suppose the light made manifest as a kind of saintly grace. The germ of the idea is in the light which is described as beaming from the aspects of Moses and Jesus in the scripture.

UNA IN THE SOLITUDE.—Correggio.

Yet she, most faithful lady, all this while
Forsoaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
 Far from all people's press, as in exile,
 In wilderness and wastefull deserts strayed
 To seek her knight; who, subtly betrayed,
 Through that late vision which th' Enchanter
 wrought,

Had her abandoned: she, of nought afraid,
 Through woods and wastness wide him daily
 sought;

Yet wished tydings none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh wearie of the yrksome way,
 From her unhastie beast she did alight;
 And on the grass her dainty limbe did lay
 In secrete shadow, far from all men's sight:
 From her fair head her fillet she undight,
 And laid her stole aside: *her angel face,*
As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
 Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

Book I., Canto III., st. 3.

Nothing is more striking in Spenser than the astonishing variety of his pictures, and the rapidity with which he passes from one kind to another. He is now in the depths of darkness, now in the tip-tops of airiness and light, now in a hermitage, now in a palace, now in a dungeon, in hell, or in heaven. We have just been beholding the perfection of virtuous loveliness in a "sunny spot of greenery." The following is a

picture which would have set Giulio Romano to work in a transport of admiration.

NIGHT AND THE WITCH DUESSA TAKE THE
 BODY OF SANSPOY TO THE HOUSE OF PLUTO.
Giulio Romano.

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
 And with her beares the *fowle wof-favour'd*
 witch,

(who was really hideous, but appeared handsome by means of sorcery),—

Through mirksome ayre her ready waye she
 makes.

Her twyfold teme (of which two black as pitch,
 And two were browne, yet each to each unlich)
Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp,
 Unless she chanced their stubborne mouths to
 twitch;

Then, *foaming far,* their bridles they would
 champ,

And, *trampling the fine element,* would fiercely
 ramp.

So well they sped, that they be come at length
 Unto the place whereas the Paynim lay,
 Devoid of outward sense and native strength,
 Covered with charmed cloud from view of day
 And sight of men, since his late lacklens fry.
 His cruel wounds with cruddy blood congealed
 They binden up so wisely as they may,
 And handle softly, till they can be healed;
 So lay him in her charett close in night co-
 cealed.

And all the while she stood upon the ground,
The wakeful dogs did never cease to bay;
 As giving warning of the unwonted sound
 With which her yron wheels did them affray,
 And her dark grisly look them much dismay.
 The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
 With drery shriekes did also her bewray;
 And hungry wolves continually did howle,
 At her *abhorred face,* so filthy and so foul.

Thence turning backe in silence soft they stole,
 And brought the heavy corse, with easy pace,
 To yawning gulf of deep Avernus' hole.
 By that same hole an entrance, dark and base,
 With smoke and sulphur hiding all the place,
 Descends to hell: there creature never past,
 That backe returned without heavenly grace;
 But dreadful furies, which their chains have
 brast,
 And damned sprights sent forth to make ill-men
 aghast.

By that same way the direful dames do drive
 Their mournfull charett *fill'd with rusty blood,*
 And downe to Pluto's house are come belive,
 Which passing through, on every side them stood
 The trembling ghosts, with sad amazed mood,
Chatt'ring their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stonie eyes; and all the hellish brood
 Of fiends infernal flocked on every side,
 To gaze on earthly wight that, with the Night
 durst ride.

Book I., Canto V., st. 22.

This is a picture of the supernatural; and wonderfully fine and ghastly it is. In the following we are on earth again, grappling with the robustest and activist idea of life. The artist who could paint a fine, muscular, masterly figure of a man, with an expression, in his face and person, of animal passion sublimated, and who was an animal painter besides, and could also draw a beautiful woman suffering under maternal terror, could not do better than take it up for a subject. But where is he to be found? Edwin Landseer would do justice to the lion-cubs; and if the human figures were young lords, or pretty Scotch girls, they would have no reason to complain of him; but has he epic force enough for the son of the rustic demigod, and the mother who produced him? It would be fine to see him paint a picture that should say Yes to this question. He is a great artist, made for duration; and, for aught we know, has the seeds in him of a still greater. But it is difficult to assign an imaginary painter to the picture of Spenser, even out of the greatest names consecrated by time.

The crest of Prince Arthur's helmet, with the famous comparison of the Almond-tree, might have piped Titian to try how he could emulate its minute richness. Yet the top of "green Selinis all alone," would perhaps have suited Claude better. He would have made a delicious lonely scene of it, uniform without monotony.

THE CREST AND THE ALMOND-TREE.—Titian or Claude.

Upon the top of all his lofty crest,
A bunch of heaves, discoloured diversly,
With sprinkled pearl and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seemed to dance for jollity;
Like to an Almond-tree ymounted high
On top of green Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At everie little breath that under heaven is blown.

Book I., Canto VII., st. 32.

A LANDSCAPE WITH LIGHTNING.—Rubens.

Therewith the gyaunt buckled him to fight,
Inflamed with scornful wrath and high diadain;
And lifting up his dreadful club on height,
All armed with rugged snubs and knotty graine,
Him thought, at first encounter, to have slain.
But wise and wary was that noble Pere;
And lightly leaping from so monstrous main,
Did faire avoid the violence him neare:
It booted nought to think such thunderbolts to beare.

No shame he thought to shun so hideous might:
The ydle stroke enforcing furious way,
Missing the mark of his misaymed sight,
Did fall to ground, and with his heavy away
So deeply dented in the driven clay,
That three yards deep of furrow up did throw:

*The sad earth, wounded with so sore assay,
Did groan full grievous underneath the blow,
And, trembling with strange feare, did like an
earthquake shew.*

As when almighty Jove, in wrathful mood,
To wreak the guilt of mortal sins is bent,
Hurls forth his thundering dart with deadly feud,
Enrolled in flames, and smould'ring dremment,—

*Through risen clouds and molten firmament
The fierce three-forked engine, making way,
Both leftie tow'rs and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay:
And, shooting in the earth, casts up a mount of
clay.* *Book I., Canto VIII., st. 7.*

Can any thing be more picturesquely awful or to the purpose than that line—

Enrolled in flames and smould'ring dremment?

The rapidity, turbulence, and magnificence of this scene would have excited the highest powers of Rubens. We see the middle of the picture lit up with lightning, which, at the same moment, is rending the towers on some lofty hill, and breaking the necks of the old woods.

Let us now turn to a portrait of Charity, to whom nobody will have difficulty in assigning the proper painter. The dispassionate aspect, the exceeding chastity, the one predominating colour, the babes, the diadem, and the formality of the ivory chair with the pair of turtle-doves by it, point out a sympathy of treatment which cannot be missed by the connoisseur. Charity is not here in her fervid nor finest state, but in such as would be thought the most judicious, matronly, and political:—

CHARITY.—Raphael.

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easy to compare;
Full of great love; but Cupid's wanton snare
As hell she hated. Chaste in works and will;
Her necke and breasts were ever open bare,
That aye thereof her babes might sucke their
fill;

The rest was all in yellow robes arrayed still.

A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sports that joyed her to behold;
Whom still she fed while they were weak and
young,
But thrust them forth still as they waxed old.
And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
Adorned with gems and owches wondrous fair,
Whose passing price uneth was to be told:
And by her side there sat a gentle pair
Of turtle-doves, she sitting in an ivory chair.

Book I., Canto X., st. 30.

This figure, especially in the circumstances mentioned in the last couplet, is exactly in the style of Raphael's allegorical portrait—

ures, such as those of Temperance, Fortitude, &c.

The following is a touch for the artist, whoever he was, that could have best expressed a wintry circumstance of common nature, enlivened with a poetical and sparkling feeling. Who was he? The name of a charmingly clear and spirited artist has been assigned, almost at a venture, for want of a thorough knowledge of the painters of wintry seasons; but we believe it will do.

FROST ON AN OAK.—*Cwyp.*

There they do find the godly aged sire,
With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed;
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy branches of an oak half dead.

Book I., Canto X., st. 48.

AURORA.—*Titian.*

The joyous day 'gan early to appeare,
And fair Aurora from the dewy bed
Of aged Tithone 'gan herself to reare
With roay cheeks, for shame as blushing red:
Her golden locks, for haste, were loosely shed
About her eares, when Una her did marke
Climbe to her chariot, all with flowers spread,
From heaven high to chace the cheerless darke;
With merry note her loud salutes the mountain
larke.

This is a complete Titianesque painting. The chariot with the flowers would have admirably suited him; the sleeping, bearded, old man; the shame-faced goddess, whose blush mingles with her hair; and the lark beneath all, mounting up in the coolness of the nether atmosphere, ecstatic with the joy of another day. We see the picture before us, as if it were in the National Gallery.

Here is another portrait for the same artist,—that of Belphebe, the most beautiful of Amazons. Her lily-white silken dress, sprinkled with golden points, and skirted with a golden fringe; her rosy-budding beauty; her locks of gold, and careless crown of flowers caught by her head as she went through the forest, would have taxed all the delicacy and richness of his colouring.

BELPHEBE.—*Titian.*

So faire, and thousand, thousand times more
faire,
She seem'd, when she presented was to sight;
And was yclad, for heat of scorching air,
All in a silken camus, lily white,
Purled upon with many a folded plight
Which all above besprinkled was throughout
With golden aygulets, that glistered bright,
Like twinkling stars; and all the skirt about
Was hem'd with golden fringe.*

* This is one of the few instances of lines left unfinished by the poet. There seems no reason for the gap. Mr. Todd, in his excellent edition of Spenser, informs us, that in a copy belonging

Below her ham her weed did some what traîne
And her straight legs most bravely were em-
bryld

In gilden busking of costly cordwayne,
All barr'd with golden bends, which were en-
tayld

With curious antickes, and full sayre aunmayld:
Before, they fastened were under her knees
In a rich jewel, and therein entrayld
The ends of all the knots, that none might see
How they within their foldings close enwrapped
be.

And in her hand a sharp boar-spere she held;
And at her back a bow and quiver gay,
Stuft with steel-headed darts, wherewith she
queld

The salvage beasts in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden bouldrick, which foray
Atwart her snowy breast, and did divide
Her daintie pape, which like young fruit in
May,

Now little gan to swell, and being tide
Through her thin weed their places only signified.

Her yellow locks, crisped with golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed;
And, when the winde amongst them did inspire,
They wayed like a penon wyde disprid,
And low behind her back were scattered:
And whether art it were or heedless hap,
As through the flowing forest rush she fled,
In her rude haire sweet flowers themselves did
loap,

And flourishng fresh leaves and blossoms did en-
wrap.

Book II., Canto III., st. 26.

Can anything be more evident than the pictorial delight which Spenser took in drawing and colouring these pictures? Does he not dip his pen into a palette instead of an inkstand; look at each bit of colour as he takes it up with the relishing eye of an artist, and linger and brood over it as he lays it on? One might imagine the following picture of Raging Anger, bound by a Knight, to have been taken directly from some quaint old fiery sketch of Giulio Romano, or rather some terrible sculpture of Michael Angelo; but the colouring is as fervidly attended to as the composition: and what can be finer? It has been justly said, and in this particular instance naturally enough conjectured, that a rhyme has helped a great genius to a thought. The

to Thomas Park, Esq., the omission is supplied by the following "apposite words," in an old hand-writing, "probably coeval with that of the poet:—"

And all the skirt about
Was hem'd with golden fringe, most gorgeously
set out.

It is very much in Spenser's manner. The identity of the rhymes *out* and *throughout* argues nothing against it, the poet being one of the most wilful rhymers on record, and repeating whatever suits him.

word *wire*, in the following stanza, is supposed to have been forced upon the poet by his rhyme; but who except himself would have thought of making it of *copper-colour*; and yet what is fitter for the *hard head* and hot sombre passions of his subject?

FUROR BOUND BY SIR GUYON.—*Michael Angelo.*

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
And hundred knots that did him sore constrain;
Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind,
And grimly gnash, threatening revenge in vain:
His burning eyan, whom *bloody streaks* did
 staine,
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparks of fire;
And more for rank *despight* than for great pain
Shakt his long locks coloured like copper wire,
And bit his *twany beard* to shew his raging ire.
 Book II., Canto IV., st. 15.

In extracting these passages we are obliged to tear ourselves away from others at every step, lest we should never have done, for there is no end to them. Spenser is always painting; his pages glow, one after the other, like those of some gorgeous misal. There is said to have been a copy of Dante's "Inferno," the margins of which were filled with sketches from it by Michael Angelo. If Titian could have possessed an Italian Spenser, he would have been tempted not only to sketch but to paint it,—to garland its pages with his blues, and crimsons and golden grounds. But would he or would he not have wanted light to paint the following? Would the painter of St. Peter Martyr have felt a new faculty come upon him for the occasion? As it is impossible to answer this question, we must give the picture to Rembrandt, not as the greater masler, but as the greater master for the nonce; and it would have called forth all his genius. It is one of the most magnificent paintings on record; true to the homliest nature in the midst of supernatural gorgeousness and grandeur,—an extraordinary and most original mixture of light and darkness,—of the sublime and the sordid,—of priceless, interminable treasure, and a contemptuous carelessness of its superfluous, as proud as its possession.

Sir Guyon, travelling in a wilderness, comes to a "gloomy glade," in which he finds an uncouth, savage-looking being, all over smoke, dressed in an iron coat, over cloth of gold, who is sitting and turning a heap of coin in his lap, upon which his eye greedily feeds itself:

And round about him lay on every side,
Great heaps of gold *that never could be spent.*

Here is a magnificent impossibility! As soon as he sees the Knight he pours his treasure into the earth, through a hole which is by his side; and though his hand trembles, he makes the Knight, he knows not why, tremble more. In answer to the question who he is, he asks him how he can

be so daring as to presume to look upon his "direful countenance," and to "trouble" his "still seat?" He then announces himself as the God Mammon, and takes the Knight down through a passage in the ground to his house, which is near the mouth of Hell.

THE CAVE OF MAMMON.—*Rembrandt.*

So soon as Mammon there arrived, the dore
To him did open, and afforded way:
Him follow'd eke Sir Guyon evermore;
Ne darkness him, ne danger might dismay.
Soon as he entered was, the door straightway
Did shut, and from behind it forth there lept
An ugly fiend, more fowle than dismal day:
 The which with monstrous stalke behind him
 stept,
And ever as he went due watch upon him kept.

Well hoped he, ere long that hardy guest,
If ever covetous hand or lustful eye,
Or lips be laid on thing that liked him best,
Or ever sleepe his eye-strings did untie
Should be his pray; and therefore *still on hys*
 He over him did hold his cruel claws,
Threatening *'th* greedy gripe to do him die,
And rend in pieces with his ravenous paws,
If ever he transgressed the fatal Stygian laws.

That house's form within was rude and strong,
Like an huge cave hewn out of rocky cliffe,
From whose rough vault the ragged breaches
 hong,
Emboist with massy gold of glorious guifte,
And with rich metal loaded, everie rift,
 That heavy ruin they did seem to threat:
And over them Arachne high did lift
Her cunning web, and spred her subtil net,*
Enwrapped in fowle smoke, and clouds more
 black than jet.

Both rooffe and floore and walls were all of gold,
But overgrown with dust and old decay,
And hid in darkness, that none could behold
The hue thereof: for vew of cheerful day
Did never in that house itself display;
But a faint shadow of uncertain light,
 Such as a lamp whose life doth fade away;
Or as the moone, clothed with cloudy night,
Does show to him that walks in feare and sad
 affright.

In all that room was nothing to be seen
But huge great iron chests, and coffers strong,
All barred with double bends, that none could
 wene
Them to enforce by violence or wrong:
On every side they placed were along;
And all the ground with skulls was scattered,
And dead men's bones, which round about were
 flong,
Whose lives, it seemed, whilom there were shed,
And their vile carcases now left unburied.

Book II., Canto VII., st. 26.

* Hogarth has hit upon the same thought for his "Poors' Box." So do Comedy and Tragedy meet.

Mammon leads his visitor into a *black garden with a silver seat in it*, which seat is overhung with a *tree that bears golden apples*. Of these were the apples that were transplanted into the garden of Hesperus, those with which Hippomenes won Atalanta, and the apple which Discord threw among the Goddesses. Here is an unique piece of colour for a painter! The black, observe, is not entire black, but partly dark green, and tinged with poppy colour—a beautiful mixture; and we may suppose that the silver seat is itself partly shaded, and that the golden apples cast a further addition of colour among the flowers—an evening sunshine. It is the garden in which Proserpine used to take her melancholy recreation.

THE BLACK GARDEN.—*Titian*. (With a figure of Proserpine in it, by *Michael Angelo*.)

There mournful cypresses grew in greatest store,
And trees of bitter gall; and heben sad;
Dead-sleeping poppy; and black hellebore;
Cold colocintida; and tetra mad;
Mortal samnitis; and cicuta bad,
With which the unjust Athenians made to die
Wise Socrates, who thereof quaffing glad,
Poured out his life and last philosophy
To the fair Critias, his dearest belamy.

The garden of Proserpina this hight;
And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
With a thick arbour goodly overlight,
In which she often used from open heat
Herself to shroud, and pleasures to entreat.
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With branches broad dispread and body great,
Clothed with leaves that none the wood might
see,

And laden all with fruit as thick as it might be.
Their fruit were golden apples glistering bright.

Book II., Canto VII., st. 52.

We pass the Bower of Bliss at the end of this wonderful second book, both as not knowing where to begin and end with it, and also because extracts, unaccompanied with all that precedes and follows them, might seem too particular and luxurious. Indeed, we must pass over a thousand picturesque passages; for looking through the leaves of Spenser is like turning over a portfolio of prints from the old masters: there is something at every turn to catch the eye of the amateur and make him stop. We must give a great jump into Book the Third, Canto the Seventh, where there is a picture so completely in the style of Titian, that one might have fancied him to have written it. Venus has lost Cupid, and looks for him among the Nymphs. In the course of her search she pays a visit to Diana:—

VENUS AND DIANA.—*Titian*.

Shortly unto the wastefull woods she came,
Whereas she found the goddess with her crew,

After late chace of their embrewed game,
Sitting beside a fountain in a rew;
Some of them washing with the liquid dew
From off their dainty limbs the dusty sweat
And soyle which did deform their lively hue;
Others lay shaded from the scorching heat;
The rest upon her person gave attendance great.
She, having hung upon a bough on high
Her bow and painted quiver, had unlade
Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,
And her lanch loins ungirt, and breasts unbraste,
After her heat the breathing cold to taste:
Her golden locks, that late in tresses bright
Embrowned were for hindering of her haste,
Now loose about her shoulders hung undight,
And were with sweet ambrosia all besprinkled
light.

Soon as she Venus saw behinde her back,
She was ashamed to be so loose surprized,
And woxe half wroth against her damsels slacke
That had not her thereof before avized,
But suffred her so carelessly disguised
Be overtaken: upon her garments loose
Uppgathering, in her bosoms she compriz'd
Well as she might, and to the goddem rose,
Whiles all her nymphs did like a girlond her en-
close. *Book III., Canto VII., st. 17.*

A characteristic dialogue ensues, in which Diana treats her visitor's inquiries with scorn, and the Goddess of Love vindicates herself and her office, and succeeds, with her "sugared words," in sweetening the feelings of the Goddess of Chastity.

Upton the commentator, in a note upon this picture, traces the enclosure of Diana by the Nymphs to Ovid, in his story of Actæon:—

"Qui simul intravit rorantia fontibus antra;
Sicut erant viso nudæ sua pectora nymphæ
Percussere viro: subitque ululatus omæ
Implevere nemus; circumfusaque Dianam
Corporibus texere suis."—*Metam., Lib., III. v. 171.*

This is true. But the natural action of Diana is a delicacy of Spenser's own; and though the enclosure by the nymphs is from Ovid, the comparison of it with a garland is not. One may imagine them snatching up as well as they can their green and otherwise coloured garments, and crouching round their mistress, whose tall figure and severe beauty of countenance would admirably set off the smiling approach of the Goddess of Beauty.

The artist who reads Spenser may compare, for difference of delicacy, the scenery in the Bower of Bliss (*Book II., Canto XII.*) with the myrtle arbour, dropping sweet gums (*Book III., Canto VI.,* in which Venus lives with Adonis after his death. He will notice also, as he goes, in the same book (*Canto VII., st. 4.*) the valley full of wood, with the cottage smoke reeking up through it, and then the inside of the cottage,—a very different picture,—gloomy and squalid, which is the residence of a witch, who starts

up from the dusty ground, as she sees the beautiful Florimel come in, and asks her in wrath "what devil" brought her to that place. The faces of two such different beings would make another picture of striking contrast; and the figure of the witch's lubbard son might be added, who falls in love with the new comer,—

A lazy loord, for nothing good to donne.
But stretched forth in idleness, always.

Not long afterwards comes another picture for the Caracci, or Raphael, or Giulio Romano,—Proteus, the sea-god, raising Florimel out of her faintness, and kissing her:

PROTEUS AND FLORIMEL.—*Raphael.*

Her up between his rugged hands he reard,
And with his frovy lips full softly kist,
Whiles the cold ysicles from his rough beard
Dropped adowne upon her yovry breast.

The painter of the "Triumph of Galatea" would have hit to a nicety this picture of rugged, bearded manliness, kissing frightened beauty.

A very different picture ensues from any hitherto given,—a scene of gallantry at table. To what painter should it be assigned? Watteau, with all his elegance, would be too artificial and unheroic for it. Guido might have done it, or Guercino, or Ludovico Caracci. Paridell, a "universal lover," sits down to table with Hellenore, the wife of an old, jealous dotard of the name of Malbecco, who is himself one of the company, together with Sir Satyrane (whom the reader knows,) and Britomart a beautiful amazon, who has just disclosed herself, and is in man's attire, with flowing golden locks. Paridell sets his wits to make love to Hellenore, who is nothing loth:—

THE PARTY AT TABLE.—*Ludovico Caracci.*

They sat at meat; and Satyrane his chance
Was her before, and Paridell beside;
But he himself sat looking still askaunce
'Gainst Britomart, and ever closely eide
Sir Satyrane, that glaunces might not glide:
But his blinde eye, that sided Paridell,
All his demeanour from his sight did hide;
On her fair face so did he feed his fill,
And sent close messages of love to her at will.

And ever and anon, when none was ware,
With speaking looks, that close embassage bore,
He rov'd at her, and told his secret care;
For all that art he learn'd had of yore;
Nor was she ignorant. * * *
Thenceforth to her he sought to intimate
His inward grief by means to him well knowne:
Now Bacchus fruit out of the silver plate
He on the table dasht, as overthrown,
Or of the fruitful liquor overflowne;
And by the dancing bubbles did divine,
Or therein write to let his love be showne,
Which well she read out of the learn'd line.

Book III., Canto IX., st. 27.

The misery, however, which poor old Malbecco endures upon this occasion is nothing to what he experiences afterwards, when the Satyrs run away with his wife, and keep her among them in the woods. He goes there to find her out and remonstrate with her. A noise of bag-pipes and "shrieking hubbubs" announces their neighbourhood. The poor wretch, half dead with fright and jealousy, hides himself, and sees them coming:—

HELLENORE AMONG THE SATYRS.—*Nicholas Poussin.*

Close creeping as he might,
He in a bush did hide his fearful head;
The jolly Satyrs, full of fresh delight,
Come dauncing forth, and with them nimbly led
Faire Hellenore with girlands all bespredd,
Whom their May-lady they had newly made.
She, proud of that new honour which they redd,
And of their lovely fellowship full glad,
Daunced lively, and her face did with a laurel shade.

The silly man that in the thicket lay
Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved sore;
Yet durst he not against it do or say,
But did his heart with bitter thought engore,
To see the unkindness of his Hellenore.
All day they daunced with great lustyhd,
And with their horned feet the green grass wore,

The whiles their goats upon the brouzes fed,
Till drooping Phabus 'gan to hide his golden head.

Then up they 'gan their merry pypes to trusse,
And all their goodly herds did gather round:
But every satyr first did give a busse
To Hellenore: so busses did abound.
Now 'gan the humied vapour shed the ground
With pearly dew, and the Earth's gloomy shade
Did dim the brightness of the welkin round,
That every bird and beast awarned made
To shroud themselves, while sleep their senses did invade.

Which when Malbecco saw, out of the bush
Upon his hands and feet he crept full light;
And like a goat amongst the goats did rush.

Book III., Canto X., st. 44.

The power with which the poet pursues this story is marvellous. It is difficult to extract the best passages. Malbecco, mixing with the herd, contrives to get into the sleeping room of Hellenore, and waking her in the middle of the night, remonstrates with her on her mode of life. She is first frightened, then angry, threatens to wake the satyr by her side, and flatly refuses to return with the old man, who keeps whispering her in vain till daylight. He then mixes again with the herd, who now butt him with their horns, and put him in sad condition; and as soon as he gets out of

the place, he runs, and runs, and runs (as the little boys say), till at length he fairly *runs mad*, and by a daring, but most successful moral fiction (so well the poet has treated it), is changed from a man into Jealousy itself! It is a play upon words,—a conceit, dipped nevertheless into the very heart's-blood of poor human nature, and converted into a ghastly reality.

Most persons who have heard of Spenser, but are not acquainted with him, fancy him to be nothing but an allegorical writer; and have recoiled from him, to use a saying of Mr. Hazlitt's, "as if the allegory would bite them." The reader has seen how little of this kind of writing there is in the extracts which have been given in the present article; and no specimens of it need here be given; not because Spenser's allegorical paintings are not good, sometimes admirable, but because, generally speaking, they are by no means the best of his pictures, nor afford the truest idea of his genius, which is picturesque, not so much because it can paint abstract moral portraits, as because it overflows with the luxuriousness of every species of beauty and enjoyment, with the piquancies of contrast, and a hearty faith in nature left to herself. Spenser is not half so didactic a personage as he himself fancied he was! There is even reason to suspect, that it was out of the very excess of his luxury he thought himself bound to be a teacher. He was enjoying his "own sweet will," scattering endless graces on every thing he chose to talk about; and now and then he leads us into some prodigious spot of temptation, purely that he may be an hour in showing us the excess of our danger, and advising us to escape.

A specimen of this great poet's homelier painting must not be forgotten. No man, by seeing one thing exquisitely, saw further into its opposites than he did. He has left us some of the most loathsome pictures of deformity, out of the excess of his perception of the beautiful. The following is a Dutch painting in the style of the late Mr. Crabbe:—

Not far away, not meets for any guest,
They spied a little cottage, like some poor man's nest.

Under a steep hill's side it placed was,
There where the mould'ring'd earth had cav'd the bank:

And fast beside a little brook did pass
Of muddie water, that like puddle stank,
By which few crooked mallards grew in ranke;
Whereto approaching nigh, they heard the sound
Of many yron hammers beating ranke,
And answering their wearie turns around,
That seemed some blacksmith dwelt in that desert ground.

We must fairly take a "run for it" through the rest of this divine poem, and content ourselves with referring the reader to another picture in the united styles of Rembrandt and Titian;—wonderful for its effect of light and shade, and the exquisite painting of the human body. There is in Book the Fifth, Canto the Ninth, an allegorical portrait of Queen Elizabeth, sitting in her state, with her tapestry and little angels about her, which Rubens or Paul Veronese might have delighted to paint; but we must not stop to describe it. We shall only repeat that, with all Rubens's gorgeousness, Spenser never has any of his grossness of form. He is Raphael, and Rubens, and Rembrandt, and Titian in one:—the extreme of grace, and gorgeousness, and solemn effect, and life. We should be glad to quote the picture referred to in Book the Sixth, Canto the Ninth; but, as we have before intimated, the fervour of a poet's genius sometimes leads him into descriptions, which, though perfectly warrantable on the strength of it, and in the flow and spirit of the context, might appear otherwise when detached. It is the account of "Serena prepared for Sacrifice by the Wild People;" from whom she is rescued by her lover, Sir Calepine. The description of her person (stanza 42) is remarkable for its extreme union of delicacy and gusto. Titian and his friend Ariosto would have doated over it, and read it with triumph. Nor would they scarcely less have admired the nocturnal effect of the fire-light, by which the jeopardy of this beautiful body is discerned from afar by the lover, who is led towards the spot by the ghastly sounds of the wild music of the sacrificers.

In the tenth Canto of the same book is the celebrated vision of the shepherd piping to

A hundred naked maidens, lily white,
All ranged in a ring, and dancing in delight.

In the middle of this ring is another ring, or moving circle, formed by the three Graces, and in the middle of the Graces is another damsel, the gem of the whole dance, and mistress of the poet, who shadows himself in this vision under the figure of the piping swain. An artist would hardly like to paint a hundred figures dancing all at once in a circle; but supposing he could reduce them to so small a size as to render the number less objectionable, and yet give them a beautiful effect, the landscape in which the poet has put them would have been worthy of Claude. The description begins at stanza the sixth.

The miscellaneous poems of Spenser, such as his "Shepherd's Calendar," the "Butterfly," the "Gnat," the "Visions," all contain striking evidences of his more than

common share of the pictorial faculty, and his conscious relish of it. We must not trust ourselves among their temptations; but there is one exceedingly brilliant and original cabinet-picture, which we cannot help pointing out. A shepherd is looking for birds, and shoots his bolt at something which he supposes to be one in an ivy-bush, *when out leaps Cupid, laughing and springing to a tree, with wings of the colour of a peacock's train.* The witless shepherd continuing to shoot, the little god catches his bolts in his hand, and at length changing his sport to earnest, settles the contest with one of his own arrows. The germ of this delightful fancy is in the Greek poet Bion; but the particular circumstance and the colouring are Spenser's. Cupid, with his peacock wings, flashes upon us charmingly out of the trees; and his catching the bolts thrown at him, while he is leaping with airy pleasantry from bough to bough, puts his superiority in a very beautiful light.

And now, dear reader, is not the case made out? Is there not here a new Gallery of Pictures, and one, too, to equal the first in London? one, which turns the pages which have contained it, into walls glowing with life and colour? The historian of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," in one of the most enthusiastic and agreeable of his notes, "exhorts" the noble family of Spenser, notwithstanding the honours they inherit from Marlborough, to consider "the 'Faerie Queene' as the brightest jewel in their coronet," (for Spenser was of the same stock.) Let us echo, for a greater purpose, the manner of the historian, and exhort "the family of English painters," if they would surmount the clouds of their nation's climate, and drink of the only real fountain of success in art, the Fountain of Delight, to consider the author of the "Faerie Queene" as the greatest painter England has produced, and animate their love of beauty, and their faith in imagination, in the immortal air of his Elysium.

FOREST WORSHIP.

By the Author of "Corn-Law Rhymes."

WITHIN the sun-lit forest,
Our roof the bright blue sky,
Where fountains flow, and wild flowers blow,
We lift our hearts on high :—
Beneath the frown of wicked men
Our country's strength is bowing;
But, thanks to God, they can't prevent
The lone wild flowers from blowing!

High, high above the tree-tops
The lark is soaring free;

Where streams the light through broken clouds

His speckled breast I see :—

Beneath the might of wicked men
The poor man's worth is dying;
But, thank'd be God, in spite of them
The lark still warbles flying!

The preacher says, "Lord, bless us!"

"Lord, bless us!" echo cries;

"Amen!" the breezes murmur low;

"Amen!" the rill replies;

The ceaseless toil of woe-worn hearts

The proud with pangs are paying;

But here, oh God of earth and heav'n's,

The humble heart is praying!

How softly, in the pauses

Of song, re-echo'd wide,

The cushat's coo, the linnet's lay,

O'er rill and river glide!

With evil deeds of evil men

The affrighted land is ringing;

But still, oh Lord, the pious heart,

And soul-toned voice are singing!

Hush! hush! the preacher preacheth;

"Woe to th' oppressor, woe!"

But sudden gloom o'ercasts the sun,

And sudden'd flowers below:

So frowns the Lord!—but, tyrants, ye

Deride his indignation,

And see not, in his gather'd brow,

Your day of tribulation!

Speak low, thou heaven-paid teacher!

The tempest bursts above;

God whispers in the thunder: hear

The terrors of his love!

On useful hands, and honest hearts,

The base their wrath are wreaking;

But, thank'd be God, they can't prevent

The storm of heaven from speaking.

ON THE LATE CHANGES IN THE VALUE OF MONEY.

MUCH has been talked, much written, and much spoken lately upon our monetary system, yet it is questionable whether there are a hundred persons in the country who know accurately what it is, or a dozen who agree in opinion as to what are its faults.

The people of England are accused by their detractors of being peculiarly addicted to the worship of Mammon. And it is certain they exhibit no lack of reverent attachment to that vital principle of civilization—money. Yet by a strange inconsistency, in spite of the almost universal adoration of "Divina Pecunia," there is no subject on which so much sheer ignorance prevails as that of her Goddess-ship's qualities and attributes. There is no legislative problem which is studied by the public, and discussed by the press so reluctantly, or so blunderingly, as the character of the laws which

determine the substance and essence of those same pounds, shillings, and pence, whose abstract idea is cultivated with such zealous devotion by every body.

But it was, and is, the same in all ages and countries. Philosophers and rogues have long been aware of the power of words, and the far greater importance attached by the multitude to *names* than *things*. And the history of money supplies many strong illustrations of this common phenomenon. The virtue and value of a *denarius*, a shilling, or a livre, was always considered by the many to reside in the term. And whenever a sovereign or a state owed several more thousands of denari, or shillings, or livres, than it was convenient to pay, the received practice was to pay the debt in a new coinage, containing, under the same denomination, only half, or perhaps two thirds, (according to the conscience of the issuers,) of the quantity of pure silver, which was contained in the coins they had borrowed. The multitude perceived no knavery in this. They saw coins still circulating under the same names as before; and were satisfied that all must be right. They found the change always followed, to be sure, by singular alteration in all prices, and a mysterious derangement in all pecuniary transactions; but it was centuries before they found out that the one circumstance had any necessary connexion with the other.

Though direct debasement of the coinage is not so frequently practised now as formerly, and perhaps would hardly pass muster in this country in the present day, yet, in fact, we have grown very little wiser than our ancestors. We have detected that trick, it is true; but it has only to be varied very slightly to impose upon us as much as ever. The people of this country are, in fact, suffering most severely at the present moment from a very similar imposition which has been detected as yet but by a few.

We suppose we should startle our readers, and run some chance of an imputation of insanity, if we were to assert that the dense blindness of the public,—and, still more, of those who profess to protect the public interests in the legislature—to the simple principles of monetary value, has been the cause of a dead loss to the productive classes of this industrious community, within the last fifteen years only, of property equivalent at least to *as many hundred millions of pounds sterling*,—such as pounds sterling now are. And yet the arguments by which we propose to demonstrate this fact are neither long nor intricate; and may be easily placed within the grasp of any ordinary understanding.

Nor is there any thing very incredible on the face of the proposition. We see symptoms enough of suffering, from some cause

or other, among these same classes who are engaged directly or indirectly in production;—from the owner of thousands of acres cultivated on his account by his tenantry,—or the proprietor of works and factories on which tens of thousands of monied capital have been expended,—down to the pauperized ploughman of the one, and the starving weaver but half employed by the other. And certainly it will not be from any doubts of the facility with which the public may be imposed upon, that we should hesitate to believe them to have been defrauded, even to that astonishing amount, by a mystification of the instrument with which they conduct their exchanges. On the contrary, it is not to be expected that the great body of the public should be more enlightened on this subject than was their collective wisdom not long since, when the House of Commons solemnly resolved that a guinea was worth no more than a pound-note and one shilling, in the teeth of undisputed evidence that a pound-note and eight shillings was to be obtained for any number of guineas!

It is strongly to be suspected, that were Parliament to enact to-morrow that the ounce of gold should be equivalent to only *three* pounds sterling, and be coined into three sovereigns, instead of nearly four, scarcely one person in a thousand throughout the country would consider himself injured. Our country gentlemen, manufacturers, farmers, shop-keepers, and labourers, would find the sovereigns rather plumper under their fingers than ordinary; and they would become sensible, about the same time, that the prices of all they had to sell or buy had fallen in a most unaccountable way. But the process of reasoning which is necessary to connect these two facts in their minds as *cause* and *consequence* would be too great an effort for them to master; and as for proceeding a step further, to the discovery that the remarkable fall which they would immediately experience in the rents, profits, and wages on which they live, and the distress they consequently endured, had any thing in common with the alteration in the standard—except that they chanced to happen together—this indeed would be far too much to expect of any among them!

The mass would bewail their hard fate, and some would burn ricks, perhaps, and mob their master for an increase of wages. The more respectable would raise an outcry for Reform in Parliament and the Church. The political economists would undertake to prove by mathematical and algebraic formulæ, that no one had suffered, or could suffer, through any change in the currency;—that a sovereign was still a sovereign, and a pound a pound;—that there was no distress at all, or no more than was to be accounted for by other causes;—that the fall in prices was owing solely to over-produce-

tion, the fall in profits to over-accumulation, and the fall in wages to over-population;—that the only remedy for this excessive production of all good things was to check marriages, and so lessen the number of consumers. The probability is that the writers who preached this doctrine would be esteemed oracles in the cabinet, and make converts of a majority in the legislature, by which all inquiry into the cause of the general distress would be refused, and ten or a dozen sessions spent in debating about Negro Slavery, or Catholic Emancipation, or the disfranchisement of borough A or B, or the possibility of saving a pound here and a shilling there; while the sufferings, and consequent discontent of the people were daily gaining in intensity, and threatening yet further mischief.

For, in truth, what has actually been taking place before our eyes, differed little in *mode* from the case we have here taken the liberty of imagining, and in *effect* was far more severe. The value of money *has* been raised, (not by a third or a half only, but, as we shall shortly show, *cent. per cent.*,) and though not by a new act of the legislature increasing the quantity of gold in the pound sterling, yet by (what is the same thing in effect) the enforcement of the old legal standard binding the pound sterling to represent a *fixed* quantity of gold throughout a period during which that metal has, from a concurrence of peculiar circumstances, been gradually *doubled* in value. And the consequences, therefore, to the productive classes, whose aggregate remuneration must wholly depend on the sum they can clear by sale of their produce, *after payment made of all the fixed money claims to which it is liable*, have been exactly such in every respect as would have occurred under the supposed case of a doubling of the quantity of gold in the pound sterling, the value of the metal remaining fixed. Whether, indeed, the standard is changed, the value of the metal remaining fixed, or the value of the metal is changed while the standard remains fixed, must be indifferent. The result is the same, viz. a proportionate alteration in the value of *money*, with its consequences, the vitiation of all contracts.

But so thick is, we fear, the ignorance generally prevalent upon the theory of money;—so strong are the prepossessions engendered by the habit of investing names with the attributes of things, so completely has that which is simple and obvious enough in itself been obscured and mystified by the volumes written expressly to throw light upon it;—that we cannot hope to obtain the assent of all our readers to this proposition, until they have followed us through a short statement of the fundamental principles upon which every honest inquiry into systems of currency must proceed.

Money means whatever passes “current” or “circulates” in commerce as a general “purchasing power,” or “instrument of exchange;”—gold, silver, copper, iron, salt, cowries, cloth, are things that, in different times and places, have been employed as money. It is the law that determines what particular commodity shall be employed for this purpose; and the law, moreover, determines what particular quantity of that commodity shall be intended in all pecuniary contracts by certain denominations. In this country, the law at present declares that a certain number of grains of gold, of a certain fineness, shall be a pound sterling, and compels all persons who are under engagement to pay any number of pounds, to satisfy their debts in so many multiples of this quantity of gold. This law was suspended by the Restriction Act, but renewed again in 1819; since which time it is evident to all who can think upon the subject, that *prices* in Britain have been simply an expression of the quantity of gold which each article would command in exchange, and, conversely, of the quantity of different commodities which a fixed weight of gold would purchase;—that every general rise of prices was in effect a proportionate fall in the value of gold, and every fall of prices a proportionate rise in the value of gold. To say that prices at present are generally fifty per cent. lower than they were in 1819, is one and the same thing as to say that the value of gold is one hundred per cent. higher than it was at that time.

Many persons, however, experience a difficulty in bringing their minds to grasp the idea of any alteration in the *value* of that substance which both law and custom have taught them to consider as the *standard of value*, and consequently fixed and invariable itself in that quality. In fact, the very condition on which the precious metals are employed as a standard measure of value is an assumption of their invariability. The general agreement of civilized nations throughout the commercial world to use gold and silver, one or both, as measures of value, is essentially an agreement to consider the value of these metals as an unit, or *fixed* point from which to measure the value of other things. This conventional assumption is the basis on which alone anything can be adopted as a measure. When a foot, a pint, or a pound, are employed as standard measures of length, capacity, and weight, it is necessarily assumed that these objects themselves are, and will remain, absolutely invariable in that quality of which they are taken as the measure in others. And, in the same manner, the ounce of gold or silver is necessarily assumed to be invariable in that quality, viz. value, which it is employed to

measure in other things. We need not wonder, therefore, at the strong impression existing in most minds of the invariable value of the precious metals, or at the difficulty experienced in obtaining a general recognition of the important fact, (a fact which, when duly investigated, will be found to account for all the evils we have suffered through an imperfect monetary system,)—that gold and silver—the standard measures of value in use throughout the commercial world—are liable to frequent, great, and general variations in value; that the assumption on which they are universally employed as the sole expression of value in all contracts, temporary or permanent, between individuals or nations, is an utter fallacy; and that, instead of being true, just, and correct, they are, in fact, most false, treacherous, and faithless measures of the value of other things!

But so habituated, as we have said, are most persons to measure value only in money—that is, in gold or silver,—and so few possess any clear idea of value apart from such estimation, that we must still further analyse and clear up the nature of this same quality, value, before we can expect to gain the full assent of our readers to this proposition: without a clear understanding of which no one can obtain any insight into the mysteries of the monetary system—simple as they appear, when the prejudices we speak of have been once removed.

Value—exchangeable or commercial value—can mean nothing else than what Adam Smith defines it to be, *purchasing power* in the market. The value of a thing is the quantity of goods of other kinds which it will exchange for, or command. If at one time it will command twice as much of other things in the gross as at another, its value is double on the first what it is on the latter occasion, and *vice versa*. This, we think, is indisputable.

When A, therefore, bargains, in consideration of an equivalent received in hand, to pay to B at a future time a certain value, the meaning of both parties is, that A should transfer to B, at the specified time, the power of commanding a fixed quantity of the different goods in the market,—a little more, perhaps, of one, and a little less of another sort, according as their relative supply and demand may have varied in the interval—but, at all events, neither more nor less of *goods in the gross* than the value transferred commanded at the time of the contract. Some expressions, however, must be employed to designate this value; and civilised nations are in the habit of referring to fixed quantities of the precious metals as the measure or expression of value. But in employing them for this purpose it is taken for granted, as has been

said already, that they will remain invariable in value themselves. Unhappily experience has proved this assumption to be a fallacy; gold and silver having varied in value (that is, in their command over commodities) at several periods to a great extent.

It is indisputable, for example, that they fell in value between the discovery of America and the beginning of the present century nearly in the proportion of from ten to one. The same quantity of gold or silver would purchase in the fifteenth century ten times as much of necessaries and luxuries—of goods in the gross—as it would in the nineteenth. It is equally indisputable that since 1810, when the revolution in Spanish and Portuguese America stopped the working of the mines of that country, the *value* of gold and silver has risen in a degree measured by the fall of general prices during this period, which we shall presently show to be not much less than fifty per cent.

The rise or fall in the exchangeable value of any commodity will, in the long run, depend on the greater or less facility of supplying it to meet the demand, *as compared with the average of other goods* against which it is exchanged. It matters nothing whether the change take place in the actual supply of the one commodity, or of the aggregate of others. *Value is merely relative*; and it is the relative supply of one article as compared to the mass of others which determines its value. Thus the value of iron would be equally raised by circumstances which should obstruct the supply of that metal, while all other things remained unaffected, and by circumstances of an opposite nature which should increase the supply of all other goods (or of the average of all other goods) while that of iron remained stationary.

In the progress of civilisation there is rarely, if ever, any general retrograde movement in the useful arts. But though the facilities for the production of commodities in the aggregate are continually on the increase, there is a frequent variation in the *relative* costs of production of particular commodities; some few of which may remain stationary (or even retrograde) in their rate of supply, while the rest are advancing more or less at different rates. Should the peculiar commodity which happens to be used as the conventional measure of value—say gold—advance in the facility of its supply faster than the average of commodities (as would follow from the discovery of new and exceedingly productive gold mines,) its value, and with it the value of money, will fall. Should the supply of gold, on the contrary, fall behind that of the aggregate of commodities, (as would be the consequence either of an exhaustion of the prin-

cial gold mines, or of an increased facility for the production of most other goods, while that of gold remained stationary,) its value, and that of money likewise, will rise in proportion.

Such variations in the exchangeable value of that commodity which the law declares to be the measure of value, and identifies with money, would, indeed, be of little consequence if all bargains were settled in ready money at the time of their being made. But the case is far otherwise in highly civilised and commercial countries, and especially in this, where a vast multiplicity of engagements are continually outstanding for the future payment of money; and where the injury inflicted by any variations in its value must be proportionately extensive. If A bargain to pay B at any future time a specified sum of money, the sum is employed merely as an expression of value, and upon the supposition implied in the use of money as a measure of value, that it will remain invariable in that quality. Should it be otherwise—should the exchangeable value of money rise in the interval between the arrangement and the fulfilment of the contract, A is a loser, B a gainer: if it fall, A gains and B loses. In either case, the gain and loss are equally unfair and unjust, because un contemplated by either party at the time of their engagement,—because the change arises only from the law having forced upon them the use of a false and treacherous measure of value.

In whatever degree, therefore, the value of money vary from time to time, in that degree are all money contracts vitiated, and the intended relations of creditors and debtors most unfairly deranged. It matters nothing what may be the originating cause of the change—whether an increased or diminished facility of producing the precious metals, or an increased or diminished facility of producing goods. The value of gold and silver, and therefore of money, depends on the *relative* supply (as compared with the demand) of those metals and of other goods; and the injustice to the parties to all money contracts is just as great, whether the immediate cause of the change in *amount* of their engagement lies in circumstances affecting the production of the precious metals or of the mass of other goods.

Now let us endeavour to ascertain what has been the gross variation in the value of money of late years. If we were to resort for this purpose to the ordinary mercantile price-currents, we might be suspected of an unfair selection of data for the purpose of proving our case. We will take, therefore, the most authentic document of the kind that is before the public—the comparative statement of the prices of the principal articles of general consumption in the years between 1819 and 1832, drawn up by

the Board of Trade, and printed for Parliament in the Appendix to the Report of the late Committee on the Bank Charter. We extract from these tables the average prices of the first and last years of this term.

APPENDIX No. 92.

Years.	English Wheat per qt.	Meat at Smithfield.		Coals, Newcastle, per ch.
		Beef per st.	Mutton per st.	
1819.	73s.	4s. 6d.	5s. 8d.	43s.
1832.	61s.	3s. 8d.	3s. 8d.	28s.
Fall in Price } per cent.	17	19	35	35
Years.	Iron.		Cheese.	
	Bar per ton.	Pig per ton.	Cheshire per cwt.	Gloucester per cwt.
1819.	12l. 15s.	8l. 10s.	89s.	84s.
1832.	6l. 5s.	4l. 12s.	52s.	52s.
Fall in Price } per cent.	51	48	38	38

APPENDIX No. 93.

Years.	Muscovado Sugar, per cwt.		Coffee per cwt.	
	Jamaica.	Havannah.	Jamaica.	Java.
1819.	87s. 6d.	64s.	144s.	158s.
1832.	56s.	34s. 6d.	85s.	47s.
Fall in price } per cent.	35	47	41	70
Years.	Cotton per lb.		Hemp per ton.	
	Georgia.	Bengal.	Riga.	Petersburg.
1819.	1s. 7d.	7d.	50l.	46l.
1832.	6d.	4d.	40l.	35l.
Fall in Price } per cent.	66	39	20	24
Years.	Tallow per cwt.		Whale Oil per ton.	
	Yellow Soap.	Petersburg.	New Greenland.	Spermaceti.
1819.	78s.	74s.	36l. 10s.	93l.
1832.	42s. 6d.	41s.	30l.	66l.
Fall in Price } per cent.	46	45	18	30
Years.	Deals per hundred.	Timber Memel per load.	Tobacco per lb.	Virginia Fine Black.
	Yellow.			
1819.	22l. 10s.	6l. 16s.	12s. 6d.	
1832.	17l. 10s.	5l. 5s.	4s. 0d.	
Fall in Price } per cent.	22	23	62	

The first of these returns exhibits an average fall in the prices of necessaries of home production to the extent of more than thirty-five per cent.; the last a fall in the prices of imported raw produce (being articles likewise of the first necessity) of near forty per cent. Combining the two, we ascertain, beyond dispute, that, since the return to cash payments, which took place in 1819, the prices of these principal articles of general consumption have fallen on the average about thirty-seven and a half per

cent., or very considerably more than one-third. But these tables consist exclusively of *raw produce*. The reduction in price of *manufactured articles*, prepared for consumption, has been much more considerable. In Mr. Babbage's work on the Economy of Manufactures, tables are given from the best authority, exhibiting the comparative prices of two long lists of hardware articles, in 1818 and 1830, and in 1812 and 1832. The first shows an average reduction in price of fifty-four per cent., the latter of sixty-one. The fall in cotton manufactures is undoubtedly much greater,—certainly not less than a hundred and fifty per cent. on the prices of 1818; that in woollens and linens may be about equal to the fall in hardware. On the whole, there can be little doubt that the reduction in manufactured articles is so much greater than that in raw produce as to make the *gross average fall in price*, if calculated from tables including the principal articles of consumption of both kinds, not less than *fifty per cent.* since 1819. In other words, the exchangeable value of gold (in which our prices are measured) has, within this short period, been *doubled*!

In the same proportion, therefore, has the value of all money engagements throughout the British empire been contemporaneously augmented;—to the unlooked-for benefit of their owners, and the equally unexpected detriment of those who stand pledged to their payment. In order to form some idea of the extent to which wealth (for the power of commanding all saleable articles is emphatically wealth) has been thus unjustly transferred from one party to another, we must endeavour to estimate the amount of monied obligations at all times outstanding in this country.

Now the first item in this account will be something considerable, namely, the annual estimates, or the sum to be raised within the year by taxation—at present somewhere about fifty millions. If to this we add the immense mass of private liabilities, in the shape of mortgages, annuities, bond and judgment debts, and other engagements bearing interest, we shall see good reason for believing that the entire sum of existing monied obligations of a fixed amount and *permanent* character, reaches considerably above one hundred millions per annum, or at an average of *only twenty years'* purchase, *two thousand millions* in its total amount! We must add again to this at least a thousand millions as the probable amount of the constantly outstanding engagements of a temporary character, consisting of commercial bills and book-debts. This total sum, then, of three thousand millions has been gradually doubled in value during the last fourteen years by the treacherous enhancement of the legal standard of value!

But since no variation in the value of gold was contemplated by the parties to this immense mass of money engagements at the time of their being contracted; but, on the contrary, the invariability of the standard of value was tacitly and virtually assumed by them when they employed it as a measure—the increased command which has been conferred upon the owners of these vast claims over the property and labour of the other members of society who are responsible for them, represented by one half of their total amount, or not less than *fifteen hundred millions*, is “to that extent a boon, a godsend, an unlooked-for, chance-allotted gain to the former parties; and, consequently, an unmerited, un contemplated, and unjust loss to the latter.” We do not employ the terms fraud, robbery, or spoliation in characterizing the injury sustained by the debtor party in this great revolution of property;—only because we will not believe it to have been intentionally brought about for the purposes of gain by any of its contrivers—(however greatly some of them have since profited by it, through the doubling in value of their enormous monied incomes.) In all else but the *animus furandi* it has been, to all intents and purposes, as complete an act of legal robbery (for it is the law, be it remembered, that has tied down the common measure of value—the pound sterling—to a variable, chance-depending standard) as any sentence of direct confiscation that revolutionary or despotic power ever pronounced.

What renders the prodigious injustice here denounced more offensive is, that the transfer has been chiefly made from the industrious to the idle, from the producing to the non-producing classes. The vast proportion of all these monied engagements are due from the active employers of labour, land, and capital, to those persons whose income consists neither of wages, rent, nor profit, but of fixed sums of money—in a word, *the monied interest*. Need we wonder any longer at the universal and continued depression in wages, in rents, and in profits, which has accompanied this gradual appreciation of the burdens their receivers are subject to? The labourer, the land-owner, and the capitalist, only share between them what is left from the prices they obtain for their joint produce, *after* the fixed money-payments to which they are liable have been deducted. The fall of prices—which the owners of fixed money-incomes have found so agreeable—has naturally brought ruin and beggary upon those who have to pay these same monies out of the prices they can realize for the produce of their property and industry. *High taxes*, for example, (to take but one item of the fixed charges to which the industry of the country is liable,) could be, and were, easily paid out of *high prices*, and left *high wages, high rents*, and

high profits to the classes whose labour and property are engaged in production. But when high taxes are (as now) to be paid out of low prices, the case is altered materially, and wages, rent, and profits are necessarily sunk far below the proportion of the fall in prices.

Hence the complaints which echo around us from all the classes directly or indirectly concerned in production,—

“Hence credit,

And public trust twist man and man, is broken;
The golden streams of commerce are withheld,
Which fed the wants of hinds and artisans,
Who, therefore, curse the great, and threat rebellion.”

In the estimate we have now given of the injury sustained by the productive classes of this country through the late appreciation of its standard of value, we have confined our attention to the effect produced by the difference between the prices of the present day, and those of the period preceding the return to cash payments. This difference, however, was not brought about by a gradual and uniform decline. On the contrary, the price-currents of the last fourteen years exhibit a series of extraordinary oscillations in the value of money, whose deranging effect upon all pecuniary engagements must be added to that of the general depression of prices in which they have terminated, if it is desired to obtain a just conception of the monetary revolutions of that period.

The general appreciation of gold is to be accounted for, as we have said, only by a relative decrease of its supply to meet the demand, as compared with the contemporaneous supply of the average of other goods. The *secondary* or cross fluctuations (which have been, on the whole, productive perhaps of as large an amount of mischief as even the general decline) may be clearly traced to two sets of circumstances, viz. 1st. the local and temporary fluctuations peculiarly incidental to that mental (gold) which we have most unwisely chosen as our standard of value in preference to that which is employed by every other commercial state—silver. 2dly. The fluctuations caused through the injudicious management of our paper circulation by those on whom the law has unwittingly conferred a supreme power over its amount, and who have consequently been enabled to raise or lower the prices of our markets, for a time, to almost any extent that, for their own private purposes, or what they might choose to imagine the interests of the public, they thought advisable. The consideration of these two points, involving as they do the character both of our present standard and paper circulation, must be referred to a future occasion.

Note.—Our readers will not so far misunderstand this paper as to suppose that we desire any

measure which should lower the legal standard of value. It is one thing to acknowledge and expose the changes which *have* undeniably taken place in the value of the standard, with a view to providing for its greater stability in future,—and quite another—indeed, the very reverse, to advocate a change in the law which shall add another sweeping derangement in the value of all pecuniary contracts to those which have already been productive of so much mischief.

FOUR VIEWS OF LONDON.

A MAN—and a man of observation too—may live all his life in London, and yet not have seen one-half of what is to be seen in it. It has perhaps never struck many persons—but it is a truth which he who doubts may verify for himself—that the four ends of this mighty metropolis present to the eye of a student of mankind four as distinct classes of towns-people, with habits and manners as different from each other as though they were of so many various races of men. Enter Spitalfields, and you will find yourself among thronging thousands of human beings, varying as much in size and appearance from the thousands living on the north side of London, as the stunted Laplander from the lofty-statured American aborigine. The young men of this dismal region of distress and excessive labour have at the age of twenty the look and apparent wear of thirty; the men of forty show as if sixty winters had withered them; the men of sixty are few indeed, unnaturally old, and horribly bowed and bent into all attitudes of deformity;—crooked spines, round shoulders, and heads drooping unusually forward, being the most common marks of labour pursued beyond the strength of that ill-paid and ill-fed class of artisans, the silk-weavers of that industrious neighbourhood. But what strikes you with melancholy wonder, is the shortness of stature of all: five feet two is the common height of these decrepit beings; a man of six feet, if you meet with such a resident, is not “native and to the manner born,” and follows not the staple business of the district. Three or four years since, a procession of some hundreds of these weavers passed through the city to watch some question on silk manufactures, then before the House of Commons: it was the most wretched sight ever beheld in this mighty metropolis. The diminutiveness of these hard-fated men first met your eyes; then their starved and emaciated looks; and lastly, their “looped and windowed raggedness.”

One-half of London, as I have said, is so much a *terra incognita* to many who have lived all their days in the other half of it, that I felt curious to see these unfortunate beings in their own quarter, and took the first leisure day I had to wander amongst

them. I had not been in that neighbourhood for thirty years, and was not surprised to find that everything seemed as new to me as if I had dropt into an alien city, and among men and things new and strange. It was the season of one of our holiday festivals, and afforded me an opportunity to trace them to their haunts for such poor amusements and enjoyments as they could find time to take and pence to purchase. Nothing could be more melancholy: the wretched tea-garden, (or rather a place so called, where, at two-pence a head, hot water and crockery are supplied to such parties as bring their own tea, sugar, &c.) with its soot-black grass-plot and a swing for the children, the public-house and its covered skittle-ground, were the alpha and the omega of their amusements. At one place an attempt was made at a soaped pole and a leg of mutton, as a lure to draw company; but no one that I could see was inclined to try "how hard it was to climb." At another part a sickly-looking lad was engaged by a publican, as a Whitsuntide attraction, to pick up a hundred stones in a given time. A few gathered together, porter and pipes were indulged in, but there was an entire absence of all mirth and enjoyment. One day, though a holiday, was not sufficient to make them forget all their privations and poverty. See them, again, straggling from church or chapel on the Sunday: cleanly rags are their raiment, and squalor still saddens their faces, which even "the light from heaven" cannot brighten into cheerfulness. Enter their homes, or content yourself with merely looking at them or into them: wretchedness is there, and is the hard landlord of their hearths. If there is one portion of this metropolis which more than another requires a thorough investigation into the comforts and wants of its working classes, it is Spitalfields*.

* A friend, who had occasion to meet a committee of these wretched men during the agitation of the question of Free Trade, describes his interview as of the most painful nature. There were present nearly two hundred of these deplorable beings: the place of consultation was a tavern, but all the refreshment they could afford themselves during the business of the evening was water—cans of it being placed on the table, and small mugs beside them, to be filled as wanted. Several of these men rose at various times to address him, but, after a few sentences, broke down from mere physical exhaustion; and no wonder—for their earnings at this time amounted to something less than five shillings per week, the labour demanded for it being from fourteen to sixteen hours per day;—and even this ill-paid labour failed them every fourth or fifth week, thus reducing their income to a still lower average. My informant was so shocked by the misery he had witnessed, that he himself raised by subscription among his friends somewhat more than a hundred pounds, and transmitted the amount to their committee.

Turning away from this unhappy spot, direct your steps towards that Boetia of thriving blackguardism, Whitechapel. This wart on the "great wen" is as distinct and seems as excrescentitious as if cut off from another city, and somehow added to this. And yet its peculiarities are thoroughly English. Its blackguards seem as proper to the spot as they are unlike any other genus of that abundant class. Here you lose sight of the dwarfish and dwindled weavers, and are moving among men of might—fellows of thews and sinews, genuine specimens of the stuff of which common men are made—no porcelain and brittle ware, but unqualified English clay and flintstone, roughly annealed, but strong, solid, and serviceable. The minds of these men are not the minds of those of other quarters of London; their idioms are their own; their very oaths are peculiar to themselves and themselves alone; and of course their manners are as unique and wholly local. "A Whitechapel bird" was once a well-known designation of a thorough-paced rascal—one versed in all the accomplishments of bull-baiting, dog fancying and stealing, Sunday-Morning boxing matches, larcenies great and small, duffing, chaffering, and all other kinds and degrees of low and high villany. Thirty years ago, no Smithfield market-day passed over without what was called a "bull-hank," which consisted in selecting a likely beast to afford sport from any drove entering Whitechapel, and hunting him through the streets till he became infuriated:—when they had had their fun out, and enough fright and alarm had spread around to satisfy them, the poor beast was then knocked on the head, and delivered over to his owner, if they could find him. If opposed to their amusement, knives were drawn in a moment, and used too, as quickly. These atrocities are now beaten out of them by the strong arm of the law. The "natives" are still great pigeon-fanciers. This is an expensive hobby, when much indulged, for the collection of a connoisseur is nothing if not large, and containing specimens of the choicest birds. It is not uncommon for an amateur, looking at whose rags you would think him penniless, to be possessed of property of this kind worth from forty to fifty pounds. Every thing is sacrificed to this taste—clothes, comfort, and even his own and his children's bread, where the fancy reigns paramount. Parties of these men are sometimes seen in summer on the hills about Highgate, each man with his couple of bags of tumblers, blue-rocks, &c. Taking their stand on these eminent spots, a bird at a time is thrown up, and after making a few circles in the air, as if to reconnoitre objects at a distance with which its eyes are familiar, it mounts still higher, and dwindling into a speck, takes its unerring

road home. The bags emptied, the fanciers then descend and wind their way also to Whitechapel, discussing the merits of their birds as they wander along. This, however, is a very harmless taste, for the beauty of shape and feather, and the graceful flight of this bird, are certainly not unworthy of admiration: it is only to be regretted, perhaps, that a creature which can soar so high, and delights so much to tumble itself through half miles of air, should at last tumble on its back into a pie-dish, with its legs thrust through the crust.

Whitechapel and vulgarity have long been synonyms, and the professors of "that ilk" are, one would think, guardedly jealous to preserve its character for coarseness, and keep it intact. And yet, strange as it may appear, at the theatre of its neighbourhood, the Pavilion, Shakspeare's plays are performed more frequently, and to fuller and more absorbed audiences, than the patent theatres can boast. "The poetry of earth is never dead!"—if it fades where it flourished, "grows dim and dies," in the west, it shifts its soil, takes root, and lifts up its head again in the east. A Garrick was given to the stage by this people; that is something to their honour, and makes them classical.

A Whitechapel butcher is the beau ideal of a butcher. One of the same trade from an opposite quarter is no more to be compared with him than I am with Hercules. Pick out a specimen from the west, and he cannot compete a moment with him of the east. Not he: the one is sophisticate and "affects an air:" he is part tradesman, part gentleman; doffs the steel, blue apron, and dirty top-boots, wrinkling down to the heels, and assumes the white apron, sporting-cut coat, fashionable trowsers and Wellingtons understrapped: in short, he is a butcher with modern improvements. Not so his type of Whitechapel: he is unsophisticate: what he is now, his fathers were before him, and his sons will perhaps be after him: he scorns the march of mind, and sticks to his fresh mutton and old manners. As it is with the butcher, so is it with the rest of the population. Their total habits, tastes, their language, idioms, houses, streets, &c. &c., are at least forty years behind those of any other part of "the wen;"—not even Nash himself could improve the *locale*, nor a forty-Johnson-power lexicographer push their lagging language up in time to join the march to improvement of that of the rest of their fellow-citizens.

Leaving the thousands which make populous such places as Wapping and Ratcliff Highway, as, though peculiar, and having some distinguishing traits, unworthy of more curious notice, let us at once pass to St. George's Fields and its "thereabout." Here you are among another race and other

manners. In this little locality there are more boys and "young fellows" living heaven and Union-hall only know how, than in all London put together. Observe that group idling at the corner of the London-road. The oldest of the party is sixteen or seventeen, and in dress might be taken for an honest and respectable lad; but look again at his companions. There are five of them, from ten to fourteen years old, ragged, dirty, shoeless, and hatless. What is he, and what are they? They are, or will be, thieves, and he either is, or will be, their leader to the gaol or the gallows, as it happens. Such groups are to be found in all parts of this vicinity, apparently unnoticed by the police;—it is only when bands of them amounting to a handsome number, and taking the title of "the forty Thieves," are discovered to be the perpetual petty despoilers of a neighbourhood, that magistrates shake their powdered heads, and marvel at the depravity of the rising generation; when, if they did their duty, these nests of incubating gaol-birds might be taken in the egg, and their superabundance kept under. The eyes of a magistrate, if he would use them out of his office-walls, would do as much good to this district, as the addition of a hundred men to the police force. Indeed, an ambulating magistracy, daily visiting the most notorious haunts of crime, and in disguise spying into the corners and goes therein, those who house and those who are housed, and acting as surveyors of the moral condition of their districts, would further the main intentions of the law, which were meant to prevent as well as to punish derelictions from its highways into its byeways and crooked and intricate alleys. They should be as much as possible personally unknown to the class of persons over whom they are appointed to watch; and to secure this non-recognition, if they were moved about over the various districts of London, taking the places of each other in regular rotation, their usefulness as secret officers of what I would call a moral police would be secured and made effectual. Investigation into the haunts of depravity should be their sole duty; what they observe should be duly reported and acted upon by the sitting magistrates only, these ambulatory magistrates never being seen either on the bench or in the office, though held strictly responsible for their public conduct. Their reports should, of course, be transmitted at stated times to the Home Secretary, and preserved as documents to be appealed to as to the character of particular places, houses, and persons. It may be objected, that such an office would approach too near to the obnoxious character of a spy of the inquisition; and that such powers might lead to great abuse:—but there is little real danger of the last;—men of education, re-

sponsible for their official conduct, and living in a country where public opinion is at all times a check upon wrong-doing, are not likely to become enthusiasts and intemperate in such matters;—and as to the mere name and nature of such an office, its being called inquisitorial would not make it so: besides, there are many officers connected with the government to which the same opprobrium might just as reasonably apply—such as commissioners of Excise, &c., whose duties are indeed more inquisitorial. It may be thought, too, that such powers would be better placed in the hands of inferior persons—such as the superintendents of police; but to such men I must think that such a commission could not so safely be entrusted: my principal objection is, that they are already personally known to the suspected, and their usefulness would consequently be defeated; and secondly, they are in that condition of life which renders them liable to such temptations as those who live by injuring society are always ready and capable of throwing in their way to hoodwink their eyes, padlock their lips, and baffle their very intention as a controlling check upon the increasing population of criminals.

But growing crime is nothing with these ministers of the law until it darkens all the land. Some ill-weed is now and then brought before them, to show how the noxious growth threatens to choke the serviceable wheat, and they curiously examine it, ask a few questions as to its nature and habits, and then order it to be returned to the spot from which it was taken, and if it does not conduct itself like a well-behaved weed, it is to be brought before them again, and similarly tended and toyed with, instead of being, as it should be, nipped itself, and the whole genus, of which it is but a selected specimen, extirpated, root, and shoot, and seed. But this would save much after trouble; and if there were no weeds there would be no occasion for weeding, and the weeders might lose their occupation: therefore they permit their growth, and when they are so tall that blind Justice runs her nose against them, then, and not till then, is it thought proper to root them up. St. George's Fields is the Surrey College of Crime. If the dispensers of justice doubt it, let them drop into the public-houses surrounding the Obelisk. They will there find rooms full of women of a certain sort, and fancy-men, who live on them. The usual gallantry is here reversed; for the "ladies" treat the "gemmen," and the courting, if you may call it such, comes from the same fair quarter. Pulling of caps and destroying of bonnets are as common in these houses as gin and beer. Miss A. suspects Miss B. of a design to "circumvent" her in the manly bosom of Sam Simpson, who is her "dear friend,"—that is, he shares

two-thirds of all she obtains in her vocation, as lawful compliment or lawless booty, besides other perquisites. Sam is out of place, and no wonder: his last employer marked some money put into his till, which Sam was somehow detected in taking. He was not prosecuted, because he had respectable friends, a heart broken mother, and a benevolent master. As Sam stole this and other monies to supply the necessities of Miss A., the least she can do is to support him till he can find another master, not so particular in marking his half-sovereigns. Such men are not met with every day; and in the mean time Sam is in no hurry, idleness is not so unpleasant as moralists have said it is. He becomes her dependent; her means failing, he meets with Jones and Johnson, dashing young fellows, spending freely, swearing the newest oaths, and keeping their gigs and girls "quite respectable;" who, some night, when the brandy and water is potent, unbosom themselves, and they are—burglars,—in the language of their craft, crackmen. Sam is at first a little startled, but is at last partly tempted and partly taunted into joining them in "cracking a crib," and consents, his previous education as a pilferer and after depravity as a hanger-on upon a strumpet having prepared him for any card which may turn up in the course of the new deal. His first enterprise is successful—the booty is something "not to be sneezed at;" and he can now afford, instead of being kept by Miss A., to keep a Miss B. of his own. Miss A. had latterly become "decidedly low," drank gin and water, and indulged other commonplace tastes—perhaps, too, was a little squeamish in matters of robbery, and he therefore cuts her. She was always a girl of no particular spirit, and consequently quite unfit for a man of his present kidney; Miss B., on the contrary, "knows what's what," and is a handsome hand at a "fence." And now he smokes cigars and drinks his "mixed" like a *gentleman*, and is the envy where he was the despised of his former associates. They make shrewd guesses at his new resources, but have no insurmountable objections to them, for Sam is liberal: "lightly come, lightly go," is his maxim; and they are not the persons to be scrupulous as to the means, so that they participate in the ends: who but an over-fastidious fellow would interrogate the shillings in his purse, to know whether they had circulated through none but cleanly and honest hands! And so he goes on "till his offence smells rank to" Union-hall; and, at the worst, Sam Simpson sounds as well in a Horse-monger-lane dying-speech as any better name. This is really Tom Smith's history, but it will be, with no very material variations, Sam Simpson's; for having started in the same way, and running the same road, he is likely to arrive at the same goal or goal, just as

the Fates shall direct these diphthongs to be hereafter placed.

While this is going on in the parlour, there is another Simpson playing the same part, but in a minor theatre, in the tap-room. He makes his way to notoriety for petty crime, by somewhat similar but inferior means but means which pester society as summer vermin annoy individuals: their bite is not so bad as dog's, but it is annoying and inimical to comfort notwithstanding. There are a thousand Simpsens on the Surrey side of the water, but it is nobody's business to know them till they make themselves notorious. They may not all pursue the same path to the same centre, nor would seven or seventy persons making for the middle ground of the Seven Dials take the same road to it, but they arrive there in the end. Other flash-houses in the same vicinity have their Simpsens too, but they are of a still lower grade. These are the young apes of greater rascals—boys of fourteen and fifteen, who have studied that Arabian Nights Entertainment of the willing to be vile and already half-depraved, the Newgate Calendar, till they are enamoured of its crimes and criminals, and long to revive some forgotten page of its corrupting history. These juvenile Jonathan Wilds and Dick Turpins assume the man, smoke their pipes indoors and out, drink gin enough to poison a Dutchman, swear surprisingly well, and "keep their girls!" The reader will perhaps be disinclined to believe this last fact: he knows nothing of London and its vicious if he doubts it. Every one of these boys is destined "to smell rue," as they call being put upon trial—that plant and others being commonly spread over the ledges of the prisoner's dock, the jury box, and the tables of criminal courts, as disinfectants. The police know these haunts of young depravity well, and there their intelligence stops. The true use of such a service should be to shut up such houses, and disperse, if they cannot extirpate, their frequenters. But no—though they know them to be thieves, yet as nothing can be brought home to them which would bring with it "its own reward," they refuse to touch them till what is technically called their "weight" is lumping, and would kick the judicial beam. The circumspect law will not treat a thief as a thief till it can prove him so: his reputation and his own undisguised confession of his calling go for nothing. He is watched—only when he is not at work, and consequently, if he is clever, and a neat artist, he may live from fifteen to fifty years, and never feel the hand of "old mother Antic" laid on his sacred head. There are men now moving about this city, reputed thieves for thirty or forty years, who have never got farther into the labyrinths of limbo than the bar of Bow-street, where some honest attorney, or their own

cunning and ingenuity, stayed further progress, and returned them among society, admonished but not amended, only made more circumspect for the future. The liberty of the thief is sacred; the liberty of an honest man holds good till it is convenient to violate it: for in the country where this tenderness for the rights of the depraved members of society exists in force at all times, there, in time of war, a man known to have served at sea in any capacity may be violently taken from his house and family, sent abroad to serve his king, and sent home again with one sleeve of his jacket hanging to his button-hole, or one leg safely stowed away in Jones's sea-locker for such odd waifs and strays. "What would you recommend then?"—Simply this, that suspected criminals should not be more respected than known mariners. If magistrates can now send a reputed thief to the thread-mill for three months, let them stretch a point, and make it years, and Sam Simpsens would be scarce in London: three years of persevering punishment of them would extirpate the race. In the mean time some means of making them useful should be devised: as society has lost by them let it gain something in return. Set to work, that most dreaded of all hardships to men of desperate courses, as soon as they show decided marks of amendment, give them their liberty, under certain rigid conditions; watch over their goings-on for a time; afford them the opportunity to be honest and industrious; treat them as wards of justice; let them never be lost sight of:—if they go on well, it is well; but if they relapse, not from necessity, but incurable dishonesty, away with them at once and for ever. White labourers will be wanted before many years in the West Indies: men black with crime could not, in that event, reasonably wonder if they should be thought of less value than black men, innocent of every crime but that of being unable to right themselves of the wrongs they have so long endured.

But this is perhaps too reasonable to be expected. Authority seems rather to prefer peddling with criminals to putting them down: their lease of crime is not out, and if it is, may be renewed for a life or lives. They are still, and no doubt will be, free to pass through the fifty villainies of their career, and it will not be till the fifty-first that they will be asked to give some account of themselves before a jury of their countrymen. At present, our police is a careful nurse, tenderly watching over the infancy of crime, patting its juvenile eccentricities on the head, and not controlling it in any thing till it is uncontrollable itself: then indeed, it is terrible irate, and makes use of all the bug-a-boo terrors of rope, Dr. Cotton, and scaffold, to snub the young reascality

into decency of behaviour, when a penny-worth of punishment, properly applied in the first stage of delinquency, would have cured the vice in its earliest inclinations, and made of a man who is now only thought fit to be hanged, a decent member of the state.

A visitor to London who has not seen what is called the New Cut has not looked upon one of the most characteristic bits of the metropolis. The place is unique, and only wants antique-looking houses with gable roofs, jutting stories, and dangling signs, to be the most picturesque of spots. It is almost one shop from its east end to its west end: nothing English reminds you so much of Vanity Fair; and it has as many booths, where you will find all things needful and unneedful, laid out on the pathway-side to tempt you—books, prints, tools, instruments, knick-knacks of all kinds; portraits so numerous, and embracing so great a variety of faces, that any man might pick out a companion pair of his grandfather and grandmother; pocket-handkerchiefs which you could almost swear were once your property, and impulsively and innocently you look at the initial corners, but they are now illiterate: indeed, if you have lost any article lately, visit this spot, and ten to one but you can repurchase it at half the price you first gave for it. Here, too, are all sorts of eatables:—pickle-pork that *may* be pickled Perkins, it looks so like salted and soddened humanity; oysters gape at you with open mouths; and fish that have long forgotten all maritime matters—it is so long since they have left the sea, stare on you with glazed eyes. The New Cut-inns seem abandoned to such sensualities as plum-pudding—the plums so “few and far between” that they are indeed “like angels’ visits,” and “baked potatoes all hot:” at every corner you meet with a Smith or Jones blowing this baked delicacy “with bated breath and whispered” wishes that it would cool down to the eating point; another is seen shifting the smoking viand from hand to hand, partly to reduce its heat, and partly to warm his fingers. Sausages frying and frizing; trotters, pickled and fresh; stewed eels and pickled ditto; herrings, red and soured; black puddings and tawny polonies; pigs’ ears and petti-toes; cakes infinite, bulls’ eyes, lollipops, hardbake, comfits, roast apples, baked pears, and Buonaparte’s ribs, salute your nose and eyes at every step. One would think the entire population were wholly employed in eating, drinking, and sucking sweetmeats from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof; but there is plenty of business going on besides: gin-shops abound; the bye-streets are all alive with the hangers-on upon society—for here, too, are hundreds of loungers against wall and post, in sea jackets, never yet wetted with the salt spray—all with idle hands in their pockets, wait-

ing only for the opportunity to be more industriously employed in the pockets of others. This entire neighbourhood needs a moral scouring; but who will handle the scrubbing brush? Not the magistrates of London as now constituted.

We will now pass to Paddington: an omnibus will trundle and rumble and jerk and jar your bones there “for the small charge of sixpence;” and you never yet was in one. Do you not hear? You are asked by that mongrel-military man with a dragoon cap, he who hangs by the door-handle, “If you are going down?” Yes, you are; then go like a gentleman; there are only thirty insides, all decent clerks, fagged and harmless, and going home to their tea: what have you to fear? Never mind Islington and its natives and settlers; they are but commonplace people, very wealthy, very healthy, pseudo-pious, and prone to indulge in the pharisaical parading of gilt prayer-books in the streets on Sundays. There is a great deal of beauty and comeliness to be seen among the women of that lively town on “the seventh day”—finer complexions, and brighter eyes, and lighter steps, nowhere around London.—Its inhabitants are the most church-and-chapel-going-people I wot of; and its book-sellers, who are numerous and respectable, and make a good literary show, have their shop-windows crammed with works of a religious character. Islington has much of the look of a country town, with its trees here and there, and its green, which is so, and its shops, showy, small, but genteel. The arrival of the several northern mails in the evening gives its high-street an especial bustle and picturesqueness: it is besides the grand outlet and inlet of all the north-going and coming coaches; and here are first dropped, on their arrival at the margin of the metropolis, all sorts of English foreigners—Sandies in plaid cloaks; Dandy Dinmonds from Yorkshire, on grazing expeditions; and Manchester Nicol Jarvies in woollen waistcoats, and worsted stockings an inch thick of web.

Never mind Pentonville: it is not now what it was,—a place of some rural beauty;—the fields behind it *were*, in my time, as wild and picturesque,—with their deep green lanes, richly hedged and studded with flowers which have taken fright, and moved off miles away—their stately “elms and hillocks green,” as they are now melancholy and cut up with unfinished and of course unoccupied rows of houses, run up during the paroxysm of the brick and mortar mania of times past, and now tumbling in ruin, with the foolish fortunes of the speculators. The march of town-innovation upon the suburbs has driven before it all that was green, silent, and fitted for meditation. Here, too, is that Paradise of apprentice boys, White

Cumdict Couse, as it is cacophoniously pronounced by its visitors, which has done much to expel the decencies of the district. Thirty years ago this place was better frequented—that is, there was a larger number of respectable adults—fathers and mothers, with their children, and a smaller moiety of shop-lads and such like Sunday bucks, who were awed into decency by their elders. The manners, perhaps, are much upon a *par* with what they were. The ball-room gentlemen then went through country-dances with their hats on and their coats off;—hats are now taken off, but coats are still unfashionable on these gala nights. The belles of that day wore long trains to their gowns: it was a favourite mode of introduction to a lady there, to tread on it, and then apologizing handsomely, acquaintance was begun, and soon ripened into an invitation to tea and the hot loaves for which these gardens was once celebrated. Being now a popular haunt, those who hang on the rear of the march of human nature, the settlers, camp-followers, and plunderers, know that where large numbers of men or boys are in pursuit of pleasure, there is a sprinkling of the number to whom vice and debauchery are ever welcome: they have, therefore, supplied what these wanted; and Pentonville may now hold up its head, and boast of its depravities before any other part of London. Get in, then, and descending the hill, you will find yourself at Battle-bridge, among a people as characteristic, and looking as local as if the spot had been made for them, and they for the spot. At a glance you will perceive what are the distinctions which make the difference between them and the population you have just passed through. It is the grand centre of dustmen, scavengers, horse and dog dealers, knackermen, brickmakers, and other low but necessary professionalists. The neighbourhood is, however, improving, and its poorer dwellers are getting gradually pushed farther into the background—out of sight, but not out of reach of another faculty, if you have a nose with its sense unimpaired.

Bump—thump—thump—bump!—Well, this may, by latitude of expression, be called riding, but I should call it omnibus ill-usage, —the apothecary's direction with variations —“when taken” to Paddington “to be well shaken.” Mr. Shillibeer might very properly be charged with “pitching and tossing in the public streets.” I never heartily liked the French, and now I like them less for inventing these Leviathans of the highway. But how should Frenchmen know anything about creature and especially carriage comforts!—Here we are, in all six and twenty sweating citizens, jammed, crammed, and squeezed into each other like too many peas in one pod, or an African's toes in the shoe of a Chinese.

I feel that I shall bear the impression of the six brass buttons of the blue coat with a plethoric somebody in it for a month to come. Phew! pish! pooh!—how hot it is. Mr. Conductor, do let me out, for if this is “the way” all the way to Paddington, why then farewell forever to that Ultima Thule of sprawling London, for I shall never reach it. . . . Thank heaven! we are on the firm earth again! No, yes—oh Shakspeare and the Nine! what have we here?—The Royal Clarence Theatre, and Shakspeare's noblest play, “Hamlet,” and the part of the melancholy Prince by a “star” from the east.—Here be refinements for you!—Where, ten years since—“nay, not so much”—stood that sublime, sifted wonder of cockneys, the cloud-kissing dust-heap, which sold for twenty thousand pounds, stands now a little structure, large enough for the mighty mind of Shakspeare to speak within its walls, and where no doubt you may, if you have no vulgar prejudice against what is good because it is humbly placed, hear him discourse “most eloquent music.” Come, this is better than bumping one's way to Paddington! I'll enter. . . . The interior is somewhat fantastic, but light, and pretty too; and respectably filled with Battle-bridge beaux and belles, and not a dustman that I can see. I shall be very comfortable. “A bill of the play, Ma'am—thank you—a penny?”—The curtain rises—“FRANCISCO on his post. Enter to him BERNARDO.” . . . A very respectable performance throughout, and the *Hamlet* Shakspearian and excellent. So much for a day's ramble in London. W:

ON THE PROGRESS OF MUSIC FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

THE beautiful art of which we are about to speak has now become so univesal in England, that there is scarcely a house in which some musical instrument is not to be found. Choral societies abound, not only in the cities and great towns, but in country villages, where, also, bands of wind instruments are becoming frequent. To show how generally the pianoforte is cultivated, we shall cite two very opposite facts. Not many years ago, the annual balance-sheet of one great metropolitan manufactory is said to have exhibited, upon one stock-taking, a profit of something more than ninety thousand pounds! and about that time the writer was informed by a workwoman engaged in his family, that, in the *yard* (a provincial synonyme for court) in which she lived, and which was inhabited entirely by the working class, there were twelve pianofortes, and a young person opposite

taught the instrument at sixpence a lesson. Here are the two extremities; and the slightest casual observation must have taught every one that the intermediate spaces of society exhibit a consentaneous pursuit of musical taste and acquirement. The vast catalogues put forth by the music-sellers; the extraordinary number of plates they possess, amounting, in the aggregate, to hundreds of thousands; the daily additions they make to their copyright, (for almost every performer, certainly every great performer, is now a composer,) to say nothing of the arrangements, which are perhaps even more numerous; and the introduction of improved and of new instruments, all together create a commerce that laughs to scorn Dr. Colquhoun's computation of the income raised from the Fine Arts. We most potently believe that more than the sum he estimates for the production of them all (fourteen hundred thousand pounds per annum) is returned by music-vending and music-teaching alone. The aggregate income of the London profession, instrumentalists and singers, for performance only, amounts to a sum that would seem positively incredible to those unaccustomed to such calculations; and, in spite of the complaints of such persons, that talent is insufficiently rewarded, the receipts for concerts during the London seasons are enormously vast. During the period between the third week in April and the first week in July, not a day passes without one or more public concerts; in May there are more frequently two and three than one. These are independent of the private parties, which are also to the amount of one, two, and three upon the same evening, during the season, at the houses of persons of quality. The singers of the highest estimation are actually worn to the bone by the fatigue they undergo, although they evade the toil of getting up new songs by repeating the same (not more than from six to twelve at the very extent) from concert to concert, and from house to house. About five years ago, the rage for festivals, upon a scale of grandeur unequalled in any other country in the world, had risen to such a height, that there were no less than ten in the same year (1828) in provincial towns, viz.—at Cambridge, Salisbury, Hereford, Derby, York, Manchester, Bury, Exeter, Brighton, and Denbigh (the Eisteddvod). The aggregate receipts fell little, if at all, short of fifty thousand pounds. This is strictly the art and commerce of Music. But to these accounts are to be added the Italian Opera, the Oratorios, the musical proportions of the English theatres;—Covent Garden and Drury Lane probably give two operas a week, upon an average, during the season; Vauxhall, and other less prominent entertainments,—such as Musical Societies, the Madrigal, Catch, and Glee

Clubs, &c. &c., which meet constantly. Lastly comes the establishment of the Royal Academy, and closes the items that make up the account. When we couple with these external demonstrations, so to speak, the music of the provinces, and the domestic cultivation they afford, it might be thought a sufficient proof that England has a clear title to be called a musical nation.

But the world at large allows to England no such distinction. And why? The reasons are many; and honest candour compels us to confess there is but too much justice in the charge. We may, perhaps, be pardoned a short digression to this topic.

"The English enjoy music," say foreigners, "by purchase, not by inheritance. They have no original music; they have no real, no passionate sense of its beauties or its perfections;—they are musical only because they are dull and are rich: hence they must be diverted; and they can afford to pay for the highest species of diversion and the noblest examples. But they are incapable alike of feeling or appreciating the excellence they pay for."

Our claims to original composition are founded chiefly upon our early church music and on glees. The latter, of which we so especially boast ourselves, were described by the liveliest French writer who has ever treated of music as "*quelque chose bien triste*," this being the nearest definition he could come to. Our early church music possesses originality, as well as vigour and fine expression. But are the oratorios of Handel English or not? They are the work of a German; but it is very questionable whether they would have been produced in any other country than England, for the plain reason, that in no other country, all great and glorious as they are, would they have strongly assimilated with the national feeling. *There was once* a certain depth and intensity of the affections in England which belonged to no other people, and which were displayed even in their amusements. We shall hereafter have occasion to note the change and its effects; but such *was* the character of the national sentiment. This grave and solemn, but latent and silently rapturous intelligence of art was made sensible in Handel's sacred works; yet still, whilst our countrymen idolize the musical giant "with his hundred hands," and contend vehemently and passionately for his naturalization amongst us, the bare, naked facts that he was a foreigner, that he received his musical temperament from German parents, and his musical education from foreign instruction and from study abroad, are not to be contradicted. In the existing state of science we have little or nothing that is permanent but Handel. Of Purcell, a very small portion survives; more, perhaps, of Arne; and so

ends our catalogue of ancient English masters, if authors so near our own time may be so called. Of the modern hereafter. See, then, to what narrow limits our pretensions are reduced!

The second and worse accusation, that the English are incapable of estimating the charms of composition or performance, stands mainly upon the ground of our reserved temper. The Germans in some degree, the French in a greater, nay, all nations but the Italians, share it, and are inculcated with us. M. Beyle, who has written under the several names of Stendhal and Bombet, in his lives of Haydn and Mozart, has the following passage:—"You will be disappointed, my dear Louis, if ever you visit Italy, to find the orchestras so inferior to that of the Odeon, and perhaps not more than one or two good voices in a company. You will think that I have been telling you travellers' tales. Nowhere will you meet with an assemblage like that of Paris, when you had at the Opera Madame Barilli, Mesdames Neri and Festa; and for men, Crivelli, Tachinardi, and Porto. But do not despair of your evening: the singers, whom you will think indifferent, will be electrified by a sensible and enthusiastic audience; and the fire spreading from the boxes to the theatre, and from the theatre to the boxes, you will hear them sing with an unity, a warmth and spirit, of which you have not even an idea; you will witness moments of delirium, when both performers and auditors will be lost in the beauty of a *finale* of Cimarosa. It signifies nothing giving Crivelli thirty thousand francs at Paris; you must purchase also a public fitted to hear him, and to cherish the love which he has for his art. He gives a simple and sublime trait; it passes unnoticed. He gives a common and easily distinguished embellishment; and forthwith every one, delighted to show that he is a connoisseur, deafens his neighbours by clapping as if he were mad. But these applauses are without any real warmth: his feelings are unmoved; it is only his judgment which approves. An Italian gives himself up without fear to the enjoyment of a fine air the first time he hears it; a Frenchman applauds with a sort of anxiety,—he is afraid of having approved of what is but indifferent. It is not till after the third or fourth representation, when it is fully determined that the air is delicious, that he will dare to cry *Bravo!* accentuating strongly the first syllable to show that he understands Italian. Observe how he says to his friend, whom he meets in the green-room at a first representation, 'How divine that is!' He affirms with his lips, but with his eye he interrogates. If his friend does not reply with another superlative, he is ready to dethrone his divinity. The musical enthusiasm of Paris admits of no

discussion; everything is either *délicieux* or execrable. On the other side of the Alps, every man is sure of what he feels, and the discussions about music are endless."

We are afraid there is but too much truth in this relation; and it applies eminently to the pride, self-love, and immobile manners of our own countrymen. Thus it happens that warmth and energy of character are the distinctions of the more southern nations, and give them the ascendancy over our cold, hesitating indecision; we lose not only the predominance which a bold and decided expression of feeling bestows, but all title to pronounce upon the productions of art and their execution; in a word, it is thus we are reduced to take the tone from, instead of giving it to, others. The judgment, therefore, resides with them. There are other facts connected with the state of our manners which have their effect in lowering the standard of musical taste; but this will be developed by our relation of the progress of musical incidents.

The period we have taken as the point from which to mark the course and degree of our musical elevation or depression is selected because a new era, not only of taste, but perhaps of science, was just commencing; and when the object is to demonstrate differences, there must always be a rule of reference. A long time necessarily elapses before improvements in art, however striking, are universally known and acknowledged. Thus we cannot date the general reception of the works of Haydn and Mozart, the grand improvers, till the close of their lives, which accorded nearly with the conclusion of the last century.

We have said, then, there commenced a new era of science. By this we mean to refer to the enlargement of those limits to which the strict harmonists of a former age had confined composers, not less than to the extension of the powers of instrumentation and the varieties of melody. Dividing musical composition into two great heads—the church and the theatre—which will suffice for our present purpose, it is a remarkable proof of genius that these two extraordinary men should have given a new tone and direction to both, as well as to the music of the orchestra and the chamber. Till the age of Haydn, the music for the church was solemn and severe. "*By musica di chiesa,*" (church music, properly so called,) says Dr. Burney, "I mean grave and scientific compositions *for voices only*, of which the excellence consists more in good harmony, learned modulation, and fugues upon ingenious and sober subjects, than in light airs or turbulent accompaniments." Such a definition implies that the service of God should be advanced only by an appeal to one class of perceptions and affections; and the learned Doctor drew

his philosophy, not only from an ideal moral, but an equally contracted musical theory. He was guided and governed, however, by the examples which existed,—by the music which, up to that time, had been considered the finest and the fittest. But Haydn, whether from temperament or from a more profound conception of the powers of his art, added beauty to strength. The music of the Catholic choirs had always been more florid than that of the Protestant service, in spite of the many prohibitions forced upon the Church from the time of Gregory the great. This is, indeed, a necessary consequence of the introduction of instrumental accompaniments, as well as of the natural progress of composition, which, like all other arts, is varied, if not strengthened, by the additions of invention and ornament. Simplicity exhausted, such a change must follow. Thus Haydn's masses are more figurate than those of his predecessors; in a word they demonstrate the characteristics of his genius and his age. He effected a similar change in another species of composition, which, if not the most pure and austere, must certainly be considered to employ, in the most sublime and imposing manner, the most profound and powerful resources of the art,—we mean the Oratorio.

If he have not reached the sublimity in his "Creation" that Handel attained in "The Messiah," he has excited sensations of a more enthusiastic and scarcely less pure a cast. We have here, for the first time in a composition of this class, (for the distinction which has been taken between Handel's Oratorios and Haydn's Sacred Opera is of little importance,) a free and beautiful, though somewhat florid, style of melody, enchanting the hearer, and filling his soul with tender, rather than awful emotions. Devotion and love are held to be of the same class. Thus Haydn has mixed the two, (perhaps unconsciously,) and has informed the one with a much larger portion of the other than his graver precursor. It is not from the strictly amatory parts of his work that we draw this conclusion. The same passion pervades the whole: when Adam and Eve are hymning their Creator, and the bliss with which "the Heaven and Earth are stored," it is perfectly natural and consistent that a characteristic expression, combining their primary sensations towards each other, as well as towards their Maker, should display itself. This cannot but be observed throughout the third act. Take, for instance, the interspersed melody beginning "Of stars the fairest." Every one expects a totally different object of adoration, till the word "Sun" decides the musical and rhetorical phrase; and there are few who do not anticipate another monosyllable and another

idol; namely, Eve. Such a construction belongs, however, to the entire piece.—The "soft purling" of "the limpid brook" is described by music essentially amatory: so are "the fields with verdure clad," and even the procession of the sun is commingled with the same expression; and this it is that makes "The Creation" so generally fascinating and so popular. The emotions raised are more delightful, because, if not less intense, they are less awful than the ideas of death and judgment,—the themes of Handel's immortal and inspired work.

Nor was this all. Haydn applied to accompaniments the discoveries he had made in the construction of symphony. Even singers, Mara herself amongst others, have given their supreme admiration to the instrumental parts. If the melody mark the strong and lovely outlines of the subject, the instrumentation supplies the colouring, and nothing more beautiful can well be imagined. Not only are the original ideas all enforced, but accessories are added, and effects produced which were scarcely thought of or attempted from the limited powers of the means, till his improvements. It is not to melody and accentuation alone,—it is not the construction of passages contrived to imitate the language or the objects in a single part,—but the enforcement given by the most appropriate instruments. In the description of "The Leviathan," sporting on the foaming waves, "the lashing of the tail of the monster, and the dashing of the spray," says a critic of authority, "are admirably given by the sonorous flourishes which start from the double basses." And a still more complete analogy is traced by the same ingenious mind between the rays of light and the sounds of the representing instruments accompanying the splendid recitative which describes the rising of the sun. The less imaginative hearer will, perhaps, consider these similitudes to be ingenious, but fanciful: the degree matters little; it is sufficient for our argument that they are new, that they are inventions, and open new principles and new trains of both mechanical and ideal beauty.

Perhaps these improvements, though more easily apprehended and admired by the many, were not superior in truth to those auxiliary to, and connected with, that greater combination, the symphony. The very masterpiece of instrumental perfection was almost unknown at the commencement of the eighteenth century. At the beginning of the nineteenth, it can scarcely be carried farther, unless it should hereafter be aided by the invention of absolutely new instruments." Haydn was the contriver of that "melodious conversation." The germs are to be found in his quartets,—the complete development in

his symphonies. While former writers had not allowed themselves to wander beyond the confines of strict science, while the fugue was to them the *ne plus ultra*, Haydn gave to each instrument its peculiar character; he enlarged the boundaries of execution to a degree unthought of, by inventing passages, and thus encouraging musicians to new attempts; and, in fine, he demonstrated how much more could be done than had been thought practicable. The simplicity of his life, his uninterrupted addiction to his art, his daily habit of composition, all tended to the regularity and beauty of his writings; and, if poverty and privation at first chilled his fancy, and froze the genial current of his soul, they probably superinduced that method which lends a brighter charm to his works. He made instrumental music descriptive not only of natural objects, but expressive of definite emotions. He first framed a tale in his imagination, and worked upon it in his music. Another of his peculiar characteristics is the power so to vary a single trait of melody as to give a constant air of novelty, yet consisting with taste and simplicity. His contrasts, "fine by degrees and beautifully less," steal upon the ear. An unity of design pervades all his contrivances, and just at the moment when the mind is ravished by the multiplicity of change, he returns to his subject, and displays his beauties with a smoothness and delicacy that belongs to himself alone.

Mozart completed what Haydn began. There was in his temperament a more deep and intense feeling, mingling, however, passion and sentiment with a dissolving and voluptuous tenderness. He had more of the inspiration of nature, less of method and habit; and if less of study, his genius assimilated and his intellectual alchemy projected the materials which the delight as much as the pursuit of music enabled him to accumulate with a precocious rapidity surpassing that of any other. The pleasure of his boyhood was music, of which he grasped the elements intuitively; and with the power of early invention and combination which seems peculiar to composers, he rose nearly to the zenith of his fame while he might be said to be almost a child. He astonished the professors of Germany in his seventh, those of England in his eighth, of Holland in his ninth year. In his twelfth, his first opera was produced; but, though approved by Hasse and Metastasio, it was not performed. "Mithridates," written at fourteen, was acted twenty nights at Milan, and from this hour he composed regularly for the theatres of Italy and Germany. His greatest dramatic works were produced between the twenty-first and twenty-sixth years of his life. But we are not about to give a biography of this con-

summate artist, but to notice the aid he gave to the progress of music. "The distinguishing trait," says an anonymous writer, manifestly of great taste, "the distinguishing traits in Mozart's style is warmth and richness of imagination; inasmuch as he possesses this quality in a greater degree than Haydn, so he was able to shadow out his musical pictures with more glowing colours, and to invest them with a greater degree of interest. Thus, in his use of the wind instruments, he has shown a more vivid perception of the beautiful than Haydn, and in this it is that his grand improvement lies. He has made nicer distinctions between their several qualities; has allotted to each a more decided character; he has, in fact, treated them as the singers of the orchestra, from their analogy to the human voice. In other respects, what he has done for the symphony has been to enrich it by a more vivid, and to elevate it by a loftier vein of fancy. At the same time, the very ardour which has guided him so rightly in one sense, has misled him in another, by sometimes carrying him beyond the limits of that pure and delicate taste which Haydn never overstepped, and by causing him to lose sight of the clearness and unity of design which constituted one of the greatest perfections of his illustrious predecessor." The excellence of his vocal style lay in the same warmth and richness attesting the beauty of his melodies, which have little or nothing of the florid character, yet investing them with a luxurious softness that is instantly felt in the melting emotions such pieces as "Voi che sapete" and "Ah perdona" never fail to produce. His deep and sublime tenderness was incapable of that lightness (however mixed with sensibility) which constitutes, as we shall show, the chiefest characteristic of the dramatic music of the present day. He never was able to write an *aria buffa*. "Non più andrai" itself is an *aria heroica*.

It is, perhaps, a not less accurate distinction that his *musica di chiesa* is more figurate (with the sole exception of the "Requiem") than his music for the stage. Graceful and splendid as are his masses, they all sink before that work "tremendæ majestatis." Still his character is that of a new age compared with Handel, and even with Haydn. There is a striking relation in sentiment between the quartett "When the ear heard him" of Handel, and the "Benedictus*" of the "Requiem." They are both solemn, both graceful. But who can compare them without perceiving the

* It is not much known, and will scarcely be believed, that this thrilling composition is exceeded by the "Benedictus" of the twelfth mass; but it is far exceeded by the solos and accompaniments, both in variety and beauty.

superior simplicity of the one, and the more elaborate polished elegance of the other? Both are intensely pathetic; but how much more of mere human passion is felt in the latter than in the former? What is the difference between "The trumpet shall sound" and "The tuba mirum spargens sonum?" The theme is the same,—the dread summons of the last trumpet: yet how different are the sensations these powerful compositions awaken! The one is awe—the other elevation.

Music, in its popular and prevailing sense, is far more generally taken to be vocal than instrumental; but, when we are considering all its phases, the latter must receive its due share of estimation. For this reason we must cite the name of Beethoven, as completing the discoveries of Haydn and Mozart, as well as for the beauty, strength, and originality of his works. He possessed, in a high degree, the first element of power—simplicity; he dared the boldest experiments in harmony; his originality was inexhaustible, and thus, in the language of the writer we have just quoted, will stand the summary of their powers and improvements. "A happy concurrence of three minds more perfectly formed for the establishment of this magnificent invention (the symphony) could not have succeeded each other, than those of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. The first gave it form and substance, and ordained the laws by which it should move, adorning it at the same time by fine taste, perspicuity of design, and beautiful melody. The second added to the fine creations of his fancy by richness, warmth, and variety; and the last has endowed it with sublimity of description and power."

Here ended the musical era we have taken as our starting point from which to measure the subsequent progression. For a time the art seemed stationary. We must recall, that we have very briefly and discursively, but summarily, shown the effects of the improvement of melody, the extension of harmonic science, the vast additions to instrumental perfection, and the union of all these in the performances of the church, the theatre, and the orchestra. Chamber-music had also, in the interim, almost entirely changed its character from the hitherto unthought-of execution introduced by Clementi, and the writers already named; and next by the invention of the pianoforte, which succeeded the harpsichord, and gave tone, contrast, and expression, together with a more exalted means of accompaniment to the voice. The canonets of Haydn and Mozart, by no means the least exquisite of their productions, added decoration, and a more voluptuous sensibility to the simple, and, in some sort, bold manner of song writing, which belonged to the preceding age.

We shall hereafter perceive how greatly even our own times have been affected by this important addition to the means of social happiness, which music of this class lends to domestic life.

But the theatre in all countries, and in England, especially, the Italian Opera is the most powerful and universal source of musical illumination. We must not, therefore, pass wholly without regard the operas of Saccchini, Paesello, Guglielmi, Zingarelli, Cimarosa, Winter, and some others. To these authors the world is indebted for the lighter and livelier style of the comic opera, founded also on more beautiful melody, and more varied and vivid accompaniment,* which has since been carried so far, and given the new and most prevailing character to the vocal music of all nations properly to be called musical or who set up any pretensions to that title.

But what were the musical transactions and rank of England during this period? We have purposely separated this from the directing influence, that we may give them unbroken and entire when we shall have completed the history of that influence.

For some years after the death of Mozart, the Italian opera was rather judged by its singers than its composers, till at length arose that genius which has usurped the empire, and to a certain extent, remodelled the style. We speak, of course, of Rossini,—the man who has raised throughout Europe that "furore" which had before belonged to Italy alone. It has been said that "Mozart was never gay above two or three times in his life, and Rossini was never more often melancholy." Hence the essential difference in the character of their compositions. This may be true; for it is true that the distinction of Mozart lies in the deep and luxurious pensiveness his music inspires; while that of Rossini derives its charm from the sparkling brilliancy, as well as the feeling with which his more serious pieces are invested. If it be corruption, he has corrupted even our classical hearers: the experiment has, in the last few years, been fairly tried. No music, strictly speaking, has been heard with the admiration and applause that Rossini's operas have inspired: even the "Matrimonio Segreto" seemed heavy when lately brought out for Donzelli and Lablache; and Pasta alone sustained the "Medea" of Mayer, and the "Roméo e Giulietta" of Zingarelli. Velluti upheld the "Crociato." But "Tancredi," "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," "Pietro L'Eremita," "La Cenerentola," "Il Turco in Italia," and "Semiramide," have held their sway with whatever performers. Again: not many

* Take, for example, the entire "Il Matrimonio Segreto," the comic bass songs and duets of Cimarosa and Guglielmi, "Sei Morelli," "Vedete, la vedete," &c. &c.

years ago the committee of the Royal Academy tried an entire concert of what was esteemed classical music, but without Rossini. It was endured, rather than enjoyed. We were present; we conversed, after the evening, with persons of most distinguished judgment; they universally declared it was heavy beyond belief, and attributed the change of feeling to ears seduced by the sparkling and brilliant traits of Rossini.

The fascination of Rossini's writings unquestionably resides in the animal spirit which inspired the composer and infuses itself into the hearer. He revels in melody; his powerful accentuation, the rhythm, the airy traits fix themselves in the fancy. He is also the inventor of a new musical phraseology. He has been the first, perhaps the only composer to adapt divisions to expression, and to give to arpeggios, volatas, and passages, a clear and decided meaning. "Il Barbiere" presents instances without number not alone of gentle emotion and elevation of mind, but of the rapturous hurry of thought and feeling. Take, for examples, the passages upon the words "Ah tu solo amor tu sei," in the duet between Rosina and Figaro, "Ah che d' amore," or that between Almaviva and Figaro, together with those passages in the introduction ("Ah qual colpo") to "Zitti zitti." Nor is this employment of musical language confined in its use to light or lively impressions. In "Semiramide" and "Tancredi" it is applied to the darkest and loftiest feelings.* There is scarcely any quality of voice, from the bass to the soprano, that would have thought such divisions as are now adopted into the regular vocabulary of composition, practicable, much less full of the meaning he has contrived to give them, before he ventured to write thus. The cause of this multiplicity of notes is related in the following anecdote:—"Rossini arrived at Milan, in 1814, then twenty-two years of age, to compose the "Aureliano in Palmira." There he became acquainted with Velluti, then in the flower of his youth and talents, and one of the handsomest men of his time. The soprano had no small share of vanity, and was fond of displaying and abusing the powers of voice with which nature had gifted him. Before Rossini had an opportunity of hearing this great singer, he had written a cavatina for the character he was to perform. At the first rehearsal, Velluti began to sing, and Rossini was struck with admiration; at the second rehearsal, Velluti began to show his powers in *floriture*—Rossini found the effect produced just and admirable, and highly applauded the performance; at the third, the simplicity of the cantilena

was entirely lost amidst the luxuriandy of the ornaments. At last, the great day of the first performance arrives; the cavatina and the whole character sustained by Velluti was received with furor; but scarcely did Rossini know what Velluti was singing—it was no longer the music he had composed; still, the song of Velluti was full of beauties, and succeeded with the public to admiration. The pride of the young composer was not a little wounded; his opera fell, and it was the soprano alone who had any success. The ardent mind of Rossini at once perceived all the advantages that might be taken of such an event; not a single suggestion was lost upon him.

"It was by a lucky chance," we may suppose him to have said to himself, "that Velluti discovered he had a taste of his own; but who will say that, in the next theatre for which I compose, I may not find some other singer who, with as great a flexibility of voice, and an equal rage for ornaments, may so spoil my music as not only to render it contemptible to myself but tiresome to the public? The danger to which my poor music is exposed is still more imminent, when I reflect upon the great number of different schools for song that exist in Italy. The theatres are filled with performers who have learned music from some poor provincial professor. This mode of singing violin concertos, and variations without end, tends to destroy not only the talent of the singer, but also to vitiate the taste of the public. Every singer will make a point of imitating Velluti, without calculating upon the relative compass of his voice. We shall see no more simple cantilenas; they would appear cold and tasteless. Every thing is about to undergo a change, even to the nature of the voice. Once accustomed to embellish, to overload the cantilena with high-wrought ornaments, and to stifle the work of the composer, they will soon discover that they have lost the habit of sustaining the voice and expanding the tones, and consequently the power of executing large movements; and I must therefore lose no time in changing the system I have heretofore followed.

"I am myself not ignorant of singing; all the world allows me a talent this way; my embellishments shall be in good taste; for I shall at once be able to discover where my singers are strong and where defective; and I will write nothing for them but what they can execute. My mind is made up; I will not leave them room for a single *ap-pogiatura*. These ornaments, this method of charming every ear, shall form an *integral* part of my song, and shall be all written down in my score."

This was the rise of what has been called his second manner. There is, however, strong internal evidence to prove that what-

* The duet "Ebben per mia memoria" in "La Gazza Ladra," though not in a serious opera, is a specimen of much pure beauty.

ever effects the interpolations of singers in general, or of Velluti in particular, might have upon his mind, his figurative mannerism arose out of the exuberant fertility of his fancy, and that his multiplication of notes increased with the knowledge that enriched his imagination. It is quite manifest from the way in which he availed himself of the resources of harmony, *alle Tedesca*, of instrumentation, and of the various powers of his art, that his grasp was as extensive as his spirits were high and his fancy volatile and excursive. Whatever be the cause, whether from temperament, from the stimulus constantly exhibited by change of place and of objects, from applause or from acquirement, Rossini, with a degree of rapidity assisted by the more facile communications of this our age, seized at once the pre-eminence over all other composers—has kept, and still continues to keep, the position of which he possessed himself. If Meyerbeer and Bellini have had a hearing (they have scarcely obtained more), it is because Rossini has ceased to write, and there must be novelty; not that we mean to deprive either of those composers of their due credit, or to degrade the "*Crociato* by a comparison with "*Il Pirata*."

One single name can be said to have divided the applause of Europe with the musician of Pesaro. That name belongs not to Italy, but to Germany. We need scarcely say it is that of Carl Maria Von Weber. But it is no less curious that his fame rests upon a single work—"Der Freischutz;" his preceding compositions, and his "*Oberon*" itself is scarcely known beyond the confined region of the British metropolis, where it was written.

The mystical music, like the sentimental drama, of Germany was harbingered by rumour, and its merits were consequently magnified. The overture to "*Der Freischutz*" was first heard, and it is impossible to exaggerate its merits or its effects. So poetical, so descriptive, so captivating, so forceful a composition in this species was never before produced. The moment the entire opera was brought out it became universal. The English Opera House, seven of the minor theatres, and, immediately after, Covent Garden and Drury Lane, gave it with all the splendour their means afforded. The provinces, of course, followed the example: the public mind was concentrated upon it by the same deception that the conjuror uses when he shows only the card which is to be thought of by his whole company. The result was what might be expected; "*Der Freischutz*" reigned exclusively for its period. It has, however, great and singular excellencies;—much of delightful melody; more of quaint and felicitous adaptation, (the drinking song, for example;) harmonies and passages applied to the expression, not

only of passion, but of the mystical and the picturesque; and a style curiously original, when the age is considered. These set out prominently by the romance of the story, fixed, and perhaps a little exaggerated, even in its intrinsic worth and beauty. The consequence was, a division of opinion between the Italian and German schools, and it came to be thought that the strength and originality lay with the last. The arrival of Sontag and Stockhausen fortified the growing belief that Germany was hereafter to give both music and singers (for instrumentalists it had already been celebrated) to Europe. The introduction of Swiss and other national airs, the novelty of the *Jodlin*, and their adoption by Malibran and other eminent singers, completed the rage. It has, however, been since a little cooled, though it was at first exalted by the introduction of the German opera in its natural range to contend upon its own stage with the Italian; its general merits will not yet stand that test. But these circumstances have certainly given a new turn to composition. Harmony and violent contrast, melody constructed upon unvocal intervals, have taken place of the more natural, easy, and flowing, as well as of the more florid manner. Rossini himself, in his "*Zelmira*," bent to the fashion; Bellini has been thus bewildered by it; while Spohr and Marschner, "born to the manner," have shown it in all its extravagance and force. Pianoforte music has also usurped and is infected by this mysticism. Czerny and Hertz have superseded all writers but Moscheles; and we have been condemned to listen to compositions of Hertz that raise no emotions, remind us of nothing but Haydn's adventure with Curtz.*

* Curtz was the pantomimist of Vienna. He was led to apply to Haydn, during his early poverty, to compose for such an exhibition, and particularly for some descriptive music during a storm scene. Their interview is thus narrated:—

"Curtz, all agitation, paced up and down the room where the composer was seated at the pianoforte. 'Imagine,' said he, 'a mountain rising and then a valley sinking; and then another mountain, and then another valley, follow one after the other with rapidity, and at every moment alps and abysses succeed each other.' This fine description was of no avail. In vain did Harlequin add the thunder and lightning. 'Come describe for me all these horrors,' he repeated incessantly; 'but particularly represent distinctly these mountains and valleys.'

"Haydn drew his fingers rapidly over the keyboard, ran through the semitones, tried abundance of sevenths, passed from the lowest notes of the bass to the highest of the treble. Curtz was still dissatisfied. At last the young man, out of all patience, extended his hands to the two ends of the harpicoird, and bringing them rapidly together exclaimed, 'the devil take the tempest!' 'That's it, that's it!' cried the Harlequin, springing upon his neck, and almost stifling him."

A better description of Hertz's Polonoise and Variations cannot be given than is contained in this anecdote.

Such is the state of composition amongst those nations which give the tone to Europe. France has, indeed, of late, through a musical drama or two from the hand of Auber, added a little variety; but the effect will not be of any force or duration.

The reader will have gathered that the symmetrical beauty of Haydn, the voluptuous and deep-felt tenderness of Mozart, the animated and sparkling brilliancy of Rossini, the poetical and mystical strength of Weber, have all enjoyed their day of triumph, and have still, and must continue to have, their votaries. Thus the science has been enlarged, and a far more extended diversity of means established. The sources of the emotions now raised by music are changed. The more austere affections were first lulled into silence, and charmed away by softer and more touching sensations; sensibility, in its turn, was chased by the higher excitement of animal spirits; mysticism succeeded; and all these stimulants of pleasurable emotion now lie before the amateur for his choice, or are mixed in a confused and uninteresting jargon by the mere imitators. What have been the consequences upon English taste and English composition we shall endeavour to explain (if permitted) in a second essay.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

The Drama and the Court—The Progress of Don Pedro—Court of Honour—Sunday Legislation—Oxford-street, Regent-street, and Bond-street—Public Life—The Dregs of London—The Slavery Scheme—Aristocracy—The Luxury of Self-Accusation—Nicknames—Love-Letters—Kean is Dead.

THE DRAMA AND THE COURT.—May 23.—The Queen is going to the play: good—the drama wants aid, and a royal visit may save some of the kings and queens of the night from starvation; but it is to the German play! Ah! that alters the case. The court will never cheerfully patronize the popular theatre; the contact is too close—there is danger of collision; and, besides, when the King appears in presence of the people, it becomes an affair of state, and more fuss is imperative than is consistent with a matter of amusement. Neither King nor Queen can ever go to Drury Lane or Covent Garden but to be seen and not to see. The theatre that suits majesty is a nice, elegant, little place in the purlieus of the palace, to which the Lord Chamberlain alone should have the privilege of giving admission. Here the court could repair after dinner, when the drawing-rooms grew dull; and if our good monarch felt sleepy, he might as easily indulge there, at the back of his box, as at the end of his own sofa. Many philosophical reasons have been given for

the decay of the drama; but the root of the matter is this, that the court has abandoned it. We are not quite so republican a people as some of us fancy, and we should be much less so, if any body was listened to at court beyond a few booby lords.

The drama is now grovelling in the lowest pit of darkness. In three years it might be restored to a greater share of prosperity than it ever enjoyed, and with vast advantage to literature, morality, and art. Throw open the drama, leaving it under certain regulations of police only—build an elegant court theatre in Pall-mall—select a small company of first-rate actors—appoint a few dramatic authors on the court staff—and let it stand as a sort of model-theatre. The Chamberlain having the selection of the audience, the theatre would soon be the rage, and we should have actors and actresses worthy of a fashionable mania. Numerous writers would be stimulated to produce who now despise the ordeal of trafficking managers and rival stars, and we should again have a drama three nights a week, and one drama each night, between the hours of nine and eleven, would afford ample entertainment, and interfere with nothing else. And here would be the reward of the finished actor; it would be presenting him with the golden rod; he would have arrived at the last honours of his profession. It need not interfere with his profits; he might still be permitted to form other engagements not inconsistent with his court nights. The dramatic author, too, would share equal advantages. So far from interfering with the national drama, it would make it a thousand times more national. It may be predicted, that the drama will never flourish in England until a Sailor King can walk into his own box with his hands in his pocket, and take amusement without going to it in state.

It may be added, that this is but returning to a modification of that system under which the drama flourished as it may never do again. It was then the Queen's, or the "Duke's," theatre—"his Majesty's servants," is a term now merely farcial. It was for such a theatre that Molière, Schiller, Goethe, and we may add Lope de Vega, as well as Shakspeare, wrote their plays. The last name with a difference.

THE PROGRESS OF DON PEDRO.—There are advices in town from Paris, which announce the success of a loan for the service of Don Pedro, and part of the money is on the way to Oporto. Don Pedro has borrowed money—borrowed soldiers—borrowed sailors—borrowed a title—and has made a forcible loan of Oporto; the only thing he cannot borrow is success. He fights for his kingdom "inch by inch;" the proverb, however, of "give an inch and he will take an ell," does not

apply to him. The only thing he has as yet taken is Oporto; the next thing he will take—is his departure.

COURT OF HONOUR.—The fatal duel at Exeter has excited a good deal of interest. In the history of such of these cases as come to light, the most striking thing about them is their gross mismanagement. Every district ought to have its court of honour, where all such matters would be placed upon their proper footing. The duel just alluded to, for instance, never could have happened had such court existed; it would not have been permitted a man to go out after having solemnly denied the offence attributed to him. If so, any person would be at the mercy of a vindictive duellist; he has only to attribute offensive words, recriminate, and refuse to retract or accept apology. But in the case of the Chief Justice of Sierra Leone, still more legitimate objection against fighting existed. People ought to meet at least on equal terms. Now a man who is volunteering to Sierra Leone is evidently possessed of a life of no value, and should never be allowed to set it against that of a respectable citizen at home. Who would fight a duel with a person just snatched from suicide? The case is precisely similar. The Britomart was waiting to take Sir John Jeffcott to "The white man's grave." He had not sailed, because the wind was not fair. This is just as if a man, attempting to jump from Westminster Bridge into the Thames, was caught by the skirts by the watchman. Is such a one qualified for the duello? It is said the Colonial Office are determined to bring the fugitive back. What folly! What worse punishment can they devise than the coast of Africa, among the condemned regiments? They would not, surely, exchange Sierra Leone for Australia! This would be rewarding the man!

SUNDAY LEGISLATION.—All that the legislature has to do in this matter is to constitute Sunday an illegal day of business. Any ordinances foreign to the national spirit will be evaded or defied—any in unison with it will be kept without enactment. But what right have any set of men to come forward and say, you must spend your day of rest in this or that fashion? Like other hypocrites, they pretend God's will, when it is only their own fancy. "Sunday," said Mr. Wilberforce, their patriarch, in the hearing of an unimpeachable witness,—"is not of Divine ordination: it is a temporal arrangement;" and the attempt of any set of men to enforce their particular tastes as to the manner in which we shall spend our every seventh day, is about as reasonable as if another set of men were to enforce their particular notions in the dressing of our food, or the fashion of our attire.

It is very proper that one day should be fixed upon at convenient intervals for the suspension of work and the enjoyment of rest, and for the ceremonies of public worship. The seventh day was the Jewish interval; a similar space has been adopted by the Christian church, and there is no reason why it should be altered. But that it should all be passed in an austere observance of certain forms or not, depends entirely upon a man's conviction of the importance of this mode of spending his time, and no one yet ever produced conviction in an affair of conscience by the passing of an Act of Parliament.

If persons are religiously disposed, they will spend all such time as they can spare from the business of life in some religious observance, or at least all such time as their conscience dictates to them ought to be spent. The Methodists, for instance, are not content with three or four meetings on a Sunday; they have many in the course of the week. It would be as fair for a legislator to say to them, you shall only meet once a week, as it would be for another to turn to a different sect and say, you shall meet as often as the Methodists—you shall go no journey on Wednesday evening—you shall buy no fish on a Saturday morning—no baker shall bake on a Monday—all which times are or ought to be sacred to prayer.

The way to make the Sabbath holy is not through the House of Commons.

The religious tracts, and similar publications, dwell on no point so strongly as the danger of Sabbath-breaking. No wonder—a poor fellow must either go to church, or to sleep, to be safe. If he is not impressed with the importance of church-going—if he finds the parson drowsy, or incomprehensible, the congregation smart and proud, and, on the whole, decides upon staying away—what is he to do? Every thing is dull—shut up—no sport allowed—restraint upon every movement—solemnity upon every face. Eaten up with ennui, he creeps into some corner with a few fellows similarly situated, and resorts to gambling for amusement; or he collects his companions in some out-of-the-way beer shop; or, perhaps, he and they loiter by dozens at the "town-end," lounging on walls and posts, corrupting each other with loose conversation, and insulting the passengers by indecent remarks; and all this because the ordinary channels of amusement are blocked up, in the vain hope of driving him, and such as him, without trouble, into the arms of mother Church. Vain hope! The fervor of the dissenter who "persuades" has done more to prevent Sabbath-breaking than all the laws that were ever made. The poor criminal, when reduced in prison to reflect upon the circumstances that have contributed to his fall, always has Sabbath-breaking

put into his mouth, and he confesses the justice of the charge. No doubt: forbidden to work, forbidden to play, uninduced to go to church, he was driven to clandestine amusement and riotous companionship in secret. No one in France ever talks of Sabbath-breaking as the cause of crime: no, for though the day is a day of worship, it is also a day of pleasure; there is mass in the morning, but there is a dance at night; and thus youth and nature find a safety-valve: injudicious duties always lead to contraband trade.

OXFORD-STREET, REGENT-STREET, AND BOND-STREET.—London is this month at high-water; what is called gaiety is at the full; the flow of population, the roll of equipages, and the glare of luxury, could hardly be greater. The tide roars along Oxford-street, rushes down Regent-street, and eddies in Puccadilly and Bond-street. This is pretty much the same quarter of town, and yet how different to the close observer is the aspect of these streets! buildings, shops, frequenters, horse and foot,—all have their grand distinctions. The character of Regent-street is given to it by its breadth and its holiday look; to Oxford-street, by its thorough-fare, its admixture of people who want to pass on, to cross over, to stay. Bond-street has no longer its former fame; it is a great aristocratic market; its eminence arises from its tradesmen, and those whom their skill or their stores compel to resort to them. Regent-street is the Western Exchange; here come foreigners, countrymen, city-men, men about town—it is the lounge where all go; where all move slowly, where all meet; and, as a necessary consequence, here is the most glaring exhibition of marketable beauty: it is the British female slave-market. For this reason, joined too, perhaps, to the hungry look of the exiled foreigner, for ever treading its *paré*, and also a somewhat pretending and hollow attempt at show in the shops, Regent-street has ever an air of the painful to us. The poor, the vicious, and the fine, seem all going hand-in-hand; it is a street for Mephistopheles to smoke his cigar in. Not so Oxford-street; there is something wholesome about its bustle. The cart and the stage-coach mix becomingly with the equipage of state, and the gig and the cab and the coach, speaking of business and middle life taking its ease, wriggle in and out with a proper independence among the chariots and barouches of the great. The *troisheurs* have the same character: Holborn pushes up a little into the regions of Oxford-street, country folks crowd the shop windows with no reckless Palais Royal air, as if waiting for the opening of a gambling-house as in Regent-street, but with the honest intention of buying some present to take home

to their families. Men of all ranks meet in Oxford-street, but all seem as if they had some object. Bond-street, on the other hand, is a street that nobody seems to pass through; it appears tenanted, not way-worn. Every man has the air of coming out or going into a shop, an hotel, or his lodgings, or as if he had only that instant stepped out of them. The carriages do not hurry through it as through Regent-street; they drive up to a door, as if they would cast anchor; and in the fair and fashionable occupants there is an air of the utmost quiet, but the quiet of a settled purpose; it seems as if they said to themselves, "Now then is to commence the business of the day—let us proceed with method." The character of the men in Bond-street is fixed—decided. Who ever saw a pale, thread-bare foreigner wandering about its precincts? Who ever caught a country attorney lounging in the neighbourhood of Jarrin's? The city man who has business every where never has business in Bond-street. The men of Bond-street only belong to Bond-street; they just step into it, or are stepping out of it; they are going to their horses, or they have just dismounted; they are interrupting the business of a carriage, or they are dropping into a club or an hotel, to order a perfect little dinner for six. Yet all these streets lead into each other, and in the nature of things there seems no difference. Wherein consists the philosophy of streets, and how does it operate? Its results, as they have appeared to us, have been put down.

PUBLIC LIFE.—By public life we presume is meant some share in the government, whether as a member of Parliament or a minister of the crown. Up till very lately, the causes which made it an object of ambition were pretty obvious. Public life was synonymous with patronage, and commonly with wealth. Under a good government, place is bestowed only on the most fit, and salary is strictly measured, as in other professions, by labour and desert. What, then, are the motives left which induce men to covet the honours of public life? None but a love of fame, a love of power, and the passion of benevolence; and any one of these motives must be coupled with great acquirements, great talents, and competent wealth. These are high motives, and not slender endowments. Such being the qualifications, what, then, are the duties and the drawbacks? The duties are a continual watchfulness kept upon the condition of the country or a department of it; a ready ear for all its wants and a ready remedy; a ready tongue to proclaim the desires of the party interested, or a ready mind to invent a scheme for its satisfaction, and a persuasive oratory by which to make it acceptable in the council. What does

all this imply?—an utter devotion of brain and limb, late sitting up at nights in foul air, a perpetual correspondence, a never-ceasing perusal of publications, a perpetual attention to suggestion, and the courteous treatment of applicants without number and without reason. Domestic happiness is sacrificed; the public man scarcely knows his own son, and would forget that he had any other wife than the world, if he did not now and then see a lady opposite to him at those dinners—sacrifices also to the god Public, which he is compelled to give—whom his guests call by his name, and whom he remembers to have worshipped before he was sworn in a Priest of Public Life.

What are the drawbacks, or rewards as they are called?—a station in society which brings no enjoyments, but imposes additional burthens. Your name becomes public property—that is to say, anybody may tear it in pieces; that which to others would be the grossest personal and punishable offence is against you pardonable, nay praiseworthy—for is it not the dirt done on public grounds? The newspapers claim you as their *peculium*; as long as you are content to be their puppet, they dress you up in all fantastic colours; but the instant you offend by proceeding in your own way, they treat the puppet as Punch does his wife, and this amidst the plaudits of the rabble. It is allowable to attribute to a public man such motives as people would hesitate to assign to a pickpocket; but as this is done on public grounds, the indelicacy is altogether in those who question the justice of the proceeding. Popularity is said to be one of the rewards of public life: it is very questionable whether popularity is any reward at all, except to the mere vulgar and vain. But reward or not, it is never yielded according to desert, and is as fluctuating as the wind—a comparison which holds at every point of the compass, since it happens that a man's best public action may be worst thought of, and, on the contrary, popularity can only be considered a noisy accompaniment of public life, oftener out than in tune with the harmony existing in the breast of a conscientious statesman.

The true rewards of public life are the consciousness of benefiting large masses of fellowmen, almost in spite of themselves. This would be the feeling of a Penn, were he to steal into the grounds of a half-savage community, and sow their fields with corn, without their knowledge, and in opposition to their ignorance. The public man must teach himself to sympathise with general good and to be careless of small evil; he must rejoice at the prosperity of his country, though his wife may have gone off with his secretary, and his son be a dandy about town.

• But there is reason in all this: we are in

a transition-age: hitherto men have ruled for themselves, for their party, or other sinister motives. The man of public life has so long used the public as the farmer does his sheep, that it may be pardoned if the public and its organs should suspect that the old system of fleecing is not altogether abandoned. Neither is it. The motives of public men are as yet mixed, and the people, like a long ill-used person, give most credit to the worst interpretation. When opportunities of corruption become still fewer, when public men are still more thoroughly public servants, a grand secession will take place from the ranks of statesmen. The vain, the benevolent, the ambitious of power will remain: the service will be still harder; but the usage will be better, and the life far more satisfactory.

THE DRESS OF LONDON.—The "Morning Chronicle" should take away its old motto about holding up a mirror of fashion, and exhibiting the "body of the time, its form and pressure," from the top of the Court Circular, and place it over the Police Reports. There is no such exact records of the true state of our population as the moving drama of Bow-street. Sir Frederick Roe's theatre is a more accurate mirror of the age than the patent one hard by. Foreigners who are just now coming over in shoals, all intent upon circulating in the higher regions of society, would learn far more of England from the police-offices than Almack's or the Duke of Devonshire's. The view is certainly not quite so flattering; on the contrary, it exhibits our masses in a very painful state of degradation. But to know the truth is the first step to a cure, and to attempt to hide the fact is the folly which Horace condemns—that of concealing a cancerous shame. We are speaking not merely of the crime of the metropolis, but its vice: it is not merely robbery and violence which come before the magistrate, but domestic broils, quarrels, drunkenness, &c. &c., in the course of which is displayed incidentally the moral condition of the party concerned. Poverty has much to do with the aggravation of the evil, but it is scarcely at the bottom of it. Immorality of every description makes even competency miserable. We observe that among the lower classes of the town—the inhabitants of those quarters where what are called respectable people never set foot, but by the merest accident—parties living together are very commonly not married, and have no shame on the subject;—that both sexes indulge in porter and gin to the very extent of their means, usually spending the greater part of their casual earnings in one long debauch,—out of this state arises quarrels, bruises, and fights, not a tithe of which ever appear at the offices. While such scenes are going

on in one apartment of the house, perhaps the cellar, the rest of the building, is occupied with the thief and the prostitute, a domestic pair, or the old hag of a receiver of stolen goods, and perhaps opposite to her some dealer in flash paper or counterfeit coin. Mixed up with these is probably the hard-working lady's shoemaker, or the poor man's cobbler with his wife, and perhaps a family of eight or ten children playing up and down the stairs with the promiscuous progeny of the neighbourhood. The street itself—and of such there are many hundreds—is one rag fair. The receivers of stolen goods expose bottles and old clothes; the rubbish shop placards "Dripping bought here," as a trap to cookmaids; the cobbler protrudes from his cellar huge draymen's shoes; the greengrocer exhibits his cabbages and potatoes; the middle of the street is occupied with ragged brats at play, pregnant women with arms a-kimbo, and in high disputation, with, perhaps, some half-a-dozen fellows in their shirt-sleeves and pipes in their mouths, gazing listlessly from the various glassless windows above them. The corner of this precious retreat is sure to have a substantial gin-shop at its corner; and its well-worn swinging doors betray the constancy of its custom. Lower down in the street is the flash-house—the snug public where crimes are concocted and concealed. In such holes as these, also, are the academies of theft, where burglary is taught on scientific principles—where effigies, hung with wires and bells, are put up to exemplify the practice of pocket-picking.

Before the Committee of the House of Commons, a convict was examined; among other questions (and the whole evidence is very curious) he was asked—

"Did you ever hear the prisoners at the Hulks speak of the places of resort in London—their flash-houses?"—"Yes, I have heard them speak of the Cross-Keys, in Belton-street. There is a terrible flash-house in our neighbourhood."

"Where is that?"—"That is the Cock, in the corner of Cock-court; and the worst house going is the Shades, for thieves. I have heard them talk on board the Hulks, and in Newgate too, about the Shades, dividing their spoils there of a night."

"Where is the Shades?"—"In the Strand, against Waterloo Bridge. You can go down there at twelve o'clock at night, and stay there all the next day, if you like. There are men and women and girls and all down there, and they go out thieving. I have heard them say, 'We went out some days, and made 9l. or 10l., and then went down there, and called for pints of gin, and regulated our money there.'"

"The Shades you say is in the Strand, against Waterloo Bridge?"—"Yes; you can see Waterloo Bridge as you stand at the Shades; it is like a bar that you go in at—something like the front of the Adelphi, and you go down stairs;—there is a cellar under ground,—a very large place, I have heard some of them say,—and there is dancing, and singing, and dominues, and cards played there."

It may surprise many that places of this description are found to exist in the very centre of our wealth, and comfort, and respectability; but the fact is people are blind to that which has long existed before their eyes. The streets, courts, alleys, lanes—such as we have given a general description of above—are at the back doors of the best houses in town; they crowd the neighbourhood of streets of the greatest thoroughfare. Many who may read what has been said above will fancy that we are speaking of some modern Alsatia—the Petticoat-lane of Whitechapel, the Rosemary-lane of the Minorities, or the Seven Dials of sevenfold infamy: if we had done so, it would have been bad enough, for all these places, St. Giles's to boot, are in the heart of London; but more unsuspected places than these are worse—both the north and south sides of the Strand and Fleet-street, for instance, are doubly lined with infamy.

But there is something still more shocking than the existence of the mere holes and corners of thieves and prostitutes in the heart of London. It is this—that the abodes of the industrious and the quasi-honest are mixed up with them, and that without pain to either party. On the same stair-case dwells the drayman and the burglar; their children play together, and their quasi-wives interchange their hospitalities and their conversation. In such quarters it is as little a disgrace to be a robber as it was in the time of Homer. When a man is apprehended, he "gets into trouble," and a sympathy for him spreads. The drayman, the waterman, the cab-driver, the shoemaker, is not a robber, because he is in work. The boundaries of morality amongst this large class are utterly confounded: at this present moment the only moral distinction they make is that of rich and poor. Perhaps this great and overgrown city contains within its bosom a quarter of a million of such *doctrinaires*. As long as all is quiet, they go on sprawling in their own mud; if, however, times of a hot turbulence were to break out, the sections of St. Antoine never poured forth such a race of monsters—monsters, we mean, of a bad education. Is nothing to be done for the suppression of crime—for the separation of the habitual honest and the habitual dishonest—for the moral education of the people?

THE SLAVERY SCHEME.—The bill for the abolition of slavery is a piece of closet legislation. It is a nice morsel of graduation: a fine specimen of the art of trimming or balancing. Here is a little for you, and a little for the other: here a knock, and there a plaster. That neither party should be pleased by such a measure, is a proverb: that both will be injured, and no good done, is equally certain. If any thing

was clear, it was that the measure should be a simple one: complication implies failure, ruin. The slaves are to be freed;—but by a process more complicated than that which goes to make a doctor of laws. Institutions may be intricate and understood,—but they must be old, must have grown up gradually, and be acquired slowly: to impose new and intricate institutions, upon even a tolerably enlightened people, is impracticable, much less upon a nation of ignorant and stupid slaves, mixed up with a body of masters bent upon throwing every obstacle possible in the way of their establishment. No law can suddenly enforce intelligence: that intelligence is required for the comprehension of Mr. Stanley's measure is evident enough, by the variety of interpretations that have been put upon it, even in this country. In slavery there are no half measures to be pursued: either the man must be a slave or a freeman; but Mr. Stanley has discovered a *tertium quid*;—an apprentice,—with a family too, which is to be composed of half free and half slave children.

The slave is an injured person: it is granted in the act of endeavouring to relieve him: but he is to pay for his relief; he is to buy his freedom gradually. The liberality of this is extreme,—it is not, however, new.

Now, what is it that the planter wants of the slave? His labour; and that at what he considers a fair price—his food and clothing. If perfect emancipation were to take place to-morrow, the labour would be there still, and for sale: the only question is, whether it would cost much more than at present? It would probably cost less: for much more would be done.

The change of the conditions on which labour was engaged would, at first, create some little confusion, and certain police regulations would be required,—such as a system of passports, or something of the kind: but this is a mere affair of police. Let only the police be a doubly strong one, to which men of all colours shall be eligible. As much confusion will be made by the proposed change, with this difference, that the slaves will be disappointed, and imagine themselves ill-treated, and the planters will be irritated to still further intemperance.

If the measure had run thus, good would have resulted: it seems, however, that, from this reformed Parliament, we have got all there is any reason to expect. It has been pleasantly remarked, on a painful subject, that we have the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill.

(1.) By the law of England, henceforward no British subject shall have a property in his fellow-man.

(2.) Every human being hitherto held in

slavery is free, in the full sense of the word,—free according to the laws of England.

(3.) Every man hitherto held in slavery may settle in any part of the British dominions, including British colonial possessions, he chooses.

(4.) Every slave, now become free, in the occupation of a tenement, or cottage and garden, is entitled to the possession of it in perpetuity, in lieu of a labour rent of one day per week, or a fair composition for the same. To be forfeited by non-residence.

(5.) The government will pay to every slave-proprietor one quarter, or half-year's rental, or estimated rental; it being supposed that the change herein enacted may cause a temporary cessation of labour, or confusion in the ordinary routine of agricultural employment.

The ports of all such islands, or possessions, as may have been cultivated by slave-labour, shall be declared as unrestricted as any British port whatever, with this exception, that every vessel entering such ports shall pay a small tonnage, or otherwise measured duty, which shall go to form a fund for the maintenance of hospital farms, in which only shall be employed negroes above a certain age, or otherwise disqualified for hard labour.

This change to take place at the close of harvest. Other regulations would be required, but nothing which would interfere with the simplicity of a plan not only dear to humanity, but level to the meanest capacity.

ARISTOCRACY.—Aristocracy means that power or strength which is conferred by being, politically speaking, the best: it is the Force of the Best. It may be applied to other objects than rank; as the aristocracy of wealth, of beauty. To apply it to rank is a usurpation: it strictly belongs to citizenship; he who is of the number of the best citizens is an aristocrat, properly speaking: it need not be remarked how widely this sense of the term differs from the popular one. How the aristocracy proper—that is, of citizenship—was converted into the aristocracy of rank or blood, is pretty evident. The best citizens were naturally intrusted with power. A thing a man has long used as his own, soon becomes looked on as a family affair: the best citizens are weak on the subject of their children, and the people are also weak on the subject of their favourites. Thus it was easily agreed that the power, which was first conferred on merit, should be entailed on the sons of merit. More active citizens might interfere, and wrest the actual exercise of power from the hands into which it had devolved: but still the honour remained, and the wealth oftentimes, which power is very apt to get about it.

We are living in a society where aristocracy has been very careful of its descendants, and very strictly entailed honour, power, and, as far as was possible, wealth. By a skilful command of the channels of public opinion, care has been taken to protect this strict descent of honours by establishing it as a popular article of faith, that this sort of aristocracy is essential to the well-being of the state, nay, to the administration of every department; and it is singular, that they who lose by this arrangement, are more firmly convinced of its wisdom than those who gain by it. The perpetual contention of countries and communities has originally made excellence in war the first claim of a citizen: thus the best citizens, or the original aristocracy of many countries, were warriors, and these have contrived to hand down their honours to their "lean and slippered" descendants.

The pugnaciousness of mankind has thus given to aristocracy its present form. As pugnaciousness is counteracted by reason and education, other necessities, other tastes arise, which considerably modify the ancient forms of aristocracy. Commerce breeds its heroes: wealth comes to be paramount: the educated worship talent, which supplies them with mental food. In the arts, the Gifted form an aristocracy apart. Hitherto the old prejudice in favour of the feudal aristocracy has been preserved in so great a perfection, that any other kind of aristocracy is held inferior, and some are accounted altogether despicable. But, as we advance farther in civilization, great changes will take place. Things will be valued more nearly at their real value. The Gifted of Nature will especially rise in estimation; the man of genius will cease to care for the notice of the man of rank. They who can contribute to the wisdom, or entertainment of multitudes, will take place of persons who have no claim upon the attention of any one, except from their being sprung from a particular line.

THE LUXURY OF SELF-ACCUSATION.—A droll instance of the illogical character of the reasoning of ignorant people occurs in the examination of the man who gave himself up as the murderer of Miss Elmes. He says now that he knows nothing of the crime, but what he got from the newspapers: it is the description in the newspapers that has brought him into his present scrape, and therefore he will never read newspapers again. He says nothing against excessive drinking,—he does not forswear porter or gin,—he beats and quarrels with his pseudo-wife,—lives a loose life and gets the reputation of a bad character,—but he makes no resolution to reform his habits, and live decently. All these vices are too dear to be blamed; but the reading of newspapers,

the only thing, as Cicero says of speech, that distinguishes him from the brutes, he will give up, because it furnished his perturbed brain with the materials of imposture—"He damns the sin he has no mind to."

"Mr. Gregorie.—So, by your own admission, when you get tipsy, you are apt to accuse your acquaintances of being murderers?"

"Prisoner.—All I know about the murder is the accounts I read in the newspapers: it has brought me into a very awkward situation, and I will take care never to read a newspaper again as long as I live."

The case is a curious one; and, should it turn out that this story was a fabrication, and that he had no hand in the murder, it will be another illustration of the influence which topics of general interest and conversation have in shaping the forms in which monomania shows itself. When the intensity of public opinion rises above a certain point, it brings forward all the undecided cases of monomania. In the time of the fires, there were several instances of maniac incendiaries; some, too, accused themselves of arson without grounds: when there was an outcry against the King, as turning his back on reform, the brutal, half-witted sailor Collins was driven into an act of desperation against his person. At the time of the murder of the Mars and the Williamsons, there was a sort of passion for assassination, or, as if it were the next best thing, self-accusation of the crime. There is an infectious or sympathetic property in general agitation, which increases as it spreads in a rapid ratio: weak heads it upsets, and the absurdity they consequently exhibit is sure to take some form of the popular excitement.

This case, however, is not altogether clear: the man may only have repented of his confession. Drink and domestic disturbance, joined with some remorse, may have put him altogether out of love with existence. The sober and orderly life of a prison cell may have given him quite a different taste for life. The confusion of his intellect having subsided, the near prospect of the gallows becomes disagreeable.

NICKNAMES.—Peter Maccullock! growls the "Political Register;" Matthew Macullock! sneers the "Times." "What's in a name?" Why, everything, according to Cobbett and the Leading Journal: they make everything turn upon it. The trick is, however, a very stale one. The "bloody old Times," and the "bone-grubber Cobbett," to use their own phraseology, are here but imitators of those second-rate exclusives, who strive after a momentary superiority over their acquaintance, by showing that they hold the person in so little esteem, that they really do not recollect the name by which he goes. The affectation is not worthy the reputation and the ability of the Great Journal.

While the "Times" is thus exposing itself, the "Chronicle" composes itself into the position of a grave defence:—"We do not call on our contemporary to subscribe to Mr. M'Culloch's opinions; but we are entitled to claim for a worthy as well as a very able individual a more respectful treatment than he has of late received from that quarter." This, though generously meant, is a piece of solemn superfluity. M'Culloch is wise, and it is therefore his natural destiny to be abused! Every superior, energetic mind, that lays its whole strength upon improving the condition of its age, or, indeed, in any way proceeds in advance of the knowledge of its age, becomes the foul scorn of the dictators of the day. It has ever been so: it is easier to jeer or to abuse than to refute. The intellectual faculties are rarely educated, and consequently slow to exertion; the animal ones, *ex necessitate*, are always in prime order. Thus it is that men in grievous want of argument are ever ready of fist. Writers, who feel it pain and trouble to reason, can still malign by insinuation, or by direct assertion, or, more adroitly still, by misnomer. What must be the condition of that country,—what the force of its public opinion, its private knowledge,—if questions of the most vital importance are to be decided by the mis-christianizing of a surname?

The name of M'Culloch, which, if for no other reason respectable, is so because it belongs to an upright, an independent, and energetic man of genius, who has given his whole life up to the ungainful science of "Public Wealth," has already been dishonoured by the name of two apostles—one, at least, of unequivocal faith. What, now, if it should go the whole round of apostolic denominations, is there a single question that would be altered one iota? What if Newton had, instead of Isaac, been called Abraham, or Bacon Fanny, instead of Francis,—what then?—the "Principia" and the "Novum Organum" would have remained the same. But the Cokes and the Hooks of their days had different modes of exhaling their spite. Mr. M'Culloch needs no apology on our parts. They who cannot judge of his writings may not be informed by a few sentences. Those who are capable of following him in his various useful and able works do not require to be cautioned against the nicknames of either the "Times" or the "Political Register."

LOVE LETTERS.—It is surprising that none of those booksellers who love to publish collections of epitaphs, epigrams, bon-mots, and modern editions of Joe Miller, the John Duntons of the day, have not hitherto published the love-letters of the courts of law and the police-offices: they are often amusing; but, what is more, they lift up the

veil of society,—they disclose the secrets of half-civilized life,—they are laughable to the general reader—to the philosopher they are pregnant with instruction. The letters found on thieves and forgers when they are searched are often a great prize to one who wishes to gauge the spirit of the great crime-population of the metropolis. This month has produced more than one. The following is the composition of a bigamist, who wishes to resume his connexion with the second partner of his nuptial couch. He writes this on quitting the prison where he had expiated his crime:—

"Dear beller,—my mind as bin in a compleat state of ankaitity ever since I cum out of Newgit, as i cant have your cumperny as we used to have. I have been hobligated to perade the street were you live all day, Becos when I socks nobody cums and lets me in. I can't live with my piece of mind till I hear from your sweat lips as you wont have nothing to do no more with me. my luv, i can't live without your sweat cumperny. I mite as well be kick'd out of the walls of the creation. my luv, if you will cum back and enjoy wonce more with your hown John the sweats of connubible matrimony, and I will make you a comfortable home. I will promise you on the Bible never to hide you no more, my luv. I only hidid you to make you the fonder on me: but as you hobject to sitch, I shall never undertake that transaction. If you don't cum and se me now, you shall repent it, for I carry somethin allays about me.—Your own true luv,

"JOHN FARRELL."

Our readers will admire the splendid figure of being kicked out of the "walls of the creation:" it is copied from Lucretius's "flammanitia mœnia mundi." We fear, however, that some reporter of a Swiftian ingenuity has been practising upon the less happy attempts of the unlettered bigamist.

Here, however, is a genuine epistle; its truth is impressed on every line. The writer is said to be a fashionable-looking young man: he had made love to a Miss Alger: for reasons of state or scandal, she had of late discountenanced his addresses; but the lover would not take his rejection from the janitor. Having detected the weak places of the parental abode, he writes this most passionate appeal to the more fragile parts of the mansion:—

"Mr. Alger here handed to Mr. Walker a note which the prisoner had a few days before sent to his daughter, and of which the following is a copy:—

"*Louisa, if you value your happiness as well as mine—and to prevent every window in the house being broken—meet me instantly, or I will play the devil back and front.*"

"Mr. Walker.—What is he?"

"Mr. Alger.—I really don't know, Sir; but he professes to be a gentleman, and has been too much indulged at my house.

"The prisoner did not deny that the note was written by him, but said he was under strong excitement of feeling at the time he wrote it."

If you value your happiness, meet me—but perhaps you think happiness all humbug;—if, then, you value your windows,

meet me—and not merely your windows in front; I am general enough to take you in rear. You will be attacked back and front, unless you consent to a truce or surrender. Here is a summons! In all the love-letters that appear in newspapers we observe a worldly feeling. They pretend to passion, and in words disdain the practical; but in some little parenthesis or postscript they all let out the spirit of the age, which is one intimately connected with the currency question. One love-letter ends with "How are you off for potatoes?" another appeals to the heart with all the force of a glazier's bill.

KEAN IS DEAD!—May 25th. Kean's death seems to be the signal for the fall of the curtain on the drama. Surely the tragedy-comedy is at an end: the stage is strewn with the fallen. Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane are in the hands of Bunn! The only performances tolerated at the national theatres are foreign ones—German and Italian singing, French dancing. The standard company of Covent-Garden is driven from the stage by a Parisian lessee, who alleges want of patronage. He crushes the "Wife" under his iron ordonnance, which the newspapers tell us was the finest and most flourishing drama that has been for years on the boards. The company—an army—has been driven to seek for shelter under the slender walls of Vestris's poor little theatre. Every man that of late has had to do with the stage is understood to have been "victimized." At the very crisis of fate, the troubled spirit of poor Kean flits away: the banshee of the drama has shrieked: there is an end. *Exeunt omnes.*

It is said that one hundred comedians attend the body of Kean to the grave. There is a fancy in the *Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin* which we remember being touched with. The Hermit visits the Catacombs of Paris, in company with some young people: when they left those dark, subterranean passages, the young folks tripped lightly into the open air. The old man stayed behind. Emilie returned, and taking him by the hand, said, "Why do you loiter?" "I was thinking," said he, "whether it was worth the while to come out!"

The tragedians who loiter behind in Kean's vault, when they have once deposited the dead, may well be excused if they stay a moment or two thinking whether it is worth the while to come out.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"*ALIENA NEGOTIA CENTUM.*"—*Horat.*

Dresden.

DEAR SIR,—Were I to relate all the adventures we have had since quitting

London to the present moment, I should require a folio of paper; I shall therefore content myself with giving you an idea of the more savage part of the world, which I flatter myself we know a little of. Our journey, though not quite as full of adventures as *Gil Blas*, yet, for two unassuming travellers, I think we have had enough. Our difficulties first made their appearance on the strands between Königsburg and Memel. We were from three o'clock one morning until the same hour the next, traversing a desert, with nothing human save ourselves to be seen. A few withered trees, to indicate the safest way, was all that told the hand of man had been there. The sea on one side, and immense sandbanks on the other, alone greeted the eye. Sometimes we were travelling up to the axle-trees in the water, at others three or four feet deep in sand, and no prospect of going beyond a walk with six horses and a willing postilion. We passed the day at this rate, till the sun, sinking into the sea, told us he had finished his course;—no brilliant colours surrounded his setting: he sunk, looking pale and weary like us, after his long day's journey. Our horses stopped from fatigue every moment, till Manuel pelted them with stones. The courier seated on a trunk whipping from behind; the postilion swearing and urging the poor beasts on, gave rise to an immoderate fit of laughter, though we were shivering with cold, and had eaten nothing all day. This scene, however, excited our risibility to such a degree, that we laugh to this day at Manuel urging the beasts on with his—*Dat is good—dat is good.* In this way we arrived at Memel at three o'clock, being just four-and-twenty hours from the time we left Königsburg. We crossed the river in a boat, and landed safe on the other side. After this fatigue we slept on the miserable beds given us, as sound as if they were beds of down.

The day following we arrived at Polangen, the Russian frontier, where our luggage was ransacked by a dirty set of Russian *employés*, who regarded certain private articles we had in the carriage as if they anticipated a gunpowder plot from their appearance. They took all our books and maps from us, and turned us into Courland at the mercy of a ragamuffin post-boy, who drove six horses at their fiercest speed down perpendicular hills, and up them at the same rate—such is the usual travelling in Russia. The hair-breadth escapes we had are enough to make us wonder we were not a hundred times sent to that bourn from whence no traveller returns. The country in Russia is generally ugly. Immense forests of pine, large barren plains, the villages not deserving the name, and very filthy; the houses built of

pine wood in its natural form, the road one common dunghill, always up to the peasant's ancles in mud, &c., the women with little more covering than our first parent, and particularly ugly. Men, one and all, wear the same long coat of sheep skin, or coarse cloth, down to their ancles, loose trousers hitched into a large boot, a gaudy sash round their waist, a lowcrowned hat, and under it a face that would disgrace a satyr; shaggy hair, long whiskers, moustache, a very long beard, the neck bare and red, sometimes a shirt of blue check and sometimes not—all this you must picture to yourself filthy to the last degree, a comb or towel being unknown to them. There are but two classes in Russia, high and low. The latter are in their unsophisticated state, more resembling the brutes than civilized man. Nothing can equal their cool indifference to humanity. We saw occasions in which their brutality was displayed. Women, who do all the laborious work, go in a small sort of cart which they use in Russia, immense distances, with parcels for a rouble or two: one of these broke down, and a very old woman stood looking at her accident, while twenty young men passed and not one would assist her. We broke down, and the same thing occurred. In St. Petersburg it is just the same. They are all slaves, in the proper sense of the word. Each family reckons its importance by the number of its slaves, who are taught, while young, different trades, the produce of which they sell, and is generally the fortune of those who possess them. The army when in undress is most pitiable: black bread, the colour of ink, and *guass*, flour and water fermented, is their drink. An officer's pay is twenty pounds a year; so judge of the poor soldiers. The way they sleep is worse than pigs in England: my heart ached more than once to see these poor fellows without shoes or stockings, marching to their different destinations, looking the picture of misery; but they are so ignorant and so uncivilized, I doubt if they themselves lament their condition.

St. Petersburg is really a most beautiful city,—the palaces, the quays, the streets, and though last, not least, the beautiful Neva, whose colour and surface is like a polished mirror. The living is the most expensive you can imagine, and the worst; the climate most unhealthy and oppressive to the spirits; the people, cold, proud, and intriguing to the last degree. There are no *agrémens* to induce any one to take up their residence in St. Petersburg. While we were there, there was no night;—this at least was novelty for us.

Our journey (though full of uncomfortable adventures, travelling over sand nearly all the way) to Moscow delighted us. Nothing can be more *éclatant* than the view of

Moscow, seen from the walls of the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czars, the only building respected by the burning element. From here you have sixteen hundred churches in view, each one with five or six domes and cupolas, rising one above the other in majestic grandeur, some green, gold and silver, and in the most beautiful forms, interspersed with trees, fine buildings, and convents in the distance, whose bells chime the hour of prayer, which, but indistinctly heard, gives this scene, that I have attempted to describe, an appearance of romance that one reads, but never expects to see realized. When we first looked at it, we could scarcely breathe from excess of admiration. *Within the walls* of the Kremlin are nine churches, the palace of the emperor, the governor's palace, the treasury, (enormously rich in jewels,) the senate, and the guardhouse, all fine architecture. We remained in Moscow three weeks, and did not regret it, I assure you. They have an excellent French play there, that would not disgrace Paris.

Our journey to Warsaw was worse than any: no hotels, filthy post-houses, no beds, mattresses devoured with fleas, and in the day time wading through mud and ruts, that endangered our necks every moment, to say nothing of sticking in a hole on a marsh, where all was under water, and being obliged to return on a raft over the river, in a pitch dark night, the postilions crying, and with six horses to guide down a perpendicular place, to get to the river. The Jews in Poland amused us very much; we found them much more honest than the Christians; they would not sometimes give us knives and forks to eat with, and always broke the plates we had eaten off: this was their way of treating us: but in comparison with what we had suffered, we greeted them as in some way our fellow-creatures, which feeling the Russians completely deprived us of. We found Warsaw not as we expected to find it. All there seemed dull and broken-hearted, but with a spirit of revenge deeply graven on their hearts against the Russians. We made acquaintance with a family, and heard *true statements* of the noble manner in which the Poles treated the Russians, in allowing them to leave unmolested a place they never had a right to enter. I doubt much if the Poles do not revenge themselves, as they fought most unequally. The Russians had fifty to one, yet the Poles kept them out seven days. You may judge of a Russian's humanity, by their making two servants to stand outside in the cold on a portmanteau, all the way from Moscow to Warsaw!

We were, I assure you, most delighted to find ourselves once more in a civilized country, and hailed it as gladly as the mariner

bails the land after a tempest. All our enjoyments seem fresher; we are not so *blasé* as before—a trifling pleasure seems to me quite delightful. Whoever has spoilt his *gout*, I advise him to go to Russia, not knowing the customs, and he will return to revel in the enjoyment of a moderate existence.

I was, I can assure you, most anxious to write to you from Russia, but such a letter as would have been entertaining, and where the mind of an *English-born* should speak, could never have reached England; an *auto-da-fé* for the letter, a "surveillance de police" for the writer, being the only results to be anticipated where you attempt anything above a mere puerile epistle, without any details, except all favourable ones, false, but flattering the patriotic conceit of the Postmaster-General of all the Russias.

Dresden is delightful, and the living dirt cheap—places in the dress circle at the Italian or German opera, where the performances are first-rate, only cost *two shillings*; a most excellent dinner the same price; a bottle of the best old Burgundy, *five shillings*; apartments, making up four rooms, very comfortably furnished, at the first hotel, *five shillings* a day in winter, and *four* in summer. After this statement you will perceive that one can live luxuriously here, without care or trouble, for the same amount yearly as a cheating and rascally London tailor will make you pay for two or three suits of clothes, &c. Adieu, my dear Sir, I am, &c.

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

SIR.—The oyster season has terminated—scarce a shell remains to mark where the "natives" have been—and yet no adequate commemoration has appeared of an individual who was fully entitled to have received such a tribute at the commencement of that season—I mean the late Mr. Dando. That extraordinary character was more intimately connected with the oyster-market (in the quality of a consumer) than any man breathing. He discussed, indeed, the pretensions of the whole testaceous tribe with the most astonishing capacity—but in oysters he was pre-eminent; and his very life and being may be said to have been, in a great degree, *ostreaceous*. Thus identified with a curious and highly admired class of the animal kingdom, is it not marvellous that his memory should not, by some one of the numerous degustators of oysters with whom our capital abounds, have been honoured with a suitable record? Nay, when we pass from this particular accomplishment, and consider his general powers—when we remember his range of appetite through the whole cibarious system—his unfailing faculty of digestion, (or *assimilation*, as I believe it is dietetically called,) and his incalculable resources of

non-payment—our surprise at the cold oblivion which has been suffered to swallow up such a man becomes destitute of a limit. Certainly no man ever ate *more*, yet none ever ate *more cheaply*. Can these two grounds of distinction be utterly lost on a public who are, on most occasions, so generously forward to lavish their attention upon everything that partakes of singularity? But, Sir, without more speculation—for that were as endless as Mr. Dando's infinite esuriency—I beg leave to submit to you the following humble attempt (made some months since, but diffidently withheld) to supply the shameful omission of which I complain—in order that it may no longer be said that a man, who could eat half his weight in oysters, and drink the other half in brandy-and-water, has departed from among us unnoticed and unsung:—

Lines on the Late Mr. Dando.

"Hæc ubi gula digna repascit!"—*Hor.*

DANDO, devouring terrorist, is dead,
And to the "Diet of Worms" below hath sped,
Whose hungry members, on his corpse supine,
On his own principle shall gratis dine.
Eurient hero! o'er his shrank remains
The muse to drop a tearlet not disdains.
Ambition swayed his stomach, and his sense
Of things was lost in appetite immense*.
He, of the *palate's* sphere true potentate,
Looked on the world as his *Palatinate*!
London by him as one great *carte* was scanned;
The country *flats* to him were "table land,"
And Nature's own expanse "a glorious spread,"
Where his all-grasping stomach might be fed.
Willing to instruct, and resolute to live,
He taught *Vendition* self perforce to give!
But life tow'rd's death continually is curv'd,
And Dando, *stuffed* could yet not be *preserv'd*.
To envious plagues himself a plague had grown,
So angry Cholera marked him for her own.
See, at the call of Death, Dando become
(Soon as Death said, "*Dan, die, Dan! Do Dan!*") *dumb!*"†

Much, much he mourned to die, and leave behind †
A world where yet so oft he might have dined!
But most he grieved to go, against all reason,
Just at the opening of the oyster season!

* . . . Cibus omnis in illo
Cousa cibi est; semperque locus fit inanis edendo.
Ovid.

†These words may appear like an accidental illustration of the three gerunds, (or, as they may here be styled, *jeer-rounds*) in *di*, *do*, and *dum*. I have no intention that their occurrence should be thought otherwise than fortuitous; but it gives me an opportunity of observing, by the way, and as a curious coincidence, that Dando himself was very nicely conversant with the *Eaten Grammar*, and thoroughly grounded in the *accidents*, which indeed had been well *beaten into* him. On these occasions of discipline, it may be further remarked, he afforded a living example of what is termed, by Cockney scholars, the *supine in hum!*—

‡The distressing possibility there was, that

ON PROFESSOR BOER'S DOG-LATIN ESSAYS.

"Canibus data prode Latine."—Virg.

Boer in German was as smooth as satin ;
 But, lo ! some demon whispers, write in Latin !
 Lur'd by his devilish instigator, he tries,
 And every Latian muse before him flies.
 Dear Doctor, we would willingly do much
 To anglicize thy essays, of High Dutch ;—
 Nay, some can even read Greek, Turkish, Moorish,
 But what frail mortal man can fathom Boerish !

The Theatrical Critic in the Observer, (Mr. Payne Collier, we believe,) after first declaring Mr. Bulwer's Bill for the better regulation of Theatres ought not to pass at any time—now blames him for not having passed it before. If the Critic knew the difficulty and labour that attend the stages of any bill not introduced by a Member of Government, he would neither censure, nor wonder at, the delay. The second reading of a bill becomes "an order of the day"—it comes on after the other business—rarely before one or two o'clock in the morning—the House is usually very thin—it is in the power of any member who opposes the bill "to count the House out." Three times, after waiting the whole night to bring on the Bill, has Mr. Bulwer been prevented doing so, by an opponent declaring his intention to count the House out if he made the attempt. Mr. Bulwer is as zealous now as ever for the passing of the Bill, and as convinced as ever of its expediency.

N. B.—The other Bill for securing to dramatic authors their Copyright has been carried by Mr. Bulwer through the House of Commons, and is now safely lodged at the House of Lords. To whom, hy-the-by, the Dramatic Authors might as well address a Petition.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS LATELY DECEASED.

SIR HENRY HOTHAM, K.C.B. Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Henry Hotham, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief of the British Squadron in the Mediterranean, died in the 57th

this great original should "die and leave the world no copy," has happily not been extended into fact. A female disciple, as the newspapers have informed us, has started up with competent powers for the exercise of the same large and gratuitous vocation. If I were inclined to compliment this lady, I might speak of her in the stirring words of Byron, as "The toscan of the soul—the dinner-belle !" Of her movements nothing recently has been heard ; but, with the accomplishments she possesses, she must ere long (like many a clever lawyer) eat her way to the bar.

year of his age. Sir Henry was the youngest son of the second Lord Hotham, and in the early part of the revolutionary war commanded the *Fleche* sloop of war ; he was posted, in 1795, into the *Mignone*, and was constantly in active service in that ship, and in the *Dido*, *Blanche*, and *Immortalité* frigates, until the peace of Amiens, being particularly successful in the capture and destruction of several large French privateers. On the renewal of hostilities in 1803, he was appointed to the *Impérieuse*, and then to the *Révolutionnaire*, in which latter frigate he assisted at the capture of Admiral Dumanoir's squadron of four sail of the line, by Sir Richard Strachan's squadron. In 1809, in the *Defiance*, he assisted in the destruction of three French frigates in the *Sable d'Olonne* ; and, subsequently, on the north coast of Spain, greatly aided the guerrillas and Spanish patriots in resisting the usurpation of the French army, furnishing them with advice, supplies of provisions, and ammunition, and the constant assistance of his ship. In 1812, in the *Northumberland*, Sir Henry, in a neat and gallant manner, drove on shore and destroyed, near the entrance of L'Orient, two French frigates of 44 guns each, and an 18-gun brig ; and during the American war he was Captain of the Fleet to Admiral Sir J. B. Warren. In 1813, he was nominated Colonel of Marines, and in the following year became Flag-Officer, and, on Buonaparte's return from Elba, served as such in the Channel Fleet. Sir Henry officiated as one of the Lords of the Admiralty from 1818 to 1822 ; and was appointed to the command which he held, until his death, in March, 1831.—Sir Henry married, in 1816, Lady Frances Rous, by whom he had three children.

EDMUND KRAM.—The most celebrated tragedian of our time, died at Richmond, on May 15th. He was born, we believe, on the 17th of March, 1788 ; and, nearly as soon as he could walk, he appeared as a boy-actor on the stage, and went through all the difficulties and dangers of a young player's life. At Drury-lane Theatre, when Kemble was in the height of his glory, the obscure child, the unknown heir-apparent to the tragic throne, was used in processions, &c. Subsequently, at the Haymarket, he delivered messages, and performed in small parts, with no advantage to himself, the company, or the audience ; and he was remarkable for the silence and shyness with which he took his seat in the green-room,—his eye alone "discoursing most eloquent music." Through various country theatres he passed with varied success, until he joined the Exeter Company. Here he attracted the admiration of Dr. Drury, a gentleman of taste and influence ; and

through his interference, Mr. Arnold, on the part of the Committee of Drury-lane Theatre, went to Dorchester, for the express purpose of seeing Kean act. The result of the interview was an engagement; and, in January, 1814, he appeared on the boards of Drury. Of all his provincial audiences, we believe that the good people of Exeter were most alive to his transcendent merit; while the inhabitants of Guernsey have distinguished themselves by disrelishing his acting, and literally driving him from their stage. Guernsey should have had a Claremont or a Creswell made on a scale low enough for its intellect. Kean's first appearance at Drury-lane, on the 26th of January, 1814, in *Shylock*, in the disastrous—we were almost about to say, the most disastrous days of Drury—we shall not easily forget! The house was empty of nearly all but critics, and those who came in with oranges or orders; and the listlessness of the small spiritless audience, at the first night of a new *Shylock*, was the "langour which is not repose." There came on a small man, with an Italian face and fatal eye, which struck all. Attention soon ripened into enthusiasm; and never, perhaps, did Kean play with such startling effect as on this night to the surprised few! His voice was harsh, his style new, his action abrupt and angular; but there was the decision,—the inspiration of genius, in the look, the tone, the bearing,—the hard unbending Jew was before us in the full vigour of his malignity—the injuries upon him and upon his tribe saddened in his eyes, but through them you could trace the dark spirit of revenge, glaring in fearful, imperishable fury. That night was the starting-post on the great course upon which he was destined to run his splendid race!

"No one as an actor," says an eloquent writer in the *Athenæum*, "ever had the ball so completely at his foot as Kean had; nay, the ball at his foot waited not for the impelling touch—like the fairy clue which ran before the steps of *Fortunatus*, leading him to happiness and fame,—it speeded before him; but the inveterate whims of genius lured him into every bye-path of passion and pleasure, and hurried him on,—

—from flower to flower,
A wearied chase—a wasted hour!"

Frank in his nature—impetuous in his soul, he knew no calmness of object or enjoyment: "aut *Cæsar* aut *mullus*" was his motto—He must either fly or burrow! and he never disguised his vices or his virtues. With the genius to have been more than a Garrick in his art, he had the follies and passions at times to reduce him almost beneath a Cooke in his habits. He could, at Drury-lane, electrify a Byron, and chill the blood at his heart with the fearful energies

of his wondrous genius; and, quitting the peers, he could, on the same evening, delight the *spirits* of the lower house with his brilliant, dashing gaieties and acted songs. Those who have seen his third act of '*Othello*,' must ever tremble in their memories; and those who have heard him recite '*Black Eyed Susan*' to the pathos of his own music, sadden still: such passion and such pathos are not easily borne at the moment, or unremembered afterwards."

CAPTAIN RICHBELL.—T. Richbell, Esq., the resident magistrate of the Thames Police, died at his residence, the Thames Police Office, in High Street, Wapping, at the advanced age of seventy-five years. He entered the navy, in a humble capacity, at a very early age, and served with his present Majesty in the West Indies. For the gallantry and bravery he displayed in several actions and hazardous engagements, he was successively promoted to the rank of midshipman, lieutenant, and post captain. He served for ten years as first lieutenant of the Centaur man-of-war, commanded by Captain (afterwards Admiral) Markham, during which time he saw much active service. He was afterwards placed in command of the Prince William armed ship, on the Shields station, for the protection of the neighbouring coast; and his services in this capacity proved highly beneficial to his country, and were duly appreciated by the Admiralty. In the year 1792 or 1793, he was appointed regulating captain of the volunteer and impressment department in the metropolis, and to the charge of the Enterprise tender-ship, off the Tower; and until the close of the war he performed the arduous duties of his office to the satisfaction of the government, to whom he was not only a zealous but a very useful servant. He continued in this situation—which it was well known was anything but a pleasant one—until the beginning of the year 1817, when he was appointed by Lord Sidmouth, then Home Secretary, to the office of a Thames Police Magistrate, with the privilege of retaining his half-pay. Though Captain Richbell's knowledge of the law, and of the law of evidence, was very limited, he made up for the deficiency by his shrewdness, and the patient hearing he gave to all cases brought before him. His good humour, though sometimes inclining to coarseness, and tinged with the rough manners of an old sailor, was proverbial; and the strict impartiality which always guided his decisions, whatever the rank or station of the party, was not exceeded by any judicial authority in the kingdom, and deserves its due meed of praise. His long naval experience proved of great service in the adjudication of cases connected with maritime affairs and offences

at sea, which are daily heard at the Thames Police Office; and his loss in this respect will not be easily supplied. To Captain Richbell belongs the praise of bringing the Thames Police to its present state of efficiency, for the prevention of crime and the detection of offenders. It may with truth be spoken, that this establishment is not exceeded by any police in Europe. The officers were much attached to Captain Richbell, and have lost a very kind benefactor. A neglect of duty he never forgave; but in case of sickness of an officer, or of any of his family, his purse was always open. Captain Richbell possessed great abilities as a marine painter, and several of his productions in this way have graced the walls of the exhibition-room at Somerset House.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Observations on Professions, &c., and Emigration in the United States and Canada. By the Rev. Isaac Fidler.

THE gentleman who has produced this work has attempted to supply us with information relative to the United States and to Canada, that is very much required. Unlike Mrs. Trollope, he has not contented himself with ridicule, but in its stead has supplied us with an abundance of facts; and strange to say, this is the fault of the book. Facts are doubtless very stubborn things and very useful; but when they are heaped upon us with such rapidity that we are scarcely allowed time to think of their tendencies—when they are thrust upon our observation without any introductory comment, and detailed without any inference being drawn, we feel, in spite of the instruction we have received, that we suffer under the effects of fatigue. Mr. Fidler is sincere,—we think impartial,—and displays at times a very considerable share of discrimination. He has written a book of great utility, but he has not made it sufficiently amusing. He left England with strong prejudices in favour of America, but, like most others who venture to that land of promise, he met with no inconsiderable share of disappointment. But we conceive it was disappointment that altered his opinion, and that he would have written a book in a more happy vein if he had found sufficient encouragement to induce him to remain at New York; clergymen are not there in request, and schoolmasters are badly paid, so from New York our author was induced to migrate and explore other parts of America, where he met with as little success. This circumstance seems to have operated powerfully on his opinions; and although we must in candour confess his scenes are never highly coloured, yet we think they are generally thrown

too much into shadow—we are sure he has stated the truth, but has he stated all the truth? If he has, the Americans are, without exception, the people of all others in the universe that have least redeeming parts in their character; they must be insufferably vain, and constitutionally unamiable. When Mrs. Trollope victimized America, the English public read, enjoyed the book, and laughed at the joke. Many of her scenes were beyond a doubt correctly drawn, but the majority were tinged with the pencil of prejudice, and dipped in the gall of ridicule. No rational being ever formed an estimate of American character from reading Mrs. Trollope's book; and those most inclined from early imbibed notions to believe all they could, made a very considerable deduction from any account of that unfair writer. Her book is much too merrily written to be true—it is lively satire—a pleasing comic drama—but not a book for reference where information is required. Mr. Fidler, on the contrary, has written a work that may well be referred to for facts, but must not be searched for opinions correctly formed of the moral and social character of the Americans. Facts he never appears to distort; but as those he mentions are all against the Americans, the commonest charity must lead us to suppose that everything is not stated. To so great an extent does Mr. Fidler carry his matter-of-fact sort of style, that we find him saying, in p. 43, "If I am asked whether, in the churches I attended, a greater number of males or females were present, I should feel great hesitation in deciding." Now, this may doubtless be a fact of paramount importance to a man like our author, who wishes curiously to investigate all matters relating to the manners and literature of the Americans, but we believe the public in general will find little instruction and less gratification from the detail of such, and will consider that the author might have been less elaborately veracious with regard to insignificant matters, and more amusing if he had altogether omitted to treat on such puerile statistics. The state of religion in the United States is well discussed, and its universal diffusion is evident, although it is clearly alloyed with a prodigious mixture of cant and enthusiasm. The dogmatism and pugnacity of an American Methodist preacher, with whom our author travels, are most amusingly described, as a specimen of accommodating hypocrisy, equally willing to enter into religious disputation or to strike up uncalled-for a specimen of his psalmody, or to volunteer with similar readiness the edifying song of "Yankee doodle." To those foolish enthusiasts who seek the new hemisphere with a view of enjoying the necessities and luxuries of life at a cheaper rate than they do in the mother country, the book will prove the

most useful they could possibly read. The exorbitant sums that are received for house-rent, the expenses of their hotels, and the large increase in price on every article of clothing, and on almost everything necessary for existence, is truly astonishing to those who have heard of America only through the partial accounts of interested friends or ignorant book-makers.

Sunday in London.

Cruikshank is one of those artists whose works have delighted the public so much, that, if he pleased, he might presume on his already acquired fame, and if he sent forth only what his caprice prompted, it would still be received as good, and welcomed with laughter. His success has been so great, that it would be deemed a heresy in taste to conceive that he could do anything indifferently. This circumstance, however, the artist has never presumed upon—he has never, as many of his fellows have, worked rapidly and slovenly for the purpose of extraordinary gain, and sacrificed his art to fill his pocket. On the contrary, he has gone on improving, and his latest efforts are generally his best. It must have been a mournful day for Sir Andrew Agnew when the satirist of the burin undertook to explain the tendencies of his bill—a bill which, if passed, would have formed a most novel feature in legislation, and would have brought us back to the times of the Puritans, and the vagaries of religious fanatics. It is true that the exposition of George Cruikshank was not necessary to show to the sensible part of the community the manifest absurdity of Sir Andrew Agnew's attempt; but although not necessary, it is impossible to say how much real benefit the artist may have effected by rendering some portions of its absurdities palpable to the more common eye. There are a numerous class of people who would never have thought upon the matter at all, and who would have been obedient to the regulations of the intended enactment had they become law, and others who would have been refractory, and in either case from the mere obstinacy of will, and not from the dictates of conviction. But now the case stands differently; and all that has ever been spoken in the House of Commons, and all that has been written out of it—all our previously formed associations of pleasure and pastime arising from the remembrance of the day of quiet and recreation, will not offer one argument so strong, or support one feeling so effective, in inducing opposition to the measure, as will one plate of George Cruikshank. He has presented the whole subject before the eye of the most astute observer, and done it in a way that ridicule and truth combined at once glare upon him. The higher classes, the middle, and the lower, are each expos-

ed, and each defended from legislative interference—the first of course the least so; for their follies more often assume the shape of vices than the two latter, and some portions of them but too often openly and infamously violate what the latter only infringe. The miserable and squalid artisan is depicted receiving the gains of his hard labour on the Saturday from the sordid and jobbing foreman, who pays him at the neighbouring public-house, that he may receive a per centage for the advances he has made during the past week for procuring the liquid poison, and thus render his workman his slave. The same abject wretch of vice is seen in his Sunday morning conviviality, pursuing the same career with a detestable fervour that no enactment can reach, though the artist-satirist may lash it. The man of the same grade, but of a more sober and industrious habit, is represented in his wanderings on the Sunday afternoon, with his wife and his "pretty ones," invading the mountainous district of Primrose-hill, and quaffing the invigorating air of Highgate. The more distant jaunt of the more wealthy middle-class man is suggested by the "one-horse chaise," that bears the burthen of a lady, fat as she is good, and her liege lord, who is the picture of rude health, and that mediocre pride which arises from an independence he seems fully sensible of having achieved. But it is to ye, ye livers in palaces! that the bite of the satire must be most poignant. The "*soirée musicale*," where the venerable Peer elbows the more venerable Bishop, and where ladies listen to anything but homilies, must be the print of all others that must attract your attention. The attempted monopoly of vice and irreligion by some of the higher classes, while they express themselves horrified at the indulgence of the poor, does not escape unsatirized; and in the particular print we allude to, the saloons of the titled are laid bare to vulgar gaze, and they see a true Sunday scene depicted that well displays the sincerity of some of those who have lately felt such squeamishness for the morality of the lower orders. The church dignitary, also, stepping from his splendid carriage, surrounded by all the appurtenants of a magnificent equipage, and pacing in solemn but genteel dignity through the crowd, some of whom are ragged and wonderstruck, is a complete specimen of the beautiful in ridicule. His look of gravity is excellent; it was originally assumed, but it has become habitual; and he evidently looks, as he walks, by a prescribed rule that has taught him what is decorous, and what is expected from the preacher of humility. The whole of the prints are, in short, excellent, and tended to do, we believe, more real good than half the serious matters that have been published during the last twelve months.

Gruikshank is himself; and the pith and the marrow of the ridiculous is extracted by him and embodied in a form so truly comic, and so graphic and correct, that we envy the man who has yet to see and to enjoy.

A Compendious German Grammar, with a Dictionary of the principal Prefixes and Affixes, alphabetically arranged. The German Reader, a selection from the most popular writers. By Adolphus Bernays, Ph. Doctor, Professor of the German Language and Literature in King's College, London.

It does not often happen that, in respect of elementary works, we can offer praise so unequivocal as in the instance of these publications of Dr. Bernays. The limits which we are compelled to prescribe to ourselves in these notices, preclude minute analysis, or we could dwell with peculiar pleasure, easily explained, on the various merits of these three works. Those who have had the trouble, the wearisome trouble, of wading through the imperfect grammars of former days, and blundering through the mazy labyrinth of a full-sized German period, with no other aid than such a grammar as alluded to, and a common dictionary, will, with us, be sensible to a feeling of real pleasure, at the sight of the Professor's "German Grammar," "Exercises," and "Reader,"—works by means of which the roughness of the old path is made smooth, and its crookedness straight. With sincerity and earnestness we congratulate the public on their appearance. There is one part of the "Grammar" which deserves particular notice, and establishes its superiority over every rival: we refer to the "Dictionary of Prefixes and Affixes," which appears at the end of the book. The multitude of compound words in German is innumerable: the dictionaries do not contain a tenth part of them; this list, then, defining the signification and assigning the value of the initial and terminal elements of compound words, is a very important aid—a treasure of great value—to the learner. The extent of its value will be best understood by those who have felt the inconveniences attending the want of it. For the other parts of the "Grammar," we do not say that they are incapable of improvement, but we candidly think that by the arrangement of its parts, the comprehensive character of its rules, and the fulness of illustration with which those rules are exemplified, it facilitates the progress of the student more than any with which we are acquainted.—The "Exercises" are correspondingly excellent. They are carefully accommodated to the "Grammar;" and if the plan, recommended in the preface, of learning them by heart, or rather of committing to memory the corrected German, and making a rapid oral double translation, be put in practice, it is evident that the learner

will soon acquire the art of expressing his thoughts in German,—that is, he will soon be able to converse. The "Reader" claims from us the same degree of praise. It is, in every part, judiciously adapted to the state to which the pupil is supposed to have arrived; easy, at first, as a thorough-going "literal translation" can make it; then, in the next stage, the learner is compelled to use more exertion, consistently with his increased power; at last, assistance is withheld, and he is left to his own resources. To the beginner all shadow of difficulty is removed by numerous grammatical references; and notes, illustrative of idiom or etymology, run through the whole book.—The "Grammar," we observe, has the additional advantage of being so constructed as to be equally useful to those who have begun with, or been accustomed to any other.

Narrative of a Residence at the Court of London.

Everything that has lately been written relative to America appears to have been undertaken by the authors under a conviction that the market of literature was drugged with truth, and that it would be necessary for them to write something *founded* on fact, but which they must adorn with the glowing colours of exaggeration, or expose and sneer at with all the venomous poignancy of the satirist. The public has doubtless been oppressed with literary dulness; but we do not, on that account, feel inclined to allow that those persons who have the ambition to become authors, but who have not the industry and determination to search deeply and carefully before they compile a book of travels—who have the desire to write a work of imagination and fancy, yet have not power to sustain those qualities through an entire undertaking—should be suffered to palm books on our common sense that display nothing but a medley of misplaced capacities,—here a bit of exaggeration—now a little bitterly expressed spleen—then an invention—now a slander—and then a lie. Such, however, is the character of many of the *Observations, Travels, &c.* that have latterly appeared. The authors, not having the industry and judgment necessary for compiling a book of travel fit to be made a standard of reference, have interspersed their pages with sentiments, tales, and representations, that, however well they may show the capability of the authors for writing a novel, clearly prove that they are historians who are not to be trusted when they write their accounts of the countries they traversed. The work of Mr. Rush now before us, and who was the envoy-extraordinary, from 1817 to 1825, at the court of London, is one of a description altogether at variance with the "got up," tale-telling sort of works we so much condemn. Moreover, it is written in a kindly,

yet candid spirit. The observations are made with great discrimination, and he details, with evident accuracy, scenes where the proudest of princes would have been honoured by being allowed to be present; and relates, with great delicacy, many trivial, gossiping, but interesting bits of information, such as the ear of the greatest man listens to with a curious wonder—cabinet comments, and those insignificant incidents that appertain to the great, and the little are so fond of listening to—all the transactions of a court—levees, reviews, balls, audiences, and dinners. The observations on the state of English society are all given with evident conscientiousness, and in general with truth. The state of the country in its commercial relations, its manufactures, and its internal trade and arrangements, are all occasionally cursorily touched upon, assisted by information, and guided by discretion.

The Parliamentary Companion.

We are here presented with an admirable compendium of agreeable and instructive information. In this country, where everybody is, or fancies himself, a politician, every one must, of course, be anxious to know something of the members of the two Houses of Parliament, and of the men who compose what is popularly termed "the Administration." Up to a recent period there was no knowledge among the people of the persons by whom they were governed, beyond that which was attained either in consequence of their votes, or from local reputation now and then whispered through the country, or conveyed by a stray traveller to London. When, after the close of the war, the increasing difficulties of the country raised a cry for reform, chiefly from the lower classes, who were the first to feel the pressure, an attempt was made to enlighten the people as to the amount and nature of unmerited sinecures and pensions which it was truly thought ought to be the first sacrifice to the public necessities. This attempt was made by Lord Cochrane, who, as Member for Westminster, moved for and obtained a return of sinecure places and pensions, which, though ordered to be printed only for the use of the House, did, in reality, soon find its way into general circulation; it was, in fact, reprinted, or nearly so, from a member's copy; but it gained little weight with the people, from the circumstance of there being mixed up with its authentic statements many observations of a party and personal nature. It was extensively circulated; but its great use as an authoritative book of reference was almost at an end. About the same period appeared a little pamphlet, got up, we believe, by the late excellent Mr. Rushton, of Liverpool, and

either printed originally or reprinted by Mr. Hone. The gross amount of sums lavished in the shape of sinecure places and pensions being but small, as compared with the whole expenditure of the country, any observation upon them was adroitly evaded by the reply, that, if the payment of the whole of these sums should be stopped, the country could reap little benefit; and the then mystified state of the Civil List enabled the defenders of the Government to answer, with perfect impunity from the chance of detection, that a great portion of these sums was actually paid out of the Civil List. The celebrated motion of Sir James Graham, and its consequence in the House of Commons, have dispelled this convenient obscurity; and the object of the two publications we have mentioned may now be considered as fully attained. We have given this short sketch of the matter, not because it is of necessity connected with the little book now before us, but by way of showing that, independently of all matters of taste upon the point, any reference in it to the subjects of the former publications would have been quite superfluous. The visitor to the two Houses of Parliament, and the reader of debates, required a short, sketchy, but authentic and (in the inoffensive meaning of the word) personal account of the men composing both branches of the Legislature, and this the compilers have neatly accomplished for him; it is, in fact, a set of brief memoranda, easy of reference when the possessor of this little book is listening to the full soundings of an earnest (for reasons that must be obvious to all the world we say nothing of a well-supported) debate, or sufficient to give him, when reading the report of the debate in the newspapers, some knowledge of the individuality and connexions of a particular speaker, or to refer him to other and more copious sources of information. All these advantages he may find in so compressed a form that might almost make him wonder how

"One small book could carry all it held."

One slight addition to its present contents we should like to suggest. There are lists of the officers of the Houses of Lords and Commons, and there is a list of the members of the Privy Council; another, containing the names of their officers, might be usefully appended. It would be highly acceptable to many as a matter of curiosity, and to many more for the purposes of business. No doubt it will be printed with another edition. In the mean time we can safely recommend this epitome of Parliamentary Biography to the patronage of all who are not able of themselves to give a biographical sketch of every member of both Houses of the Legislature, and we apprehend that their number is very small.

The Annual Historian for 1833; a Sketch of the chief Historical Events of the World during the preceding Year. Principally designed for young persons. By Ingram Cobbin, A. M.

Mr. Cobbin's labours for the instruction of youth are entitled to our highest commendation. He ought to be a great favourite with parents and those who have the care of children, for he has furnished the former with the very best elementary works on the best principles, and has afforded facilities to the latter which must considerably lighten their task. The second volume of his "Annual Historian" is fully equal to the first, while its plan is somewhat extended, and various important additions made to its subjects and materials. Besides the passing events of the last year—which are "invested with so great an importance, that it were better, if necessary, totally to forget the history of the past, than suffer them to escape our most careful observation,"—the appendages are peculiarly valuable,—the chronology furnishes a ready reference,—and the general remarks exhibit the state of the arts, the progress of knowledge, the statistics of important places and countries,—and "other matters which, though not exactly adapted for incorporation in the continuous history, yet will tend much to show the age and body of the time, his form and pressure." Mr. Cobbin's views are liberal; his observations on the political occurrences which pass under his notice are not dictated by party spirit, but are intended to lead his readers to the exercise of sober and candid reflections. The volume is adorned with a well-executed engraving of the Princess Victoria, and altogether forms an excellent present, and is especially adapted as a class-book for schools. We give it our unqualified recommendation.

1. *An Inquiry into the State of Slavery amongst the Romans, from the earliest Period till the Establishment of the Lombards in Italy. By Wm. Blair, Esq.*

2. *Records of a Voyage to the Western Coast of Africa, in his Majesty's ship Dryad; and of the Service on that Station for the Suppression of the Slave trade, in the Years 1830, 1831, and 1832. By Peter Leonard, Surgeon in the Royal Navy. 12mo.*

The first of these works is valuable, as it traces the origin, progress, changes, and final extinction of slavery in the ancient world. Whatever industry could gather from all available sources of information is here supplied, and it furnishes more than "an outline of the most important chapter in the great History of Servitude." To those whose business it is to legislate on this momentous subject, as it affects the British Colonies, and the happiness of millions of slaves and their masters, Mr. Blair's

Dissertations may be consulted with advantage; for though colonial slavery differs in some striking points from that which so long disgraced the Roman world, wherever the "bitter draught is mingled, many of the ingredients must ever be the same." Europe has been long, thanks to Christianity, well rid of it; and we trust that the same beneficent religion will break the chains of the African. The Planters and the Church Unionists of Jamaica have made it a religious question, and we trust to the religious spirit now in such active operation to set it forever at rest.

Mr. Leonard's book is valuable in another point of view; it shows that liberated slaves are industrious and may be confided in, and that free has a great advantage over slave labour. This work may be carefully consulted by our statesmen and legislators, and especially in reference to the absolute necessity of keeping to their engagements all the nations who have pledged themselves against the slave trade, and of forming one grand European compact to put it down effectually and without reserve.

It is an appalling fact, that the benevolent acts of the British Legislature in abolishing this nefarious traffic, instead of preventing the evil, have greatly increased it in amount, and deplorably aggravated its horrors. And Mr. Leonard expresses it as his decided opinion—"that until the slave trade shall be held, by a law of nations, to be piracy, and until all vessels found fitted for the purpose of carrying it on shall be held to have actually engaged in it, all our efforts to put a stop to the evil traffic must be entirely fruitless."

To the disgrace of France, she is the chief power that, in defiance of the treaty, has made herself the merchant of slaves wherever she could obtain a market. The flag of liberty is the only one that waves over the cargo of slaves! So much for consistency. We fear the trade will never stop till the whole system of slavery be swept away.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE—*Cenerentola* has been performed in fine style. Zuchelli was not in the voice he used to be; we fear that his rich tones are feeling the effects of time; but still he was beautiful and effective. Madame Cinti Damoreau has delighted us; but the treat of the season—the great treat of all—is Pasta in *Anna Bolena* and in the *Medes*. In the latter, particularly, she is absolutely awful. Her amazing voice is insignificant when compared with her grand and heroic style of acting; her classical and commanding attitudes—her look of intellect, and power, and grandeur combined, is absolutely startling. She is called the Siddons of the Italian stage, and well she deserves the title. The Opera is, in fact, at the present time, the most attractive of any description of public amusements; and exceeds, in talent and in the

beauty and variety of its entertainments, any previous season. It is absolutely delicious, after being petrified by the acting of Pasta, to have gay dreams of life and beauty brought to our view by the elastic, gentle movements of Taglioni—activity without effort—ease, all nature—grace, positively divine. Madame de Méric, as *Lady Jane Seymour* in *Anna Bolena*, must not escape mention, for in her style she was every thing that was excellent—so were Tamburini and Rubini. But as for pretty Miss H. Cawse, if it were not for being very ungallant, we should be inclined to say, that if she shines, it is but as a star of very inferior magnitude in the sphere of the Italian opera. But we do not like to say anything unpleasant of a lady. The company, during the month, has been of the most brilliant kind; the dazzling of gems and of beauty is the best compliment Laporte can receive for his active and judicious exertions.

DRURY LANE.—The delightful Malibrand has been doing for this theatre what Pasta and Taglioni have done for the Italian Opera, viz., filling it. Bellini's Opera of the *Sonnambula* was selected for her *début*, and her representation of the walking dreamer was all a cultivated imagination could conceive: tender, pathetic, and simple in the extreme, she won all hearts. She was a perfect poetical picture of rustic offended innocence and beauty—impassioned, winning, and lovely. Her distinct articulation and delicacy of pronunciation of a foreign language may be also mentioned as a pleasing merit, though an inferior one; she is altogether a woman of great feeling and intellect, and whatever character she undertakes, she displays these qualities in a novel form. Miss Betts sung well, as did Miss Cawse; but it has been remarked, as a ridiculous anomaly, that the latter young lady should personate a character of fifty years of age and dress for one of eighteen; but to be pretty, and be praised, sometimes turns the head.

The company of German operatics have likewise been performing at this theatre, and made a most successful commencement. Her Majesty honoured this company by her presence last week, accompanied by the Duke of Gloucester and a distinguished party. Both Meadames Malibrand and Schroeder, as well as the rest of the corps, appeared to exert themselves to the full stretch of their ability. Her Majesty seemed highly delighted.

COVENT GARDEN AND OLYMPIC.—At Covent-Garden, Mr. Knowles's five-act play of *The Wife, a Tale of Mantua*, was produced; but as no amicable arrangement could be made between the actors and M. Laporte for the renting, or other managing of the theatre, the company, in a body, have adjourned to the Olympic, which theatre Madame Vestris has allowed them the use of at the exceeding moderate rent of 40*l.* a week. The Duke of Devonshire, immediately on their opening, engaged a box for the season; and the Duchess of Kent, with a liberality and kindness that she always displays, and which does honour to her distinguished rank, has also signified her wish that a box should be appropriated to her. All this looks well for the little theatre, particularly when taken in conjunction with the well-filled houses that nightly greet the eyes of the actors. We doubt, however, whether the scheme will be successful, the salaries of the actors being so high, and the receipts of the house, when filled, being so low, that they can be barely adequate to pay the nightly expenditure. The *Wife* fills the house; but the company may

not always have an equally attractive play bill. To give any detailed account of Mr. Knowles's drama would be superfluous, for every journal, daily, and weekly, has indulged so much in extract and in praise. To the praise we can add our mite, but we have no room for extract. We scarcely can approve of the dicta of that portion of the press which pronounces Mr. Knowles's play as the best production of his pen. Unquestionably it possesses power and pathos of no ordinary degree; its poetic beauty is, perhaps, its least merit, although it is full of poetic passages, but, very correctly, they are made incidental and not prominent. Its dramatic consistency—the knowledge it displays of true and natural effects—its simplicity, and not its sublimity—are its recommendations. In the performance of the character he has allotted to himself in his drama, Mr. Knowles is not remarkable; but though he does not equal the best order of tragedians, he is far above mediocrity. Miss E. Tree, in the part *Mariana*, the wife, was almost everything we could wish—she successfully represented that lovely personification of the beautiful. The poetic passages that are a portion of her character to express, are given in a strain of devoted tenderness and absorbing passion. Mr. Ward, as *Ferardo Gonzago*, played that precious villain tolerably; but he utters the Prologue with all the effect that can be given to it.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Hackett has been the principal attraction at this house. His *Rip Van Winkle* is a masterly performance; the character is highly ludicrous, and full of most outlandish, laughable, and Yanky-like jokes. He has filled the house with an overflowing and contented audience—at least contented, if unceasing laughter is any evidence of content. A piece too from the pen of Mr. Buckstone, entitled *Ellen Wareham*, in which Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Glover, and our old friend Downton perform, has been produced with very considerable success.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Mr. Mathews has been outdoing Momus. Many of his jokes are old, but his new way of telling them always makes them new—his mimicry is so different to the hackneyed grimace-makers that disgrace the stage by their mountebank blundering. His imitations are refined, and he is never vulgar—never resorts to clap-trap effect, but relies, as he well may, on his own natural ability. We are happy to add, that the public appear to think as we do, and that Charles Mathews is still in his zenith.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—This improving place of amusement has opened under a new management, and the French plays are again occasionally performed. The English and French company are both very good.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—The exhibition of this year, is not more excellent in its attractions than its immediate predecessor, is at least equally good. There is a deficiency in great historical pictures, but we are pleased to observe a considerable increase in the landscapes and works of general composition and invention. There are two pictures of the King in styles as various as can be well conceived. The pictorial beauty of Wilkie's picture must strike all who view it with the impression at once that they are gazing on a kingly character—so much of regal dignity the artist has managed to impart to his canvass.—

The portrait of Baron D'Humboldt, by Pickers-gill, is a specimen of fine drawing, and is, like Wilkie's picture, a noble subject nobly treated. The last-named artist has this year the most extraordinary production, perhaps, that ever came from his pencil—we allude to the "Spanish Monks." Its treatment is extraordinary, and the subject a novel one. The intensity of interest with which the young monk addresses his impassioned grief to his calm and composed confessor is brought into most beautiful contrast; its chiaroscuro is Rembrandt-like, but unfortunately to detract from the grandeur of the picture, and prevent its taking its stand among the most perfect works of art, it is rather deficient in brilliancy of colour; it is, however, a wonderful production. "Britomart redeems faire Amoret," by W. Etty, is a wondrous and rare piece of colour.—"Hylas and the Nymphs," by the same artist, is poetically conceived, well drawn, original, well grouped, and sweetly harmonious—it is a most beautiful picture.—"Hasty Strides," and "Le Joueur du Viole à Calais," are bold, beautiful, and peculiar pictures, by E. V. Rippingille. His attention to all the minutiae of Nature is characteristic of this artist; but he must raise his tone of colour if he wishes to have his excellencies properly appreciated. The last named picture, in being too low in tone, appears absolutely buried in the wall in consequence of the mass of colour in the surrounding works. Few but the connoisseur would seek out Mr. Rippingille's works, though all would admire them, even the most ignorant, when once pointed out—his works are entirely according to his own school.—W. Allen's "Murder of D. Rizzio." This artist has a sameness in the character of his heads, a dullness in the colour of his flesh; but for historical fidelity, vigorous drawing, and artist-like treatment, the picture is most superior.—With regard to the sunny Turner, the most remarkable thing is, that this year his pictures are gray and not yellow—a full refutation to many a dogma that has been uttered about him. His cold style is, if possible, more powerful than his warm. "Van Goyen looking out for a subject," is, perhaps, the most powerful instance of what we advance. "The Mouth of the Seine" is, however, a specimen of the old style of magical red and of magical yellow that have raised him to his present high and deserved fame.—"Godiva preparing to ride through Coventry" is not one of Mr. Jones's happiest efforts; but in 101, "Ghent," he has outdone his former doings, and in colour it is the perfection of richness.—Clint has several illustrations from Shakespeare, but his "Falstaff" is perhaps the best; the braggadocio, jolly, racy vagabond knight is himself.—"Miss Beswick," a portrait, by the same artist, is a beautiful picture, so beautiful, indeed, that we should be inclined to suspect that the imagination that suggested some of Shakespeare's illustrations may have assisted the artist here, it is "so very fair."—Calcott has a most surprising picture, a "Harvest-home in the Islands"; the landscape is full of air and distance miraculously conveyed; the figures are by Landseer. His other pictures will bear out his great name.—Constable has some pictures of true English scenery, fresh, sparkling, and full of interest—"Returning from the Haunts of the Sea-Fowl," by Collins, is beautiful and exquisite, as is everything by this artist. In the present picture the figures have the careful finish of a miniature; the scene has the extension of a vast and almost boundless horizon.—"All Hallow Eve in Ireland," by that young and striding artist, M'Clellan, is a most varied and

powerful work. Irish fun, festival hilarity, female beauty, and ludicrous faces, are bountifully supplied, and executed in a most masterly manner.—Sir M. A. Shee has several portraits; that of Lord Chief Justice Denman is, perhaps, the best—it is a fine likeness, and a noble picture. If it were not impertinent to say so, the President has made great improvement.—Stanfield has "Venice from the Dogana," and "Venice" from that spot we know it to be, though beautifully, yet graphically poetized. It is the finest picture this artist ever painted.—Hilton sends but one small historical picture, "Rebecca and Abraham's Servant." It is full of sentiment, well drawn and classically composed; but we regret that one picture alone should be contributed by so great a man.—Mrs. Carpenter and Mrs. Robertson have some portraits as fine as any in the exhibition; and the miniatures of the latter are of an equally superior style.—John Hayler has portraits of the Duke and Duchess Cannibro, and of Mrs. Jameson, that must contribute to increase his already well-earned reputation.—"First Voyage," by Mulready, is a picture full of that quiet sentiment this artist knows so well how to portray; it is in excellent drawing, but rather monotonous in colour.—Eastlake has several excellent pictures, purely and chastely coloured; his "Greek Fugitive" is his most attractive production.—Bozzall, 290, "Girl with a Flower," is a pretty specimen of this artist's delicate pencil.—Middleton has portraits of a kind that show a vast improvement; he works well at his art, his touch is delicate, and the refinement of female beauty he conveys glowingly to the canvases.—There is one picture by Hart highly meritorious, but somewhat dingy in colour.—"View of London, from Blackheath," by J. Holland is aerial, clear, true to nature, and altogether beautiful. This artist ought to ascend, and occupy the highest step of the ladder of fame.—"Landscape and Cattle," by T. S. Cooper, lowly hung, but of the highest pretensions; exquisite finish and artist-like treatment are its pleasing and evident characteristics.—T. Von Holst has, as usual, offered us some of the embodiments of his extraordinary imagination. He has improved in his colouring, but his pictures lose much of the power with which they are conceived, from their deficiency in brilliancy.—J. Inskipp has sent but one picture full of his sketchy and effective originality.—"The Bacchante," and "Portrait of Paganini," by Pattes, are very powerful. The former is a Bacchante in all its beauty and effect.—Most of the miniatures are excellent, but still the palm is carried away from many new aspirants by Robertson, Mrs. J. Robertson, Chaloe, Ross, the two Richards, and Denning.

In the pinched, cribbed, and confined Sculpture-room, among the most deserving works is the statue of the Hon. Mount Stuart Elphinstone, and the bust of Princess Louisa of Saxe Weimar, by Chantrey; group of Venus and Cupid, by Gibson; Thomson the Poet, by Rossi; Caius Marius, by Baily; busts of Samuel Woodburne and the late Dr. Babington, by Behnes; busts of Sir J. Mackintosh, Dr. Lushington, and others, by Barlowe; a marble figure of the Redeemer, by Hogan; a bust of Sir J. P. Orde, by Joseph; a monumental bas-relief, by the Prussian artist, Rauch, and some others that we have no space for mentioning—a reason we may assign for omitting many pictures that we should have wished to notice; and which is also a salvo of mercy to many an unlucky wight who has obtruded his rubbish upon the Academy, and which they have kindly allowed to disfigure their walls.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—Mr. Callimachus's "Memoir on the periods of the Erection of the Theban Temple of Ammon, at Karnak," was read March 20th and April 17th. Among the various examples which might be selected for the purpose of directing attention to the utility of hieroglyphic discovery, in throwing light upon those ages of history which have hitherto been deemed fabulous, the writer considers the most clear and conclusive to be the progressive erection of this magnificent edifice, by a long line of monarchs anterior to the commencement of the Greek and Roman states. The data on which the present inquiry is founded, are the hieroglyphic successions of the Egyptian kings, whose names, or titles, are found on their respective sculptures and monuments; and the validity of which is, on all hands, admitted. The writer first examines the notices which we possess respecting the first erection of the temple of Ammon; in doing which he identifies Ammon, or Osiris, the Egyptian deity, with Ham, the son of Noah, who introduced the true patriarchal religion into Egypt about 2200 years before the Christian era. Two centuries later the civil institutions of Egypt were subverted, and the temples desecrated and overthrown by the invasion of the Asiatic Shepherds. This was the epoch of the commencement of that degraded state of the Religion of Egypt, in which it appears throughout all succeeding ages; for although the Shepherds were expelled by the native princes, after having exercised a tyranny of more than two centuries, the genuine religion of Ham seems never to have been revived. In the system of mythological corruption which was now adopted, the restored temple of the patriarch, no longer dedicated to the pure worship of the God of Ammon, became the temple of the god Ammon. Contemporary with the revival of the native power by the expulsion of the Shepherds, viz., in the eighteenth century before the Christian era, was the origin of the restorations and idolatrous sculptures of the Pharaohs. Towards the conclusion of the same century, the settlement of the Israelites in Egypt took place, upon the territory recently occupied by the Shepherds. That the hypothesis adopted by Champollion and others, which makes this epoch coeval with the origin of the great Theban family founded by Amos, is erroneous, appears from the fact, that the monuments exhibit a succession of seven native monarchs immediately preceding Amos, whose hieroglyphic remains prove them to have reigned over the whole country—a circumstance incompatible with the co-existence of the Shepherd tyranny. M. Champollion therefore adopts the more ancient statement of the Jewish historian, founded on the text of Manetho, that an interval of 251 years occurred between the expulsion of the Shepherds and the rise of the house of Amos; and he shows that his arrangement brings down the age of Mæris, the acknowledged Thothmos III. of the monuments, to the place at which it is fixed by the joint evidence of Herodotus and Theon, viz., to the latter part of the fourteenth century B.C. The writer then anticipates, and replies to, various objections which may be adduced against the chronological depression of the whole Egyptian system, as developed in this memoir. Having thus prepared his readers, he now proceeds with a table, derived from the hieroglyphic records, detailing the successive restorations, repairs, and additions, to the Temple of Ammon at Karnak, by the principal Pharaohs, from the age of Joseph down to the Macedonian conquest; demonstrating how largely the bounds of authentic history have been extended in this

field of inquiry. Mr. C. concludes with reflections upon, and proofs of, the utility of such a record as this temple supplies for rectifying the errors of historians.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—This Society has held its Tenth Annual Meeting in the Rooms of the Institution, Grafton-street. We subjoin as much of the report as our limits will allow, but not so fully as we could desire; however, it is substantially correct as far as it goes:—

It states, "that the other great associations for science and literature in the British realm have been founded to combine men of similar pursuits, who would thus be afforded an opportunity of mutual improvement, and, through the means of their published transactions, of bringing into existence, or saving from oblivion, valuable documents, which otherwise might be totally lost to the public. But this society, in addition to these high objects, offers a still nobler field for its exertions; though founded to make known the science, antiquities, and literature of the East generally, yet India, as the possession of this country, has its chief regards. It is the hope of the Council to call forth the great but almost dormant talents of the natives of that extensive country, by urging that very intellectual race to make known the results of their ancient and steady civilization; by this the Society hopes to manifest to the philosophical inquirers into human nature the true character of this remarkable and interesting people, who have not merely been the authors of their own ancient improvement, but who have steadily preserved, by the force of primeval institutions, their sacred language, literature, and laws, in despite of the anarchy and misrule that have sprung out of the invasions of many barbarous nations. The Council feels confident that by proposing objects of inquiry to the natives, it will obtain information of the highest value, and excite a spirit of inquiry amongst them, which, whilst it accustoms them to the English language and European nations, will, at the same time, prove instructive to ourselves. By such means it is that the Council hopes, to inspire the natives of India with a confidence in their own intellectual strength, which shall move them to the proper level their natural endowments entitle them to attain. In this endeavour the Council is of opinion that the Society is promoting a wise and patriotic object, which is entitled to the cordial support of every well-wisher of his country,

"The period has now returned when the Legislature is to consider the best mode of maintaining and improving our relations with that empire, which has been acquired by a rare union of valour and prudence, and that the happiness of its inhabitants may be further ensured by the benevolent wisdom of those to whose hands its government shall be intrusted; and the Council prays that, under Divine Providence, that country to which so many members of this Society are attached by the kindest recollections, may be preserved as a dependency of the British empire, by legislative measures that shall at once promote the happiness of its inhabitants, and deserve the approbation of posterity."

KING'S COLLEGE.—The usual meeting of the proprietors has been held to receive the annual report. The Marquis of Bute and Lord Bexley were present. The Archbishop of Canterbury took the chair. The report adverted to the steady success which had marked the progress of the college, and to the increase of the students. The number was 934; last year, 764. The income from the students, from Michaelmas 1831 to 1832,

has been nearly equal to the expenses for the same period. The principal topic of interest was the necessity of raising immediate funds for completing the river front; 6339*l.* had been already subscribed; but, according to the estimate of Sir R. Smirke, a further sum of 8000*l.* would be required. There were subscriptions unpaid to the extent of 13,000*l.* The committee had used every means to obtain payment, but only 685*l.* had been received. The report was adopted. The secretary then read the balance sheet. The principal items of expenditure were, college buildings, fittings, &c., 6658*l.*; expense on the river front, 3251*l.*; salaries to professors, masters, &c., 6000*l.*; total, 20,516*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, leaving a cash balance of 976*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.* independently of 7000*l.* in Exchequer bills. Thanks were voted to the chairman, and the meeting adjourned.

VARIETIES.

Metropolitan Police.—In 1831, the Police took up, on various charges, 72,224; in 1832, 77,643. In the former year there were committed for trial by magistrates, 29,55; summarily convicted, 21,843; discharged, 24,239; drunken cases dismissed, when sober, by the superintendents, 23,787. In 1832, the magistrates committed for trial 3656; summarily convicted, 23,468; discharged, 24,727; and the drunken cases, as above, were 25,702. The increase in the year 1832 was, 4719 apprehensions, of which they were, drunken cases, 1915. It would appear that October was the most "droughty" month of the year (1832), the cases amounting to 26,46, the average being about 2000; and the month in which the least were, April 1832. Of the drunken apprehensions the whole year, 15,411 were men, and 10,291 females—a proportion of 3 to 2. The summary convictions for 1832 were principally vagrants, 5859; for common assaults, 3842; drunkenness, 3505; prostitutes, 2505; disorderly characters, 2177; suspicious ditto, 1511; wilful damage doers, 1009; unlawful possession of goods, 933; and reputed thieves, 932. It is highly creditable to the peace of the metropolis, that notwithstanding all the penny trash circulated among the lower classes, there were throughout the year but two charges (in March, 1832) of unlawful assemblages.

Turnpike Roads.—The summary of an important return, which has been made to Parliament respecting the turnpike trusts of the kingdom, gives any thing but a "flourishing account." According to this summary, the aggregate amount of debt is nearly seven millions and a half; nor does it appear, under the present system, likely to become less, for while the aggregate expenditure is 1,499,568*l.*, the income only reaches 1,445,291*l.*, leaving an annual deficit of 44,276*l.* These returns have been referred to a Committee of the House of Lords, to examine them, and consider whether any alteration can be made in the law respecting turnpike trusts, so as to place their affairs on a better footing.

Return of the number of persons who received sentence of death in the year 1832, and the number thereof who were executed, for breaking into a dwelling-house and committing larceny therein, specifying the places where the trials and executions took place: number of persons who received sentence of death, 583; number thereof who were executed, 4. Places where the trials and executions took place: In London, 1; In Reading, 3.

Gold and Silver Coin.—The returns of the operations at his Majesty's Mint, for the period of twenty years, closing with 1829, show, that during the latter ten years (1819 to 1829) the value of the gold coined was 23,893,783*l.* more than during the preceding ten years (1790 to 1800), and of the silver coined, 9,148,195*l.* more. It is indeed somewhat remarkable as to the latter metal, that where above nine millions were coined in the last period (1819 to 1829), only twelve hundred and sixteen pounds in value should have been coined in the same period of years antecedent. The largest amount of gold coined was in 1821, namely, 9,520,738*l.*, and the next largest was in 1826, when the whole country was suffering under the destruction of credit consequent upon the commercial and banking panic, which grew out of the follies of 1825.

The gold coined in the succeeding year (1826) amounted to 5,896,461*l.*; and even in 1825, it was as much as 4,580,919*l.* The greatest value of silver coined was in the year 1817, when it reached 2,436,297*l.*; and next to this stands 1819, with 1,267,272*l.* During the six-and-twenty years preceding 1817, the whole value of silver coined did not exceed 1641*l.*, exclusively of bank tokens and Anglicised Spanish dollars.

The number of quarters of foreign corn and meal admitted into consumption in the United Kingdom, and the amount of duty received thereon, from the 15th of July, 1823, when the 9th Geo. IV. c. 60, came into operation, are as follow:—Foreign corn, 7,969,405 qrs.—duty, 2,501,713*l.*; foreign meal and flour, 1,880,549 cwt.—duty, 182,888*l.* The quantity imported from our colonies during the same period is thus set forth:—Colonial corn, 367,578 qrs.—duty, 60,378*l.*; colonial meal and flour, 274,219 cwt.—duty, 18,076*l.*

British Museum.—The north wing, about to be added to the British Museum, is for the purpose of containing the library, many of the books now being deposited in the basement story of the old house, and suffering great injury from the damp. The intended wing will be 350 feet in length, its breadth in the centre part 100 feet, and at the two ends 42 feet. Two large rooms will be fitted up for the accommodation of readers, which will contain tables, and afford room for about 250 persons. It is calculated that nearly 300,000 volumes may be conveniently placed in this additional building. The estimated expense is 70,000*l.*, Sir Robert Smirke having furnished the plans.

The estimates for miscellaneous services and civil contingencies for 1833-34, have been laid before the House of Commons, from which we extract the following items:—Expenses of special missions—Sir R. Adair, 5000*l.*; Sir Stratford Canning, 4500*l.*; Lord William Russell, 1000*l.*; Lord Durham, 5000*l.*—total, 15,500*l.* Expenses connected with cholera morbus, 7726*l.* 13*s.*; Mr. Telford, for survey relative to supplying the metropolis with pure water, 2000*l.*; Mr. Babbage, to assist him in constructing a machine for the calculation of various tables, 3557*l.* 16*s.* Among the miscellaneous services, the sum required for expenditure on public works is 196,104*l.*, showing a decrease of 71,809*l.* over the preceding year. We are glad to observe that Buckingham Palace is altogether omitted. The principal items are—maintenance of public buildings and palaces, 50,661*l.*; National Gallery, 10,000*l.*; Windsor Castle, 40,000*l.*; Kingston Harbour, 25,000*l.*; British Museum, building north wing, 24,000*l.*

A very curious account has been laid before the

House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Baring, of the number of persons to whom a half-year's dividend was due on the 10th October, 1832, on capital vested in the public funds; distinguishing the number of those whose dividends for the half-year did not exceed *£*l., 10*l.*, 50*l.*, 100*l.*, 200*l.*, 300*l.*, 500*l.*, 1,000*l.*, 2,000*l.*, 3,000*l.*, 5,000*l.*, and the number who exceed 5,000*l.* The totals are as follows:—Not exceeding *£*l., 87,176; 10*l.*, 44,648; 50*l.*, 98,305; 100*l.*, 25,641; 200*l.*, 14,601; 300*l.*, 4,495; 500*l.*, 2,827; 1,000*l.*, 1,367; 2,000*l.*, 417; 3,000*l.*, 75; 4,000*l.*, 39; 5,000*l.*, 14; above 5,000*l.*, 46.

The enormous quantity of 2,139,078 tons of coal were imported into the Port of London in 1832.

The total quantity of lead and lead ore exported from the United Kingdom in the year ending 5th January, 1833, was 13,898 tons, 3 cwt. 3 qrs. 61 lbs. The quantity of foreign hops imported into Great Britain, during the same period, was 50,113 lbs.

The total quantity of silk imported into this country, from the 5th of January, 1832, to the 5th January, 1833, amounted to 4,224,897 lbs., and the duty received thereon to 66,300*l.* 12*s.* 5*d.*

The tobacco imported into the United Kingdom for the year 1832, and entered for home consumption, amounted to 20,313,615 lbs., the duty to 3,090,270*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.*

Two-headed Snake.—A very fine specimen of this remarkable snake (the *Amphisbæna*) has just been presented to the Surrey Zoological Gardens by T. Wroughton, Esq. The tail of this animal is remarkably obtuse, and so nearly resembles the head that it requires a close inspection to distinguish one extremity from the other; this, and from their being enabled to crawl with almost equal ease and quickness backwards as they can forwards, gave rise to the popular error, which has been repeated by all the marvellous writers on natural history, that this snake really possesses two heads. It was brought from India; is nearly four feet long and five inches in circumference, destitute of scales; has a smooth cylindrical body, of nearly equal size throughout; it is of a light chestnut colour, and believed to be innoxious, as no poisonous fangs are found in the upper jaw.

A parliamentary return of the number of prisoners confined for debt in England and Wales in the year ending at Michaelmas, 1832, has just been published, together with a return of the number of commitments for offences against the game laws during the same period. We collect from this return that the total number of debtors imprisoned was 16,627, of whom not less than 10,880 were maintained principally by allowances from the counties and towns where they were confined. The number of debtors committed to the Fleet Prison between Sept. 29, 1831, and Sept. 29, 1832, was 645, and the number discharged 622; the number committed to the King's Bench within the same time was 947, and there were discharged 986. The number of debtors confined in Horsemanor-lane Gaol was 1,309; in Whitecross-street Prison, 3,064; in Tothillfields Prison, 533; Southwark, 319; in Liverpool, 1,034; and in York Castle, 512. The number of prisoners committed for offences against the Game Laws amounted to 2,850; the greatest number committed to any one gaol was to that of Oxford, in which 151 offenders were confined during the year ending Michaelmas last.

A return of the population of the several provinces in Ireland, as enumerated in 1831, has been laid before the House of Commons, which gives the following summary:—

	Population.
Leinster	1,927,967
Munster	2,215,364
Ulster	2,293,128
Connaught	1,348,077
Total,	7,784,536

The following statements, as connected with the Irish Church Bill, have been, by his Majesty's command, laid before the House of Commons, viz:—An account of the gross amount and expenditure of all ecclesiastical corporations in Ireland, also an account of the economy estates belonging to the cathedral churches in Ireland:—

	SUMMARY.	
Ecclesiastical Composition.	Gross Income.	Expenditure.
Deans and Chapters	<i>£</i> 4,266 17 7	<i>£</i> 2,606 2 0
Vicars' Choral Estates	11,261 1 5½	11,350 0 5½
Minor Canonries	762 4 6½	17 15 4½
Economy Estates,	7,316 1 4	7,426 9 3½
	<i>£</i> 23,606 4 11½	<i>£</i> 21,400 7 4½

It appears that there are 1,456 benefices in all Ireland; of these 465 are of the yearly value of from 30*l.* to 200*l.*; there are 102 from 1000*l.* to 2,600*l.* and one only in the county of Down of 2,800*l.*

The number of British and foreign vessels, with their amount in tonnage, which cleared at the Custom-house, London, for ports in Holland, from the 1st of January, 1832, to the 6th of November, 1832, are as follows:—British, 218 ships; 25,319 tons. Foreign, 117 ships; 16,348 tons. A similar account from the 6th of November, 1832, to 25th April, 1833, during the continuance of the embargo, presents the following result:—British ships and tonnage, none. Foreign, 84 ships; 9,885 tons.

The quantity of foreign wine entered for home consumption in the year ending 5th January, 1833, was 6,178,323 imperial gallons, on which was paid duty amounting to 1,715,812*l.*

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

A magnificent undertaking is in contemplation by the French government—the formation of a grand line of iron railways from Paris to Rouen, Havre, Lyons, and Marseilles. The government have, with this intent, already demanded a vote of twenty thousand pounds for the preliminary surveys. This is a part of a vote of four millions sterling just taken for the completion of public edifices and monuments, canals and military roads, in La Vendée. Amongst the former are the finishing of the triumphal arch De l'Etoile, 88,000*l.*; the Church of the Magdalen, 112,000*l.*; the Pantheon, 60,000*l.*; the Museum of Natural History, 96,000*l.*; new buildings for the Grande Bibliothèque, 240,000*l.*; Royal School of the Fine Arts, 76,000*l.*; Cathedral of St. Denis, 60,000*l.*; and Deaf and Dumb Asylum, 8,000*l.*

A new mineral has recently been discovered in the island of Corsica; it contains particles of gold, and some vases that have been made of it, from the brilliancy of their polish and the beauty of their colours, resemble enamel.

From the "*Mélanges sur les Langues, Dialectes, et Patois*," lately published in Paris, it appears that the French is spoken by 29,000,000 of inhabitants, and in more than 70 dialects. Of the remaining population 1,400,000 speak German, 1,050,000 Celtic; 188,000 the Basque, as may the Italian, and 177,000 the Flemish.

The foundation-stone of the first Protestant Episcopal church ever built in Paris was laid on Tuesday, on the ground bought for that purpose in the rue d'Aguesseau, Faubourg St. Honoré, by the Right Reverend Bishop Lascombe. Several of the French Protestant pastors, and a large number from the departments, assembled in Paris to attend the anniversary of the French Protestant Bible Society, were present.

There has lately been discovered at Athens a very ancient statue, supposed to be that of Theseus. It is naked, of the same size as the Apollo Belvedere, of the purest marble, and of highly finished workmanship. The head had been severed, but was found at a short distance from the trunk. A temple, three columns of which are still standing, has been discovered on what is supposed to be the site of the ancient city.

Statistics.—The following is a table of the population of St. Petersburg in 1832:—

Males	294,468
Females	154,900
	449,368

Among them are—

Ecclesiastics	2,188
Nobles	34,079
Soldiers	39,457
Merchants	10,828
Artisans	24,179
Citizens	36,732
Of the middle class	66,366

Foreigners of various conditions, with the exception of merchants and artisans

Domestic servants	94,000
Peasants	127,855
Inhabitants of Ochtia	3,388
Births, Males	5,198
— Females	4,969
	10,167

Deaths, by various diseases,—

Males	11,032
Females	5,230
	16,937
Deaths by accident	675
Excess of deaths	6,758

This great excess of deaths is not to be ascribed to the insalubrity of the climate, but to the disproportion between the number of the sexes.—The male population being nearly double that of the female, the number of families is, of course, not proportionate to the gross amount of the population; accordingly, the excess of deaths is found in the males, and ought to be deducted.

Cholera in France.—The sum of 1,277,860 francs 46 centimes was expended by the French Government during the prevalence of this disease; 229,534 persons were attacked, and 94,665 died. In the department of the Seine the mortality was dreadful; out of 44,811 cases 21,531 proved fatal. In Paris, one out of 33 in the population died.

Academy of Sciences, St. Petersburg.—During the year 1832, this institution published thirteen special works, exclusively of five others, which were privately printed by some of its members. Independently of originating the undertaking of a complete "*Russia Flora*," which the

Academy has intrusted to the most eminent botanists in Russia, it has also instituted a scientific inquiry of considerable importance; namely, the ascertaining of the barometric heights on the shores of the Baltic, under the care of Messrs. Kupffer and Lentz.

There are a number of forest academies in Germany, particularly in the small states of central Germany, in the Hartz, Thuringia, &c. The principal branches taught in them are the following:—Forest botany, mineralogy, zoology, chemistry: by which the learner is taught the natural history of forests, and the mutual relations, &c., of the different kingdoms of nature. He is also instructed in the care and chase of game, and in the surveying and cultivation of forests, so as to understand the mode of raising all kinds of wood, and supplying a new growth as fast as the old is taken away. The pupil is, too, instructed in the administration of the forest taxes and police, and all that relates to forest considered as a revenue.

The number of languages spoken in Europe are 587, Asia 937, Africa 476, America 1,064, making in all a total of 3,064.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Management of Bees.—There is no branch of rural economy which might be attended with greater profits in the economical arrangements, or prove of more advantage in employing the leisure hours of our labouring rural population, than bee management. It is, therefore, with pleasure that we call the attention of our readers to some most important results, developed in a system established by Mr. Nutt, a practical Apian of Lincolnshire, which are not the less interesting because the system is founded upon peculiarities in the habits and economy of this industrious insect, which had previously eluded the researches of the most indefatigable inquirers into its natural history.

Mr. Nutt's system is termed appropriately, "*Humanity to Honey Bees*;" because one of the greatest improvements of his method of management is that of obtaining the contents of the hive without destroying the lives of its industrious occupants, whilst, by the ingenious plan which he has adopted of enlarging the capacity of the hive, and the depository of the labours of the bees, the parent stock is continually replenishing itself. Some idea may be formed of the superior productiveness of the present system, as it is stated by Mr. Nutt, that one year's product of one stock gave an amount of 295lbs. of honey of the purest quality.

The principal feature of the present system is to leave the parent stock, or, as Mr. Nutt calls it, the "*seat of nature of the hive*," untouched. When this is filled with its pure and treasured sweets, and the contents of which are to be preserved sacred for the use of the stock, to obviate the necessity of swarming, which is occasioned by want of space for continuing the labours of the bees, Mr. Nutt places fresh receptacles or collateral boxes against the sides of the hive, and a communication being established by connecting apertures, the bees, finding fresh room, increase their labours. To these hives are ingeniously adapted ventilators, for the purpose of securing a free ventilation and uniform temperature to the hive, the necessity of which is indicated by a thermometer. These ventilators are connected with a point, which eluded the attention of all other inquirers into the natural history of the bee, "*the temperature of the working*

hive." Under ordinary circumstances this point is 80°; the rise of the thermometer to 90° indicates the necessity of recourse to ventilation. When the thermometer suddenly rises to 120° or 130°, this implies that the hive is full, and indicates the necessity of providing a fresh receptacle, and which is done by placing another box on the opposite side of the parent hive. In order to remove the bees back to their parent stock, further recourse must be had to the action of the ventilator, by which the internal heat of the hive may be reduced to the external temperature, when the bees, recoiling from this cooling point, the connection between the two may be closed, and the box removed without endangering the existence of a single labourer. It will at once be seen by those conversant with the usual system of bee management, how far superior is the present to all other modes of piling, driving, &c., dictated by a humane desire of preserving the lives of the industrious labourers. The honey and wax thus obtained are of a most superior description.

Amongst various other interesting facts connected with the natural history of the bee, Mr. Nutt has discovered that it is not a young queen bee who emigrates with the colony from a hive during the swarm, but that it is the original sovereign of the hive, and when the labour of the bees who remain is directed to vivify a sovereign chrysalis, but which, when the necessity for swarming is removed, is ejected in that inanimate form from the hive.

Mr. Nutt has recently published a work illustrative of his system, under the title of "Humanity to Honey Bees," which is replete with the most valuable and varied practical information, and is well worthy the attention of all those interested in rural economy, or in promoting the comforts of our rural population. His hives, with specimens of the products, are, we understand, placed for exhibition in the Museum of National Manufactures.

On protecting the Blossoms of Wall Fruit Trees from Frost, Bleak Winds, &c.—As soon as the blossoms show the least inclination to burst or unfold, poles are placed upright, five feet apart, and two feet from the bottom of the wall, sunk a little in the border, and the top fitting under the coping. Then having a quantity of hay or straw bands well twisted to any convenient length, commence nailing the first band to the top of every pole, the second band being ten inches from the first in the same parallel direction, and so proceed until within two feet of the ground. Only two seasons' trial of this simple protection has convinced me, together with some of my neighbours, that it is as effectual as any kind of netting, commonly used for the purpose; and should the green fly (Aphis) make its appearance, it is easily annihilated, by using a few gallons of tobacco-water with a common garden syringe. Two or three dressings are sufficient.—About the second week in May, when the bands are thoroughly dry, take off every other of them, and in a few days after clear the whole of them away, and fold them up; if they are kept dry they will last for three seasons; the poles, put under the shed, will last for a great number of years. The nails used are garden nails, which when drawn may be used again for summer nailing.—*M. R. Hort. Register.*

New Process of extracting Cream.—It is considered a great object by the farmers to extract from milk the greatest quantity of cream in the least possible space of time. To effect the separation of cream from serum, which chemists

suppose to be combined merely in a state of mechanical mixture, it is well known, by those conversant in dairy management, that some metallic substances more readily act than others, and it is notorious that, in almost all the great dairies, the milk is suffered to stand in lead, copper, or brass vessels, in which a larger quantity of cream is thrown up, than in either wooden or earthen pans. As the dairy-man obtains additional profit, in proportion to the quantity of cream which is thrown up, so it is to his interest to keep it in these vessels as long as he can until the whole of the cream is separated, by which additional standing it often acidifies, and will consequently dissolve the metal with greater facility. With respect to the lead taken up in solution in the cream, sufficient instances of its noxious effects have been pointed out by Mr. Parkes in his chemical essays. Mr. Booth, who has resumed the subject of inquiry, has proved that in a very great variety of cases, which have come before his notice, not only lead but even copper sometimes exists to a considerable extent in butter. May not the conflicting opinions of medical writers respecting the wholesomeness or unwholesomeness of butter have been founded upon observations of its purity, or accidental or mischievous contaminations collected from vessels used in the process of making it? It would appear that, although new to this country, the practice has for some time been adopted in America, of introducing spelter into the milk for the purpose of facilitating the separation of the cream, and with much advantage and success; but more lately the application of zinc vessels to the purpose of extracting cream has produced results to an extent hitherto unattainable, whilst none of the serious effects before described can arise from the use of this metal. A very ingenious apparatus has been constructed for this purpose by Mr. Keyser, who has brought the manufacture of articles from malleable zinc to a high degree of perfection, one of which is deposited for exhibition at the National Gallery of Practical Science, and in which vessel, the separation of the cream is still further facilitated by the application of heat, by which means it is that the celebrated clotted Devonshire cream is procured. Into the basin containing the milk is introduced a plate of perforated zinc, the area of which is equal to the bottom of the basin; in the course of a few hours, all the cream will have been separated, and will be of that consistence, that it may be lifted off by the fingers and thumb. In these vessels, the increase of the quantity of cream is 12½ per cent., and of the butter upwards of 11 per cent. The advantages are not, however, limited to this increase of quantity, as, in this process, ten or fifteen minutes churning is sufficient to make butter, which, in the ordinary process, requires ninety minutes, whilst a butter similar to that prepared in Devonshire may be made simply by the brisk agitation of the cream without recourse to a churn. It may be observed that analysis proves the serum of milk, which has been submitted to this process, is more or less impregnated with the soluble salts of zinc, and which, from their emetic and astringent quality in a state of moderate concentration, might be considered noxious, if introduced into the animal economy, but is equally fitted for the support of pigs, who thrive and grow rapidly fat upon it.

Crimson Clover.—The following notice is extracted from the fifth edition of the "Code of Agriculture," p. 433, and its object is to bring into extensive use, as a field crop, a plant hitherto cultivated in our gardens as a curious and rather

pretty-looking annual;—"It is a subject of astonishment, that this valuable plant (the *Trifolium incarnatum*) should not have been long ago introduced into this country, and cultivated on an extensive scale. If sown in autumn, after a crop of potatoes, or other roots, it produces next spring a crop fit to be cut for soiling, cattle, eight days earlier than lucern, and a fortnight before red clover. Care, however, must be taken to have good seed, and not to sow it too deep. It produces two excellent crops in one year, the first of which should be cut as soon as it comes into flower, and the second will produce a considerable quantity of seed. From its early growth in spring, when other articles for feeding stock with advantage are so difficult to be obtained, it is likely to become a valuable acquisition to British husbandry. If this clover—the seed of which is, we believe, to be had in considerable quantity of the seed merchants of this country—be sown in spring, it is considered that it will produce a full crop in Scotland in the months of July or August, and must be of great value to those on whose lands the common red clover does not succeed, or where the crop may have partially failed. It is proper to remark, that it is an annual plant, and therefore should be only employed in alternate husbandry.

On obtaining improved Varieties in Corn.—"I would suggest," says a correspondent in the "Gardener's Magazine," "the advantages which probably might be derived from sowing, in the same field, the seed not of one sort of wheat only, but the seed of various sorts; so that when the wheat comes into blossom, the pollen from each may be diffused among the intermixed wheats, and thus give rise to a new and better seed or grain. It is a well-known fact, that numberless varieties are produced among flowers, take the poppy for instance, by sowing in the same bed the seeds of different kinds. And Mr. Knight has shown what may be done by fertilizing one sort of pea with the pollen of another. Yet, so far as I know, agriculturists have never yet availed themselves of these facts, in regard to the cultivation of that staff of life, wheat, corn. It is obvious that, for the success of this experiment, all, or the greater part, of the different sorts of wheat should come into blossom at the same time. Those who wish to adopt practically this suggestion may do it, even this season, very conveniently, by transplanting, as soon as the frosts of spring are past, plants of different kinds of wheat into each other's immediate society."

USEFUL ARTS.

Improved Manufacture of Metallic Railings for Rail-Roads.—In this improvement the rails are to be made as they now are, and the chains as they now are. The latter shall be fastened, as usual, into masses of stone or wood, and the rail to be secured into these chains, as at present.

But, for farther security, that part of the rail which sits in the chain, and fits into it, and is secured by nuts, and screws, and pins, as at present, is to have a long rod of malleable iron fastened to it, and that rod made to penetrate deep into the centre of the chain by means of a hole prepared to receive it. The bolt which fastens the rail to the chain is to pass through this perpendicular rod.

Again : half way between each chain a brace, or fastening in the rail, is to be made; at this brace should meet the ends of two rods, the other ends of which should be fastened to the

chain at each extremity of the rail; thus the rail is fixed in its place by the perpendicular rod, as far as regards its end, and it is kept down in the middle by these diagonal rods, which rise at their junction with the rail, and dip at each end to the chains whereto they are secured.

It is also necessary to keep the two rails of the road in their true position, with regard to each other, and this is effected by horizontal rods of the same material with the other, capable of bearing the same weight and sustaining a similar force; and these are secured to the rail at the braces, that is, where the junction of the diagonal rod with the rails is formed, and so passed from the brace on this side of the road, to the brace on that, binding the two rails together; or, the ends may be secured to the opposite chains with the same effect. The whole of these braces, chains, bolts, and rods, form what is called a compound rail-road; and though, in the first instance, increasing the cost, yet, as they prevent the necessity of repair, and greatly add to the security, durability, and utility of the road, the suggestion is an important one.

Universal Mill.—In this mill both the stones are made to revolve, but the upper one receives its motion from that of the lower, in a way to be presently described.

The lower stone is fixed firmly upon a vertical shaft, which is made to revolve by the application of any suitable power, and with any required speed. The upper stone is made smaller than the lower, say one-fifth less in diameter, and it is placed so as not to be concentric with it; it may, for example, be so situated, that the peripheries of the two stones will coincide on one side, whilst on the opposite side one-fifth of the diameter of the lower stone will be exposed.

The upper stone is kept in its place, and its pressure regulated by means of a screw passing through a beam above it, the point of which bears upon a bridge-piece in the middle of the eye. It will be at once evident that the revolution of the lower stone will give a slower and peculiar revolution to the upper. A hopper is to rise above the eye of the upper stone, and other requisite appendages are employed.

Metal may, in some cases, be employed instead of the stones for grinding.

Improved manufacture of Fire-grates.—This improvement consists in a chamber being made at the back of the stove, or grate, either in the latter or in the brick flue, either as a part of the flat back of the chimney, or as the lower portion of a distinct tube of iron, or fire-bricks. Into this chamber the smoke and flame may be admitted at pleasure; and if there be a distinct tube, the air of the room may be made to pass freely between it and the back wall of the chimney, and so acquire heat for the diffusion of a genial temperature throughout the apartment.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

A discovery has lately been made on land formerly belonging to the Abbey of Malverna, which solves a point on which antiquarians have hitherto been divided, namely—whether the painted or glazed tiles found in ecclesiastical edifices commonly called the Gothic style were of English or continental manufacture? On removing soil on the above land, the workmen found, at about the depth of seven feet, two parallel arched kilns, about thirty feet in length, each two feet, three inches wide, and fifteen inches high; the arches

were composed of brick and common red tile, the inside course being of the former, and the outer course of the latter material. At the springing of the arch, a floor, consisting of three bricks, was ingeniously constructed; and on digging below this, a floor of the natural soil (marl) was discovered, but exceedingly hard, from intense heat, being the fuel-hole of the kiln above: the bricks of the kiln were vitrified in a high degree. On clearing away the rubbish with which the kiln was nearly full, arising from the partial falling in of the crown of the arch, pieces of painted tile were discovered in an excellent state of preservation, and corresponding with those in Melvern Church. Among the rubbish was found a quantity of bones and horns, with some pieces of charcoal; the former, probably, were used in the preparation of tiles, and the latter in burning them.

Human Remains discovered.—A discovery highly interesting to the antiquarian has brought to light the remains of warriors whose powerful arms at least 1800 years ago, gave laws to our ancestors. Some workmen employed in digging for stones on Limloe-hill, a few miles from Royston, discovered the remains of several bodies, one of which, in a most perfect state, was timely saved from their mutilation. It was carefully taken up by Mr. Deck, practical chemist, of Cambridge, in whose possession it now is, and will form very nearly an entire skeleton. This extraordinary preservation of perishable remains from so remote a period is in a great measure to be attributed to its being found imbedded upon a dry chalk soil; its position was east and west, with the left arm across the body, and the right arm extended by its side. Upon the breast were numerous pieces of broken pottery, evidently the remains of urns of fine workmanship, and several coins of Claudius and Vespasian, and Faustina.

A small brass medal has been found in a field recently ploughed up near Glastonbury. The obverse represents a venerable half-length figure of St. Patrick, attired in a cope, with a rich mitre on his head; his right hand is raised in the act of blessing; his left supports the archiepiscopal cross. The inscription is "S. Patr. Vet. Scotie Sev. Hiber. Ap." The reverse presents the half-length figure of an Abbess, holding a lily in her right hand, and the crozier turned from her, resting on her left shoulder, with this inscription, "S. Brig. V. Hiber. SS. Invlr. Pat." St. Bridget, or Bride, died about the middle of the sixth century.

West Indies.—The following is an abstract of the ministerial plan for the extinction of negro slavery:—

"That every slave, upon the passing of this Act, shall be at liberty to claim, before the protector of slaves, custos of the parish, or such other officer as shall be named by his Majesty for that purpose, to be registered as an apprenticed labourer.

"That the terms of such apprenticeship shall be,—

"1st. That the power of corporal punishment should be altogether taken from the master, and transferred to the magistrate.

"2d. That, in consideration of food and clothing, and such allowances as are now made by law to the slaves, the labourer should work for his master three-fourths of his time, leaving it to be settled by contract whether for three-fourths of the week or of each day. That by a day is here understood only ten hours, seven and a half of which are to be for the master, as above, in consideration of food, clothing, and lodging, and that

all the time above such hours is not to be affected by these regulations. That such apprentices shall immediately enjoy all the rights and privileges of freemen; shall be capable of giving evidence in all courts, criminal as well as civil, and as well against their employers as against any other persons; of serving upon juries, and in the militia; of attending whatever place of worship or teacher of religion they please; and shall have and enjoy all other rights and privileges whatsoever of British subjects."

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